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The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME IV., No. 1.
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SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 2, 1865.

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INIGOINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Friday, December 1st, 1865.

RAT, tat, tat! Do you recognize that double-knock at the door, and the shuffle of peculiar feet on the staircase of these columns, my frieuds?

Alas for "feet," what a change has come over the "spirit," or rather the "sole" of our feet since last we met! My own are gouty, and, with the many that have been floating about the street of late, the possessors are *degouté*. so that I have abundant company. And as misery loves company, I am prepared to take everybody into my heart, mutually bargaining beforehand that we do not tread upon each other's toes.

As a general proposition I defy any one whom I take into my heart to tread upon my toes; it is au absolute as well as an anatomical impossibility.

I have often been called "sensitive to the extreme," but I never fairly deserved the title until now, when I cannot put a foot upon the ground without pain. For the future they may call me tender-toed, if they please, which amounts to about the same thing

Having pains in both head and feet, were a friend to ask me how I am to-day, I should reply: Middle-ing well, I thank you..or I might say: Extremely ailing..either reply would be consistent with truth.

For a pain in the toes I suppose one ought to consult Dr. Tozer.

But the idea of paying for advice is very repuguant to my feelings. I remember that I once gave a little advice to a friend, and came near getting my head punched iu consequence..and I didn't ask anything for it either.

And I remember that from my boyhood I have been accustomed to receive so much more advice than I could possibly follow for nothing..it always went for nothing..that the idea of paying for it now, in my old age, seems preposterous.

When I employ a doctor, I am always willing to pay him for his medicines, and return his visits..what could be fairer?

In this case I have had recourse to a medical friend who drives a couple of chargers, but is not one himself..at least, he never charges me anything.

I told him how much I resembled Noah's dove, in not being able to find rest for my feet..expecting of course that he would refer me to Arrow-root. But no, he prescribed Iodine.

As gout is supposed to come from dining, you will infer that he is a homeopathist, and acts on the old principle of like curing like.

The principle I believe to be a true one, for I notice if a girl likes me and finds out that I like her, it cures her liking at once, and this, I think, is a peculiarity of human nature.. iuhuman nature it might better be called.

I have said you may think my friend is a homeopathist. He is not..he is very seldom at home..his path does not lie in that direction.

O I dine! is the cry of him who beckoneth gout to his embrace, and I O dine is what the doctor prescribes when it comes.

You will observe that he merely thinks it necessary to produce a change of vowels.

Imagine au elderly but respectable gentleman sitting in an easy chair, supported by pillows, and painting his feet as though he were an Indian preparing for the war-path. Imagine that and you have a picture of me in your mind's eye, Horatio.

Perhaps you do not think that I am an artist..perhaps I am not..but I have an excellent understanding of art at present. I have painted birds and trees and flowers on my feet..no fox-gloves, because they would be out of place, and no lady-slippers, because they wouldn't fit..but I have painted other devices.

Had I been historically inclined, and disposed to portray what brought me to this condition, I should have painted some d-d.vices.

Fancy a *flaneur* in flannel—a back-slider in slippers.

The worst of it is, my medical friend will not allow me to have the gout..he says I am a gentleman of *gout*, but insists upon a Frenchification of the word. He declares that I am only suffering from a bruise, aud will be as graceful on foot as a bird in a few days.

I suppose I shall be about as graceful on foot as the bird called an elephant before that time, if this thing goes on.

If, after all, it be but a bruise, I must apologize to the reader for offering him a bruised read to-day.

What does Cherrylips think of my sudden desertion of her, I wonder. It is an age..two ages, in fact..since I have seen her. Because I cannot plant my feet on the ground am I to be supplanted in her affections? Because I can get on only slippers is some one else to stand in my shoes? The thought is distraction..madness.

But it boots not to complain.

I commenced this article with the intention of saying something pretty and pathetic.

I intended to tell my friends how glad I was to be with them again, what pleasure it gave me to take their hands once more in warm greeting, and again sit down in the comfortable corner where we used, of old, to so often meet, interchanging kindly sentiments..if not ideas..with each other, rattling on for our own amusement only; seldom stopping to inquire whether or not it amused others.

But I never was pretty and I cannot be pathetic.

My heart always warms to my friends, and among the readers of these columns I have many tried aud true ones.. who assisted in founding this paper, stood by it through all its early vicissitudes, and even persisted in identifying me with it, long after my connection with it had ceased. It is pleasant for me to address these true and tried friends once more through these familiar columns..I feel as though I were clasping their honest hands and looking into their truthful eyes..and this is what I set out to say when my eccentric feet led me in another direction, and I forgot myself in toe-toe.

Feet, feet, feet! I am not the only one who is tender on that score. More lame ducks are waddling around the streets than I had ever expected to see in this thriftful country.. though it was once visited, if not discovered, by a Drake.

To be put in the stocks was once considered a punishment, but what a fearful woe has overtaken those who went into them voluntarily.

The fate of the steamer *Washoe* was typical. Her uame was suggestive of stocks, she was built on stocks, and launched from stocks.

The consequence was she was always getting run down, and finally blew up, ruining her owner and playing havoc with every one who trusted in her.

Is there no resurrection for stocks, or are they buried beyond the reach of auy human power to raise them. Have we no Saul among the prophets, to summon some Witch of Endor to his aid, and, waving a wand above the grave where so many hopes and homesteads lie buried, raise the dead to life again..alas! no, not a Saulitary one. There is no *resurgam* written upon the tomb.

Music has no charms to soothe the breasts of those who own in Savage, Exchequer is overdrawn, Moscow has burned the fingers of all who meddled with it, Imperial has fallen beyond a Precedent, Yellow Jacket has stung those who held it like a wasp, Confidence is shaken, and Alpha is about as near to Omega as it well can get.

People had about as soon have cholera as Chollar.

And this reminds me that it is reported that cholera is indeed among us.

They tell me that Dr. Bowie says so. Now I think a deal of Dr. Bowie..one reason of my thinking of him so much, is a well defined impression upon my mind that I owe him a fee for services rendered me months ago.

I have never tendered him the fee because it would be simple to do so, and I permit no one in life to hold me in fee simple.

He administered chloroform to me once..moral reform was more needed, but he had none about him..aud he thought ether would answer..how happy. said he, can you be with ether. All my recollection of the experience is of a delicious languor that crept over me, and of a magical flute that seemed playing me to sleep..it was ouly the doctor's silver voice.

As I was saying, I think a good deal of Dr. Bowie, but he deceived me once to such an extent that I shall never put implicit confidence in him again. At a *bal costumé*, he made me think he was a Frenchman when he wasn't.

Consequently I refuse to believe that the cholera is in town. It is the rule of my life to never believe anything that is unpleasant, so at the risk of having a bowie-knife drawn upon me, I discredit the report. It is time enough to hand in one's checks when called upon for them, without stepping forward in unseemly haste.

Understand I do not defy death..it is a rather serious thing..too serious at least to be laughed at. But I do not think it a good plan to claim a coffin as yours until you see your name on the plate, or to shudder when a carriage stops at your door unless you are sure it is a hearse.

I know not which is the greater coward, he who lives in constant fear of the great change inevitable to all, or he who affects to treat it as a jest.

We do not go from our familiar homes to a strange place without a certain feeling of apprehension, nor can we part from friends even for a day without regret.

And none but a fool could launch his shell of a soul upon the great shoreless ocean which rolls beyond our vision, from whose unfathomed waters no voyager has ever returned with map and chart, without an indefinable awe and dread. Certainly no one with human feelings in his breast could take leave of friends forever, without a feeling of pain and regret.

I often think of the cavaliers and dames of the Decameron, who retired to a garden when the plague came and held its horrors at bay with story and song. And I sometimes regret that a few of the stories were not more delicate—not to say decent.

If the cholera come here, might it not be a good idea for a select club of ladies and gentlemen to retire to the country and play *Arrah-na-Pogue*. We have no Boccaccio in these days, but we have a Boucicault.

Apropos of theatricals, the quarrel of Bandmann at the Opera House occurs to me.

Without intending to take sides at all, and certainly without meaning to do violence to the feelings of the two talented young actors who were banded against Bandmann in the affair, I think that to a certain extent, the tragedian was right.

If the gentlemen annoyed him by talking upon the stage while he was rehearsing, it was competent for him to request them to retire.

From what I have seen of rehearsals in California, I think there is a gigantic screw loose in the system. Elsewhere a piece is rehearsed as it is played..here it is not. Behold! I have seen actress and actor come upon the stage with knitting and peanuts in their hands, and much, and much, while they mumbled over the text.

To my thinking, if they do not catch the spirit of their parts, and know precisely what they are to do, at rehearsals, the public will suffer when the piece comes to be played.

As it is, the first production of a piece here is nothing more than a properly conducted rehearsal. The sooner that this fault is corrected the better.

I cannot leave this subject without calling attention to one fact in connection with the *emeute* which illustrates a local vice. Aside from the moral which it points as regards a preservation of the proprieties as well as the properties at rehearsals, the quarrel was strictly a private one. Never a day passes that several Johns Smiths do not snap their fingers in any number of faces, or pull a great many Johns Joneses' noses..if the newspapers chronicled them all, they would have much more than their hands full, and be even less interesting than they now are. The disagreement between Bandmann and Aldrich was of a similar nature precisely, but it was published as widely as news of a suspension of diplomatic relations between the United States and England would be.

If this vice progresses much further, it will only be necessary to look to the morning newspaper for a thorough insight into our neigbor's affairs. We will know at what hour he returned home the previous night, and whether or not he had any trouble with his latch-key..any slight coolness which his wife manifests towards him at the breakfast-table will be known and accounted for, and everybody will enjoy that Fool's Paradise of dabbling in everybody else's business.

Let us hope that the completion of the Pacific railroad, and two or three more lines of telegraph, will place us more in connection with the outside world, and give newspapers a wider range of more interesting topics to discuss.

INIGO.

DARA.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WHEN Persia's sceptre trembled in a hand
Wilted with harem-heats, and all the land
Was hovered over by those vulture ills
That snuff decaying empire from afar,
Then, with a nature balanced as a star,
Dara arose, a shepherd of the hills.

He who had governed fleecy subjects well,
Made his own village by the self-same spell
Secure and quiet as a guarded fold;
Then, gathering strength by slow and wise degrees,
Under his sway, to neighbor villages
Order returned, and faith, and justice old.

Now when it fortuned that a king more wise
Endued the realm with brain, and hands and eyes,
He sought on every side men brave and just;
And having heard our mountain shepherd's praise,
How he refilled the mould of older days,
To Dara gave a satrapy in trust.

So Dara shepherded a province wide,
Nor in his viceroy's sceptre took more pride
Than in his crook before; but envy finds
More food in cities than on mountains bare;
And the frank sun of spirits clear and rare
Breeds poisonous fogs in low and marish minds.

Soon it was whispered at the royal ear
That, though wise Dara's province, year by year,
Like a great sponge, sucked wealth and plenty up,
Yet, when he squeezed it at the king's behest,
Some yellow drops more rich than all the rest
Went to the filling of his private cup.

For proof, they said that, wheresoe'er he went,
A chest, beneath whose weight the camel bent,
Went with him; and no mortal eye had seen
What was therein, save only Dara's own.
But, when 'twas opened, all his tent was known
To glow and lighten with heaped jewels' sheen.

The king set forth for Dara's province straight,
Where as was fit, outside the city's gate,
The viceroy met him with a stately train,
And there, with archers circled, close at hand,
A camel with the chest was seen to stand;
The king's brow reddened, for the guilt was plain.

"Open me here," he cried, "this treasure chest!"
'Twas done, and only a worn shepherd's vest
Was found within. Some blushed and hung the head;—
Not Dara; open as the sky's blue roof
He stood, and "O my lord, behold the proof
That I was faithful to my trust," he said.

"To govern men, lo, all the spell I had!
My soul, in these rude vestments ever clad,
Still to the unstained past kept true and leal,
Still on these plains could breathe her mountain air,
And fortune's heaviest gifts serenely bear,
Which bend men from their truth and make them reel.

For ruling wisely I should have small skill,
Were I not lord of simple Dara still:
That sceptre kept, I could not lose my way."
Strange dew in royal eyes grew round and bright,
And strained the throbbing lids; before 't was night
Two added provinces blest Dara's sway.

[*From "Good Company," in Press.*

A Cow that Helped to Conquer the Rebellion.—The New Albany (Ind.) *Ledger* gives the following: At the agricultural fair at Charleston, a certain cow, decorated with blue and red ribbons, was the observed of all observers. She was captured from the rebels by Sherman's army near Corinth, Miss., in the summer of 1862, and has accompanied the army in all its marches, countermarches, raids and expeditions from that time up to the final disbandment of the army at Washington. She is the property of Gen. Clark of New York, who, expecting to go on duty at New Orleans, had this cow sent westward, with a view to taking her to this new field of duty. But the General being ordered back to New York, the cow will be sent thither and placed in the Central Park. This cow, during all her journeyings through Mississippi, Tennessee, Georgia, South and North Carolina, and Virginia—a period of three years—has never ceased to give milk, averaging three gallons a day, which she still gives. She is certainly a noble animal, and wears her ribbons gracefully. She is now in the care of Mr. George W. Lee, of Clark county.

In Russia, "freedom of the press" has been established. It may be defined as "freedom with a vengeance." The editors of newspapers are allowed the option of having their leading articles pruned, in manuscript, by the authorities, or of publishing them in all their naked simplicity, thereby subjecting them, if offensive, to the clauses of a very horrifying code of pains and penalties. An editor found guilty, under the new system, of "undermining public confidence in the justice and efficiency of the laws, or of the decrees of government officials or judges," may be fined five hundred roubles, or sent, for an indeterminate period, to the house of correction.

A MYSTERIOUS COLLISION AT SEA.

BY C. L. R.

IN the year 184– the writer went out to Bombay, for the purpose of joining the fleet which was stationed in the East Indies, in the good ship *Amphitrite*, when a somewhat mysterious event occurred to vary the monotony of an ordinary voyage round the Cape.

It was a lovely day early in the month of February, and the ship was bowling along "close hauled," with a splendid breeze. We were nearing the Line, and had lost the north-east monsoon which blows with varying force all the year round north of the equator, and were fortunate in having fallen in with a good steady southeasterly wind, that promised to last some time, and carry us perhaps into southern latitudes; for we had experienced a long run of bad weather in the "chops of the Channel." The winter had been unusually severe, and the gales during the months of November and and December very frequent. After a great deal of knocking about, we felt the more pleased with the change. As I was saying, there was a fine, spanking breeze—what is called by sailors a "topgallant breeze;" that is, when the ship can just carry well her topgallant sails. The beautiful morning had given place to as beautiful an afternoon; the sea was smooth, with a long swell; and the dancing waves, with their crests just ruffled by the wind and tipped with foam, came tumbling one over the other in a joyous way, as if running a race to meet the ship; but, on encountering the opposition of the bows, these "white horses" speedily succumbed, and, after an angry buffet against the stern, disappeared in the black depths under her bilge.

The *Amphitrite* was a new ship, marked A 1 at Lloyd's, of 1800 tons burden, and this was her first voyage; she was clipper-built, and the fastest vessel I ever sailed in. We never looked out for ships astern, but whenever a sail was sighted, it was always ahead, and before night we were certain to leave her hopelessly behind. Many a storm and gale have I experienced on board her, and right nobly she always behaved in them, riding over the waves in spite of the immense weight aloft of the heaviest and squarest spars ever fitted to a ship of her size. Once in a hurricane, when we were lying-to quite snugly, a large China trader went down before our eyes. On the 10th of February, the day of which I am writing, the *Amphitrite* was sailing with her yards "braced sharp up" on the port tack, and every stitch of canvas was drawing, she having all "plain sail" set. The passengers (myself among the number) were all standing on the poop, talking and joking, and looking forward to doing justice to a good dinner, for which this pleasant sea-breeze gave us an appetite. On a long sea voyage dinner is the great event of the day, to which every one looks forward as breaking the monotony in an agreeable manner. The heat of the day had been great, although tempered by a double awning spread over the poop, under which we had placed our easy-chairs, and, with our books in our hands as a make-believe, we enjoyed the sweets of the *dulce far niente*. Conversation naturally turned on crossing the Line and its attendant ceremonies, which were pretty generally spoken of as follies, especially by some young cadets going out to join the army, who were looking forward, half with feelings of curiosity and half of dread, to the advent of Neptune with his motley crew and bucket of slush. Of all senseless customs and traditions, this Line folly is about the most unreasonable. There can be no harm in the sailors dressing up and blundering through a performance, but the manner in which passengers often are ill-used is monstrous. This nuisance is now considerably abated, and it is hoped will soon entirely cease to disgrace the mercantile marine. Few respectable merchant-captains allow their passengers to be insulted. The practical joking is frequently used as a means of extorting money from timid people, who would pay anything rather than be subjected to ill-treatment.

Three or four of the cadets had expressed their determination to join together for the purpose of resisting any attempt to make merry at their expense, when suddenly the look-out man on the foreyard sang out, "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" was the query from the officer of the watch on the quarter-deck.

"On the port bow," was the rejoinder.

The mate then asked what he made her out to be; and the reply was that she looked like a full-rigged ship, but, as she was coming down before the wind, he could not make out for certain what her rig was. The captain, being informed of this, soon came upon deck, with his long glass, and tried to find her. We, all of us who possessed telescopes, went on the forecastle, and swept the horizon forward, but could see nothing; but this was to be accounted for from the fact of her not having yet appeared above the horizon. However, in a few minutes we made the white sail out, like a speck in the far distance. The ladies now came upon deck, and the remainder of the passengers; for it is wonderful what an interest the sight of a ship creates among people wearied of seeing nothing but sea and sky—only "water, water everywhere." It is always an event to be marked in the log-book, and duly chronicled in the diaries of the "cuddy" passengers, and we had seen nothing lately on the waters except the ordinary sea-birds that follow in the wake of a ship, picking up whatever will fill their maws, and which, sometimes settling on the waves, are at first a source of amusement, and give rise to discussions as to where their home among this wild waste of waters may be.

The breeze was freshening, and soon we were gratified by a nearer inspection of the stranger. We found that she was a square-rigged ship, with all sail set, royal and studding sails below and aloft and on both sides. She "walked the waters like a thing of life," and came down before the wind like a race-horse, with the foam curling away from her bows. There are few more beautiful sights than a fine ship heeling over under full sail, with the copper on her weather side showing, and every stitch of canvas bellying out to catch the favoring breeze. The ladies were admiring her beautiful proportions, and the fine effects of the setting sun as it lit up her sails and glistened along her sides, painted black, but relieved with white ports. All hands now crowded up as the word was passed that the strange ship wished to speak; for she appeared as if steering to intercept us. Nearer she came and nearer, and, now that we could see her so well, the passengers retired to the poop, there to be out of the way, and the better to hear all that was said. The captain sent his boy down to his cabin for the speaking-trumpet, and we began speculating as to her nationality, for we could not see any flag flying. Some of the young cadets, having probably more money than they knew what to do with, began laying bets as to whether she was English or Swedish; for the quartermaster, an old salt, said she was a Swedish-built ship. To induce her to show her colors, we hoisted the ensign, and then eagerly watched for a response. But no "bit of bunting" fluttered up to her mizzen-peak; and one of our number, the doctor, who was rather romantically inclined, conjectured she might be a "rover free."

The wind was now blowing freshly; but the ship still carried her royals and studding sails, and still came bearing down on us. We altered our course a point, just to see if she really did wish to speak, and the stranger appeared to follow suit. This seemed to decide the captain as to the ship's intention of communicating with us, but yet she persisted in not showing her colors—a most unusual thing on the high seas, where common courtesy dictates an exchange of flags; and, what was still more strange, we could see no indication of life on her decks, for there were no heads peeping above the bulwark or the rail of her forecastle. The look-out man, who had a bird's-eye view of her, on being hailed, said he could see no men on board.

There is a "law of the road," at sea, as there is on shore among drivers of vehicles; and it is this: ships on the port tack, sailing near the wind, give way to vessels on the starboard; and ships running before the wind yield the pride of place to any they may encounter close-hauled on either tack. Now, we being "full and by," that is close-hauled, it was the duty of the stranger, in case of an accident, and to avoid a collision, to put her helm a-port and get out of the way. I mention this to exculpate us from all blame as to what followed. We, not expecting anything, but being still under the impression she had something to communicate, kept on our course; but it soon became evident that her captain intended passing almost too near us for safety. If he had his ship well in hand, however, he might with ease prevent any disaster arising from our proximity. Some dark clouds were rising up, the wind blew now strong and in gusts, and we could not imagine how the other skipper could be so insane as to keep his topgallant studding-sails set.

Being seen within hailing distance, our captain raised the speaking-trumpet to his mouth, and shouted out, in a stentorian voice, "Ship ahoy! What ship's that?" No answer. "Ship ahoy!" again rang over the waters. Still no reply to the summons. "What does this mean?" said the captain to the first mate and a knot of passengers, myself among the number. We were standing by him on the break of the poop.

We all looked at one another, and then at the ship anxiously. What, indeed, could be intended by this silence? Was it a ruse to carry out some diabolical purpose? It was dusk, and stories that I had read, when at school, of the "Flying Dutchman," and other old sea legends, involuntarily recurred to me and raced unbidden through my brain. Not a soul could be seen on her decks, which were now distinctly visible. "Ship ahoy!" for the third time Captain H—— bellowed out, and then ran off the poop to the quarter-deck, for it was now awfully certain there must be a collision. "Put the helm hard up!" he shouted out to the quartermaster as he descended the ladder; but it was too late. I saw how it was to be, and caught hold of the cross-jack lifts to steady myself. Like lightning the huge mass of wood and tall spars and towering canvas struck us full on the port bow, a blow that caused every timber and plank in the vessel to creak and groan with the concussion. So terrific was the shock that our ship seemed absolutely to stand still as if aghast; the masts and yards shook and reeled like a forest of trees when blown by the passing gale; and the sails for an

instant were thrown flat, aback, in spite of the fresh breeze that was bellying them out and stretching the canvas to its utmost tension.

I saw that several of the crew and passengers were thrown down: and, as is usual on such occasions, the ladies fainted right and left. Some only wrung their hands, and screamed in an agony of terror; but the gentlemen hurried them all down indiscriminately into the scuddy—not a very safe place, certainly, if we were going to founder; but there was confusion enough on deck without its being "worse confounded," by the presence of insensible ladies, young and old When the ship struck us on the port bow her bowsprit was right over our decks. At the last moment, when it was too late to be of much service, our helm had been put "hard up," thereby paying the *Amphitrite's* head off. Instead, therefore, of the stranger steering alongside of us, she carried on her way, with her huge bower anchor, the flukes of which were hanging over the side, tearing all along our bulwarks, carrying away "dead-eyes," and "land-yards," and laying the ship's side open. Up aloft matters were much worse; for the yards and studding-sail booms, and all the gear, were caught in inextricable confusion, and came rattling about our ears; most of the spars, fortunately for the safety of those below, falling overboard. The noise of the creaking timber and tumbling booms and yards was terrific. Nothing could be done; for the two ships had each great way on them, and it was patent they would soon clear each other, even if the masts were to go "by the board" in the struggle. Three of our men were seriously injured by the falling *debris*, and had to be carried below; one poor fellow with both legs broken.

In the meantime, how had our opponent fared through all this business? One of her studding-sail yards fell on the poop with its sail, and the spar, falling "end on," dashed a hole through the deck, nearly knocking my brains out at the same time. Her foretopmast went like a reed, carrying with it the maintop-gallant-mast and the jibboom: but all this luckily fell clear of us into the water. The most singular thing of all, however, was the fact that not a soul could be seen anywhere on board her—neither on the look-out, nor on the decks, nor on the poop; and, what was incomprehensible, there was no one at the wheel. She seemed like a ship of the dead. Had we chosen, we could have jumped on board her with ease, as, in her mad career, she tore along our whole length, from the "cathead" to the "boomkin," where was fitted the "pennant" of the main brace, and which, as a parting salute, she broke short off, like a carrot. Everybody seemed for the moment paralysed, and took shelter till the storm of falling wreck and blocks had subsided.

The stranger presently dropped astern, after having done us all this mischief; and we could then see that she was a large ship of 1000 or 1100 tons burden, of English build, and deeply laden. She looked a perfect wreck, with her rigging all hanging about, and her "top hamper" trailing in the water, mixed up with gear and sails. All this happened in much less time than I take to narrate it, and in a few seconds a fine ship was reduced to this pitiable condition. However, our thoughts were chiefly centred on our own safety; and the first thing to discover was whether we were in a sinking condition or no. The captain immediately ordered the carpenter to sound the well. On doing so, he reported that there were eight inches of water; and, as this was only an addition of two inches above the usual amount, we were much relieved. A party was told off to the pumps, and all watched with anxiety to see whether the water gained on us. The boatswain piped "Hands clear wreck!" and up aloft streamed the topmen to send down the stumps of the shattered masts and clear the tangled ropes.

It was fast getting dark, and now that our immediate safety was assured, we turned our thoughts to the stranger. When she first sheered off, all her sails were flat aback, and she was evidently without guidance, and just "forging" ahead slowly through the water; but she again soon fell off before the wind, and ploughed along her watery way as before.

We could see the ship a long way astern, and, as we passengers were talking and discussing the collision, suddenly one of our number exclaimed, "Hullo! I can't make her out now." We looked, and she was gone. The spot she occupied a moment before was vacant. We went to the captain and informed him of the sudden disappearance of the strange ship; but he answered he had quite enough on his hands to occupy himself and all his crew, without lowering a boat and sending her, he did not know how far astern, on such a Quixotic erraud. He said it was getting dark, and looked like bad weather ahead, and he must make all straight aloft before the gale came on. Besides, said he, to put an end to our remonstrances, it must have been all a mistake; it was so dark that we had lost sight of her position; that she was probably all right, and we, no doubt, all wrong in our conjectures as to her having foundered. It was of no use arguing with him. We were firmly convinced that the unfortunate ship had gone down, as all of us were looking in her direction and saw her distinctly only a few seconds before her disappearance. The quartermaster on duty, whose attention was in no way taken up with the refitting of the wreck, afterwards corroborated our statements and ideas as to the end of the unlucky vessel. He expressed no opinion then, for he did not feel himself called on to express a different view of the question from the captain. Every one agreed that there was not a creature on the decks anywhere when the two ships were in collision, with one exception, and that was the above named petty officer, who declared that he saw just before she dropped so far astern as to render her wheel invisible, a man running up on deck from below to the after-part. If this were so, it would account for her sails filling again.

The whole affair was shrouded in mystery, and we never discovered anything about her. To this day I know not what was her name, her country, or whither she was bound, and probably never shall. When we arrived in the East Indies two months after this affair, the captain made no inquiries respecting the fate of the ship, and, I subsequently discovered, forbade his officers speaking about her to any one ashore or afloat. He could not stop our tongues, however, and for a long time this strange occurrence was the fruitful source of conversation. After the first shock, the imaginative young ladies launched out into all manner of romantic notions with respect to her. There was much ground for speculation and discussion, although we could learn nothing fresh thereby. Had the ship, having sprung a-leak, been deserted by the crew while becalmed on the Line, and then the unfortunate seamen, considering they had no time to "shorten sail," abandoned her with all sail set? and had a breeze subsequently sprung up and driven her in a wild unguided career over the trackless sea, until she fell athwart our hawse, and so met her destruction? Was it so? or had the crew risen in mutiny against the captain and officers, and, after binding or murdering them, abandoned themselves down between decks to drunken dissipation, and, revelling in unwonted freedom from control, left the ship to take care of herself? If what the quartermaster stated he saw really took place, the last was the more probable supposition. But whether this was the case, or whether the fresh water had given out and the ship's company taken to the boats as I have stated, we never discovered.

The whole affair was inexplicable, one of those unsolved mysteries that sometimes come across the path of those wayfarers who "go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters." How many a gallant bark has left a foreign port with her crew all full of life, and looking forward to the day when the white cliffs of their native land would gladden their eyes, and the warm pressure of the hand of loved ones cheer their hearts, before they again encounter the perils and hardships of a sea life! and then what do we hear? It is known that she sailed out of port one morning with a favoring breeze, the crew rousing up the harbor echoes with their capstan song, causing many an exile on shore to heave an envious sigh at the good luck which takes them home, but leaves him still to pine in a foreign land. But then days and weeks lengthen out into months, and we read in the papers how at Lloyd's the insurance on the missing ship has been raised to an ominous figure. Still no tidings reach the anxious home of sorrowing friends, and gradually sickening hope gives place to fell despair; and hearts fail; and mayhap one, the true and constant, whose happiness is wrapped up in the welfare of him whose body, tossed hither and thither on the cruel waves, has long, long ago been food for the fishes, slowly breaks; and the poor young wife, so lately full of love and pride, is borne to an early and untimely gave in a quiet country churchyard, far from him she loved so well in life.

This, perhaps, was one of those mysteries of the deep. Although the captain acted wrongly, as I think, on this occasion, my readers must not infer that he was unfeeling. Far from it, he was very kind-hearted to his crew, and always bore a character as a humane man; but, it was clearly his duty to lower a boat, or rather to return on the track of the stranger, and, if he could not make her out in the darkness, to lie by the spot where she was last seen till morning would enable him to prosecute his search. He was right as to the weather; for it soon came on to blow a gale of wind, and we were under double-reefed topsails before midnight. Although much strained, the *Amphitrite* made little water, and we repaired our damages aloft, and were soon all right again. On arriving in port the ship had her "top-sides" looked to and repaired, and all signs of the "collision at sea" were effaced.

THE editor of one of the great Parisian reviews, settling with Charles Nodier for an article he had written, which was to be paid for by the line, demurred very much at counting the spaces as printed matter. At last he came to the signature. "Well," said he. "Monsieur Nodier, you are certainly not going to make me pay for the signature?" "Of course not," replied Nodier, "you can leave it out altogether. I don't care about its being printed at all." The editor saw that he had been caught in a trap, as the siguature was what gave value to the article. He never disputed afterwards the price with M. Nodier.

PAT gave his testimony in a riot case: "Be jabers, the first man I saw coming at me was two brickbats."

"NASBY" ON POLITICAL MANIFESTATIONS

THE "Nasby Papers" continue to be unique. They are entirely original in their way, and are equal to the best things of Major Jack Downing, Artemus Ward, or Josh Billings. His last letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, he introduces as follows:

Ginral Boanerges Pogram, uv Mississippy, who demonstrated his devoshun to the grate prinsiples uv constitooshnal liberty by serving the confedrasy as a comissary, wrote me to meet him in Washinton. He hed jest reseeved his pardon, and the fust yoose he made uv his privileges wuz to cum to Washinton to meet me for consultashen on the hopes and prospex uv the Dimocrisy.

Ginral Pogram is a fine specimen uv the ginooine shivelrus sutherner. Six feet 2 inches in hite, he kin chaw more terbacker, spit with greater accooracy, and walk uprite under a hevyer lode uv strate whisky than any man I ever met. A unsofistikatid child uv nacher, he scorns the polish and sham uv wat is called civilization. Never shel I forgit the liteninglanse uv contempt he dartid at me, when I askt him to qualify his whisky with a little water.

Ginral Pogram opened by lamentin the untimely decease uv so many suthern voters, in the late diabolikle war Linkin and his helyuns made upon 'em.

I replied to-wunst, that that deficit cood be easily made up. "I hev," sez I, "bin a considrin this matter. At a triflin expenditoor uv money the tide uv emigrashun from Europe kin be turned southward, and the places uv yoor slawtered heroes be filled with the Irishmen, the German, the—"

"Liar! theef! murdrer! nigger-steeler!" showtid the Ginral, seezin me by the throte, and brandishin his cane over me.

Fallin on my knees (formin a tablow, the "Yoonyun ez it wuz") I garspt:

"Why this violence?"

"O nuthin," replied the Ginral, relaxin his holt; "I shel be electid to Congris, and ez I shel hev to mix with yoo Yankees, I wuz a practisin the old tacktix, jist to git my hand in agin. Wuz yoo afeerd? Bless yoor sole, we woodent kill a Northern Dimekrat for no money—we need 'em."

The followiug is a political document of some significance:

SAINTS' REST, (which is in the State uv }
Noo Gersey.) October 11, 1865. }

Ohio, Ablishn! Pennsylania, Ablishn! Iowa, Ablishn and nigger suffrage too boot! Injiany, Ablishner than ever! *Noo Gersey*, not eggsacly Ablishn, but approaching thereunto.

Sich is the encouragin news I red in the noospapers this mornin! Sich is the result of my labors Hercoolian in the above-named States. What do the people mean?

The pure Dimokrasy probably will carry Noo York; but of what consolation is that to me? The two parties, the old anshent Dimokrisy and the Ablishn, ran a race into Radikalism, and the Dimokrasy beat them over a length. With a platform standin by Johnson, indorsin his anti-slavery noshens, his Suthern oppression noshens, his hangin of Mrs. Surratt, *et settery*, and on that platform a sojer who never voted a Dimokratik ticket in his life, who went into the war a Radikle Ablishnist, and who kum out a Radikler Ablishnist, I don't know that I hev much to choose atween 'em.

Last week I was invited in to a county in Noo York, to address a Dimokratik meetin. I accepted (ez my expensis were paid, wich is cheeper and better boardin than I get at the groceries to hum.) and akkordinly I went. I commenst deliverin the speech I had yoused all over Noo Gersey. I commeust aboosing the nigger, when the Cheerman interrupted me.

"Well," sez I, "wat is it?" rather angrily, for I git warmed up and a sweatin, and don't like to be interrupted.

"Why," sed he, "our Constitooshun allows a nigger who has $250 to vote, and most uv em hev that sum, and we make it a point to sekoor em."

"They're better off than most uv us white Dimokrats in Noo Gersey," retorted I, a droppin the nigger and goin on agin President Johnson.

"Stop," whispered the Cheerman, "our platform indorses President Johnson."

"Thunder!" remarked I, droppin President Johnson and sliding easily into a viggerous denunsiation uv the war.

I sed nuthin this time, but commenst denounsin the debt.

"Hold," said the Cheerman, "easy—easy—our platform backs up the debt."

"Well, then," sed I, in a rage, "why in bluzis didn't yoo send me a copy uv yoor platform when you wantid me to address you? Go to thunder and make your own speechis;" and I stawked off the platform.

Time wuz when wun speech wood do a man awl over the North; now you hev to hev a diffrent wun fur evry Stait, wich maiks it impossible fur me to travil, fur one effort per season is enuff for me.

But, ez I wuz sayin, we are beat agin, and beat badly—beat on issues uv our own makin—beat with taxis, bonds, war debt and nigger equality, all in our favor. Don't say to me that we redoost their majorities. What diffrence does it

make to a defeatid candidait, whether the majority agin him is wun thousand or wun hundred? A needle will kill a man as effectnally as a broadsword, ef it's stuck in the right place. So a majority uv wun is enuff. I have known men to hold orfises for years, and have good appetites on a majority uv wun. Its the orfises we wuz a goin fur—its them our patriots wantid, and its no consolation to them to say they mist by a small majority. Its holler mockery—the same ez tho you'd show a starvin man a loaf of bread just inside of iron bars—his fingers are not an inch from it, but so far ez his cravin stomach is concerned, it mite as well be across the boundless ocean.

We may recover from this backset, but I hev my fears. The people is ez stoopid ez ever, and our leaders is ez akoot ez ever; but alas! the fact that we hev failed in everything we hev undertook, for four years, is gettin throo the hair uv thousands, and they look askant at us.

Be it ez it may, it makes but little diffrence to me. A few years, at furthrest, and I shel go hentz. Ef the Bible is troo, I shel go where I will find a heavy Dimokratik majority, shoor; ef it is not, and there is no hereafter, why, then, at least, I shel be on a level with the rest.

"So, let the wide world wag as it will,"

I'll keep on the even tenor uv my way, takin my nips ez often ez I kin find a confidin sole who hez more money than diskreshun.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Lait Paster uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

NEW BOOKS.

WE are indebted to A. Roman & Co., No. 417 and 419 Montgomery street, for the following new books:

History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. III. and IV. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

Mr. Froude has selected an epoch in English history, which, although frequently written about, seems to have been less thoroughly analyzed and less accurately discribed than any other. We have Lingard, Burnet and Hume—histories taken from conservative, political and ecclesiastical points of view, but none as impartial, truth-loving and healthy in style as this of Mr. Froude. Mr. Froude himself confesses that he had to overcome his own prejudices. "When I commenced," he says in his preface, "the examination of the records, I brought with me the inherited impression, from which I had neither any thought nor any expectation that I should be disabused. I found that it melted between my hands, and with it disappeared that other fact so difficult to credit, yet, as it had appeared, so impossible to deny, that English parliaments, English judges, English clergy, statesmen whose beneficent legislation survives among the most valued of our institutions, prelates who were the founders and martyrs of the English Church, were the cowardly accomplices of abominable atrocities, and had disgraced themselves with a sycophancy which the Roman Senate imperfectly approached when it fawned upon Nero." Honesty like this cannot fail to awaken sympathetic feeling in the mind of the reader. He disabuses them of their old prejudices in his calm, philosophic reasoning. Theologians might object that he does not prominently recognize direct Divine interposition in this epoch of religious reformation; that he does not dwell particularly on the influences of Romanism or Protestantism in any denominational or partisan spirit. Yet the imputation of infidelity or materialism cannot rest upon this calm historian, who recognizes so distinctly the progress and purification of morality and true religion under Divine tuition.

Mr. Froude, departing from the opinions of predecessors, attributes those changes to Henry VIII. He does not make him a God, nor whitewash his character of those blots which all writers and historians have affixed upon his royal robes. Yet, like Henry V., the levities and frivolities of youth being laid aside, Mr. Froude intimates that he grew in moral stature, and rose equal to the emergency of affairs. He was passionate and obstinate, but those qualities were necessary and became virtues in the vexed and veering troubles of the kingdom. His inconsistency is accounted for as the inconsistencies of the nation, at whose head he marched. But like the tacking of a ship in adverse wind, Mr. Froude believes his course to have been always true, and in the line of reform and progress.

From Mr. Froude's view-point, Henry VIII. was king of England in all that makes kingship noble and powerful. He was a leader. He brought the commonwealth out from the despotism of Papacy and avoided European domination. He consolidated the kingdom; made Scotland and Ireland submissive to the central power; brought to the Commons a knowledge of its rights and privileges, and used the community against the exclusiveness of the nobles. Under Henry, England began to have recognized power in European councils. France, Germany and Spain would have prevented it if they could. Mr. Froude makes a point of Henry's act ordering the clergy to exhort the people to read the English Bible. He says: "In this act was laid the foundation stone on which the whole later history of England, civil as well as ecclesiastical, has been reared." Mr. Froude's style is simple and manly as his thought. He tells his story well; his natural and unaffected sentences and climaxes are in agreeable contrast to the rhetorical and elaborate periods of the classic English historians. The appearance of this book, and Forsythe's Cicero, seem to foretell a characteristic change from the abstract stateliness, and cumbrous, though magnificent ornamentation of the great English historic writers. The triumphal marches of Macauley, Hume, Alison and Gibbon partake somewhat of the characteristic conveyances of the epochs of which they wrote. They move in ornamented gilded coaches, in formal trains and processions, in liveries of scarlet and blue. The young English historians adopt more comfortable locomotion, or do not scruple to avail themselves of an omnibus occasionally as a vehicle for their thoughts.

The volumes are handsome specimens of the art of bookmaking and binding, and, as an American edition, are worthy of the highest praise.

The Gulistan, or Rose Garden. By Musle-Uddeen Sheik Saadi, of Shiraz. Translated from the original by Francis Gladwin, with an essay on Saadi's life and genius by James Ross, and a preface by R. W. Emerson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. 12mo.; pp. 379.

Americans are much indebted to Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, for introducing to their libraries this contribution from Oriental literature. This volume is a pleasant response to the wishes of our people for an introduction to the works of genius which we know abound in Persian literature. We have heretofore known but little more than the names of some of the greatest poets of the East, of Nizami, of Firdausi, and of Saadi; and the presentation to American readers of a just translation of the "Gulistan" of the latter great poet is most commendable, and deserves our gratitude. The German literature has been enriched heretofore by translations of specimens from two hundred Persian bards by the genius of Von Hammer Purgstall. While, heretofore, comparatively little attention has been given by American students to the study of the Oriental literature, mainly owing no doubt to the forbidding difficulty of the original languages, it is pleasant to know that there is a prospect that this neglect is about to be retrieved, from the presence in our colleges of good Semitic and Sanscrit scholars.

The present volume does not need any special words of commendation from our pen. The poet, who has been longer or better known in the Western nations than any of his countrymen, was a man of such rich and varied experience as to free his writings from all provincial tone, and to facilitate his speaking to the universal heart and mind. He was "by turns a student, a water-carrier, a traveller, a soldier fighting against the Christians in the Crusades, a prisoner employed to dig trenches before Tripoli, and an honored poet in his protracted old age at home." Says Mr. Emerson, his American editor: "Saadi, though he has not the lyric flights of Hafiz, has wit, practical sense, and just moral sentiment;" "he has the instinct to teach, and, from every occurence, must draw the moral, like Franklin; "the poet of friendship, love, self-devotion, and serenity." The *Gulistan* is divided into eight chapters, respectively, upon the Morals of Kings, of Durwaishes, upon the Excellency of Contentment, the Advantages of Silence, Love and Youth, Imbecility and Old Age, the Effects of Education, and Rules for the Conduct of Life. "A learned man without works," says Saadi, "is a bee without honey. Say to the austere and uncivil bee, 'When you cannot afford honey, do not sting.'" There is a rich aroma about his philosophy, and, in remembrance of his varied experience, and in his contemplative solitude, he has spoken many wise things. "It is not the part of a wise man to box with a lion, or to strike his fist against a sword. Neither fight nor contend with one more powerful than yourself; put your hand under your armpit." In the preface to this work, the author, after a pleasant allusion to the compliments which his countrymen have liberally bestowed upon him, ascribes his own popularity not to his own merit and eloquence, "but it is owing," he adds, with Oriental superlativeness, "to the monarch of the earth, who is the axis of the revolution of time, the representative of Solomon, the defender of the faithful the mighty king of kings, the illustrious Atabuk Mozuffaruddeen Aboobukr, the son of Sad, the son of Zungy, the shadow of God on earth," who has regarded him "with the eye of kindness." The spirit and tone of the author is devotional, and he acknowledges that his work has been brought to a conclusion "through God's assistance;" he has "not followed the custom of authors by inserting verses borrowed from former writers," in that, "it is better to be dressed in one's own old garments than to ask the loan of a new vest." In a volume written in the early part of the thirteenth century, by a poet of Persia, it would not be strange if occasionally we should meet with passages which would be held exceptionable in works of to-day. The present volume does not differ from our expectations. What a finical taste might have elided in this volume has been allowed to remain by the American editor, undoubtedly that the work of the poet might have unity and completeness. It is a book for the educated; the crisp wisdom that characterizes the whole, will shine clearly above the flickering morality of a part.

Good Company for Every Day in the Year. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Good Company is the apt and apposite title of one of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields' new volumes of prose excerpts and selections. The design of this work is to furnish an engraved portrait of celebrated writers and poets, accompanied with a characteristic selection from their writings. Southey is represented by a love story from the pages of the *Doctor*, printed for the first time in America. The portraits are excellent, that of Hawthorne—to which is attached "Little Pansie,'" an exquisite fragment from an unfinished novel—is somewhat younger-looking than the photographs of a year previous. The counterfeit presentment of Longfellow is quite unlike his former pictures—bearded and flowing-haired, like Tennyson—and bears little resemblance to the smooth-chinned Professor of other days. We give an extract—"Dara," by Lowell—in another column. The volume is handsomely bound, and makes an excellent gift book.

The Metropolites; or, Know Thy Neighbor. A Novel. By Robert St Clair. New York: American News Company.

Under the disguise of handsome covers and a respectable exterior, this book offers the reading public about as pitiable trash as ever circulated under the title of "Dime Novels," or in the pages of fourth-rate weeklies. The first chapter describes the shipwreck of the hero—on Coney Island—and is the only coherent statement in the volume. The following is a fair example of the style:

"The harp of revelry is hushed, the gridiron is hung up, the bowl of mirth is broken, the saucepan is mute; cold winds sweep though lofty corridors to sigh a parting requiem over sullied honor, fallen grandeur, and dilapidated fancy shirt collars. Will you, will you, William, weep for this decline in starch? A rumor has gone forth to overcome her as a summer compliment in a special train. It is whispered in hymn-books, it is muttered in Hoyle, and a jews-harp caught faintly the sound as it fell."

Or:

"These angels, you must know, are in strict communion with each other, in the hope of reviving a society suitable for their dark ages, which set in severely with black silks, somber velvets, and dismal shawls, after forty years' run in single harness, in a one horse concern, with some occasional fast driving clandecently [the spelling is the author's] which. O no, we'll never mention now, it's name is never heard at the four o'clock of their afternoon of life, when they are walking up to settle at the captain's office of Mrs. Grundy's establishment."

In addition to the above, the following volumes are received, and will be noticed next week: *Two Men, Atalanta in Calydon, Æsop's Fables, Charcoal Sketches*, and *The Book of Rubies.*

HOMELY GIRLS.—The editor of the Cleveland *Herald*, having been tolerably profuse in his compliments to the pretty girls of Cleveland, has been requested to say a good thing in behalf of the homely ones, and he does it thus:

First. The homely girls of Cleveland are in a hopeless minority, but they mean well.

Second. They go to church every Sunday and are fond of their meals. They had rather have their meals regularly than a new bonnet.

Third. They understand their business, and wear No. 16 gaiters.

Fourth. They are bright, intelligent, devoid of low jealousy, fond of music, dance at Garrett's Hall as though it was the chief aim of life, and always go in when it rains.

Filth. They always thank the gentlemen for giving them seats in the street cars; never flirt with the boys—because it's out of their line—and keep out of the fire.

Sixth. They never have half a dozen young sprigs keeping company with them.

Seventh. They wash their own handkerchiefs, iron their own collars, and darn their own stockings.

Eighth. They never wear waterfalls that weigh over one hundred and fifty pounds, and have neither "rats" nor other animals in their hair.

Ninth. They don't call the young bloods, and other trash, "perfectly splendid."

Tenth. They never eat between meals.

Eleventh. They are all going to get married.

Twelfth. They will all marry well.

Thirteenth. Their children will be bright and shining lights in the world.

Fourteenth. They won't keep hired girls till their husbands can afford them.

Fifteenth. They sleep under mosquito bars when convenient.

Sixteenth. They can make coffee and nut cakes and can do chamberwork.

Seventeenth. They are O. K.

Eighteenth. They are homely, but oh Jernsalem!

Nineteenth. They know they are homely.

Twentieth. They perspire when the thermometer is at 94 in the shade, and wear gored waists.

Twenty-first. Young gentlemen don't squeeze them by the hand, and they like pea-nuts.

A BATTLE SEEN WITH THE NAKED EYE.

THE New York *Citizen* contains a very graphic sketch under the above caption, by a volunteer *aid-de-camp*. Circumscribed space allows us to make only a few extracts, although the article deserves to be reproduced entire:

GOING INTO BATTLE.

As I passed into the highway again, and riding through narrow passages, grazing officers' knees, turning vicious battery horses, winding in and out of woods, making detours through pasture fields, leaping ditches, and so making perilous progress, I passed many friends who hailed me cheerfully—here a brigadier general who waved his hand, or a colonel who saluted, or a staff officer who rode out and exchanged inquiries or greetings, or a sergeant who winked and laughed. These were some of the men whose bodies I was to stir to-morrow with my foot, when the eyes that shone upon me now would be swollen and ghastly.

Some of the privates seeing me in plain clothes, as I had joined the army merely as a visitor and with no idea of seeing immediate service there, mistook me for a newspaper correspondent, which in one sense I was; and I was greeted with such cries as—

"Our Special Artist!"

"Our Own Correspondent!"

"Give our Captain a setting up, you sir!"

"Puff our Colonel!"

"Give me a good obituary!"

"Where's your pass, bub?"

"Holloa! Jenkins. Three cheers for Jenkins!"

I shall not soon forget one fellow who planted himself in my path, (his regiment had halted) and leaning upon his musket looked steadily into my eyes.

"Ef I had a warrant for the devil," he said, "I'd arrest that feller."

Many of the soldiers were pensive and thoughtful; but the mass were marching to their funerals with boyish outcries, apparently anxious to forget the responsibilities of the time."

"Let's sing, boys." "Oh! Get out, or I'll belt you over the snoot." "Holloa! Pardner, is there water over there?" "Three groans for Jeff!" "Hip-hip—hoorooar! Hi! Hi!"

A continual explosion of small arms, in the shape of epithets, jests, imitations of the cries of sheep, cows, mules and roosters, and snatches of song, enlivened the march. If something interposed, or a halt was ordered, the men would throw themselves in the dust, wipe their foreheads, drink from their canteens, gossip, grin and shout confusedly, and some sought opportunities to straggle off, so that the regiments were materially decimated before they reached the field. The leading officers maintained a dignity and a reserve, and reined their horses together in places, to confer. At one time a private soldier came out to me, presenting a scrap of paper, and asked me to scrawl him a line, which he would dictate. It was as follows:

"My dear Mary, we are going into action soon, and I send you my love. Kiss baby, and if I am not killed I will write to you after the fight."

The man asked me to mail the scrap at the first opportunity; but the same post which carried his simple billet, carried also his name among the rolls of the dead.

COMING OUT OF BATTLE.

The battle was over. In the twilight, with the ambulances, I was returning, and expletives like these ensued:

"Sa-a-ay! Hoss! Pardner! Are you going to ride over this wounded feller?"

'Friend, have you a drop of water for a man that's fainted here?"

"Holla! Buster! Keep that bayonit out o' my eye, if you please!"

"Where's Gen. Banks? I hearn say he's a prisoner."

"I do'know!"

"Was we licked, do you think?"

"No! We warn't nothin' o' the kind. Sigel's outflanked 'em and okkepies the field. A man jus' told me so."

"Huzza! Hearties, cheer up! Sigel's took the field, and Stonewall Jackson's dead."

"Three cheers for Sigel."

"Hoorooar, hoor——"

"Oh! Get out! That's all blow. Don't try to stuff me! We're lathered: that's the long and short of it."

"Is that so? Boys I guess we're beat!"

* * * * * * *

When we had gone two miles or more, we found a provost column drawn across the road, and a mounted officer interrogating all who attempted to pass:

"Stop there! You're not wounded."

"Yes I am."

"Pass on! Halt, boy! Go back. Men close up there. Stop that boy."

"I am sun-struck, Major."

"You lie! Drive him back. Go back now!"

Beyond this the way was comparatively clear; but as I knew that other guards held the road further on, I passed to the right, and with the hope of finding a rill of water, went across some grass fields, keeping toward the low places. The fields were very still, and I heard only the subdued noises wafted from the road; but suddenly I found myself surrounded by men. They were lying in groups in the tall grass, and started up suddenly, like the clansmen of Roderick Dhu. At first I thought myself a prisoner, and these some cunning Confederates, who had lain in wait. But, to my surprise, they were Federal uniforms, and were simply skulkers from various regiments, who had been hiding here during the hours of battle. Some of these miserable wretches asked me the particulars of the fight, and when told of the defeat, muttered that they were not to be hoodwinked and slaughtered.

"I was sick, anyway," said one fellow, "and felt like droppin' on the road."

"I didn't trust my Colouel," said another; "he ain't no soldier."

"I'm tired of the war, anyhow," said a third, "and my time's up soon; so I shan't have my head blown off."

As I progressed, dozens of these men appeared; the fields were strewn with them; a true man would rather have been lying with the dead on the field of carnage, than here, among the craven and base. I came to a spring at last, and the stragglers surrounded it in levies. One of them gave me a cup to dip some of the crystal, and a prayerful feeling came over me as the cooling draught fell over my dry palate and parched throat.

THE FIELD.

At last I passed the outlying batteries, with their black muzzles scanning the battle-ground, and ascending the clover field, came upon the site of the battery which had so discomfitted us the previous night. A signal vengeance had overtaken it. Some splinters of wheel and an overturned caisson, with eight horses lying in a group—their hoofs extended like index boards, their necks elongated along the ground, and their bodies swollen—were the results of a single shell trained upon the battery by a cool artillerist. Beyond, the road and fields were strewn with knapsacks, haversacks, jackets, canteens, cartridge-boxes, shoes, bayonets, knives, buttons, belts, blankets, girths, and sabres. Now and then a mule or a horse lay at the roadside, with the clay saturated beneath him; and some of the tree tops, in the depth of the woods, were scarred, split, and barked, as if the lightning had blasted them. Now passing a disabled wagon, now marking a dropped horse-shoe, now turning a capsized ambulance, now regarding a perfect wilderness of old clothes, we emerged from the timber at last, and came to the place where I had slept on the eve of the battle. A hurricane had apparently swept the country here, and the fences had been transported bodily. Sometimes the ground looked, for limited areas, as if there had been a rain of kindling-wood; and there were furrows in the clay, like those made by some great mole which had ploughed into the bowels of the earth. All the tree boles were pierced and perforated, and boughs had been severed, so that they littered the way. Cedar Creek ran merrily across what had been the road—the waters limpid and cool as before—and when I passed beyond, I entered the region of dead men. Some poisonous Upas had seemingly grown here, so that adventurers were prostrated by its exhalations. A tributary rivulet formed with the creek a triangular enclosure of ground, where most of the Federals had fallen. To the left of the road stood a cornfield; to the right a stubble field, dotted with stone heaps; deep woods formed the back ground to these, and scrub-timber, irregularly disposed, the foreground.

Looking down one of the rows of corn, I saw the first corpse—the hands flung stiffly back, the feet set stubbornly, the chin pointing upward, the features losing their sharpness, the skin blackening, the eyes great and white—

"A heap of death—a chaos of cold clay."

Turning into the cornfield, we came upon one man with a spade, and another man lying at his feet. He was digging a grave, and when we paused to note the operation, he touched his cap:

"Pardner o' mine," he said, indicating the body; "him and I fit side by side, and we agreed, if it could be done, to bury each other. There ain't no sich man as that lost out o' the army, private or officer—with all respect to you."

It was a eulogy that sounded as if more deserved, because it was homely. There are some that I have read, much finer, but not as honest.

ORFILA, the celebrated French chemist, being examined as "expert" on a capital trial, was asked by the President whether he could tell what quantity of arsenic was requisite to kill a fly. The doctor replied: "Certainly, M. le President; but I must know beforehand the age of the fly, its sex, its temperament, its condition and habits of body, whether married or single, widow or maiden, widower or bachelor. When satisfied on these points, I can answer your question."

EARLY PIETY.—Matilda Jane (catching the pastor after Sunday school.) "Oh, sir, please what would you charge to christen my doll?"

[For the Californian.]

WATCHING BESIDE HIM.

BY FRANK SOULE.

THE leaves turn yellow on the mournful willow,
November's waves are sighing on the shore;
And there's a fading cheek upon the pillow,
That shall feel health no more.
The leaves are falling, and my friend is dying,
Comes the Destroyer nearer day by day,
And like the leaves on Autumn's breezes flying,
His poor life flits away.
But now the foliage and his life were vernal,
How soon their Spring and Summer glow hath fled!
I would have had their beauty made eternal—
Ah me! but dust instead!

The leaves have fallen! on the Autumn eddies,
The last pale spectres float and disappear,
And one poor body—there his quiet bed is—
Is all that's left me here.
All that is left me of his manly powers,
All that is left of life so good and brief,
All faded like the first frost-bitten flowers,
And Autumn's withered leaf.
In night's dark hours his spirit spread her pinions,
Left in our clinging arms alone his form—
Heaven lighted through the dark's obscure dominions,
The starless gloom and storm.

While by his faded form, so sad and lonely
I sit, oh mighty Monarch I implore:
Tell me, is life but this, this tell me only,
This and no more?
A few fair hopes that never can be real,
A few joys passing like the fleeting breath?
Is immortality but an ideal
That terminates with death?
Of all I loved so much, so dearly treasured,
His manly beauty and his comely grace,
By this dear faded form may life be measured,
And this pale, silent face?

There comes no answer, though my heart is crying,
No message from the spirit gone before,
I hear, instead, the yeasty waves replying
In sobs upon the shore.
I hear the night-winds in the branches toning,
Or rustling with the sere and fallen leaf,
Their sad responses to my inward moaning,
In pity to my grief.
And so in loneliness, and doubt, and sorrow,
I listen to each night hour's lagging tread,
And silent, wait the coming of to-morrow,
In watch beside the dead.

SOLD FOR LESS THAN COST.—George Washington Bricks, in a letter to the Mobile *Advertiser*, gets off the following:

I was standing quietly on the front steps of the Custom-house the other day, looking casually at the beautiful creature sitting at one of the parlor windows of the Battle House, and trying to discover whether she was an old acquaintance of mine from the country, when a strange young man, with a limp in his walk, came up and stopped near me.

"I'll swear its mighty hot walking for a lame man to-day," said he.

Whether the remark was addressed to me or to society at large, I did not think it worth while to inquire, but simply said in reply:

"I should think so really. May I ask how you came to be lame?"

This was an impertinent question, I know; but as he had provoked it I did not think there could be much harm in it.

"Certainly, sir," said he, "I got hurt, and very badly, too, in a personal difficulty I had with a northern man named Meade."

"Ah, indeed!" said I.

"Yes; the thing created a good deal of excitement at the time, and as an account of it was published in all the newspapers both North and South, you must have read something about it."

"Not a word, I assure you. When and where did it happen?"

"Why, a little over two years ago," said he, "at a town in Pennsylvania, called Gettysburg."

"Sold again, and the money received!" shouted a small newsboy, who was standing by and heard the conversation, but who now took to his heels.

"My gallant young friend," said I, "I acknowledge the corn cheerfully. And speaking of corn—do you ever drink anything?" at the same time tossing my head in the direction of the nearest drinking saloon.

"Very rarely," was the reply; but when I do, it's generally about this time of day."

"Well," said I, "as you are, doubtless, in a hurry to get to the grocery, I won't detain you any longer."

And I walked on and left him.

I shall never cease to regret that the small newsboy didn't stay there to hear the end of it.

AN old Scotchwoman having been asked her opinion as to the "new minister," said he was a particularly powerful preacher: "He had na' been in th' place a week before he kicked th' pulpit a' to pieces, and banged tho in'ards out o' sax bibles."

AFFAIRS ROUND THE VILLAGE GREEN.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

IT isn't every one who has a village green to write about. I have one, although I have not seen much of it for some years past. I am back again, now. In the language of the duke who went round with a motto about him, "I am here!" and I fancy I am about as happy a peasant of the vale as ever garnished a melo drama, although I have not as yet danced on my village green, as the melo-dramatic peasant usually does on his. It was the case when Rosina Meadows left home.

The time rolls by serenely now—so serenely that I don't care what time it is, which is fortunate, because my watch is at present in the hands of the "men of New York who are called rioters." We met by chance, the usual way—certainly not by appointment—and I brought the interview to a close with all possible dispatch. Assuring them that I wasn't Mr. Greeley, particularly, and that he had never boarded in the private family where I enjoy the comforts of a home, I tendered them my watch, and begged they would distribute it judiciously among the laboring classes, as I had seen the rioters styled in certain public prints.

Why should I loiter feverishly in Broadway, stabbing the hissing hot air with the splendid gold-headed cane that was presented to me by the citizens of Waukegan, Illinois, as a slight testimonial of their esteem? Why broil in my rooms? You said to me, Mrs. Gloverson, when I took possession of those rooms, that no matter how warm it might be, a breeze had a way of blowing into them, and that they were, withal, quite countryfied; but I am bound to say, Mrs. Gloverson, that there was nothing about them that ever reminded me, in the remotest degree, of daisies or new-mown hay. Thus, with sarcasm, do I smash the deceptive Gloverson.

Why stay in New York when I had a village green? I gave it up, the same as I would an intricate conundrum—and, in short, I am here.

Do I miss the glare and crash of the imperial thoroughfare? the milkman, the fiery, untamed omnibus horses, the soda fountains, Central Park, and those things? Yes, I do; and I can go on missing 'em for quite a spell, and enjoy it.

The village from which I write to you is small. It does not contain over forty houses all told; but they are milk-white, with the greenest of blinds, and for the most part are shaded with beautiful elms and willows. To the right of us is a mountain—to the left a lake. The village nestles between. Of course it does. I never read a novel in my life in which the villages didn't nestle. Villages invariably nestle. It is a kind of way they have.

We are away from the cars. The iron horse, as my little sister aptly remarks in her composition On Nature, is never heard to shriek in our midst; and on the whole I am glad of it.

The villagers are kindly people. They are rather incoherent on the subject of the war, but not more so, perhaps, than are people elsewhere. One citizen, who used to sustain a good character, subscribed for the Weekly New York *Herald*, a few months since, and went to studying the military maps in that well-known journal for the fireside. I need not inform you that his intellect now totters, and he has mortgaged his farm. In a literary point of view we are rather bloodthirsty. A pamphlet edition of the life of a cheerful being, who slaughtered his wife and child, and then finished himself, is having an extensive sale just now.

We know little of Honoré de Balzac, and perhaps care less for Victor Hugo. M. Claës's grand search for the Absolute doesn't thrill us in the least; and Jean Valjean, gloomily picking his way through the sewers of Paris, with the spoony young man of the name of Marius upon his back, awakens no interest in our breasts. I say Jean Valjean picked his way gloomily, and I repeat it. No man, under those circumstances, could have skipped gaily. But this literary business, as the gentleman who married his colored chambermaid aptly observed, "is simply a matter of taste."

The store—I must not forget the store. It is an object of great interest to me. I usually encounter there, on sunny afternoons, an old Revolutionary soldier. You may possibly have read about "Another Revolutionary Soldier gone," but this is one who hasn't gone, and, moreover, one who doesn't manifest the slightest intention of going. He distinctly remembers Washington, of course; they all do; but what I wish to call special attention to, is the fact that this Revolutionary soldier is one hundred years old, that his eyes are so good that he can read fine print without spectacles—he never used them, by the way—and his mind is perfectly clear. He is a little shaky in one of his legs, but otherwise he is as active as most men of forty-five, and his general health is excellent. He uses no tobacco, but for the last twenty years he has drunk one glass of liquor every day—no more, no less. He says he must have his tod. I had begun to have lurking suspicions about this Revolutionary soldier business, but here is an original Jacobs. But because a man can drink a glass of liquor a day, and live to be a hundred years old, my young readers must not infer that by drinking two glasses of liquor a day a man can live to be two hundred. "Which, I meanter say, it doesn't foller," as Joseph Gargery might observe.

This store, in which may constantly be found calico and nails, and fish, and tobacco in kegs, and snuff in bladders, is a venerable establishment. As long ago as 1814 it was an institution. The county troops, on their way to the defence of Portland, then menaced by British ships of war, were drawn up in front of this very store, and treated at the town's expense. Citizens will tell you how the clergyman refused to pray for the troops, because he considered the war an unholy one; and how a somewhat eccentric person, of dissolute habits, volunteered his services, stating that he once had an uncle who was a deacon, and he thought he could make a tolerable prayer, although it was rather out of his line; and how he prayed so long and absurdly that the colonel ordered him under arrest, but that even while soldiers stood over him with gleaming bayonets, the reckless being sang a preposterous song about his grandmother's spotted calf, with its Ri-fol lol-tiddery-i-do; after which he howled dismally.

And speaking of the store, reminds me of a little story. The author of "several successful comedies" has been among us, and the store was anxious to know who the stranger was. And therefore the store asked him.

"What do you follow, sir?" respectfully inquired the tradesman.

"I occasionally write for the stage, sir."

"Oh!" returned the tradesman, in a confused manner.

"He means," said an honest villager, with a desire to help a puzzled tradesman out, "he means that he writes handbills for the stage drivers!"

I believe that story is new, although perhaps it is not of an uproariously mirthful character; but one hears stories at the store that are old enough, goodness knows—stories which, no doubt, diverted Methuselah in the sunny days of his giddy and thoughtless boyhood.

There is an exciting scene at the store occasionally. Yesterday an athletic peasant, in a state of beer, smashed in a counter and emptied two tubs of butter on the floor. His father—a white-haired old man, who was a little boy when the Revolutionary war closed, but who doesn't remember Washington *much*, came round in the evening and settled for the damages. "My son," he said, "has considerable originality." I will mention that this son once told me that he could lick me with one arm tied behind him, and I was so thoroughly satisfied he could, that I told him he needn't mind going for a rope.

Sometimes I go a visiting to a farmhouse, on which occasion the parlor is opened. The windows have been close-shut ever since the last visitor was there, and there is a dingy smell that I struggle with as calmly as possible, until I am led to the banquet of steaming hot biscuit and custard pie. If they would only let me sit in the dear old-fashioned kitchen, or on the doorstone—if they knew how dismally the new black furniture looked—but never mind, I am not a reformer. No, I should rather think not.

Gloomy enough, this living on a farm, you perhaps say, in which case you are wrong. I can't exactly say that I pant to be an agriculturist, but I do know that in the main it is an independent, calmly happy sort of life. I can see how the prosperous farmer can go joyously a-field with the rise of the sun, and how his heart may swell with pride over bounteous harvests and sleek oxen. And it must be rather jolly for him on winter evenings to sit before the bright kitchen fire and watch his rosy boys and girls as they study out the charades in the weekly paper, and gradually find out why my first is something that grows in a garden, and my second is a fish.

On the green hillside over yonder, there is a quivering of snowy drapery, and bright hair is flashing in the morning sunlight. It is recess, and the Seminary girls are running in the tall grass.

A goodly seminary to look at outside, certainly, although I am pained to learn, as I do on unprejudiced authority, that Mrs. Higgins, the principal, is a tyrant who seeks to crush the girls and trample upon them; but my sorrow is somewhat assuaged by learning that Skimmerhorn, the pianist, is perfectly splendid.

Looking at these girls reminds me that I, too, was once young—and where are the friends of my youth? I have found one of 'em, certainly. I saw him ride in the circus the other day on a bareback horse, and even now his name stares at me from yonder board-fence, in green, and blue, and red, and yellow letters. Dashington, the youth with whom I use to read the able orations of Cicero, and who, as a declaimer on exhibition days, used to wipe the rest of us boys pretty handsomely out—well, Dashington is identified with the halibut and cod interest—drives a fish-cart, in fact, from a certain town on the coast, back into the interior. Hubertson, the utterly stupid boy—the lunkhead, who never had his lesson—he's about the ablest lawyer a sister State can boast. Mills is a newspaper man, and is just now editing a major-general down South.

Singlingson, the sweet-voiced boy, whose face was always washed and who was real good, and who was never rude—*he* is in the penitentiary for putting his uncle's autograph to a financial document. Hawkins, the clergyman's son, is an actor, and Williamson, the good little boy who divided his bread and butter with the beggar-man, is a failing merchant, and makes money by it. Tom Slink who used to smoke short-sixes and get acquainted with the little circus boys, is popularly supposed to be the proprietor of a cheap gaming establishment in Boston, where the beautiful but uncertain prop is nightly tossed. Be sure, the Army is represented by many of the friends of my youth, the most of whom have given a good account of themselves. But Chalmerson hasn't done much. No, Chalmerson is rather of a failure. He plays on the guitar and sings love songs. Not that he is a bad man. A kinder-hearted creature never lived, and they say he hasn't yet got over crying for his little curly-haired sister who died ever so long ago. But he knows nothing about business, politics, the world, and those things. He is dull at trade—indeed, it is a common remark that "everybody cheats Chalmerson." He came to the party, the other evening, and brought his guitar. They wouldn't have him for a tenor in the opera, certainly, for he is shaky in his upper notes; but if his simple melodies didn't gush straight from the heart, why were my trained eyes wet? And although some of the girls giggled, and some of the men seemed to pity him, I could not help fancying that poor Chalmerson was nearer heaven than any of us all!

OUR SOCIETY AS SEEN BY A STRANGER.

MR. BOWLES, in his letters to the Springfield *Republican*, entitled "Across the Continent," has the courage and independence to record a few home truths in regard to our social defects, which other Eastern visitors have somewhat weakly dodged. He says:

"Society," in this representative town of the Pacific Coast, is somewhat difficult of characterization. It holds in chaos all sorts of elements; the very best, and the very worst, and all between. There is much of New York in it, much of St. Louis and Chicago, and a good deal that is original and local; born of wide separation from the centres of our best social civilization; of the dominating materialism and masculinism of all life here; of comparative lack of homes and families and their influences. There are probably more bachelors, great lusty fellows, who ought to be ashamed of themselves living in hotel or in "lodgings," in this town, than in any place of its size in the world. There is want of femininity, spirituality in the current tone of the place; lack of reverence for women; fewer women to reverence, than our eastern towns are accustomed to. You hear more than is pleasant of private scandals; of the vanity and weakness of women; of the infidelity of wives. "It is the cussedest place for women," said an observant Yankee citizen, some two or three years from home, and not forgetful yet of mother, sister and cousin—"a town of men and taverns and boarding houses and billiard saloons."

Yet there seems to be plenty of women—such as they are; and Montgomery street will offer the promenader as many pretty and striking faces, perhaps more, in proportion, than Washington street or Broadway. But the dominating quality like mercy, is not strained; it savors of the mannishness, the materialism, the "fastness" and the "loudness" of the country; and paradoxical as it may appear, by contrast with eastern society, the men seem of a higher grade than the women—better for men than the latter as women. Nor is this inconsistent with reason; the men, dealing with practical necessities and duties, are less harmed, on the whole, by the dominant materialism of life here, than the women, whose pressing necessities are lower and fewer;—as a fine, delicate blade is more roughened in cutting the way through bramble and brush than a tough and broader edge.

All which is not only natural but inevitable; in all new countries, where the first fight is for life and wealth with rough nature, the masculine quality must ever be dominant; and the feminine elements must be influenced by it, more than they influence it in turn. The senses rule the spirit. All civilization, all progress tends to the increase of the feminine element in our nature and in life; contrast the centuries, and we see it creeping in everywhere, in men and women alike, in religion, in intellectual culture, in art, in social intercourse—softening, refining, hallowing—the atmosphere of all modern life pictures. Women, who possess and represent this blossom of our civilization, are by no means wanting here—no more perfect specimens have I met anywhere; tender, tasteful, true; and gaining in aggregate influence over society day by day; but yet not to-day representing or making what is called society.

VERDI NEWS.—The *Court Journal* is angry that Verdi's latest opera, although well known in New York, is not yet produced in London, and says: "'La Forza del Destino' still remains a stranger to us." *Apropos*, Verdi has consented to allow the theatre being erected in his native place to be called after him. The mayor thereupon forwarded the *maestro* a deed, conveying the gift of a box for life in the theatre, to which Verdi replied in a graceful way, namely, by returning ten thousand francs to the mayor for the purchase of the box, which he would not consent to receive as a gift, and be a burden on the finances of the theatre.

AN OGRE.

THE CHILD-EATER OF HINDOSTAN.

THERE are two kinds of leopards found in India. One is the cheetah, the common leopard of the plains of Hindostan. This creature confines his attacks chiefly to small antelopes, barking deer and jungle-sheep. He is frequently caught when young, and tamed by the native shikarees, who teach him to assist them in hunting and driving game within shot of the guns of the sportsmen. The other kind of Indian leopard is the "luckabugga," a much larger and fiercer animal, who, when he has once tasted human blood, becomes an ogre, with a frightful appetite for children. He is chiefly found in the lower ranges of the Himalayas and vast jungles of the Terai.

One summer's evening, I was out with a couple of friends on a shooting excursion, from Almora into Nepal. Our tents were pitched on the banks of the Kala-nuddee, a river which parts the British possessions in the hills from those of the Nepal-rajah. We were getting our guns ready to go out after some black partridges for supper, when the head man of the neighboring British villages of Petoragurh came up to entreat our assistance in killing a leopard, which haunted some neighboring villages for many months, and had already carried off twelve children. Traps and pitfalls had been set for him in vain. He had evaded all. A poor Zemindar had come into the village with a woful story about his six-year-old boy—his only boy—who, when playing before the door of his father's hut in the dusk of the evening, had been seized by the leopard and carried off before his father's eyes. The poor man followed the animal and struck it repeatedly with an iron hoe, but it held on and vanished in the jungle. At daylight he had hunted on the track with some friends, but found only a few bones and some bloody hair, remains of his child, that a jackal was picking at, and a vulture watching. The man said he had watched the place every night, but had never again seen the leopard.

The recital of this tragedy excited us, and we pledged ourselves not to leave the district until this cruel ogre was destroyed. Ram Bux, our head shikaree, was called, and ordered to make every inquiry as to his present whereabouts, and to offer a reward of ten rupees to any native who should give such information as would give us a shot at him.

It would be endless to relate the many false alarms we had. We sat up all night in trees, with a goat tied below as a bait, near the place where the leopard had been last seen. One night, while sitting in a tree with a gun coolie, who held my weapons, I fell into a doze. A friend in a tree about twenty yards off, with a goat below, roused me by the discharge of his rifle. My coolie seized me by the arm, and shrieked:

"Sahib, sahib, luckabugga aye!"

"Where, where?" I asked, seizing the double rifle he held out to me.

"There," he said, pointing to a dark object moving through the trees about thirty yards off.

Bang—bang—went both my barrels, followed immediately by unearthly yells. We descended from our trees, and found a large, rough, yellow pariah dog, shot through both hind legs. He was yelling like a fiend, and snapping like a crockodile. I borrowed a large Ghoorhka kookrie from our shikaree, and baring my right arm, brought it down with all my weight on the dog's neck, behind the head, in the way I had seen Ghoorkhas kill oxen. The dog was at once out of his pain.

One of my friends was very fat, and as he found a branch of a tree rather inconvenient, had a common native charpoy (a sort of bedstead) fixed up in a fork of a tree. On this he reclined with a gun-coolie, and a large double-barrelled gun loaded with slugs. We were tired of the goat bait, so he got a monkey, thinking that a child-eater might be more readily tempted by its flesh. I was posted in a tree, from which I could watch the approaches to my friend's post. About midnight the moon went down, and it was almost dark. Half an hour later I heard the monkey begin to chatter, so I cocked both barrels and watched the foot of my friend's tree. The chattering increased. Then came a blaze of light and a loud report, followed by the breaking of branches and a perfect Babel of noise. I had a pine torch with me, and clambering down from my tree, lit it and rushed to the spot.

There, on his back, lay my friend, screaming out for me. He had upset his bed. On his back sat the monkey, tearing his hair like a wild-cat. A few yards off lay his coolie, with the charpoy on him smashed in half. He was roaring out—"The leopard is eating me!" A little farther on lay a jackal, writhing with a dozen slugs in him. I kicked up the coolie, and helped my friend by knocking the monkey over with the broken leg of the charpoy. After this little upset we lit cheroots and walked back to our tents which were pitched about two miles off.

Ram Bux, our shikaree, had given notice to all the natives round about, that if the leopard appeared and carried off anything, information was to be sent to our camp before any pursuit was made. One evening we were at our tent-doors after dinner, smoking, when we observed on the other (Nepal) side of the river a Ghoorkha coming down the hills at great speed. At the river bank he inflated a sheepskin which he carried, and crossed the rapid stream on it—just as we see on their wall carvings that the old Assyrians did—being carried down about a quarter of a mile by the current. On landing he was met by Ram Bux, who had run out on seeing him approach. They walked towards us, the Ghoorkha gesticulating violently, and we heard the following story.

The Ghoorkha lived in a hut about a mile from our camp, higher up the river, and only a hundred yards from the water. He had been out for the day on his duty, which was that of a government runner, leaving at home his wife, a baby in arms, and a little girl about six years old. The wife had gone to the stream for water, leaving the two children at the hut door. As she returned she heard a scream, and, throwing down her pitcher, ran forward, and found at the hut door only her baby. The little girl had disappeared, and without doubt had been carried off by the leopard. The Ghoorkha found its footmarks on a soft bit of ground, and hastened to us without attempting a pursuit in the dense jungle. Ram Bux decided that it was too late to start that night, but asked us to be ready one hour before daylight. In the mean time he sent to the next village for twenty coolies, who were engaged as beaters at fourpence a head.

On turning out in the starlight next morning, I saw that our followers and beaters had each got some instrument for making noise. There were tin kettles, tom-toms, bells, and an old matchlock or two. I and my two friends crossed the river on a plank lashed across two inflated buffalo skins, which kept our guns and powder high out of water. The beaters came over in all sorts of ways, some swimming, some clinging to inflated sheepskins.

When we reached the Ghoorkha's hut the whole of our beaters were extended in a line, I, standing in the middle, at the spot where the Ghoorkha had found traces of the leopard. The poor Ghoorkha himself, and Ram Bux, leading a Brinjarry dog in a string, were with me: each of them carried a spade. At a given signal, the whole line started. The beaters yelled, whistled, rang bells, and beat tom-toms, making noise enough to drive away every leopard within five miles. The dog kept steadily to the scent; but our progress at times was very slow through the dense bamboo jungle.

After proceeding about a mile, the dog became very eager, dashed forward, and was not easily held in. In fifty more yards we came to the place where the brute had been supping. The mangled remains of the little girl lay about, only half eaten, and the ogre must have been scared by our noise. Without losing a moment, the Ghoorkha and Ram Bux set to work and dug a trench under a tree to leeward of the child's remains, piling up some branches between them and the trench. Ram Bux and I jumped into the trench. The Ghoorkha departed with the dog in the direction taken by the rest of our party, who kept up the same discordant din as they moved along.

Ram Bux now told me that the leopard—doubtless listening a mile off—would think, from the passing away of the noise, that the whole party had gone on, and would be sure to return in an hour or two to go on with his interrupted feast. We must be quiet, for the brute was very cunning, and the slightest sound or smell would send him off and destroy our chance of getting a shot at him. After waiting an hour I pulled out my cigar-case, but Ram Bux forbade smoking by energetic gestures, neither of us speaking. I had a large double-barrelled smooth bore No 12, loaded with slugs, at full cock, in my hand. Ram Bux had my breech-loading rifle, with a large conical shell in it. In addition to these, I and Ram Bux had each a Ghoorkha kookrie, and I a revolving pistol. It was now nine in the morning. The noise of our party had died away over the hills for an hour or more. I had my eyes fixed on the movements of a regiment of white ants, that were pilling themselves over a bloody fragment of the poor child that lay about ten yards before me. Suddenly Ram Bux put one finger on my lips, both as a sign to look out and to keep perfectly quiet. My fingers sought the triggers, and my eyes were strained in every direction. I could see nothing, until, in about two minutes, I discerned that the grass waved, and the next instant, with a tread of velvet, the leopard glided in front of me. The suddeness of his appearance took my breath away for some seconds, but, recovering myself, I raised my gun to my shoulder, and in doing this snapped off a little twig from a branch of the brushwood we had piled in front of us.

The leopard turned his face full on me. Thinking that he would jump off I pulled at his chest, letting off, in my nervousness, both barrels. He sprang into the air with a yell, and fell backward. Ram Bux was out and by his side before I had risen from my knees, and had discharged the rifle in the direction of his heart. When I got up, with revolver in one hand and kookrie knife in the other, the brute was tearing up the grass and roots with all four paws, and dangerous to approach. My slugs had entered his chest and eyes, and he was blind. I discharged my revolvers at his hind quarters; but he writhed and leaped about so violently, that it was impossible to take good aim. Ram Bux, with his kookrie drawn, was dodging about for an opportunity of coming close enough to cut at the dangerous hind legs and sever the tendons. I went back to the trench to load my guns. As I was capping, the grass opened, and the Ghoorkha, with his dog, rushed up. He had evidently been waiting near, and hearing the guns fire, had hurried to revenge his child. He gave a shout of joy when he saw the animal kicking and bleeding, let go his dog, who darted at the throat of the leopard, and then himself, disregarding claws and teeth, rushed in upon him. With two strokes of his kookrie he cut the hind tendons, and the formidable hind legs were harmless. At the same moment I stepped up and discharged one barrel into the monster's gaping and bleeding mouth. This shot killed it. Ram Bux and the Ghoorkha began skinning, while I lighted a cheroot. On taking the skin off the back we came upon two fresh-healed cuts which went right through the skin, and remembered what the poor Zemindar told us a week ago of his following and hacking with a hoe at the monster, who was carrying off his child.

After a hot march of an hour or more, we got into camp before noon, and had an ovation from the people of the adjacent villages. Every one who had lost a child by the leopard asked for one of the claws, which was hung round the neck of the mourner as an amulet.

The skin now lies on the floor of the billiard-room of a castle in the north of England.

LOOKING OUT FOR SLIGHTS.—Of all people in the world the most disagreeable, and the hardest to sail along smoothly with, is that class among our acquaintances and friends who are continually looking out for slights. Not a motion, not a word, not a momentary silence, but forthwith the imagination is busily at work brooding over what they are sure is meant for some personal indignity to themselves. They cannot make a morning call, receive a visitor, meet an acquaintance on the street, or even—worst of all—carry on the daily intercourse of their own family, without meeting with some trivial circumstance which forthwith is developed into mammoth proportions, whereby they are speedily and certainly led to believe that some offence is designed. They are as touchy as hair-triggers; and their susceptible dignity, like the quills of the porcupine, is ever ready to erect itself into an embrasured attitude of scornful, though sorrowful, defiance.

This trait is quite like its twin-sister jealousy, though not so violent in its attacks, nor so deadly in its results. But take the two together, and let them loose in some quiet town where the distinction of "high and low" has already been made, and the lines of caste and aristocracy are slowly creeping in—let these two subtle forces be let loose in such a community, and the results will be more direful than if a score of the blackest crimes in the recognized list had been given the same scope; for it is not the high crimes of murder and theft that most disturb and destroy peace and fraternal security; but the continual bickerings, and suspicions, and jealousies, and piques, and heartburnings, that arise from the same degrading, unmanly, unwomanly expectation of having received a slight from some neighbor or friend who is, doubtless, utterly unconscious of any such act or intention. A fit of indigestion is generally at the bottom of all such slights and impertinences as they imagine they receive. And such people lay upon others the fault of their own irritability; and, from looking through suspicious eyes, they think everything is tinged with the same gangrened hue.

To say the least, and give the habit the least objectionable name that presents itself, it is very unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow-beings, and not suppose a slight intended unless the neglect is unmistakably open and direct. We should pass along far more smoothly, and have fewer irritations in our pilgrimage, that, at the best, to some of us ever winds through the paths filled with vexing stones and hedged with thorns and briars, if we did so. How foolish, then, for us to go over such ground when there is a flower-fringed and shaded highway, beautiful and fragrant enough for fairies and angels to tread in, if we only will start in the right direction, and with a spirit that a superior wisdom ever inculcates!

THE *Scientific American* says: The unpleasant odor produced by perspiration is frequently a source of vexation to persons who are subject to it. Nothing is simpler than to easily remove this odor, much more effectually than by the application of the unguents and perfumes in use. It is only necessary to procure some of the compound spirits of ammonia and place about two table-spoonfuls in a basin of water. Washing the face, hands and arms with this, leaves the skin as clean, sweet and fresh as any one could wish. The wash is perfectly harmless and very cheap. It is recommended on the authority of a physician.

THE drama by Martin F. Tupper, after being advertised in the London *Times*, and underlined in the Haymarket bills, has been quietly withdrawn, "and (says the *Public Opinion*) the inocuous *Lady of Lyons* terminated Mr. Montgomery's management, instead of lofty flights of blankest Tupperian verse."

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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A. A. STICKNEY.
J. P. BOGARDUS, } *Publishers.*
WM. J. BINGHAM.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1865.

CALIFORNIA NOMENCLATURE.

THE predominance of masculine character and hard materialism in our pioneer civilization—which, to a certain extent, still exists in the society of to-day—is nowhere as plainly shown as in the names given to our localities. Red Dog, Murderer's Bar, Hangtown, Whiskey Diggins, Jackass Gulch, One Horse Flat, Poker Flat, Shirt Tail Bend, and Mud Springs, are not only remarkable as specimens of graphic vulgarity, but as showing more plainly than any census the preponderance of the male over the female population. The conversation of men—unrestrained by female society—is apt to be distinguished more for force than refinement, and the epithets flung out in the familiar intercourse of pioneers—not always pure or refined of themselves—have become fixed, and brand with the stigma of vulgarity some of the fairest portions of our State. Our civilization has a good many unpleasant burdens to carry before the world, without this obtrusive verbal vulgarity which defiles the map of California; and yet, it would hardly be credited, so strong are these material influences—so conservative in their barbarism are the pioneers of these localities—that any attempt to change the nomenclature is met with flippant contempt or decided resistance.

While these outright offences against public decency remain unchanged upon the map of California, it might be deemed impractical to attempt to cultivate *good* taste in the nomenclature of our interior towns and villages, or to point out a few minor transgressions. But it may be well to remind Californians of a fact they seem to have overlooked that there are few countries as favored with distinctive, euphonious and significant Spanish or Indian names as this. Wherever they have been retained—as in the instance of the counties, of which forty-three out of forty nine are Indian or Spanish—the effect is always pleasant and consistent. But where the power to name rests with a few individuals, too often the aboriginal or ancient title is ignored and coarse or commonplace epithets substituted, which seems to adhere in proportion as it is inappropriate and distasteful. For a long time a pleasant town in Humboldt Bay, known to the Indians as Arcata, rejoiced in the highly original appellation of "Union." There being three or four other places in the State of that name, and some inconvenience occurring through the misdirection of letters, an effort was made to change the title to the more distinct and euphonious Indian appellation. At length—through the efforts of one or two men and solely for the practical reasons already mentioned—the change was accomplished, by the Legislature, but the measure was distasteful to a majority of the inhabitants. In instances where Spanish names have been retained, liberties are taken with spelling, and euphony is destroyed. *Moquelumne Hill* becomes "Mokelumne Hill," and is rapidly being degraded to "Moke Hill," as it is familiarly pronounced. How universal is this disposition to uncouth contraction may be seen in the popular change of *Jamestown* to "Jim Town," or in up-country substitution of "Frisco" for the distinctive and historic title of our metropolis. So long as this barbarity is confined to colloquialisms we might be silent, but when interior editors gravely print them, and talk of "Frisco" and "Jimtown," it is time to interfere. If we were writing from purely æsthetic principles, something might be said about things nearer home—the beauty or appropriateness of "Lone Mountain," or the substitution of "Black Point" for *Point José*, might be questioned—but the subject would require distinct and separate treatment.

There is one reason for preserving the ancient and aboriginal appellations of our localities, which is paramount to all others. It is their historic and geological significance. If there is nothing due to the past generation, who have peopled these shores—if we totally ignore their claims to recognition in the building up of our new empire—we must at least respect the data from which history is made—the facts from which geology is established. It must be remembered that for many years the significance of the aboriginal names of many mountains on this continent was the only authority we had of their volcanic nature, and that its truth has been since scientifically demonstrated. An incorrect and ignorant theory of the privileges of superior races is no excuse for abolishing and obliterating old land-marks, which belong not to us but to the future historian. The man, whoever he may be, who substitutes, for the enduring significance and euphonious syllables which antiquity has given to his local dwelling-place, the ephemeral and coarse slang of the present day, commits not only a breach of good taste and good morals, but sins against science and history.

[For the Californian.]

EARLY CALIFORNIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

BY BRET.

NO one, in looking over the ancient chronicles of California, can fail being struck with the important part which the devil played in the earlier settlement of the country. Without wishing to detract from his performances during the American occupation, it must be admitted that he passed out of history as an individual, and merged into an abstract principle. In the good old days of Junipero however, he was distinguished by an active personality and a consistent malevolence. He did not compromise with sanctity as in these degenerate days. He plagued the good fathers sorely, and kept them in hot, or rather holy water, all the time. His open hostility was a matter of common report. It is true that skeptics assert that the ascetic habits, privations, and lonely vigils of these monkish missionaries prepared them for singular visions and trancelike experiences; that the bleak plains and dense forests habited only by ravenous beasts, might have easily been transformed into a lurking place for the Enemy of Souls, and that the trials and misfortunes common to the pioneer, might have seemed in this instance of special and personal origin.

The metamorphoses of the fiend were varied and startling. He had made his appearance as a bear on the rocky fastnesses of Mount Diablo. He had assumed the figure of a dissolute whaler seated upon a sandhill near the Mission Dolores, who harpooned belated travellers. He had held high revel at Point Diablo with a phantom boat's crew of Sir Francis Drake. Although most of these transformations were done with an eye to business, he occasionally unbent himself in pure exuberance of mischief.

It is related that one evening, Juanita, an old woman who dwelt beyond the present city limits, while looking after her poultry, heard the faint chirping of little chickens in the brush beyond the house. Following the sound, she presently saw on the road before her a young brood, apparently just hatched. The old woman called to them, but they fled from her and the grain she cast before them. She followed. In the eagerness of the chase, she quite forgot the lateness of the hour and the distance she was straying, and at last came upon a black misshapen figure sitting in the road, under whose bathke wings the brood quickly nestled. The figure called to her, and offered her one of a number of eggs on which it was sitting. Juanita, who was not lacking in courage or enthusiasm as a poultry fancier, made the sign of the cross, and accepted the present, upon which the figure vanished. The story goes on to say that Juanita placed the egg under a setting hen, who in due time hatched out a fine young Shanghai. As the new comer waxed in size and strength, he developed extraordinary fighting qualities. In less than a week he killed off the old Señora's poultry, and challenged every cock in the neighborhood. Extending his depredations to the neighboring hen-yards, he was finally killed and eaten by Incarnacion Briones, a luckless Indian. The most singular part of the story is to come. It is gravely stated that a few days after eating the mysterious game-cock, Incarnacion startled the worshipers at the Mission Church by flapping his arms and crowing like a cock during high mass, and that, although naturally of a timid and inoffensive disposition, he began to exhibit belligerent symptoms, and after furiously beating one-half the population, was finally dispatched by one Domiuguez Robles, a valiant soldier at the Presidio.

Equally gratuitous but less unpleasant in result, was the exploit of the Evil One at the Mission of San ——. The circumstances of the event being still fresh in the memory of many native Californians, for certain reasons proper names are omitted from this veracious chronicle. One moonlit evening as a few youthful Señoritas were lounging upon that open colonnade or gallery which is a familiar appurtenance of all Spanish adobe houses, they were startled by the trampling of horses' hoofs. The elder members of the family were visiting the home of a distant neighbor; it was too early for their return, the road was seldom travelled, and the unusual sound naturally excited fear and suspicion. As they looked across the road toward the old Mission Chapel, whose white-washed gable the moonlight brought out with vivid distinctness, they saw to their infinite horror a tall figure, mounted on a white horse, issue from the heavily barred door and gallop furiously down the road. A moment, and the horse and rider clothed in a mysterious light, were visible; the rushing wind which attended his furious progress, fanned their blanched cheeks as he passed, but in the next instant he had disappeared. One of the party avers that she distinctly saw him melt away as he crossed a little brook over which a few planks were laid, and that he never reached the other side, but when or how he disappeared, has never been distinctly settled. The popular belief that evil spirits cannot pass over a stream of running water, might seem to obtain in this instance, but as the spirit is alleged to have been that of a former ranchero who was a hard drinker, it has been argued with some show of reason that the only stream he could not pass would have been one of whiskey, and that the theory is untenable.

It is said that, in opposition to the extension of the domain of the Holy Church, the devil figured in some of the earlier land grants, but as it is doubtful to what extent superstition has become blended with cotemporary history, I am compelled to pass over certain wild legends connected with the prices paid by some land-owners for their property, and the peculiar construction of their title deeds, to come to a story which, although of comparatively recent origin, seems to possess all the features of the early California legend. The names are, of course, fictitious.

For some time after the American occupation, the lower country was infested with strolling desperadoes, who had hung on the skirts of the war, sustaining themselves by indiscriminate pillage, and who, in the chaotic state of society which followed peace, still availed themselves of the fears and weakness of the country people. The sparsely settled districts, where the ranches were leagues apart, the lonely roads over which the expressman passed but once a week, afforded these ruffians ample opportunities for lawless outrage.

The rancho of Pedro Feliz was situated in one of those lonely localities; it was a low one-story adobe, with projecting eaves and galleries. Its occupants at the time of this story consisted of the family, seven in number, and Pachita Gomez, a young senorita, who was a visitor. Pachita was a good girl and a devout Catholic. She went to Mass regularly, to matins and prime, and never forgot her saint's day. Perhaps it was owing to this conscientious fulfillment of her religious duties that her patron saint watched over her with such care—but I anticipate my story. One night Pachita retired early to her bed-room. Lighting a consecrated taper before a little crucifix, she opened her missal and began her evening prayer. She had scarcely reached the middle of her first supplicatory sentence before she felt a breath of warm air upon her cheek and her candle went out. She lighted it again and recommenced her prayer, when the same warm current swept by her cheek and—puff!—the candle was blown out a second time. Pachita rose, a little pettishly, from her knees, carefully examined the door and the window, which was covered with a strip of cotton cloth, that served as curtains by night, and moving her candle and crucifix to another part of the apartment, once more began her devotions. The candle was blown out a third time! Pachita now became alarmed, but with an inward prayer to her patron saint, she took a vase of holy water, and after sprinkling and purifying the apartment relit her votive taper and again addressed herself to her orisons. Alas for the efficacy of the blessed fluid! a rush of warm air by her cheek, and—puff! the candle was, for the fourth time, extinguished. There is a limit, however, to human confidence, even in holy water and prayer. Pachita dropped her smoking taper, and hastily wrapping a shawl around her head, rushed from the house. She did not stop to take leave of its inmates. Perhaps she felt that a tenement, in which the devil was so much at home, was no place for a virtuous young woman. The night was dark and windy, but still Pachita fled onward. Buoyed up by faith, which seemed to return to her proportionably as she increased her distance from the house, she actually reached, otherwise unassisted, her own home, at least ten miles away. Pachita did not disclose her diabolical experience, but assigned as a reason for her sudden departure the presence of two rough looking and mysterious strangers, who had claimed her friend's hospitality for the night. A few days passed and the returning courier from San Luis Obispo brought fearful news. A traveller, passing by on the morning after Pachita's midnight flight, found the door of the house open, and entering, discovered the lifeless bodies of the murdered family. The house had been pillaged and stripped, and the mysterious strangers had fled.

What connection there was between the evil spirit who blew out Pachita's taper, and the material villains who achieved the massacre, cannot be distinctly ascertained. There are skeptics who, in the face of these notorious facts, sneer at the experience of the young girl as illusive and fabulous. But as these heretical losels go even so far as to disbelieve in the existence of the devil altogether, their opinions can weigh but little in comparison to the convictions of consistent Catholics.

The *Morning Call* entered upon its nineteenth volume on the 1st inst.—a fair example of the success which attends piquant journalism.

DRAMATIC.

AT the Opera House last week, the *Sea of Ice* was rather coolly received; Bandmann's benefit on Friday evening chiefly benefitted the management, and *Camilla's Husband* and the *Quiet Family* passed off very quietly on Saturday evening. The *Old Corporal*, an adaptation by Ned House from the French, was brought out by Bandmann on Monday. The audience was an excellent one; the piece went off with a percussion of applause, and it has drawn well during the week. The scenes are of course sensational, and the plot is improbable--otherwise it would not be French. Some very excellent theatrical effects are produced, and the sudden restoration to the "Old Corporal" of speech by the explosion of a pistol, is a capital *coup de scene*. The chief fault of the piece is that it is talky and plays a little too long. Judicious pruning would benefit it vastly. Baudmann's pantomime is graceful and expressive--to borrow a phrase for the occasion from the *repertoire* of the lobbies, it is "dumb fine." In speech we think it would be to his advantage were he to tone down that rising inflection of voice which falls not pleasingly upon the ear. The battle tableau which ends the first act, is so effective that one regrets it could not have been economized for the closing of the piece. The *Old Corporal* will be played this afternoon and evening, and all should avail themselves of seeing it, as the probabilities are that next week it will give place to other novelties. On the Opera House bills, we notice that "Kathleen Mavourneen has arrived"—we trust that, unlike others who have visited us, she was not sold to arrive—and *Janet Pride*—a piece upon which Boucicault specially prides himself—is underlined for speedy production. The Jacksons and Boniface will appear in it.

We also observe that ☞ FIFTY RESPECTABLE YOUNG LADIES ☜ are advertised for at the Opera House. Stress seems to be laid upon their respectability. We trust that the number will easily be found, and that they will not think it necessary to cease being respectable after going upon the stage.

At the Academy of Music, on Friday of last week, Mrs. Saunders was the recipient of a rousing benefit, *Babes in the Wood* and a *Day After the Fair* constituting the performance. The house was well filled. The beneficiary never played better, and Setchell volunteered an address in her behalf, which must have been funny, as it made everybody laugh. *Babes in the Wood* was repeated, with *Arrah-na-Poke*, on Saturday, to a house which suffered from the benefit passed and the one to come. Monday evening *Arrah-na-Poke* was played for the last time, the occasion being the author's benefit. *Sketches in India*, under the *nom d'occasion* of *Stage Struck*, formed the prelude, and a *solo* by Setchell the interlude—the latter reading a note from the author, and accompanying it with a few brief and appropriate remarks in his usual chaste and ornate manner. The house was well filled by an unusually select audience, and Mr. Webb has every reason to congratulate himself on a successful termination to the run of his burlesque. Tuesday evening, *Pocahontas*, prefaced by *California Diamonds*, was brought out. *Apropos* of the latter piece, it suffered on its first representation here, some weeks ago, from the mistaken impression on some sides that it was of Californian origin. One of John Oxenford's most successful farces, under the name of *Bristol Diamonds*, it won him a reputation in London. To give it local point, San Francisco streets and surroundings were substituted for the London ones of the original—no other alterations being made—in consequence of which it was merely alluded to by one of critical calling in a morning paper as "an original piece of amusing pleasantry—authorship unknown." To return to *Pocahontas*—it was cleverly localized, well put upon the stage, and better played than one would have supposed it could be to a small and irresponsive audience. Miss Thorne, as "Pocahontas," dressed in white satin, with beads and bracelets of pearl, and other ornaments of gold. The dress was becoming, inasmuch as it was in keeping with her blonde beauty, but the traditional dress of Indian maidens would have been better for stage effect. As she danced her in-turned-toe dance, the string which held her beads gave way, so that pearls dropped around her in a way that reminded one of the princesses in fairy tales, who could not open their mouths without filling jewel caskets. The Worrel Sisters had left the Academy because of there being no parts in the piece but "Pocahontas" suited to their talents, and the vacancy had to be filled by an advertisement. The management had previously prided itself upon its "gallery of beauties," but the last comers were scarcely an addition to it. As "Powhatan," Setchell was about as unlike an Indian chief as possible, which is always good burlesque; as "John Smith," Harry Wall, who undertook the character for the first time, was very good indeed. Mrs. Saunders, as usual, was perfect in her part and excellent. The other parts of the piece are not of sufficient importance to deserve much mention, but they were generally well done. Thursday evening, *Babes in the Wood* and *Toodles*—two pieces that should never be yoked together, the former being too Toodlesy to give the latter the benefit of contrast—occupied the stage: and last evening Setchell took a benefit, the pieces being "Poor Pillicoddy," "A Quiet Family," and "Box and Cox." As THE CALIFORNIAN will go to press before the Academy doors are open, it is perhaps scarcely worth while to say much about the number present, or to closely criticize the performance. One thing, however, may be said of the beneficiary; he always makes people laugh, and if this is not the perfection of low comedy, what is? It may be that he deserves no praise for being funny, because he cannot help it, and that credit should be withheld from him until he undertakes high comedy or tragedy, and makes a dismal failure, but here we differ from some critics. His "Beetle" is a performance hard to beat. This evening "The Dutch Governor," and "Pocahontas" will be played, and on Wednesday the company go up country—Miss Thorne taking her benefit on Tuesday evening, when an excellent bill will be presented. A word here for the beneficiary; an excellent actress, a sweet singer, and altogether an accomplished woman, she deserves as good a benefit as it lies within the power of San Francisco to bestow. Owing to unpropitious weather, unusual attractions on all sides, and the popular impoverishment, her engagement thus far has netted her far short of what it should, and the best benefit will only bring it up to a respectably paying point.

The Irish drama not proving very drawing at Wheatleigh's Metropolitan, the Anglo-Hungarian Hebraic was substituted on Monday, Vestvali appearing as "Gamea." This is decidedly the best *role* of the Magnificent, being the most even of her performances, and the only one in which she displays real genius unmarked by glaring faults. In the card scene with the peasants, the play of her countenance when she turns from her dupes is a perfect study. She had the advantage of being supported by Mrs. Judah, Mrs. Brown, and Miss Hinckley, as well as assisted by Mr. Wheatleigh, who undertook a character decidedly out of his line. *Gamea* ruled to bad-weather audiences until Thursday evening, when it gave place to *Love, the Conqueror*—Vestvali appearing in a male character. It is a pity that nature has not endowed her for male parts throughout as well as in voice, for certainly the latter is about as near an approach to a heavy baritone as could be made without touching. But her idea of the male character seems to be rant and gesture, and "asides" to a most confusing degree—the more especially when her imperfect English renders it difficult to understand what she says. Mdlle. Vestvali should by all means cultivate a slight repose of manner if she intends to plunge herself permanently into the imminent deadly breeches. In the wild whirl of words—the accent always upon the most unimportant ones, as is the rule with foreigners—it is rather difficult to catch the plot of the piece, but it is indicated by the title, and peeps out occasionally when a lull comes. As the hero of the piece, Vestvali (the Marquise) wins over all the women, cajoles all the men, and eventually carries every point that he wishes to. If the piece is intended to convey a moral, it certainly is, that one should kiss every woman—old or young—that comes in one's way, and lie to all the men. The star was well supported by the regular members of the company, but a good many of these latter were cast by the exigencies of the occasion a little out of their line. Last evening was announced for Vestvali's benefit, her cousin Mdlle. Elisa Vestvali Lund, opening with "Die Waise aus Lowood"--Dutch for "Jane Eyre." In addition, Mdlle. Lund is to appear in the third act of the original "Leah," "introducing the great curse scene"—which certainly ought to be warming to the blood. The comedy of "Love, the Conqueror" coming in between "Die Waise," and the swearing scene may be called an incursion. This afternoon "Gamea," and in the evening a repetition of last night's bill is announced.

THE present number of THE CALIFORNIAN is the first of its fourth volume. We purpose at another time to call more particular attention to its prospects and progress, but want of space compels us to confine ourselves at present to a notice of the change in the first page of the paper. The piquant "Mouse-Trap," which has been so ably edited by "Trem" during the past six months, gives place to the weekly *feuilleton* of a gentleman too well known to the earlier patrons of THE CALIFORNIAN to need commendation here. In the theatrical columns an equally competent pen is substituted for that of "Touchstone." The other contributors retain their usual places, and the editorship remains unchanged.

A GRAND CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL is to be given by the young ladies of the Second Congregational Church at Dashaway Hall, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Dec. 18th, 19th, and 20th. The proceeds will be applied to the payment of the pastor's salary, and patrons will have the satisfaction of ministering to religion while female youth and beauty will be ministering to them.

THE State Guard have their second annual anniversary on the 7th inst., comprising a target practice at Alameda, and a social party at their armory in the evening.

FOR review of new books, see fourth page.

[For the Californian.]

INDOOR GARDENING.—No. 3.

THE Druids, with their sacred herbs and flowers, are almost forgotten; the worship of Friga or Freya, the Saxon Goddess of Fertility, is laid aside; the orgies of Flora, the Roman May Queen and goddess, have been suppressed; yet the love of flowers still exists; that which God has made beautiful, no law of man, no wilful perversion of mind, can destroy. The infant craves for flowers, children deck each other with them, and woman places them on her bosom and in the sick chamber, perhaps because they are the most innocent and pure of God's children, for she feels deeply, and her feelings often lead her aright, when man's reason carries him astray.

The Druids have left their holly and mistletoe in the castle and the cottage; the flowers used at the Easter revelries of Friga and Flora, have been consecrated to the service of the church; but whatever may have been the enjoyments of our ancestors at the opening of the season of flowers, we have no reason to envy them, for their flowers, though sweet, were wild and not at all profuse in blossom. Whatever was done by them, was little more than a replantation from the broad forest or moorland home, to the enclosed weedy space in the castle termed a garden. Now those who love flowers may have them all the year round. Chained to the desk by labor, or lashed to the bed by disease, or tied to home by the bonds of love, neither man nor woman need forego the love of flowers. There are now flowers for all seasons, for all tastes, for all temperatures, and by ordinary and at small expense, any one desirous of adding to the enjoyments of home, the tranquility, vivacity, and brilliancy of a garden, has it in their power to do so. They have but to follow out the directions of those who have studied the subject as a profession, watch the health of the plants, note their likes and dislikes, and their home will become to them the Kew of their heart, and the Chatsworth of all their desires, so that it may be said of them as Xenophen said of Cyrus: "Wherever he resides, or whatever place he visits in his dominions, he takes care that his paradises shall be filled with all that is beautiful and useful which the soil can produce." The greatest of our scientific discoveries have generally been the results of small means; had large resources been at command, probably it would have taken larger periods to accomplish the same ends. Necessity is truly the mother of invention, and this holds equally good of the cultivation of flowers and even greater matters. Not only do we often find these beauties of Nature cultivated in places and under circumstances the least likely, but we also frequently find them grown most successfully in such cases, simply because the cultivators are led through the dangers to which their favorites are exposed to pay greater attention to their requirements. The culture of plants requires observation, it is far better in the beginning to commence with one or two favorites, and having been successful, to ascend the scale by increasing the number and variety, than at once to possess a large number and fail. Plants, like birds and other pets, suffer from the least neglect, their appearance at once bears witness to the treatment they have received, but on the other hand they cheerfully and gratefully acknowledge the kindess and attention bestowed upon them.

The management of your indoor plants must be a labor of love. Let it be seen that a loving hand supplies every want, and then their happy appearance and luxuriant growth, the brilliancy and the perfume of their flowers, will be your reward, and a never-ending source of the purest pleasure.

As an indoor flower, none are more showy or give a greater variety of flowers than the crocus; they can be admirably grown either in moss and sand, or in soil, and when arranged in groups with hyacinths, they form a splendid object. The little snowdrop, both the single and double varieties, are very beautiful and easily grown. The jonquils are very desirable, both for the beauty of the flowers, and the delicate perfume; also the tulips with their rich markings. There are many ways of growing these bulbs which produce a pretty effect; if a variety are placed in a fancy dish or vase filled with bright green moss, the bulbs carefully placed in and covered over by the moss, and then filled up with water so that all the moss is saturated, they will grow and bloom in great perfection. They can also be arranged very prettily in moss and wire baskets for suspending in the windows; by dipping occasionally in water will afford them sufficient moisture. In fact, there is no arrangement of them but will be pleasing, and suggest other ways and means of growing them.

The crocus is said to have derived its name from a beautiful youth named Crocus, who is said to have been consumed by the ardor of his affection for Smilax, and afterwards metamorphosed into the plant which still bears his name. Others suppose it to be taken from Coriscus, a city and mountain of Cilicia. Ovid mentions the

> "*Crocus* and *Smilax* may be turn'd to flowers,
> And the Curetes spring from bounteous showers;
> I pass a hundred legends stale as these,
> And with sweet novelty your taste will please."

Homer says:

> "And sudden Hyacinths the turf bestow,
> And flowery Crocus made the mountains glow."

The snowdrop has been celebrated by almost every writer of note, and its praises are sung by all the poets:

> "The Snowdrop, Winter's timid child,
> Awakes to life bedew'd with tears,
> And flings around its fragrance mild;
> And where no rival flowerets bloom,
> Amid the bare and chilling gloom,
> A beauteous gem appears."

IRIS.

CAN A HUMORQUS PERIODICAL SUCCEED IN AMERICA?

[From the Round Table.]

THIS is a question which has occupied the attention of a good many people for a good many years, and much diversity of opinion has resulted from their cogitations and experiences. The first *Yankee Doodle*, *Judy*, the *John Donkey*, the *Lantern*, the *Young America*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Mrs. Grundy* form a sabbatarian series of experimental data upon which might be founded an exhaustive discussion of the merits and requirements of humorous publications in this country.

In common with all men who have been "behind the scenes" of comic journalism, and aided in conducting the *experimentum crucis*, my convictions have undergone a complete transition from a hopeful affirmative to a despairing negative. Competent theorists will tell you, and with reason, that a really good humorous and satirical paper ought to achieve an immense success in a country like this, where so many and such various types of nationality and character are assembled; where a vast and exhaustless field for satire is offered in public and private life: where sectional peculiarities and individual idiosyncrasies stand out with such angular prominence; and where, by the rapid gains and losses attendant upon our speculative tendencies, odd figures are constantly advancing and receding in the social scale, like the shifting phantasmagoria of the magic lantern. But ask the experts—the publishers who have sunk thousands of dollars in such enterprises; the editors who have wearily toiled to separate exceptional wheat from general chaff; the writers who have spun their choicest brain-webs for the public blue-bottles; ask these men what they think of the possibility of such an undertaking, and you will get from one and all the same response: "It *ought* to succeed; but it won't."

In an article entitled "The Last American *Punch*," published in the third issue of this paper, the writer gives several reasons for the failure of *Mrs. Grundy* and her *congeners*, which, at first sight, seem plausible enough, but whose inefficiency may be easily shown by a brief consideration of actual facts. He says:

"The trouble with *Mrs. Grundy*, as with all its predecessors, was that it conformed to the type of comic periodical which would suit an English, not an American, audience. *John Donkey*, the *Lantern*, *Vanity Fair*, were all obviously modelled upon the London *Punch*, even to the size and make-up of the forms."

Now, as far as "size and make-up" are concerned, the similarity to those of *Punch* is undoubted; but this is simply due to the fact that that particular size has been found most convenient for immediate reading and ultimate binding, and that the "make-up"—the distribution of wood-cuts on the "outside pages"—hinges on the mechanical exigencies of the press-room. No size could be adopted which would not be open to adverse criticism as an apparent imitation of that of some one of the numerous periodicals at home or abroad, and that engravings must be placed in what printers term the "outside form" is a rule which applies to all illustrated papers. So much for the manner. With regard to the matter, even were it the fact that the style of the papers alluded to was "obviously modelled upon the London *Punch*," this would not detract from any intrinsic merits they might possess. *Punch* himself is an avowed imitator, and prints his own alias of "The London Charivari;" but the English public have never thought of denying merit to a style confessedly borrowed from the French. To a certain extent, every new literary enterprise must be a more or less close copy of some antecedent model. One successful periodical having been established in any special walk of literature, whether scientific, musical, humorous, satirical, or critical, all subsequent labors in the same field necessarily bear a strong resemblance in general character to their prototype. But this resemblance is only generic, not specific.

The same article I have quoted above states:

"Had the projectors of *Mrs. Grundy* carefully studied and reproduced in better forms and higher types the successful specimens of purely American comic humor, both in matter and illustration, they would to-day have a prosperous and popular journal."

To this I reply, that "better forms and higher types" would, in most instances, do away with the essential characteristics of "purely American comic humor," which owes its identity to a rude, grotesque sense of the broadly ludicrous, and whose stamp of coinage is manifest in coarseness of phraseology. *Vanity Fair* attempted to quarry the vein of Americanism, and was for some time edited by "Artemus Ward," whose cacographic absurdities are to-day recognized as the most successful specimens of national humor; but *Vanity Fair* failed.

If, however, these "higher types" are to be found in the literary productions of cultivated Americans—if, as I deferentially submit, the highest instead of the lowest forms of composition should be taken to form a national standard—then have all our humorous papers since the *Lantern* been American in the best sense of the word. It is admirably said in a recent editorial in *The Round Table* that "as far as relates to what is timely and novel, the journalist must consult popular feeling, and it is well to select popular topics; beyond this, to popularize journalism is to vulgarize it;" and a serious impediment to the cultivation of public taste in this country is erected by those who dwell upon the notoriety of Artemus Ward, Orpheus C. Kerr, *et id genus omne*, rather than the genuine excellence of Irving, Holmes, Lowell, Mitchell, Hawthorne, and other elegant authors, as giving tone to cis-Atlantic literature.

With the exception of Messrs. Barber and Shanly, both of whom have resided here long enough to become naturalized in style (as is sufficiently proven by the letters of the "Disbanded Volunteer,") all the regular contributors to *Vanity Fair* and *Mrs. Grundy* were Americans *pur sang*; American in turn of thought, in educational training, in all things which tend to the development of nationality; nor is it true that "the publishers of *Mrs. Grundy* complain that they could get neither writers nor artists capable of making a first-class paper." Their complaint referred to a dearth of readers, not of writers. A circulation which would return large profits to the publishers of a simply literary journal is inadequate to the support of one whose outlay for drawings and engravings amounts to two or three hundred dollars on each number. The actual expense of publishing *Mrs. Grundy* averaged $600 per week, and when it is considered that forty per cent. discount must be made on all sales to "the trade," it will be seen that a circulation of six thousand copies would barely suffice to pay the current expenditures. As each purchaser of a paper represents five readers, we find that thirty thousand appreciative people must co-operate to establish a first-rate illustrated paper; and, humiliating as the statement may be, the really cultivated class of this community has not hitherto manifested its sense of refined humor to anywhere near that extent.

The next difficulty encountered by the projectors of such an enterprise arises from a want of *esprit de corps* among literary men—a lack of unity of action in the common cause. In England, men like Thackeray, Dickens, Jerrold, Hood, A'Beckett, Albert Smith, the Mayhews, Blanchard, Shirley Brooks, and others eminent in literature, worked with interest and vigor for the success of *Punch*; but here the case is different. Either from apathy, or the requirements of professional or professorial pursuits, the very men who should take leading parts hold aloof from all participation, and the circle of available contributors is consequently narrowed down to some six or seven, who are overtasked by the amount of labor forced upon them. No kind of mental effort is so difficult and exhausting as theirs under the most favorable circumstances; but when, despite disinclination or physical suffering, a certain quantity of matter *must* be furnished every week, then is the worst condition of the slave enviable when compared with that of the humorist. As Dr. Holmes once said to the present writer, when speaking of the difference between a publication like the *North American Review* and one like *Punch*, "One lives by the *work* of wits; the other by the *play* of scholars."

Another, and at present an insuperable, obstacle to success in comic journalism here is met with in the artistic department. True, we have many artists who "satisfy the public taste," so far as the mass of the uncultivated public is concerned, and some few who address themselves to a more select audience; but we have none as yet who combine skillful manipulation with a high order of humor and keen perception of character, as did John Leech, to whom is chiefly due the popularity of *Punch*. No matter how good the literary contents of such a paper, its estimation depends mainly upon the illustrations, which first attract the reader's attention; and these cannot be procured in America equal either in conception or execution to those of European periodicals.

Again, the influence of the press, which elsewhere is lent in aid of light literature, is here withheld or thrown into the adverse scale. Minor "exchanges," to be sure, publish conventional, unmeaning puffs; but the more influential journals either pass by a humorous contemporary unnoticed, or print captious, unfair criticisms, apparently prompted by the malice of "rejected" contributors. Except in the *Commercial Advertiser*, no rational, candid review of an existing "comic" paper has appeared in any of the daily journals.

Still another drawback arises from the fluctuations of political life in America. Our public men seldom remain long enough in office for the people at large to become familiar with their features and peculiarities. Caricatures of Palmerston, Russell, "Dizzy," and other prominent Englishmen are at once appreciated by every reader of *Punch*; but not one person in a hundred would recognize the portraits of more than two or three living American statesmen. In addition to this, less interest is felt in politics by the refined, educated class in this country than in Europe. Gentlemen here, as a rule, take but little part in public affairs, and are careless concerning legislation, save when it affects their own pockets.

Though laboring under none of the disadvantages I have mentioned, *Punch* struggled on, almost against hope, for several years before attaining a permanent position. In 1846, when Messrs. Bradbury & Evans assumed the publication, it was on the brink of dissolution, and was only revived by a large expenditure of money and an untiring energy in its business management.

Perhaps one of these days, when speculation in gold and petroleum shall have enriched the entire population, and further money-making yielded to the cultivation of *belles lettres*, some enterprising publisher may yet succeed in establishing on a remunerative basis an American humorous periodical; perhaps not.

A. L. CARROLL.

THE Dublin papers publish a burlesque Fenian proclamation, said to have been posted beside the proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant, which indicates that the witty Irish are inclined to regard the proceedings of the authorities with a degree of ridicule bordering on contempt. The following is the document:

BY THE LORD-LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AND HIS MAN OR ANY OTHER MAN.

PROCLAMATION—*Woodlouse*—Hurroo! Whereas certain persons styling themselves Finnigans have been endeavoring to obtain what they consider their right, and by so doing have disturbed and frightened the loyal and peaceable old stay-at-home subjects of the old lady over the water; and whereas they have evinced a determination to have the same at all cost, and appear to have plenty of men, money and war material to carry out their wicked design of making war on us, the aforesaid loyal and peaceable stay-at-home subjects, by which we are put in great bodily fear of our precious loyal lives, and the lives of our fat oxen and sheep, which would be a great calamity—greater than the cattle plague; and whereas we are reliably informed that one of the aforesaid Finnigans, named D. O. N. T. Youwishyoumaycatchum, has been prominent in disseminating this spirit of independence and patriotism in the breasts of his countrymen, and has been most instrumental in making us afraid of our aforesaid lives and ill gotten goods—It is ordered that if the aforesaid D. O. N. T Youwishyoumaycatchum does not deliver himself up to the nearest beak or beaksman or other functionary of British misrule in Ireland, within five minutes after the posting of this notice, he shall not be allowed to sneeze or say, "How's your mother?" during the remainder of his natural life; and it is further ordered that any person delivering up to us the said D. O. N. T Youwishyoumaycatchum will be entitled to a reward of 100 pounds, to be paid in scoppers, on the next change in the moon, each bearing a true likeness or impression of the rum-looking mug of the aforesaid old lady who lives over the water; and it is further ordered that if any person shall knowingly or wilfully harbor or conceal the said D. O. N. T Youwishyoumaycatchum, he shall be compelled to contribute the sum of twopence halfpenny to the aforesaid 100 pounds of scoppers.

Given at our Castle at Dublin this 20th day of September, 1865, being the last year of our precious reign in Ireland.

THOMAS A. LARKEM.

"God save the green."

ONE of the most remarkable phenomena presented by contemporary science, is the tendency to unity of all sciences. An additional instance of this tendency has just been given by a memoir by Mons. Matteucci on that power which gives action to the nervous system. You know that a great many physiologists have insisted upon the identity of electricity and this power: it is not, however, accepted for absolutely true, although it is admitted there is a great analogy between them. Mons. Matteucci agrees there are serious objections to this theory, and he holds them to be different agents, but he shows there is a similar analogy between them as exists between light, heat, and electricity. He instances the tourmaline which developes electricity when heated, and he shows there is a like relation between electricity and the nervous power. Reminding the reader that the essential characteristics of imponderable bodies, such as the immense rapidity of their motions, the ease with which they escape defection and observation, and the transformation of each into the other belong to this nervous power as well as to electricity, light, and heat, he goes on to represent this nervous power by ether. "This nervous power, he says, consists in a particular motion of ether. Ether diffused throughout the nervous system as it is diffused throughout the universe assumes the characteristics of nervous power by the modifications which are introduced into the relative disposition of its atoms by the organization of the nervous substance." When the ether is directed from the extremities towards the brain it produces sensation. When it is directed from the brain to the extremities it produces contraction. Thus you will observe that this hypothesis of ether which has long been admitted in astronomy, natural philosophy, and chemistry is invading physiology, and electricity, heat, light, and nervous power obey the same laws, and are produced and may be transformed each by the other. "*Spiridion*," *in the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

In a late number of the *Athenæum*, five new translations of Homer's *Iliad* are noticed: two in English hexameter, by Edwin W. Simcox and J. Henry Dart, and three in blank verse, by Ichabod Charles Wright, William Selwyn, and W. C. Green.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

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Are Agents for the "DENTAL COSMOS," published in Philadelphia, which is the best monthly work on Dentistry published.
The Dental Profession can rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner, and with dispatch.
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Corner Sansome and Pine streets, San Francisco,
oc28 and Sacramento City.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.—IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT of the Second Township, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.
The People of the State of California, to S. B. THOMPSON, greeting:
You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 13th day of February, A. D. 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to answer unto the complaint of CHARLES M. PECK, who claims to recover from you the sum of two hundred and fifty-three dollars, and interest on one hundred and seventy-five dollars of said sum at two per cent. per month from June 22d, 1865, and on seventy-eight dollars of said sum at the same rate from April 20th, 1865, due on two promissory notes made by you, dated February 17th, 1865, and June 22d, 1865, the same claimed to be recovered in United States gold and silver coin, as per copies of said notes on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you, for the said amount and interest due, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.
To the Sheriff or any Constable of the city and county of San Francisco greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof. Given under my hand this 6th day of November, A. D. 1865.
Alias H. J. WELLS, (SEAL.)
U. S. Revenue stamp, 50c., cancelled. } Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco. Office, No. 623
no11 3m Merchant street.

THACKERAY MEMORIALS.

THE New York *Weekly Review* is republishing a series of interesting personal recollections of Mr. Thackeray in Philadelphia, which were originally printed in a small pamphlet for private circulation among the friends of the author, Mr. William B. Reed. They are full of pleasant memoirs of the illustrious humorist, and contain many of his characteristic letters. We regret that our space enables us to make only a few extracts :

In the winter of 1855, Mr. Thackeray made his second and last visit to this country, and gave us the first fruits of his new lecturing experiment—"The Georges." I met him in New York, and heard his "George IV."—to my mind the least agreeable of the course—delivered before a literary society in Brooklyn. He thence came to Philadelphia and renewed his old intimacies and associations. His friends were glad to see him, and he them. The impression we all had was that two years had emboldened him more than they should have done; but there was no change in other respects. "The Georges" were, if possible, a greater success than the "Humorists," though I confess I had, and have, a lurking preference for the genial communion with Steele and Fielding (his favorites,) and Swift and Sterne (his aversions,) to the dissection of the tainted remains of the Hanoverian Kings. But there was in one of these lectures a passage familar to every listener and every reader, which I reproduce here, not merely from an association presently to be referred to, but because it seems to me that, in transcribing it, I have the dead again before me, and hear a sweet voice in the very printed words :

"What preacher need moralize on this story; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Disposer of life, death, happiness, victory. O, brothers! speaking the same dear mother tongue—O, comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together, as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest—dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries: 'Cordelia. Cordelia, stay a little!'

> 'Vex not his ghost!—O let him pass.—He hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer!'

Hush! strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march! Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!"

Was it this, or was it the other passage about the princess Amelia, and the old King praying for returning reason, which Thackeray referred to in the following note, written to me from Baltimore in answer to one sending an adverse criticism in a small newspaper in Philadelphia :

BALTIMORE, January 16, 1865.

My Dear Reed: Your letter of the 9th, with one from Boston of the 8th, was given to me last night when I came home. In what possible snowdrift have they been lying torpid? One hundred thanks for your goodness in the lecture, and all other matters; and if I can find the face to read those printed lectures over again, I'll remember your good advice. That splendid crowd on the last night, I knew, would make our critical friend angry. I have not seen the last article, of course, and don't intend to look for it. And as I was reading the George III. lecture here on Monday night, could not help asking myself, "What can the man mean by saying that I am uncharitable, unkindly, that I sneer at virtue," and so forth?

My own conscience being pretty clear, I can receive the *Bulletin's* displeasure with calmness—remembering how I used to lay about me in my youthful days, and how I generally took a good tall mark to hit at

Wicked weather, and an opera company which performed on the two first lecture nights here, made the audience rather thin; but they fetched up at the third lecture, and to night is the last; after which I go to Richmond—then to go farther south, from Charleston to Havana and New Orleans; perhaps to hark back and try westward, where I know there is a great crop of dollars to be reaped. But to be snow-bound in my infirm condition! I might never get out of the snow alive.

I go to Washington to-morrow for a night. I was there and dined with Crampton on Saturday. He was in good force and spirits, and I saw no signs of packing up, or portmanteau in the hall.

I send my very best respects to Mrs. Reed and your sister-in-law, and Lewis and his kind folks, and to Mac's whiskey punch, which gave *me* no headache. I'm very sorry it treated you so unkindly.

Always yours, dear Reed,

W. M. THACKERAY.

The allusion in this letter to the printed lectures recalls a little incident which was very illustrative of his generous temper, and is not unlike the "pill-box with the guineas," which I have seen lately in some literary notices. It was this: On his return to Philadelphia, in the spring of 1856, from the South and West, a number of his friends—I, as much as anyone—urged him, unwisely, as it turned out, to repeat his lectures on the "Humorists." He was very loath to do it, but finally yielded, being, I doubt not, somewhat influenced by the pecuniary inducements accidentally held out to him. A young bookseller of this city offered him a round sum, not very large, but, under the circumstances, quite liberal for the course, which he accepted. The experiment was a failure. It was late in the season, with long days and shortening nights, and the course *was* a stale one, and the lectures had been printed, and the audiences were thin, and the bargain was disastrous, not to him, but to the young gentleman who had ventured it. We were all disappointed and mortified; but Thackeray took it good humoredly—the only thing that seemed to disturb him being his sympathy with the man of business. "I don't mind the empty benches, but I cannot bear to see that sad, pale-faced young man as I come out, who is losing money on my account." This he used to say at my house, when he came home to a frugal and not very cheerful supper after the lectures. Still, the bargain had been fairly made, and was honorably complied with, and the money was paid and remitted, through my agency, to him at New York. I received no acknowledgement of the remittance, and recollect that I felt not a little annoyed at this; the more so when, on picking up a newspaper, I learned that Thackeray had sailed for home. The day after he had gone, when there could be no refusal, I received from him a certificate of deposit on his New York bankers for an amount quite sufficient to make up any loss incurred, as he thought, in his behalf. I give the accompanying note, merely suppressing the name of the gentleman in question. There are some little things in this note—its blanks and dashes—to which a fac-simile alone would do justice :

24th April.

MY DEAR REED: Wen you get this . . . . Remember-ember me to ki-ki-kind friends, ... a sudden resolution . . . to-morrow in the Baltic!— . . . Good-bye, my dear, kind friend, and all kind friends in Philadelphia. I didn't think of going away when I left home this morning—but it's the best way.

I think it right to send back twenty-five per cent. to poor H——. Will you kindly give him the enclosed; and depend upon it I shall go and see Mrs. Boott, '(my wife's aged grandmother, then residing in England,)' when I get to London, and tell her all about you. My heart is uncommonly heavy; and I am yours, gratefully and affectionately. W. M. T.

"MARK TWAIN" OVERPOWERED.

THE *Enterprise*, having recently published one of those "affecting incidents," which are occasionally met with by "localitems," when there is a dearth of fires, runaways, etc., "Mark Twain" issues the following as a companion-piece :

UNCLE LIGE.

I will now relate an affecting incident of my meeting with Uncle Lige, as a companion novelette to the one published by Dan the other day, entitled "Uncle Henry."

A day or two since—before the late stormy weather—I was taking a quiet stroll in the western suburbs of the city. The day was sunny and pleasant. In front of a small but neat "bit house," seated upon a bank—a worn out and discarded faro bank—I saw a man and a little girl. The sight was too much for me, and I burst into tears. Oh, God! I cried, this is too rough! After the violence of my emotion had in a manner spent itself, I ventured to look once more upon that touching picture. The left hand of the girl (how well I recollect which hand it was! by the warts on it)—a fair-haired, sweet-faced child of about eight years of age—rested upon the right shoulder (how perfectly I remember it was his right shoulder, because his left shoulder had been sawed off in a saw-mill) of the man by whose side she was seated. She was gazing toward the summit of Lone Mountain, and prating of the gravestones on the top of it and of the sunshine and Diggers resting on its tomb-clad slopes. The head of the man drooped forward till his face almost rested upon his breast, and he seemed intently listening. It was only a pleasing pretence, though, for there was nothing for him to hear save the rattling of the carriages on the gravel road beside him, and he could have straightened himself up and heard that easy enough, poor fellow. As I approached, the child observed me, notwithstanding her extreme youth, and ceasing to talk, smilingly looked at me, strange as it may seem. I stopped, again almost overpowered, but after a struggle I mastered my feelings sufficiently to proceed. I gave her a smile—or rather, I swapped her one in return for the one I had just received, and she said :

"This is Uncle Lige—poor blind-drunk Uncle Lige."

This burst of confidence from an entire stranger, and one so young withal, caused my subjugated emotions to surge up in my breast once more, but again, with a strong effort, I controlled them. I looked at the wine-bred cauliflower on the poor man's nose and saw how it had all happened.

"Yes," said he, noticing by my eloquent countenance that I *had* seen how it had all happened, notwithstanding nothing had been said yet about anything having happened, "Yes, it happened in Reeseriv' a year ago; since tha(ic)at time been living here with broth—Robert'n lill Addie (*e ick!*)."

"Oh, he's the best uncle, and tells me such stories!" cried the little girl.

"At's aw-ri, you know (ick!)—at's aw ri," said the kind-hearted, gentle old man, spitting on his shirt bosom and slurring it off with his hand.

The child leaned quickly forward and kissed his poor blossomy face. We beheld two great tears start from the man's sightless eyes, but when they saw what sort of country they had got to travel over, they went back again. Kissing the child again and again and once more and then several times, and afterwards repeating it, he said :

"H(o-ook!)—oorah for Melical eagle star-spalgle baller! At's aw-ri, you know—(ick!)—at's aw-ri"—and he stroked her sunny curls and spit on his shirt bosom again.

This affecting scene was too much for my already over-charged feelings, and I burst into a flood of tears and hurried from the spot.

Such is the touching story of Uncle Lige. It may not be quite as sick as Dan's, but there is every bit as much reasonable material in it for a big calf like either of us to cry over. Cannot you publish the two novelettes in book form and send them forth to destroy such of our fellow citizens as are spared by the cholera?

A SMART QUAKER.—Mr. K——, the Quaker president of a Pennsylvania railroad, during the confusion some years since, called upon the W —— bank, with which the road kept a large regular account, and asked for an extension of part of its paper falling due in a few days. The bank president declined rather abruptly, saying in a rough tone to the functionary :

"Mr. K., your paper must be paid at maturity; we cannot renew it."

"Very well," our Quaker friend replied, and left the bank.

But he did not let the matter rest here. On leaving the bank, he went quickly to the depot, and telegraphed to all agents and conductors on the road to reject the W. bank. In a few hours the trains began to arrive, full of panic, and bringing news of the distrust of the W. bank all along the line. Stockholders and depositors flocked to the bank, quaking with panic, inquiring thus :

"What is the matter? Is the bank broke?"

A little inquiry by the officers showed that the trouble originated in the rejection of the bills on the railroad. The president seized his hat and rushed down to the Quaker's office, and came bursting in with the inquiry :

"Mr. K., have you directed the refusal of our currency by your agents?"

"Yes," was the quiet reply.

"Why is this? it will ruin us."

"Well, Friend L——, I supposed the bank was going to fail, as it could not renew a little paper for us this morning."

It is needless to say Mr. L. renewed all the Quaker's paper, and enlarged his line of discount; while the magic wires carried all around the road the sedative message: "The W. bank is all right. Thee may take all its currency."

THE LATEST INJUNCTION.—The Brooklyn Hotel has been kept by John Kelly, Jr., in this city for some twelve years, and has become a very popular institution. In fact, it is not excelled by any hotel in the city in the systematic provision made for the comfort and enjoyment of guests, and its reputation throughout the State is an enviable one. So reasoned the landlord of another hotel, doubtless, who recently sought to appropriate Kelly's "good name" by naming his hostelry the "Brooklyn House." To this Mr. K. demurred, and at his instance an injunction was issued. The Court sustained the injunction, and decided that the original proprietor had sole right to the title of "Brooklyn," and that if there was any difference between "Hotel" and "House," (in reference to a place of entertainment for travellers,)) the Court "could not see it."

MR. H. S. HOMANS, general agent on this Coast for the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, whose business is enormous, and equals that of any other Life Insurance Company on this continent, has just issued circulars for the purpose of more fully explaining their system of "restitution of surplus premiums to policy-holders," and other advantages given to those insuring in this company. All reflective persons investigating the life insurance system of the Mutual must acknowledge that it possesses elements which entitle it to the success it has attained.

THE *Call* directs attention to Hunt's "California Wooden Pavement." This is the latest invention of the windmill proprietor on Second street, whose place of business is only equalled by the U. S. Patent Office as an exhibition of ingenuity, and is filled with windmills, horsepowers, applepowers, and other contrivances of his own. This pavement is a combination of redwood, asphaltum and gravel, and from the almost indestructible nature of the wood, as well as the improvement in the form of pavement, it is claimed by the inventor to possess great advantages as a pavement. It will soon be tried.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.—Newell's Pulmonary Syrup never fails of giving immediate relief when taken, for all difficulties of the chest and lungs, such as asthma, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, hemorrage, or bleeding of the lungs, and consumption. Don't fail to use the above-named remedy, if you would be relieved at once.

For sale by all Druggists: Redington & Co., Sole Agents, 416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

FOR all diseases of the Skin, use Adams' Blood Purifier. It is strictly a Vegetable Preparation, and does not contain mercury or other mineral poisons in any shape. Prepared only by Samuel Adams, corner of Powell and Bush streets, San Francisco, and for sale by all Druggists.

BEAUTY.—Auburn, golden, flaxen, and silken curls may adorn the person in vain, if the complexion and skin is coarse, sallow, greasy, rough, pimpled, tanned, mothed, etc. Ladies, use Davidson's Circassian Bloom for the skin.

MOSGROVE & BLAKELY'S new *Dry Goods Store* s in Colton's buildiug, 222 Third street, between Howard and Tehama. Their stock consists in part of the following goods, all of which will be found to be of the very best materials, and at prices which must command the notice of purchasers:

Dress Goods—A large assortment tastefully selected. Their Empress Cloths, Poplins, Melanges, Chenes, and particularly that rich new fabric, "Moonlight on the Lake," cannot be surpassed for Ladies' Fall and Winter Suits.

Hoyle's genuine English Calicoes.

Irish Linen Goods—All from the celebrated manufacturers, Richardson Sons & Owden, Belfast.

Mission and *Eastern* Blankets and Flannels.

Ladies and *Gents'* Furnishing Goods; and a large assortment of all goods usually kept by a first class Dry Goods Store.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Very few persons, even among physicians, would have been willing upon any terms to have been in the condition of the writer of the following letter on the 14th of February last. I will anticipate somewhat his report of the facts, by saying that on the 15th August, 1865, he made me a visit, "the very picture of health." Time, which tries and proves all things, has sufficiently tested this case, and shown that neither relapse or collapse having followed, the cure is perfect, and can be cited among the scores of similar cases, the result of my improved mode of treating disease without medicine.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.
August 27, 1865.

Sacramento, April 30, 1865.

Dr. G. M. Bourne—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I now let you know of my good health. Looking back on what I have passed through, it seems as if I was lifted from the grave, and I think it my duty to acknowledge to you and the world the benefit I derived from water treatment as administered by you in your celebrated baths. It was in August, 1864, when disease developed itself with a severe cough. I then took medicines, getting worse, with chills, fevers, loss of strength, and was pronounced consumptive. This set me to thinking, and finally I determined to leave my business and go to the Sandwich Islands, having been informed that I could not be cured here. I went to San Francisco, and while waiting for a ship, called upon Dr. Bourne, who stated that a trip to the Sandwich Islands would probably result disastrously, was wholly unnecessary, as I could then be speedily cured at his establishment. I placed myself under his treatment, and in one week was so much improved that I thought I could risk returning home and to my duty as Engineer on the Central Pacific Railroad. The doctor objected; but I thought I knew better, and returned to my duty. In about two weeks my cough returned, and I kept getting worse, and, contrary to Dr. Bourne's injunction never to take medicine again, committed that folly, and soon was so completely run down that I could scarcely walk; so, as a last resort, I concluded once more to try the Water Cure. I went to San Francisco—few of my friends expected me to return; in fact, I thought my return doubtful. On arriving at Dr. Bourne's establishment (February 14, 1865,) I was not able to get into the bath without assistance, but in a few days I began to gain. I remained with him only six weeks, when I left, "a wiser and a better man," without the aid of medicine. I have now been at work several weeks, and find that I am gaining every day, and at present bid fair to be stouter than ever before. Persons visiting the Doctor's establishment will find it just what it should be, in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Departments, and I cannot say too much in praise of the Doctor's kind attention to his patients.

This letter I write for the benefit of the afflicted, to be used as the Doctor decides, and should it be the means of directing any one to his care and treatment who (as they assuredly will) find relief, I will be paid for my trouble. Your obedient servant,

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.

San Francisco, August 25, 1865.

Advised by the undersigned, Mr. James Campbell, of the Central Pacific Railroad (who was then in a most deplorable state of ill health,) placed himself under the care of Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Physician. Some six months or more afterward he visited this city, when I accidentally met him at Dr. Bourne's establishment, and, I am happy to say, restored to the enjoyment of good health and fine spirits. JOHN SULLIVAN.

☞ Dr. Bourne treats all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs—which includes diptheria, bronchitis, incipient consumption, pleurisy, croup, etc.—with the greatest success. Great relief is afforded in advanced stages of consumption. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc., etc., are also cured quickly, pleasantly, and economically. No medicine whatever.

VISIT Haskell's Mammoth Tea Store, and examine the splendid display of choicest Teas, Wines and Groceries, now selling at greatly reduced prices, at Wholesale and Retail.

Store fronts on Market and Sutter streets, below the Market House. Open every evening until seven o'clock, and on Saturdays until ten P. M.

DENTIST WORK.—Messrs. Knowles & Clark have an improved method of combining their gold and vulcanite material in the manufacture of dentistry, which renders the work superior in finish and durability. The samples of their handiwork on exhibition at the late Fair were much admired, and we observe that they were awarded a special premium silver medal.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

A TRUE STORY.

DEDICATED TO THE SICK.

THERE dwelt in Sacramento a pale, bilious mechanic,
His muscles were strengthless, his blood it was chill;
And the wife of his bosom believed, in her panic,
The husband she worshipped was hopelessly ill.
Seeking daily for help, in her wifely devotion,
All vainly she tried pill, powder and potion—
Till at last, when a prey to grief's wildest emotion,
Of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS she heard from a friend.

She purchased the cordial, half hoping, half fearing,
A prayer on her lip and a tear in her eye;
And taking his hand, with words kindly and cheering,
Besought him the tonic for her sake to try.
As he drank, a new life through his system seemed stealing,
Each following draft did its mission of healing,
Until, strong in health and most grateful in feeling,
He told the "true story" here twined into song.

It is also proper to state that the Bitters are sold exclusively in glass, and never, under any circumstances, by the gallon or barrel. Imposters and imitators are abroad, and the only safeguard the public have against them is to see that the Bitters they buy have the engraved label and note of hand of Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, and their proprietary stamp over the cork of the bottle.

A DAINTY BRANCH OF ART.—A high reputation awaits Mrs. Read for the exquisite workmanship and general adaptability to their purpose of the Ladies' Skirt Supporters and Chest Expanders, of which she made such fine display at the late Fair. Her "Lady's Bust" is another aid to feminine beauty, which confers perfection on the wearer. Mrs. Read's establishment, 109 Montgomery street, is richly worth a visit.—*San Francisco Sunday Mercury.*

MANY OF THE DISEASES which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. BENTON, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

TRIMMINGS.—Mrs. NORCROSS, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and military at the shortest notice; also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. D. Norcross' goods, for elegance and taste, are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

TOYS.—Toys can be purchased of Feldhush & Co., 307 California street, at 25 per cent. below the usual rates. Call and examine stock and prices.

DR. C. W. MOORE'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

ADAMS'
BLOOD PURIFIER!

FOR DISEASES HAVING THEIR ORIGIN FROM THE IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD AND DERANGEMENT OF THE SYSTEM.

This Blood Purifier is a concentrated compound of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Wild Cherry, Dandelion, with Iodide of Potuss, and several other of the most efficacious remedies known in the vegetable world, and will exert an immediate effect on the system, and if persisted in for a reasonable length of time, will eradicate all latent poison from the blood.

IT CONTAINS NO MERCURY OR MINERAL POISON.

Prepared only by

SAMUEL ADAMS,

AT THE UNITED STATES DRUG STORE,
SAN FRANCISCO

Corner of Bush and Powell streets.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN THE STATE.

no18-3m

GREAT AMERICAN
PRIZE CONCERT!

AT

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE,

Chicago, Illinois, - - February 22d, 1866.

20,000 VALUABLE GIFTS WORTH $96,800
PRESENTED TO THE TICKET HOLDERS.

100,000 *TICKETS ONLY WILL BE SOLD.*

1 Gift of $10,000 cash	$10,000
1 Gift of $5,000 cash	5,000
50 Gifts, 50 English Patent Lever Gold Watches, valued at $400 each	20,000
100 Gifts, 100 Amer. Silver Lever Watches valued at $100 each	10,000
48 Gifts 48 Silver Lever Watches valued at $50 each	2,400
5,000 Gifts, 5,000 Turkey Morocco, gold clasp Albums, valued at $5 each	25,000
4,800 Gifts, 4,800 gold clasp Albums, valued at $3 each	14,400
10,000 Gifts, 10,000 cash at $1 each	10,000

All the above Goods are genuine, as represented, and are listed at a fair valuation.

Each ticket is registered before being sent out.

Parties will be notified by mail of the result of the drawing.

40,000 Tickets already sold. Send in your orders if you wish to secure them.

Tickets ONE DOLLAR each in Greenbacks, or 11 for $10, sent by mail to any address upon receipt of price and Postoffice stamp.

BRIGGS, LEMON & CO.,
no11 3m 141 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Building Fund.

AT A MEETING OF THE BOAD OF TRUSTEES of the Mercantile Library Association, held October 10th, 1865, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the Trustees form themselves into a Committee of the Whole, to obtain Life Memberships and Donations, with a view of purchasing a lot and erecting a building thereon for the use of the Association.

The payment of one hundred dollars in gold coin secures a Life Membership, and it is hoped that the sum of twenty thousand dollars may be subscribed in this way alone. No subscriptions are binding unless the above sum shall be raised by Life Memberships and Donations before February 1, 1866. Subscription books may be found at the Library, or with any of the following members of the

BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

G. W. Belt.....President
*C. Wolcott Brooks.....Vice President
H. S Homans.....Corresponding Secretary
David Wilder.....Recording Secretary
John G. Clark.....Treasurer

J. H. Wildes,	A. M. Ebbetts,
J. W. Cox,	F. D. Kellogg,
A. T. Green,	Chas. R. Bond,
Geo. Hewston, M. D.,	*Daniel Rogers,
F. L. Castle.	

*On leave of absence. oc21-tf

HILL'S HAIR DYE.

This Dye is superior to anything now in use, being easily applied, and imparting a natural brown or black color to the hair. For sale by

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

FOR THE VERY BEST PHOTOGRAPHS, go to Bradley & Rulofson (Vance's old stand.) First premium for the best card pictures, and large photographs.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

NOV. 30TH, - - - - - - GOLDEN CITY,
Captain George Bradbury.

DEC. 9TH, - - - - - - - COLORADO,
Captain Watkins.

From Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Steamers of this line will be despatched on the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month. When these dates fall on Sunday, the steamer will leave on Saturday preceding.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That I, BRIDGET STANNAH, wife of WILLIAM STANNAH, intend to make application to the Twelfth District Court of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, on the

23d day of December, A. D. 1865, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day,

or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the court room of said Court, in said city and county, for an order of said Court permitting her to carry on business in her own name and on her own account—the nature of the business to be carried on by virtue of such order being that of keeping a boarding and lodging house, and purchasing lots and houses to be used and occupied in that business, and erecting houses therefor. That for this purpose I am desirous of availing myself of the benefit of An Act to authorize married women to transact business in their own name as sole traders, approved April 12th, 1852, and of the acts amendatory thereof.

BRIDGET STANNAH.

W. C. BURNETT, Attorney for petitioner—Office, 636 Clay street. nov25 5t

CHOLERA! CHOLERA!

CHOLERA IS COMING!

ALREADY HAS IT APPEARED IN THE EASTERN CITIES? Insure your Life in the

BEST AND CHEAPEST LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD,

The Connecticut Mutual Life
INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,

AGENTS,

Office Northwest corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco, California.

no26-1m

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,
HEREAFTER, 15TH OF EVERY MONTH.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1865.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,
VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

MOSES TAYLOR.

ON FRIDAY, - - - - DECEMBER 15TH,
From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely.

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

SANTIAGO,
2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

CARRINGTON & CO'S
GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,
No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THIS AGENCY
Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,

or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CNT.

Address:

CARRINGTON & CO.,
40 Broadway, N. Y.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

Market-street, San José.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL

In every respect where the personal supervision of the proprietor guarantees prompt and civil attention to all the requirements of his guests.

Stages on all the Routes Leading out of San Jose

Take their departure from the "Continental." House open all night.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY, Proprietor.

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!

BASKET AND WILLOW WARE,
FANCY GOODS, &c.

The Best Selected and Largest Assorted Stock
EVER BEFORE IN CALIFORNIA.
FOR SALE CHEAP BY THE CASE OR DOZEN,
—AT—
THURNAUER & ZINN'S,
320 and 322 Battery street,
Between Commercial and Clay streets,
se16-3m SAN FRANCISCO.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LERCHE, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. no11-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of RICHARD GRAHAM, deceased. Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of ELIZABETH GRAHAM, executrix of the last will and testament of Richard Graham, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the legatees and devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

IT IS ORDERED, That all persons interested in the estate of the said Richard Graham, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on Monday, the eleventh day of December, A. D. 1865, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the legatees and devisees of the said Richard Graham, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said eleventh day of December, A. D. 1865, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated November 8th, 1865. GEO. B. MERRILL,
no11-5t Attorney for Executrix.

CALIFORNIA VIEWS.

Stereoscopic and Album Views

OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA,

EMBRACING OVER NINE HUNDRED New and Interesting Scenes in this city, and Mining Districts.

Also, Wood's celebrated

VIEWS OF YOSEMITE VALLEY,

size 18x22—the finest ever published.

Catalogues free. For sale by

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
oc28 1m Nos. 317 and 319 Montgomery streets.

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory; against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California

SINGER MANUACTURING CO.

SEWING MACHINES,

139

MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

MOTTO—"The Singer Machines are the only Machines that can Sew all kinds of Cloth, and with all kinds of thread."

75,000

MACHINES SOLD IN TWO YEARS!

The almost incredible increase in the sale of the Singer Machine during the past two years is owing to the popularity of the LETTER A TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE Family Machine, which was introduced in 1860, since which time it has earned and established a reputation for family uses equal to the celebrated manufacturing machines of this firm, which are generally acknowledged even by dealers in other sewing machines, to be unequalled for such purposes.

WILLIAM BRODERICK,
General Agent for the Singer
au19-3m Manufacturing Co.

OCCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary.
mh25 3m

TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that

Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,

and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of those new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the severe drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

The following certificate from the State Assayer, furnished after an analysis of the EXTRACT, speaks for itself:

A. ENQUOIS—Dear Sir: I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would be injurious to clothing.

Very respectfully, B. B. THAYER.

FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,
se30 3m San Francisco.

CLOTHING MADE FROM CALIFORNIA CLOTH,

For Wholesale and Retail Trade,

ALSO, MADE TO ORDER,

AT QUINCY HALL,

NOS. 545, 547, 549,

Washington Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

se30 3m

PREMIUM LIQUORS.

THREE FIRST PREMIUMS
WERE AWARDED AT THE LATE
MECHANICS' FAIR
IN SAN FRANCISCO,
FOR FINE WHISKIES, BOURBON BITTERS, NATIVE CLARET, ETC.,
TO
I. D. THOMPSON,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN FINE WINES AND LIQUORS,
No. 321 Montgomery street, Odd Fellows' Building.

Gentlemen who use Fine Wines and Liquors in their Families, should not fail to call and examine for themselves.

☞ Orders solicited from Families, Parties and Clubs, which will be promptly attended to, and goods delivered free. se30-1m

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LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF
STOVES AND METALS,
Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
jy2 SAN FRANCISCO

WARD'S SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of

GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

S. W. E. WARD & SON,
NEW YORK, 387 Broadway. } 323 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Ca
je30 3m

LADIES, ATTENTION!

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NEW IMPROVED

Skirt Supporters and Chest

EXPANDERS,

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BRACES, with Suspenders attached; ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, BANDAGES, BUSTS, etc

NO. 109 MONTGOMERY STREET,
UP STAIRS, ROOMS 3 AND 4.

Physicians are respectfully invited to call and examine her articles.

All orders promptly attended to. my27 tf

THE ONLY LIVING

ASTROLOGER.

Go and see the Natural Gifted Astrologer, Prof. Cohen, 530 California street. He only can give you true information as to the Past, Present and Future; on Business Affairs, Law Suits, Matrimony, Love, Absent Friends, Sickness, etc. He tells the events of your whole life, and how to avoid trouble.

A large number of people have been benefited by his knowledge. As an evidence of his reputation, he has received upwards of 18,000 consultations here since his residence of five years in San Francisco.

N. B.—When consultation is had it will not be necessary to give the age. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart.

☞ Sickness will be discovered and cured through his science, only known by himself. se16 3m.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - - -	$10,000,000.
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

No. 414 California street, - - - San Francisco,

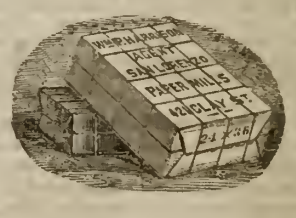
Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

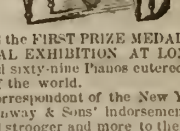
LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
au19-3m



GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

CARPETS, PAPER-HANGINGS, OIL-CLOTHS, ETC.,

KENNEDY & BELL,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND ARE NOW OPENING,

NEW STYLES WILTON, VELVET, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND INGRAIN CARPETS;

Also, Oil Cloths Manufactured expressly for this Market, of very superior quality and styles.

Curtain Goods of every variety, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

KENNEDY & BELL,
Corner Montgomery and California streets,
an12 San Francisco.

DR. C. W. MOORE'S

Medical and Surgical Institute,

COMMERCIAL STREET,

A few doors below Kearny, - - - San Francisco.

ATTENDING AND RESIDING PHYSICIAN,

C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

Late Surgeon U. S. A., Quarantine Physician at New Orleans and Boston, Lecturer on Morbid Anatomy and Diseases of Women and Children, Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc., etc.

FOR THE CURE OF DISEASES,
WHETHER ACUTE OR CHRONIC,

No. 641 Commercial street,

A few doors below Kearny, where he can be consulted at all hours.

Especial attention paid to all Diseases of the UTERINE and SEXUAL ORGANS, SECONDARY and HEREDITARY AFFLICTIONS in their manifold form,

NERVOUS AFFICTIONS, ETC.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS, of whatever nature, performed scientifically, and the patient boarded at the Institute.

TO THE LADIES—Private apartments, with female nurses, for those who desire them. CONSULTATIONS FREE.

Parties in the Country may consult the Doctor by letter, and receive, in return, a full description of their disease and its means of cure. All communications strictly confidential.

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PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

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THE OBJECT OF THIS INSTITUTION IS TO IMPART a sound practical education at the lowest possible cost, thereby placing its advantages within the reach of all. The Course of Instruction, besides the usual English Branches, comprises Mathematics, Book Keeping, Ancient and Modern Languages, so that boys, whether destined for Mechanical, Commercial or Professional Pursuits, can select such studies as will best fit them for their future avocation.

TERMS.

Board and Tuition per session, (of 10 to 11 months) $175
Washing, Mending of Linen, etc., for same period, 25

No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

In case of withdrawal, (except for sickness or parents leaving the country,) the party will forfeit a quarter session, or the remaining portion of the half term.

The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance with a deposit for current expenses, books, etc. *No Student will be received without such deposit.*

For further information, application may be made to any of the Catholic Clergymen of the State, or to
jy1 REV. P. I GREY, President

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

No. 765 Market street, near Fourth street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

ap22-tf

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE,

AND

ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE.

WE would respectfully call the attention of property owners to the increased facilities for insurance which we are now prepared to offer, surpassing any agency in the world.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Capital, - - - $7,000,000

Home Insurance Co., of N. Y., assets			- -	$4,000,000
Security	do	do	do - -	2,000,000
Phenix	do	do	do - -	1,000,000

War Risks and partial loss covered on the most favorable terms. Liberal rebates paid parties bringing business to this office. All losses paid in gold coin without any deduction.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Assets, - - - $10,000,000

Home Insurance Co., N. Y.		Washington Ins. Co., N. Y.		
Phenix	do	do	Security	do do
Arctic	do	do	Hartford Fire	do do

LIFE INSURANCE.

Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. of Hartford:
Assets nearly - - - - - - - $8,000,000
Equitable Life Assurance Society of United States: Assets - - - - - - - $1,000,000

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

New York Accident Insurance Company:
Capital - - - - - - $250,000

In the Fire Department we issue participation policies on all hazardous and not hazardous property, entitling the assured to 60 per cent. in the profits of the company, thereby lessening their premiums at least 30 per cent.

In the Life Department, the companies we represent are the best and cheapest in the world. Manuals descriptive of the various plans issued gratis to the public. No charge for physicians' examinations.

Agents in all the principal towns on this coast.

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an29 GENERAL AGENTS.

CHARLES BERNARD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FAMILY CHARTRES COFFEE AND SPICES OF ALL KINDS,

No. 707 Sansome-st., cor. of Gold,

Between Jackson and Pacific.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED BY THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, FOR THE BEST COFFEE AND SPICES.

THE PROPRIETOR having introduced Steam Power in his Manufactory, has now increased facilities to supply the trade and the public in general. All articles from his establishment are guaranteed to be sure and unadulterated The public are respectfully invited to call and convince themselves. Country orders promptly attended to.
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MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. au5-3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. dc3-3m

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NOTICE.

MISSION BAY BRIDGE COMPANY.

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, } State of California. }

NOTICE is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees of said Company, held on the 2d day of November, 1865, an assessment of two dollars and fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of said company, payable immediately to the Secretary, in United States gold coin, at the office of the Company, No. 24 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco, State aforesaid.

Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the 2d of December, 1865, will be advertised on that day as delinquent, and unless payment shall be made before, will be sold on the 16th day of December, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. ALFRED BARSTOW, Secretary,

Office No. 24 Montgomery Block, Southeast corner of Montgomery and Washington streets,
no4 San Francisco.

PREMIUM FURNITURE!

AT THE LATE FAIR OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

J. PEIRCE,

415, 417, *and* 419 *California street,*
SAN FRANCISCO,

Was awarded the
FIRST AND ONLY PREMIUM
FOR

Furniture,

AND THE
FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM
FOR THE
BEST UPHOLSTERY.

The attention of the public is respectfully called to this; also to the FACT that we have the LARGEST and FINEST stock on the PACIFIC COAST: Comprising a full assortment of FURNITURE AND BEDDING; all of which is offered at rates GUARANTEED to be less than those of any other house in the city.

Nearly 15,000 cases of Goods packed suitable for home and distant markets, to which the

ATTENTION OF THE TRADE IS INVITED.

A full assortment of Cabinet Makers', Hardware, and Upholsterers' materials ALWAYS ON HAND.

J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,
se16-3m SAN FRANCISCO.

GROVER & BAKER

CELEBRATED ELASTIC STITCH SEWING MACHINES.

GROVER & BAKER

Ahead as Usual!

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

HAVE

Awarded a Silver Medal

For work done on the

GROVER & BAKER

SEWING MACHINE.

J. W. J. PIERSON,

AGENT,

329 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

se16

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
a28 44 Liedesdorff street, San Francisco.

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STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

NEW TYPE.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF *FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.*

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,

415 *WASHINGTON STREET,*

nearly opposite the Post Office,

SAN FRANCIS

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP

SACRAMENTO.

CLOTHING BAZAAR,

431 *Montgomery Street,*

THREE DOORS SOUTH OF SACRAMENTO

(Opposite Donohoe, Kelly & Co.'s Bank.)

We are receiving by every steamer

THE LATEST STYLES

OF

FASHIONABLE CLOTHING

AN ELEGANT STOCK OF

Gents' Furnishing Goods

CONSTANTLY ON HAND

ALEXANDRE'S KID GLOVES.

Complete assortment of

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.

☞ Call and examine them.
an12 3m GEO. J. S. HYAMS.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the
BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner *From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from* Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
fe11-6m San Francisco.

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25 PER CENT. SAVED

IS 50 PER CENT. MADE!

PURCHASERS OF Toys and Fancy Goods, can save 25 per cent. by buying of

Feldbush & Co.,

307 CALIFORNIA STREET.

THEY ARE NOW RECEIVING their importations of

FALL GOODS,

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The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME IV., No. 2. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 9, 1865. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE; 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

INIGOINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Friday, December 8th, 1865.

YESTERDAY was Thanksgiving Day, and the smell of Turkies is yet in the air.

Which reminds me that I am no chicken.

Nor am I so easily stuffed now-a-days as I once was, which is some compensation for having got beyond pin-feathers and pinafores.

There is a great deal of humbug about boyhood's happy days, and all that and those. My recollections of them consist in being snubbed by my elder brothers, made to learn long and stupid lessons, show off when company came, and get to church regularly three times of Sundays.

The happiness of believing that the moon was made of green cheese, that Santa Cláus was a real Dutchman, and that little babies were found under rose-leaves in the garden, is scarcely sufficient to set off against so much positive suffering.

Now-a-days, when anything puzzles me, I can put my brain at work, and make all needful inquiries to enable me to understand it, and I should like to have anybody tell me, "Little boys shouldn't ask questions."

That was the way they used to choke me off in those pin-feather days that people talk so much nonsense about.

Why shouldn't little boys ask questions? There are so many things in life to learn, that it seems to me that one cannot begin too early or continue too long his attempts to "find out."

"Little boys should be seen, and not heard." is another of the wise sayings with which old muffs endeavor to smother all endeavors on a little fellow's part to make himself as useful as ornamental.

The idea conveyed in the aphorism is not always based in truth, for, if a little boy has a dirty face, he had much better be heard than seen.

Herod was of opinion that they should neither be seen nor heard, and carried out his theory in a fashion that was both effectual and impressive. But one little boy escaped the attentions of the Tetrarch, and was soon afterwards heard and seen in the Temple, "sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions."

I have no doubt that the learned old doctors cocked their wigs on one side when they found themselves up a stump, and pertinently remarked that little boys should not ask questions.

Age is an excellent thing in its way, perhaps, and ought to be reverenced, so far as getting a seat in an omnibus or a good place at table is concerned.

And I do not think that an old man's crutches should be tripped from under him, or that he should be driven over at the corner of the street simply because he happens to stand in the way.

But I do think that a great many old men are great nuisances, and I do not think that wisdom is by any means the inevitable accompaniment of age.

If a man setting out on a journey starts wrong and keeps on in a direct line, the chances are that at the end of a week's travel he is further out the way than he who has just started but is heading right.

There is a great deal in one's not being too old to learn, and this is the young man's advantage.

The world grows, and unless a man keeps pace with it he finds himself sadly behind-hand for all the gray hairs that may lie on his pow—pow is a word which the late Mr. Linen was fond of using, so I suppose it has a deal of significance.

No one would think of teaching an old dog dancing, and an old man perhaps would n't take very kindly to telegraph operating or shorthand writing. It is very hard indeed to persuade the old to adopt discoveries or accept improvements. And if the world were obliged to rely wholly upon the old I have an idea that neither its progress nor its population would receive many accessions.

For one, I advocate the new—the young. Of course I yield respect to experience, and to study I am always willing to bow, but there are limits to human knowledge, and regarding all beyond this life I consider myself quite as wise as the grayest or baldest philosopher—for I can guess and conjecture, and he can do no more.

But we were talking of Thanksgiving and Turkies, when this remarkable digression occurred.

I wonder what Turkies think, about this season of the year, of the remarkable epidemic that breaks out among them.

They are carried off in the most sudden way, without the slightest warning. Nothing unusual is noticed in the air, they eat and drink as usual, the mother turkey notices no symptom of dissolution in her brood: but evening comes, and they are gone: the roost that knew them once shall know them no more forever.

I wonder whether their medical faculty..of course, turkies have a medical faculty..they'd be geese if they didn't..hold meetings and consultations over the mortality. Do they adopt sanitary measures, sweep out the coops, and prescribe strict attention to diet?

In their diagnoses is much stress laid upon that terrible breaking-out at the throat, the effusion of blood, that carries off victims so rapidly?

I'll warrant technical terms are not spared at these discussions, for, depend upon it, their doctors know how to talk turkey.

Their consultations and preventive measures, probably, have about as much effect in lessening mortality among turkies, when the season comes around, as have those of our doctors in staying the devastations of cholera.

I am just from under a doctor's hands, by the way..and I still live.

In answer to a prescription, a pill-box came to my rooms, labelled:

"91214..to be taken at bed time."

There were only four in the box, but I swallowed them by way of an instalment, and sent the boy back for the 91210 that were yet due.

He returned with a message stating that 91214 was the number of the prescription, and I was rather glad to hear that no more were coming, for I already began to feel as though I had swallowed a wild cat.

On the whole, I do not think the Pacific slope is as healthy as it was, so do not be surprised if you blunder over my name among the list of passengers some steamer day.

I never hear of the Pacific slope and its beauties without thinking of the magnificent slope that Gottschalk made a month or two since.

Poor Gottschalk! I have never believed he was half so bad a fellow as people tried to make out. How could a man with so much music in his soul be fit for treason, strategy, and spoils?

Young and inexperienced, he fell an easy victim to the snares that were spread for his feet. I have known many young men to fall in a similar manner..indeed they are very apt to..it is a way they have.

I have never fallen so myself, but the fault is not mine. No young lady ever thought it worth her while to go for me.

Hence these tears.

Viewing the matter calmly and from a philosophical standpoint, I think that Gottschalk's great mistake lay in coming out here without a protector.

As a general thing, young men should not be allowed to travel without a protector..especially in a strange country.

The best protector, perhaps, that one can have, is a wife..a wife of one's own, I mean..other people's wives are not to be trusted.

It does n't make much matter, either, whether or not that wife is good looking, so long as you think she is. Indeed I do not know but that it is better if the balance of the world entertain an opinion on that point contrary to yourself..it may contribute materially to your peace of mind.

In my opinion every young man ought to get married. There is nothing in the world better than a wife..unless it is two wives.

Brigham Young, with his multiplicity, is the happiest man in America..so happy, indeed, that he can't rest with thinking about it.

But every man has his *forte*, and I don't think that mine is marrying.

The chances are that as the head of a family I should present a rather ungraceful appearance; and I am sure I should cut an awkward figure at the head of a table, as I don't know how to carve.

But as there is a strong probability that there would not be much upon the table to carve, perhaps that does not much matter...

But it is strange how these digressions occur. I set out to say that a despatch from Gottschalk last week informed us that he was at the Isthmus, intending soon to sail for Lima, going thence to Valparaiso.

On the Isthmus he has probably enjoyed himself muchly, as it gets its name from the young ladies there having neither Pa na' ma.

In Lima he will have a fine opportunity to im-Peruve.

And in Valparaiso he will find the young ladies all so Chile that no harm can possibly be done.

Musical people always seem to fare badly. Is there no sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to watch over their destinies?

A concerted piece was executed, I am told, upon the person of a concert giver, in front of the Opera House the other morning. He was beat over the head with variations too numerous to mention, and to day the Police Court is in session to settle the score.

I am sorry for these rows..they do not result to the credit of the man who beats the other, nor do they tend exactly to the satisfaction of the one who is beaten.

But there is such a thing as mitigating circumstances, and the provocation should be looked to a little before we pronounce judgment...

I never meddle with private quarrels, but this has assumed the proportions of a public one, and is therefore a fair theme for comment. At the concert given in aid of the British Benevolent Society, on Monday evening last, I saw cards circulated among the audience reflecting upon the conduct of Manager Maguire, in refusing to allow Miss Thorne to sing after having given his promise that he would.

As Miss Thorne was singing on the stage at the time the card attracted my attention, I could not very well understand it.

But setting the premises..about which I know nothing..wholly one side, what right had W. J. McDougall..for that was the signature which the card bore..to print and circulate such a thing among his audience?

In my humble opinion, he had no more right than Mr. Maguire had to rush into a music store, seize him by the hair, and call him opprobious epithets.

The practice of rushing into print is quite too prevalent here, and should be suppressed quite as much as street fighting.

Newspaper editors have a right to abuse each other in their respective journals, but when persons who do not belong to the profession avail themselves of print to say that of a man which they would not dare say to his face, I think they deserve to have their heads punched.

If a man thinks himself aggrieved by another, let him walk up to him, tell him so squarely, uncork every vial of his wrath upon the spot, and..though he should get badly whipped in consequence..he will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he has acted man-fashion. Printing placards, however, or securing the services of some newspaper which does not think that journalism occupies a higher plane than personal controversies to blackguard your opponent, is a very mean way of getting even.

To go back to Thanksgiving again..to which I intended in the outset to devote this whole article..asking several persons how they kept Thanksgiving, the reply has been that they did not keep it at all..that they had nothing to be thankful for.

Fernando Wood, when Mayor of New York, made a similar remark one year, in issuing a Thanksgiving proclamation in accordance with the Governor's, and right royally Dr. Chapin took him to task for it in his sermon upon that day.

Nothing to be thankful for, said he, when the seasons have marched on in golden procession, bringing seed time and harvest, and the leaves of autumn drop like a benediction upon a work completed and a promise fulfilled!

Ah, those were the days when I was a steady and consistent church goer, but I look in vain for such a Chap in the pulpits hereaway.

There is never a day that we do not have something to be thankful for, and surely it is not difficult to find occasion once a year.

I am thankful to-day that I have survived all the turkey I ate yesterday, and have got over the gout, and am not the editor of *Outcroppings*.

I should have been more thankful had I been at home..where I ought to have been..yesterday, for there Thanksgiving is more of an institution than it is here.

In addition to opening churches and shutting up stores, little boys are not allowed to play ball in the streets.

But to get where Thanksgiving is thoroughly appreciated, one must go to New England.

There they have Indian pudding and pumpkin pies, to say nothing of doughnuts

One touch of Nature in Massachusetts makes all mankind pump-kin. They put off Thanksgiving there once because an expected cargo of molasses did not arrive, and they had nothing to sweeten pies with.

Massachusetts is a nice place..which, I believe, is the only point of resemblance between it and San Andreas.

But thankful as I am, I should have been more thankful had it been permitted me to attend the examination at Miss Lammond's school on Wednesday.

I am not afraid of female seminaries at all, and I always liked girls better than boys.

It was remarked as a peculiarity of mine at school, and I've not got over it yet.

A friend of mine tells me that the examination went off splendidly, and that it was one of the most interesting occasions of the kind that ever he attended.

Next year if I'm here I shall try to be there.

Just at present the problem that occupies me is dinner. I wonder whether turkey-hash will be the only dish at our boarding house. The chances are it will be, for a sad extravagance was manifested yesterday.

Next week expect to see me, like a Phœnix, rise from my hashes.

INIGO.

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came:
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there,
I shall want my book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
If he belonged to "*the* Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed at that,
And then, as he gazed to the further shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing away—away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many—a very wise thing—
That the people in heaven, "all round" might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"*Thus*, with a few drops on my brow"
"But *I* have been dipped, as you'll see me now.

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm "close communion," to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the right—
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and loud
Came ever up from the moving crowd,
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true;"
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then:
"Let no one speak, but the 'holy men;'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
Oh, let the women keep silence all?'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And all who in Christ the Savior died,
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness."

ROYAL SPORT.—There was once upon a time a King of Prussia who was very short sighted, so much so that he could scarcely tell the number of the regiment that passed before him in review; but he was nevertheless a passionate sportsman, and loved to kill hares, and in good company, so that they might talk over their exploits during luncheon. He was always followed by the *grand veneur*, who told his short-sighted Majesty after each shot what was the result, and in a grave tone as implacable as though he were a supernumerary in a tragedy. The King fired, for instance—"What is that," said his Majesty, "which I have killed?" "A goat, your Majesty." The King fired again—"What was that?" "A horse, your Majesty." A third shot—"What was that?" "A pheasant, your Majesty." A fourth shot—"A cock, your Majesty." A fifth shot—"His Highness the Duke of Schwarzenburgh, your Majesty." A sixth shot—"A man, your Majesty." A seventh shot—"A child, your Majesty." "Horrible! if that had only been another Duke! But a child!" "Your Majesty, it is nothing. Here is the game, wounded behind slightly." The king put down his gun and searched his pockets. In the confusion he produces an Order of Knighthood from among the many trifles, and at last recovering his senses, thrusts it back, seizes ten Frederick d'ors, kisses the child with all the heart of a good king and a good man, thrusts the gold into the child's hand, and goes to lunch with his friends and to relating the capital day's sport he has had.

A GOOD WORD FOR FAT MEN.—Says an English writer: "It is a notable fact in criminal statistics that no fat man was ever convicted of the crime of murder. Stout persons are not revengeful; nor, as a general thing, are they agitated by gusts of passion. Few murderers weigh more than ten stone. Seldom has such a phenomenon as a fat housekeeper been paraded at a criminal bar. It is your lean, wiry fellow who works with the skeleton keys, forces himself through closet windows which, seemingly, would scarce suffice for the entrance of a cat, steals, with noiseless step, along the lobby and up the stairs, glides into the chamber, and, with husky voice and the exhibition of an enormous carving-knife, commands silence on pain of instant death, and delivery of cash and jewels. It is your attenuated thief who insinuates himself under beds, behind counters, dives into tills, or makes prey of articles of commerce arrayed at shop doors. A corpulent burglar is as much out of place, and as little to be feared, as was Falstaff at Gadshill—and what policeman ever yet gave chase to a depredator as bulky as a bullock? Corpulency is the outward sign of a good constitution, but of inward rectitude and virtue."

LUXURIOUS TRAVELLING.—The *Nord* contains an enticing description of the railway carriages now running on the Moscow and St. Petersburg line. It appears that, for the trifling addition of two roubles to the usual fare, travellers are received in brilliantly-lighted *salons*, around which luxurious sofas and arm-chairs invite the weary to repose, while perusing the latest periodicals and newest novels, which are scattered on the tables of this *salon ambulant*. When the hour of retiring arrives, the *valet-de-chambre* conducts the gentleman passengers to the *tabagie* previous to their being shown their sleeping apartments, while smart *femmes-de-chambres* point out to the lady travellers their bed-rooms and *boudoirs*, fitted up, as the advertisement says, "with every modern luxury, including baths," etc. The *tabagie* on this favored line of railroad must realize the smoker's idea of Paradise, so perfect are its contrivances for ventilation and the thorough enjoyment of the cigar, pipe, or hookah.

On a recent trip of one of the Illinois river packets—a light-draught one, as there were only two feet water in the channel—the passengers were startled by the cry of "Man overboard!" The steamer was stopped, and preparations made to save him, when he was heard exclaiming: "Come on with your old snail-catcher! I'll walk along ahead of you!"

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day. "Ah! he was a good clever old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

LITTLE PANSIE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

DOCTOR DOLLIVER, a worthy personage of extreme antiquity, was aroused rather prematurely, one summer morning, by the shouts of the child Pansie, in an adjoining chamber, summoning Old Martha (who performed the duties of nurse, housekeeper, and kitchen-maid, in the Doctor's establishment) to take up her little ladyship and dress her. The old gentleman woke with more than his customary alacrity, and, after taking a moment to gather his wits about him, pulled aside the faded moreen curtains of his ancient bed, and thrust his head into a beam of sunshine that caused him to wink and withdraw it again. This transitory glimpse of good Dr. Dolliver showed a flannel nightcap, fringed round with stray locks of silvery white hair, and surmounting a meagre and duskily yellow visage, which was crossed and criss crossed with a record of his long life in wrinkles, faithfully written, no doubt, but with such cramped chirography of Father Time that the purport was illegible. It seemed hardly worth while for the patriarch to get out of bed any more, and bring his forlorn shadow into the summer day that was made for younger folks. The Doctor, however, was by no means of that opinion, being considerably encouraged towards the toil of living twenty-four hours longer by the comparative ease with which he found himself going through the usually painful process of bestirring his rusty joints, (stiffened by the very rest and sleep that should have made them pliable,) and putting them in a condition to bear his weight upon the floor. Nor was he absolutely disheartened by the idea of those tonsorial, ablutionary, and personally decorative labors which are apt to become so intolerably irksome to an old gentleman, after performing them daily and daily for fifty, sixty or seventy years, and finding them still as immitigably recurrent as at first. Dr. Dolliver could nowise account for this happy condition of his spirits and physical energies, until he remembered taking an experimental sip of a certain cordial which was long ago prepared by his grandson and carefully sealed up in a bottle, and had been reposited in a dark closet among a parcel of effete medicines ever since that gifted young man's death.

"It may have wrought effect upon me," thought the Doctor, shaking his head as he lifted it again from the pillow. "It may be so; for poor Cornelius oftentimes instilled a strange efficacy into his perilous drugs. But I will rather believe it to be the operation of God's mercy, which may have temporarily invigorated my feeble age for little Pansie's sake."

A twinge of his familiar rheumatism, as he put his foot out of bed, taught him that he must not reckon too confidently upon even a day's respite from the intrusive family of aches and infirmities which, with their proverbial fidelity to attachments once formed, had long been the closest acquaintances that the poor old gentleman had in the world. Nevertheless, he fancied the twinge a little less poignant than those of yesterday; and, moreover, after stinging him pretty smartly, it passed gradually off with a thrill, which, in its latter stages, grew to be almost agreeable. Pain is but pleasure too strongly emphasized. With cautious movements, and only a groan or two, the good Doctor transferred himself from the bed to the floor, where he stood awhile, gazing from one piece of quaint furniture to another, (such as stiff-backed Mayflower chairs, an oaken chest-of-drawers carved cunningly with shapes of animals and wreaths of foliage, a table with multitudinous legs, a family-record in faded embroidery, a shelf of black bound books, a dirty heap of gallipots and phials in a dim corner,)—at these things and steadying himself by the bedpost, while his inert brain, still partially benumbed with sleep, came slowly into accordance with the realities about him. The object which most helped to bring Dr. Dolliver completely to his waking perceptions was one that common observers might suppose to have been snatched bodily out of his dreams. The same sunbeam that had dazzled the Doctor between the bed-curtains gleamed on the weather-beaten gilding which had once adorned this mysterious symbol, and showed it to be an enormous serpent, twining round a wooden post, and reaching quite from the floor of the chamber to its ceiling.

It was evidently a thing that could boast of considerable antiquity, the dry-rot having eaten out its eyes and gnawed away the tip of its tail; and it must have stood long exposed to the atmosphere, for a kind of gray moss had partially overspread its tarnished gilt surface, and a swallow, or other familiar little bird, in some bygone summer, seemed to have built its nest in the yawning and exaggerated mouth. It looked like a kind of Manichean idol, which might have been elevated on a pedestal for a century or so, enjoying the worship of its votaries in the open air, until the impious sect perished from among men—all save old Dr. Dolliver, who had set up the monster in his bedchamber for the convenience of private devotion. But we are unpardonable in suggesting such a fantasy to the prejudice of our venerable friend, knowing him to have been as pious and upright a Christian, and with as little of the serpent in his character, as ever came of Puritan lineage. Not to make a further mystery about a very simple matter, this bedimmed and rotten reptile was once the medical emblem or apothecary's sign of the famous Dr. Swinner.

ton, who practiced physic in the earlier days of New England when a head of Æsculapius or Hypocrates would have vexed the souls of the righteous as savoring of heathendom. The ancient dispenser of drugs had therefore set up an image of the Brazen Serpent, and followed his business for many years, with great credit under this Scriptural device; and Dr. Dolliver being the apprentice, pupil, and humble friend of the learned Swinnerton's old age, had inherited the symbolic snake, and much other valuable property, by bequest.

While the patriarch was putting on his small-clothes, he took care to stand in the parallelogram of bright sunshine that fell upon the uncarpeted floor. The summer warmth was very genial to his system, and yet made him shiver; his wintry veins rejoiced at it, though the reviving blood tingled through them with a half painful and only half pleasurable titillation. For the first few moments after creeping out of bed, he kept his back to the sunny window and seemed mysteriously shy of glancing thitherward; but as the June fervor pervaded him more and more thoroughly, he turned bravely about and looked forth at a burial-ground on the corner of which he dwelt. There lay many an old acquaintance, who had gone to sleep with the flavor of Dr. Dolliver's tinctures and powders upon his tongue; it was the patient's final bitter taste of this world, and perhaps doomed to be a recollected nauseousness in the next. Yesterday, in the chill of his forlorn age, the Doctor expected soon to stretch out his weary bones among that quiet community, and might scarcely have shrunk from the prospect on his account, except, indeed, that he dreamily mixed up the infirmities of his present condition with the repose of the approaching one, being haunted by a notion that the damp earth, under the grass and dandelions, must needs be pernicious for his cough and his rheumatism. But, this morning, the cheerful sunbeams, or the mere taste of his grandson's cordial that he had taken at bedtime, or the fitful vigor that often sports irrevcrently with aged people, had caused an unfrozen drop of youthfulness, somewhere within him, to expand.

"Hem! ahem!" quoth the Doctor, hoping with one effort to clear his throat of the dregs of a ten years' cough. "Matters are not so far gone with me as I thought; I have known mighty sensible men, when only a little age-stricken or or otherwise out of sorts, to die of mere faintheartedness, a great deal sooner than they need."

He shook his silvery head at his own image in the looking-glass, as if to impress the apothegm on that shadowy representative of himself; and for his part, he determined to pluck up a little spirit and live as long as he possibly could, if it were only for the sake of little Pansie, who stood as close to one extremity of human life as her great-grandfather to the other. This child of three years old occupied all the unfossilized portion of good Dr. Dolliver's heart. Every other interest that he formerly had, and the entire confraternity of persons whom he had once loved, had long ago departed, and the poor Doctor could not follow them because the grasp of Pansie's baby-fingers held him back.

So he crammed a great silver watch into his fob, and drew on a patchwork morning-gown of an ancient fashion. Its original material was said to have been the embroidered front of his own wedding-waistcoat and the silken skirt of his wife's bridal attire, which his eldest granddaughter had taken from the carved chest-of-drawers, after poor Bessie, the beloved of his youth, had been half a century in the grave. Throughout many of the intervening years, as the garment got ragged, the spinsters of the old man's family had quilted their duty and affection into it in the shape of patches upon patches, rose-color, crimson, blue, violet, and green, and then (as their hopes faded, and their life kept growing shadier, and their attire took a sombre hue,) sober gray and great fragments of funereal black, until the Doctor could revive the memory of most things that had befallen him by looking at his ancient patchwork gown, as it hung upon a chair. And now it was ragged again, and the fingers that should have mended it were cold. It had an Eastern fragrance, too, a smell of drugs, strong-scented herbs and spicy gums, gathered from the many potent infusions that had from time to time been spilt over it; so that, snuffing him afar off, you might have taken Dr. Dolliver for a mummy, and could hardly have been undeceived by his shrunken and torpid aspect, as he crept nearer.

Wrapt in his odorous and many-colored robe, he took staff in hand and moved pretty vigorously to the head of the staircase. As it was somewhat steep, and but dimly lighted, he began cautiously to descend, putting his left hand on the bannister, and poking down his long stick to assist him in making sure of the successive steps; and thus he became a living illustration of the accuracy of Scripture, where it describes the aged as being "afraid of that which is high"—a truth that is often found to have a sadder purport than its external one. Half-way to the bottom, however, the Doctor heard the impatient and authoritative tones of little Pansie—Queen Pansie, as she might fairly have been called, in reference to her position in the household—calling amain for grandpapa and breakfast. He was startled into such perilous activity by the summons, that his heels slid on the stairs, the slippers were shuffled off his feet, and he saved himself from a tumble only by quickening his pace, and coming down at almost a run.

"Mercy on my poor old bones!" mentally exclaimed the Doctor, fancying himself fractured in fifty places. "Some of them are broken, surely, and methinks my heart has leaped out of my mouth! What! all right? Well, well! but Providence is kinder to me than I deserve, prancing down this steep staircase like a kid of three months old!"

He bent stiffly to gather up his slippers and fallen staff; and meanwhile Pansie had heard the tumult of her great-grandfather's descent, and was pounding against the door of the breakfast-room in her haste to come at him. The Doctor opened it, and there she stood, a rather pale and large-eyed little thing, quaint in her aspect, as might well be the case with a motherless child, dwelling in an uncheerful house, with no other playmates than a decrepit old man and a kitten, and no better atmosphere within doors than the odor of decayed apothecary's stuff, nor gayer neighborhood than that of the adjacent burial-ground, where all her relatives, from her great-grandmother downward, lay calling to her, "Pansie, Pansie, it is bedtime!" even in the prime of the summer morning. For those dead women-folk, especially her mother and the whole row of maiden aunts and grand-aunts, could not but be anxious about the child, knowing that little Pansie would be far safer under a tuft of dandelions than if left alone, as she soon must be, in this difficult and deceitful world.

Yet, in spite of the lack of damask roses in her cheeks, she seemed a healthy child, and certainly showed great capacity of energetic movement in the impulsive capers with which she welcomed her venerable progenitor. She shouted out her satisfaction, moreover, (as her custom was, having never had any over sensitive auditors about her to tame down her voice,) till even the Doctor's dull ears were full of the clamor.

"Pansie, darling," said Dr. Dolliver cheerily, patting her brown hair with his tremulous fingers, "thou hast put some of thine own friskiness into poor old grandfather, this fine morning! Dost know, child, that he came near breaking his neck down-stairs at the sound of thy voice? What wouldst thou have done then, little Pansie?"

"Kiss poor grandpapa and make him well!" answered the child, remembering the Doctor's own mode of cure in similar mishaps to herself. "It shall do poor grandpapa good!" she added, putting up her mouth to apply the remedy.

"Ah, little one, thou hast greater faith in thy medicines than ever I had in my drugs," replied the patriarch with a giggle, surprised and delighted at his own readiness of response. "But the kiss is good for my feeble old heart, Pansie, though it might do little to mend a broken neck; so give grandpapa another dose, and let us to breakfast."

In this merry humor they sat down to the table, great-grandpapa and Pansie side by side, and the kitten, as soon appeared, making a third in the party. First, she showed her mottled head out of Pansie's lap, delicately sipping milk from the child's basin without rebuke; then she took post on the old gentleman's shoulder, purring like a spinning-wheel, trying her claws in the wadding of his dressing-gown, and still more impressively reminding him of her presence by putting out a paw to intercept a warmed-over morsel of yesterday's chicken on its way to the Doctor's mouth. After skilfully achieving this feat, she scrambled down upon the breakfast table and began to wash her face and hands. Evidently, these companions were all three on intimate terms, as was natural enough, since a great many childish impulses were softly creeping back on the simple-minded old man; insomuch that, if no worldly necessities nor painful infirmity had disturbed him, his remnant of life might have been as cheaply and cheerily enjoyed as the early playtime of the kitten and the child. Old Dr. Dolliver and his great-grand daughter (a ponderous title, which seemed quite to overwhelm the tiny figure of Pansie) had met one another at the two extremities of the life-circle: her sunrise served him for a sunset, illuminating his locks of silver and hers of golden brown with a homogeneous shimmer of twinkling light.

Little Pansie was the one earthly creature that inherited a drop of the Dolliver blood. The Doctor's only child, poor Bessie's offspring, had died the better part of a hundred years before, and his grandchildren, a numerous and dimly remembered brood, had vanished along his weary track in their youth, maturity, or incipient age, till, hardly knowing how it had all happened, he found himself tottering onward with an infant's small fingers in his nerveless grasp. So mistily did his dead progeny come and go in the patriarch's decayed recollection, that this solitary child represented for him the successive babyhoods of the many that had gone before. The emotions of his early paternity came back to him. She seemed the baby of a past age oftener than she seemed Pansie. A whole family of grand-aunts, (one of whom had perished in her cradle, never so mature as Pansie now, another in her virgin bloom, another in autumnal maidenhood, yellow and shrivelled, with vinegar in her blood, and still another, a forlorn widow, whose grief outlasted even its vitality, and grew to be merely a torpid habit, and was saddest then,)—all their hitherto forgotten features peeped through the face of the great-grandchild, and their long inaudible voices sobbed, shouted, or laughed, in her familiar tones. But it often happened to Dr. Dolliver, while frolicking amid this throng of ghosts, where the one reality looked no more vivid than its shadowy sisters—it often happened that his eyes filled with tears at a sudden perception of what a sad and poverty-stricken-old man he was, already remote from his own generation, and bound to stray farther onward as the sole playmate and protector of a child!

As Dr. Dolliver, in spite of his advanced epoch of life, is likely to remain a considerable time longer upon our hands, we deem it expedient to give a brief sketch of his position, in order that the story may get onward with the greater freedom when he rises from the breakfast-table. Deeming it a matter of courtesy, we have allowed him the honorary title of Doctor, as did all his townspeople and contemporaries, except, perhaps, one or two formal old physicians, stingy of civil phrases and over jealous of their own professional dignity. Nevertheless, these crusty graduates were technically right in excluding Dr. Dolliver from their fraternity. He had never received the degree of any medical school, nor (save it might be for the cure of a toothache, or a child's rash, or a whitlow on a seamstress's finger, or some such trifling malady) had he ever been even a practitioner of the awful science with which his popular designation connected him. Our old friend, in short, even at his highest social elevation, claimed to be nothing more than an apothecary, and, in these later and far less prosperous days, scarcely so much. Since the death of his last surviving grandson, (Pansie's father, whom he had instructed in all the mysteries of his science, and who, being distinguished by an experimental and inventive tendency, was generally believed to have poisoned himself with an infallible panacea of his own distillation,)—since that final bereavement, Dr. Dolliver's once pretty flourishing business had lamentably declined. After a few months of unavailing struggle, he found it expedient to take down the Brazen Serpent from the position to which Dr. Swinnerton had originally elevated it, in front of his shop in the main street, and to retire to his private dwelling, situated in a by-lane and on the edge of a burial-ground.

This house, as well as the Brazen Serpent, some old medical books, and a drawer full of manuscripts, had come to him by the legacy of Dr. Swinnerton. The dreariness of the locality had been of small importance to our friend in his young manhood, when he first led his fair wife over the threshold, and so long as neither of them had any kinship with the human dust that rose into little hillocks, and still kept accumulating beneath their window. But, too soon afterwards, when poor Bessie herself had gone early to rest there, it is probable that an influence from her grave may have prematurely calmed and depressed her widowed husband, taking away much of the energy from what should have been the most active portion of his life. Thus he never grew rich. His thrifty townsmen used to tell him, that, in any other man's hands, Dr. Swinnerton's Brazen Serpent (meaning, I presume, the inherited credit and good will of that old worthy's trade) would need but ten years' time to transmute its brass into gold. In Dr. Dolliver's keeping, as we have seen, the inauspicious symbol lost the greater part of what superficial gilding it originally had. Matters had not mended with him in more advanced life, after he had deposited a further and further portion of his heart and its affections in each successive one of a long row of kindred graves: and as he stood over the last of them, holding Pansie by the hand and looking down upon the coffin of his grandson, it is no wonder that the old man wept, partly for those gone before, but not so bitterly as for the little one that stayed behind. Why had not God taken her with the rest? And then, so hopeless as he was, so destitute of possibilities of good, his weary frame, his decrepit bones, his dried-up heart, might have crumbled into dust at once, and have been scattered by the next wind over all the heaps of earth that were akin to him.

This intensity of desolation, however, was of too positive a character to be long sustained by a person of Dr. Dolliver's original gentleness and simplicity, and now so completely tamed by age and misfortune. Even before he turned away from the grave, he grew conscious of a slightly cheering and invigorating effect from the tight grasp of the child's warm little hand. Feeble as he was, she seemed to adopt him willingly for her protector. And the Doctor never afterwards shrank from his duty nor quailed beneath it, but bore himself like a man, striving, amid the sloth of age and the breaking-up of intellect, to earn the competency which he had failed to accumulate even in his most vigorous days.

To the extent of securing a present subsistence for Pansie and himself, he was successful. After his son's death, when the Brazen Serpent fell into popular disrepute, a small share of tenacious patronage followed the old man into his retirement. In his prime, he had been allowed to possess more skill than usually fell to the share of a Colonial apothecary, having been regularly apprenticed to Dr. Swinnerton, who, throughout his long practice, was accustomed personally to concoct the medicines which he prescribed and dispensed. It was believed, indeed, that the ancient physician had learned the art at the world-famous drug-manufactory of Apothecary's

Hall, in London, and, as some people half-malignly whispered, had perfected himself under masters more subtle than were to be found even there. Unquestionably, in many critical cases he was known to have employed remedies of mysterious composition and dangerous potency, which in less skilful hands would have been more likely to kill than cure. He would willingly, it is said, have taught his apprentice the secrets of these prescriptions, but the latter, being of a timid character and delicate conscience, had shrunk from acquaintance with them. It was probably as the result of the same scrupulosity that Dr. Dolliver had always declined to enter the medical profession, in which his old instructor had set him such heroic examples of adventurous dealing with matters of life and death. Nevertheless, the aromatic fragrance, so to speak, of the learned Swinnerton's reputation had clung to our friend through life; and there were elaborate preparations in the pharmacopœia of that day, requiring such minute skill and conscientious fidelity in the concocter that the physicians were still glad to confide them to one in whom these qualities were so evident.

Moreover, the grandmothers of the community were kind to him, and mindful of his perfumes, his rose-water, his cosmetics, tooth-powders, pomanders, and pomades, the scented memory of which lingered about their toilet-tables, or came faintly back from the days when they were beautiful. Among this class of customers there was still a demand for certain comfortable little nostrums, (delicately sweet and pungent to the taste, cheering to the spirits, and fragrant in the breath,) the proper distillation of which was the airiest secret that the mystic Swinnerton had left behind him. And, besides, these old ladies had always liked the manners of Dr. Dolliver, and used to speak of his gentle courtesy behind the counter as having positively been something to admire; though, of later years, an unrefined, an almost rustic simplicity, such as belonged to his humble ancestors, appeared to have taken possession of him, as it often does of prettily mannered men in their late decay.

But it resulted from all these favorable circumstances that the Doctor's marble mortar, though worn with long service and considerably damaged by a crack that pervaded it, continued to keep up an occasional intimacy with the pestle; and he still weighed drachms and scruples in his delicate scales, though it seemed impossible, dealing with such minute quantities, that his tremulous fingers should not put in too little or too much, leaving out life with the deficiency or spilling in death with the surplus. To say the truth, his stanchest friends were beginning to think that Dr. Dolliver's fits of absence (when his mind appeared absolutely to depart from him, while his frail old body worked on mechanically) rendered him not quite trustworthy without a close supervision of his proceedings. It was impossible, however, to convince the aged apothecary of the necessity for such vigilance; and if anything could stir up his gentle temper to wrath, or, as oftener happened, to tears, it was the attempt (which he was marvellously quick to detect) thus to interfere with his long-familiar business.

The public, meanwhile, ceasing to regard Dr. Dolliver in his professional aspect, had begun to take an interest in him as perhaps their oldest fellow-citizen. It was he that remembered the Great Fire and the Great Snow, and that had been a grown-up stripling at the terrible epoch of Witch-Times, and a child just breeched at the breaking-out of King Philip's Indian War. He, too, in his schoolboy days, had received a benediction from the patriarchal Governor Brudstreet, and thus could boast (somewhat as Bishops do of their unbroken succession from the Apostles) of a transmitted blessing from the whole company of sainted Pilgrims, among whom the venerable magistrate had been an honored companion. Viewing their townsman in this aspect, the people revoked the courteous Doctorate with which they had heretofore decorated him, and now knew him most familiarly as Grandsir Dolliver. His white head, his Puritan band, his threadbare garb, (the fashion of which he had ceased to change, half a century ago,) his gold-headed staff, that had been Dr. Swinnerton's, his shrunken, frosty figure, and its feeble movement—all these characteristics had a wholeness and permanence in the public recognition, like the meeting-house steeple or the town-pump. All the younger portion of the inhabitants unconsciously ascribed a sort of aged immortality to Grandsir Dolliver's infirm and reverend presence. They fancied that he had been born old, (at least, I remember entertaining some such notions about age stricken people, when I myself was young,) and that he could the better tolerate his aches and incommodities, his dull ears and dim eyes, his remoteness from human intercourse within the crust of indurated years, the cold temperature that kept him always shivering and sad, the heavy burden that invisibly bent down his shoulders—that all these intolerable things might bring a kind of enjoyment to Grandsir Dolliver, as the life-long conditions of his peculiar existence.

But, alas! it was a terrible mistake. This weight of years had a perennial novelty for the poor sufferer. He never grew accustomed to it, but, long as he had now borne the fretful torpor of his waning life, and patient as he seemed, he still retained an inward consciousness that these stiffened shoulders, these quailing knees, this cloudiness of sight and brain, this confused forgetfulness of men and affairs, were troublesome accidents that did not really belong to him. He possibly cherished a half recognized idea that they might pass away. Youth, however eclipsed for a season, is undoubtedly the proper, permanent, and genuine condition of man; and if we look closely into this dreary delusion of growing old, we shall find that it never absolutely succeeds in laying hold of our innermost convictions. A sombre garment, woven of life's unrealities, has muffled us from our true self, but within it smiles the young man whom we knew; the ashes of many perishable things have fallen upon our youthful fire, but beneath them lurk the seeds of inextinguishable flame. So powerful is this instinctive faith that men of simple modes of character are prone to antedate its consummation. And thus it happened with poor Grandsir Dolliver, who often awoke from an old man's fitful sleep with a sense that his senile predicament was but a dream of the past night; and hobbling hastily across the cold floor to the looking glass, he would be grievously disappointed at beholding the white hair, the wrinkles and furrows, the ashen visage and bent form, the melancholy mask of Age, in which, as he now remembered, some strange and sad enchantment had involved him for years gone by!

To other eyes than his own, however, the shrivelled old gentleman looked as if there were little hope of his throwing off this too artfully wrought disguise, until, at no distant day, his stooping figure should be straightened out, his hoary locks be smoothed over his brows, and his much enduring bones be laid safely away, with a green coverlet spread over them, beside his Bessie, who doubtless would recognize her youthful companion in spite of his ugly garniture of decay. He longed to be gazed at by the loving eyes now closed; he shrank from the hard stare of them that loved him not. Walking the streets seldom and reluctantly, he felt a dreary impulse to elude the people's observation, as if with a sense that he had gone irrevocably out of fashion, and broken his connecting links with the network of human life; or else it was that nightmare-feeling which we sometimes have in dreams, when we seem to find ourselves wandering through a crowded avenue, with the noonday sun upon us, in some wild extravagance of dress or nudity. He was conscious of estrangement from his towns people, but did not always know how nor wherefore, nor why he should be thus groping through the twilight mist in solitude. If they spoke loudly to him, with cheery voices, the greeting translated itself faintly and mournfully to his ears; if they shook him by the hand, it was as if a thick, insensible glove absorbed the kindly pressure and the warmth. When little Pansie was the companion of his walk, her childish gayety and freedom did not avail to bring him into closer relationship with men, but seemed to follow him into that region of indefinable remoteness, that dismal Fairy-Land of aged fancy, into which old Grandsir Dolliver had so strangely crept away.

Yet there were moments, as many persons had noticed, when the great-grandpapa would suddenly take stronger hues of life. It was as if his faded figure had been colored over anew, or at least, as he and Pansie moved along the street, as if a sunbeam had fallen across him, instead of the gray gloom of an instant before. His chilled sensibilities had probably been touched and quickened by the warm contiguity of his little companion through the medium of her hand, as it stirred within his own, or some inflection of her voice that set his memory ringing and chiming with forgotten sounds. While that music lasted, the old man was alive and happy. And there were seasons, it might be, happier than even these, when Pansie had been kissed and put to bed, and Grandsir Dolliver sat by his fireside gazing in among the massive coals, and absorbing their glow into those cavernous abysses with which all men communicate. Hence come angels or fiends into our twilight musings, according as we may have peopled them in by-gone years. Over our friend's face, in the rosy flicker of the fire-gleam, stole an expression of repose and perfect trust that made him as beautiful to look at, in his high-backed chair, as the child Pansie on her pillow; and sometimes the spirits that were watching him beheld a calm surprise draw slowly over his features and brighten into joy, yet not so vividly as to break his evening quietude. The gate of heaven had been kindly left ajar, that this forlorn old creature might catch a glimpse within. All the night afterwards, he would be semi-conscious of an intangible bliss diffused through the fitful lapses of an old man's slumber, and would awake, at early dawn, with a faint thrilling of the heartstrings, as if there had been music just now wandering over them.—*Good Company*

The peculiar nature of British wines is well hit off in a *bon mot* which is laid at the door of the late Lord Palmerston. "The port, gentlemen," he is said to have said, "I can warrant: it was made by my father. As for the claret and the champagne, you must judge for yourself; those come from my wine merchant."

The melancholy intelligence of the death of one of the most accomplished of violinists, and one of the best of men reaches us. Ernst expired on the 8th October at Nice, where he had been sojourning for some time, with the hope—vain hope—of benefiting his health.

DRAMATIC.

At Maguire's Opera House, *The Old Corporal* occupied the stage until Wednesday evening, when it gave place to *Janet Pride*—the pride of Boucicault. We scarcely think we err in terming this piece sensational. Of the plot it may be said that it covers a great deal of ground; for, opening in Paris, it proceeds by quick march to Australia, and closes in London. So many persons are killed in the second act that one has some apprehensions that none will be left to take part in the third. Poor "Sergt. Wm. Gray, of the 98th, aged 40 years," only steps upon the stage for about three minutes, but in that little time he finds himself dead and buried, and "Black Jack" fares about the same. Boniface and the Jacksons take the principal characters in the piece, and are permitted to live it through to the end. Notwithstanding the attractions of this play, they are going far away, far away from poor Janet, *The Secret Cipher*—by Charles Reade and Tom Taylor—being announced for last evening. If Tom Taylor and Charles Reade cannot get up between them a play good enough to please a Californian audience, it will be very surprising indeed. This afternoon, *Janet Pride*, and this evening *The Three Musketeers*.

At the Academy of Music, on Friday evening of last week, Setchell's benefit was well attended. *Poor Pillicoddy* went off very well, but *A Quiet Family* dragged, and we would not have believed that the sparkling farce of *Box and Cox* could be so badly done had not the most indisputable evidence been afforded by the afterpiece. We cannot forbear suggesting to Mr. Jackson—with the most kindly intentions—that the low comedian is not called upon to be low in the arbitrary significance of the word, and that the bounds between humor and vulgarity are too widely drawn to admit of their being for a moment confounded with each other. Stuffing his mouth with a half loaf of bread, gargling himself with it for a few painful seconds, and then spitting it out all over the stage—a stroke of humor which he repeated in the afterpiece—may have charms to soothe the Australian breast, but it will not answer for the American stage. On Monday evening, *London Assurance* was presented, with a famous cast—*i. e.*, there were five stars in it, or at least five persons whose names are printed in large letters on the bills. *London Assurance* is a good comedy, but five stars would kill the best in the world—it is obvious enough that with five in a piece, each one determined to make his or her part *the* part, everything would drag. Miss Thorne, on this occasion, appeared as "Lady Gay Spanker," Boniface as "Sir Harcourt Courtley," Harry Jackson as "Dolly Spanker," Mrs. Jackson as "Grace Harkaway," Dan Setchell as "Mark Meddle." Miss Thorne is too accomplished an actress to do anything badly, but "Lady Gay" is scarcely in her style. As "Sir Harcourt," Mr. Boniface went decidedly beyond what was anticipated of him, but erred by making the affectation of the character too studied. As 'Dolly Spanker," Mr. Jackson reproduced his part in the *Quiet Family*. He must realize that humor does not consist wholly in plaid clothes or facial distortions. And unless he tones down his drunken delineations somewhat, he will encounter a very severe reproof if he ever has occasion to play before a more metropolitan audience than San Francisco affords. A drunken man with a gaping, blackened mouth is simply disgusting and not at all funny. Mrs. Jackson has a habit of moulding and measuring each and every word, snipping them off at a certain length with labial shears, which is too confirmed to be remedied by suggestion, we fear, though it is impossible to forbear protesting against the monotonousness of the effect. Setchell was funny, of course, but his "Mark Meddle" was an exact reproduction of "Paul Pry," and not the wiry, bustling attorney intended by the author. Harry Wall threw a good deal of gesticulation into "Dazzle," but the character is slightly beyond his calibre. Taken all in all we cannot conscientiously say that *London Assurance* was well done, though it was repeated the next evening for Miss Thorne's benefit, and with much better effect. We are pleased to chronicle that the benefit was a success, the house being well filled with a decidedly fashionable audience. On Wednesday the company went up country, and are now playing at Sacramento.

It may scarcely come under the head of things dramatic, but the nuptials of two as good looking young persons as Miss Louise Clarkson and Mr. Harry Wall are worth mentioning, and of interest to the profession. The pair were made one on Tuesday, and on Wednesday made a wedding tour to Sacramento with the balance of the company. That the brief engagement, so suddenly and happily consummated, will terminate successfully is the sincere wish of all friends.

At the Metropolitan, Vestvali's benefit on Friday of last week, was well attended, her cousin Mdlle. Lund making her *début* before a San Francisco audience. The German drama is by no means new to the lady and she is an actress of merit. During the present week "Arrah-na-Pogue" has been running, and benefits of every imaginable company and concern have been ruling. "Arrah-na-Pogue" is announced "positively for the last time this afternoon." The evening performance will consist of "Everybody's Friend" and "That Blessed Baby."

[For the Californian.]

THE OAK.

(QUERCUS.)

THE Oak was considered by the ancients as the emblem of hospitality, because, when Jupiter and Mercury were travelling in disguise, and arrived at the cottage of Philemon, who was afterwards changed into an oak tree, they were treated with the greatest kindness. Philemon was a poor old man, who lived with his wife Baucus in Phrygia, in a miserable cottage, which Jupiter, to reward his hospitality, changed into a magnificent temple, of which he made the old couple priest and priestess, granting them the only request they made to him, viz: to be permitted to die together. Accordingly, when both were grown so old as to wish for death, Jove turned Baucis into a lime tree and Philemon into an oak, the two trees entwining their branches, and shading for more than a century the magnificent portal of the Phrygian temple. The civic crown of the Romans was formed of oak, and it was granted for eminent civil services rendered to the state, the greatest of which was considered to be the saving of the life of a Roman citizen. Scipio Africanus, however, when his crown was offered to him for saving the life of his father at the battle of Trebia, nobly refused it on the ground that such an action carried with it its own reward. Lucan alludes to this custom in his *Pharsalia:*

"Straight Lebius from amidst the rest stood forth,
An old centurian of distinguish'd worth;
An oaken wreath his hardy temples bore,
Mark of a citizen preserved he wore."

Shakspeare, when making Cominius describe the merits of Coriolanus, mentions this crown as having been won by that hero:

——"At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head from Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all pride I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him; he bestrid
An o'erpress'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three oppressors: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with oak."

Acorns having been the common food of man till Ceres introduced corn, boughs of oak were carried in the Eleusinian mysteries. Tighe says:

"Then, crown'd with oaken chaplets, march'd the priest
Of Eleusinian Ceres, and with boughs
Of oak were overshadow'd in the feast
The teeming basket and mystic vase."

Virgil, in the first *Georgic*, says:

"Bacchus and fostering Ceres, powers divine!
Who gave us corn for mast, for water wine."

And Spencer alludes to this fable in the following lines:

"The oak, whose acorns were our food before
That Ceres' seed of mortal man was known,
Which first Triptolemene taught to be sown."

The beautiful fiction of the Hamadryads is frequently referred to by the Greek poets. The Hamadryads were nymphs, each of whom was

"Doom'd to a life coeval with her oak,"

says Pindar; and Callimachus, in the *Hymn to Delos*, represents Melie as "sighing deeply for her parent oak," and adds:

"Joy fills her breast when showers refresh the spray:
Sadly she grieves when Autumn's leaves decay."

In *Apollonius Rhodius* we find one of the Hamadryads imploring a woodman to spare the oak to which her existence was attached:

"Loud through the air resounds the woodman's stroke,
When, lo! a voice breaks from the groaning oak.
'Spare, spare my life! a trembling virgin spare!
Oh, listen to the Hamadryad's prayer!
No longer let that fearful axe resound;
Preserve the tree to which my life is bound!
See, from the bark my blood in torrents flows,
I faint, I sink, I perish from your blows.'"

Among the Celtic nations, the god Teut was worshipped under the form of an oak, or, according to others Tarwawa, the god of thunder, but these legends, together with the superstitions of the Druids, belong rather to the British oak than to the genus generally. The oak from the earliest ages has been considered as one of the most important of forest trees.

It is celebrated, Burnet observes, in story and in song, in the forest and in the field, and unrivalled in commerce and the arts. It was held sacred alike by the Hebrews, the Greeks and Romans, and the ancient Britons and Gauls, and it was the fear of the superstitious for their oracle, at the same time that it was the resort of the hungry for their food. It was from Hu (the Bacchus of the Druids) that the word Yule, or Yule log, was derived, and was always of oak, and, as the ancient Britons believed that it was essential for their hearth fires to be removed every year from the sacred fire of the Druids, so their descendents thought that some misfortune would befall them if any accident happened to the Yule log. (See Irving's *Bracebridge Hall.*) The worship of the Druids was generally performed under an oak, and a heap of stones was erected, on which the sacred fire was kindled, which was called a cairn, as Professor Burnet says, from *kern*, an acorn.

According to Davie's *Celtic Researches into the Mythology of the Druids*, the apple tree was considered as the next sacred tree to the oak, and orchards of it were always planted near a grove of Druids' oak. There are some two hundred varieties of the oak, found growing all through the temperate regions, many attaining a great size and age, and being connected with history by many interesting incidents and associations. A celebrated writer says, "Of all inanimate objects, trees are the most companionable;" every breath of air makes them vocal, and they "discourse most eloquent music," apparently adapting their tones to the mood of the listener. Is he sorrowful?—they seem to share his sadness; is he joyous—to partake his mirth; is he religious—his devotion. For him there is not only "pleasure" but society "in the pathless woods," for he peoples them with "calling shapes,"

"And airy tongues that syllable men's names."

How beautiful is a wooded landscape! Be the season what it may, trees always excite admiration. The tender green of spring, the deeper tints and full grown foliage of summer, the surpassing glory and variety of autumn, and even the snow and hoar frost of winter, each sits so well upon them, that, delighted with the present impression, we think no other vesture would become them so well.

The individuality of character, too, which each tree possesses adds an indescribable charm to sylvan scenery. "What can afford more delightful contrasts in landscape," says a tasteful author, "than the giant strength of the oak with the flexile elegance of the ash, the stately tranquility of the elm with the tremulous lightness of the poplar, the bright and vivid foliage of the beech or sycamore with the funeral majesty of the cedar or the yew, all differing in form and character, as in color."

"No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
And each its charm peculiar."

IRIS.

CULINARY REFORM—OUR RESTAURANTS.

PITYING the despeptic pangs of a nation whose cooks play into the hands of its physicians as if a business understanding existed between the kitchen and the dispensary, a Parisian *cuisinier* of some note has settled in New York, with the benevolent purpose of improving the condition of our gastric apparatus and tickling our misused palates. This philanthropic *Archimagirus*, whose surname is Blot, has established in our midst a normal school for cooks, and it is said that the fair students who have gone through the curriculum of the institution do honor to the instructions of their culinary *Almus Poter*. Let us hope that each graduate will act a missionary part, freely teaching what she has wisely learned, and thus assisting to relieve our country from the reproach of having but one gravy. There are as many varieties of meat as of mind; why should there not be as many sauces as sects, as many condiments as creeds?

The kitchen apostle from France is welcome. On behalf of the American stomach we greet him kindly, and are thankful that his advent has preceded that of the cholera. Possibly, by adopting his dietary, many of us may escape the scourge of which indigestion is said to be a potent ally. But if a ray of light is at last struggling through the ill-flavored fog which, from time immemorial, has pervaded our private kitchens; if, under the tutelage of American matrons who have taken their degrees in Blot's gastronomic college, new ideas of flavors are beginning to dawn upon the "foreign element" in our households, the change has not yet reached our eating-houses and restaurants. On the contrary, they get worse and worse. As their charges increase, their provant degenerates. All the articles they parade on their bills of fare, from pork and beans to *meringues* and *Charlottes*, have a peculiar *mauvais goul*, compounded of their several exhalations, which assures the sensitive palate that they have all simmered together in one omniverous oven, and been simultaneously disgorged from its steaming mouth. The *cartes* presented to guests at these establishments comprehend a copious variety of dishes, but the promise they make to the eye is woefully broken to the sense of taste. The mephitic whiffs ejected into the side-walk air from the subterranean caverns of our large eating-houses, between the hours of 12 M. and 3 P.M., remind one of the stories of the undiscriminating dragon of Wantley who, after swallowing everything edible that he could lay his claws upon, poisoned the atmosphere of a whole neighborhood with the gaseous results of his surfeit. Verily the odor without is a true advertisement of the flavors within. To pore over the list of dishes with a view to making a selection, is mere waste of time. Let the customer tell the waiter to bring him whatever is handiest, and if, when he opens his mouth, he shuts his eyes, he will never know what he is eating.

The rapidity with which Americans dispatch their meals has always been a marvel to Europeans. And yet it is quite natural. The Englishman or Frenchman repairs to his ordinary to dine, the American rushes to his eating-house or boarding-house to *feed*. His object is simply to take in fuel to sustain the flame of life, and, like a Mississippi steamboat, he "woods-up" as fast as possible. He bolts his food boluswise because he does not relish the taste of it. Under a better culinary dispensation he would enjoy his meals; as it is, he endures them.

To the man who knows how to dine, the interior of a New York restaurant of the "immediate dispatch" class presents, between the hours of one and two o'clock, a most uncomfortable spectacle. Perched literally "cheek by jowl" on high stools, closely wedged together, one sees twenty or thirty men and youths with their heads bent down and their elbows in rapid motion. Viewed from the rear, one might suppose them to be weaving or fiddling. Behind them stands another row waiting for vacancies. Every now and then one of the perchers in the front rank slips off his roosting-place, whereupon the member of the reserve corps immediately behind him hops into it and gives his order. About two minutes thereafter the new candidate for a flying dinner has his plate of meat slung at him along the greasy marble counter with that singular grace and dexterity characteristic of New York waiters of the impulsive or slang-bang school. The heavy solids disposed of, the flatulent desert is instantly "thrown in," and in eight minutes from the time he mounted his praudial perch the guest has dined. If one did not feel that the fast feeders at the restaurants were committing slow suicide, their habits would be rather an amusing study. They climb up and dart down from their coigns of vantage so much after the manner of birds (shall we say cormorants?) that one is involuntarily reminded of Plato's definition of man as a featherless specimen of ornithology. The ladies who perch daily in pigeon-like rows before the counters of the dry goods establishments are, however, much prettier samples of our bird-like race. Oh! in the name of all the household gods, why don't they spend a portion of the time they consume so profitlessly abroad in providing something delectable at home for their mates to peck at?

But let us not be unjust. Our culinary prospects are brightening. Monsieur Blot is fashionable. His *séances* are well attended, and there is hope that in the course of time the spit and gridiron may prove formidable rivals to the harp and the piano in the affections of our wives and daughters. The reform inaugurated in the up-town restaurants, and those nuisances, bad-cooking, headlong mastication, and dyspepsia, may be sensibly abated in all the walks of life. Unquestionably, as the home standard of cookery improves, the public purveyors will find it necessary to cater to the more critical appetites which such improvements will engender. Therefore, ladies, as you love us, nay, as you love domestic harmony—for recollect, that of ill-cooked dinners come indigestion and biliousness, and of these ill-temper and discord—keep the ball of culinary reform, so happily started by Mr. Blot, briskly in motion. Positively, you never look more fascinating than when propitiating the Lares (to whom, by the way, bad cooks were sacrificed in early times) by officiating with your own fair hands at the culinary altar. Do you remember the description in *Martin Chuzzlewit* of sweet little Ruth Pinch's first essay in cookery: "Such a busy little woman as she was. So full of self-importance. It was a perfect treat to see her, with her brows knit and her rosy lips pursed up, kneading away at the crust, rolling it out, cutting it into strips, lining the basin with it, shaving it off round the edges, chopping the meat into small pieces, raining down pepper and salt upon them, packing them into the basin; until, at last, the basin being quite full and only wanting the top crust, she clapped her hands, all covered with paste and flour, and burst out heartily into such a charming laugh of triumph that the pudding need have no other seasoning to commend it to the taste of any reasonable man on earth?"

So Tom Pinch's sister achieved her first beefsteak pudding, and, pursuing steadily the wholesome course thus begun, became in time almost a Francatelli in petticoats. Country-women, go ye and do likewise. Blot stands ready to confer the honorable degree of F. R. C. (first-rate cook) upon such of you as choose to perfect yourselves in kitchen lore under his instructions.—"*J. B.*," *in the Round Table.*

SINGULAR DUEL—SENSIBLE CHOICE OF WEAPONS.—Two worthies who had quarrelled, and who had been vowing vengeance on each other for some time, happened to meet, recently, in a public-house in Pulteneytown, where they mutually determined to settle up old scores, mine host volunteering to act as referee. The most natural weapon, the fist, was, of course, the only one that had occurred to them; but mine host, having one eye to his business and another to his fun, suggested that their quarrel was not one which should be settled by the vulgar resort to fisticuffs. Would they allow him to select the weapons with which they should fight? "Agreed," said both the worthies. "Well, gentlemen," said mine host, "you shall fight it across this table, and your weapons shall not be pistols, but soda-water bottles." A dozen-basket having been supplied to each, the fight began in downright earnest, each firing away his corks as fast as he could make them "pop," and, by the time that each had stood a dozen rounds from his opponents, they were tired enough, and the ludicrousness of the operations having changed their wrath to laughter loud and long, they shook hands and departed, not foes, but friends.—*John o' Groat Journal.*

THE ROLL OF MUSIC.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

ALTHOUGH I had often been in St. Petersburg before, I had only of late been introduced to the Princess Anna Sobieski, widow of a Polish noble, who had represented a junior branch of that great historic race which has given kings and martyrs to Poland. The old lady, whose large landed possessions, bequeathed by her husband, had procured her the dubious compliment of an imperial command to reside in the metropolis, had treated me with much kindness, and my first call, when the order to depart arrived, was at the Sobieski palace.

I forget what I said, but the conversation rolled on in the usual common-place strain of French compliment, until the princess inquired if I should make any stay at Warsaw. If so, perhaps I would do a kind turn to an old woman who had few opportunities of communicating with her native country. It was nothing—a mere toy—a *bagatelle* not worth the attention of a state messenger like *ce cher capitaine*, who carried papers the contents of which might convulse Europe—but, but would I take charge of a roll of music, produced by a gifted German composer in the capital, and which her dear niece, enthusiastic about music as all Poles were, was dying to receive? Still it was a precious charge, being a loan, since the composer declined to publish it, and on that account it could not be entrusted to the care of the Russian railway officials. The princess added that her brother, the Count Szomyzy, lived but eleven virsts from Warsaw, that his castle was just then full of guests and gaieties, and that I should be a welcome visitor there on the mention of her name.

It was to the count's only daughter, Rosalie, that this invaluable roll of manuscript music was to be conveyed, and her aunt jestingly advised me to take good care of my heart, since her young relative was acknowledged to be the reiguing beauty in the government of Warsaw. I laughed at such a warning. The habit of a roving life had shown me the ease with which impressions are effaced by absence; but I was glad to be of use in a way that involved no dereliction of duty.

The roll of music, in a locked morocco case, with the little silver key dangling from it by a string, was delivered at my hotel by one of the princess' *chasseurs*, and I placed it in my portmanteau, with a mental resolve to diverge from Warsaw to the country-seat of Count Szomyzy, if only for an hour or two.

I had packed my effects, and was ready to start, when a man suddenly burst into the room, and fell on his knees before me.

It being always necessary to speak decidedly to a Russian, I ordered him to leave the room. He was not a beggar—he was too well dressed; not wearing the caftan and boots, but a decent suit of European clothing. Tears were streaming down his face, and he seemed sober, though he moaned piteously as he embraced my knees after the abject fashion of his countrymen.

"Noble excellency! magnanimous Englishman! have some pity on a wretch whose whole life hangs on your honorable decision. I swear to your grandeur that you can make a whole family happy or miserable by one little word, illustrious one!"

With some trouble I drew from the man, whose language, in spite of his agitation, was too pure for a mujik, the substance of his petition. His seemed to be really a hard case. He was a courier, having travelled Europe for years with different masters, and he had a wife and children living at Naples, where he was in hopes of an engagement in the service of a former employer, one of the wealthy Demidoff family. However, he had been recalled to Russia to give evidence in a law-suit, and, on preparing to leave St. Petersburg, the police, in some fit of caprice, had refused him his passport, on the ground that a Russian, unless noble, could not by law quit the empire *alone*. If he had a master, well and good. If not, he might stay where he was.

"But I don't want a servant: should not know what to do with one," said I, hardly knowing how to get rid of the singular suppliant. But a flood of words overwhelmed me. My protection was alone asked for. Ignatius—that was the man's name—was only to be nominally my retainer, and was not to cost me a copeck. He had money for his expenses, and only wanted the ægis of my name. In return for this, I should have his undying gratitude, and his devoted services upon the journey to Vienna. He pulled out his passport for my inspection—or rather the "provisional permit" that represented it—and I satisfied myself that Ignatius Kraskoff, native of Moscow, was really in the strait he represented himself, for across the document was written, "Papers refused, conformably to ukase," with the signature of a high functionary.

I could not deny the poor man the trifling favor he asked, so I wrote a line to the police prefect, requesting permission to take him as my servant, and committed the note to Ignatius, who received it with transports of joy, kissing my hand, and, I believe, my boots, with the exaggerated humility which the Russians owe to their Oriental traditions. Two hours later, on reaching the railway terminus, sure enough, there was Ignatius, in his smart garb of green cloth trimmed with Astracan fur, the livery of the Demidoffs, bustling to and fro with the utmost activity. He had already secured a compartment for my especial behoof, had placed the lately published editions of the *Invalide Russe* and the *Northern Bee* ready for my perusal, and on my arrival pounced on my cloaks, canes and luggage with a zeal and energy which I had never seen equalled by the best paid of his professional brotherhood.

"A pleasant trip to you, Yates, and I wish I were going too. Even Vienna and its Volksgarten is better fun than St. Petersburg in the dog days. But is that your courier?" observed young Dillon from the embassy, a junior *attaché* with whom I was on very friendly terms, and who had strolled down to see me off. At this instant, Ignatius, who had just brought me some flowers and a basket of Ingrian cherries, had scoured off on some new self imposed task, and was dimly visible in the distance. The bell had rung, and the guards were marshalling the bewildered peasants, new as they were to steam and iron roads, into their respective cars. I hastily told my friend how it was that I had become the nominal master of so splendidly accoutred a retainer. Indeed, such an explanation seemed necessary, for Ignatius, with the bullion-tasselled cap, morocco money bag, and green livery trimmed with costly dark fur, looked more fitted to serve a royal highness than a mere subaltern of the F. O.

"Ignatius Kraskoff—Kraskoff—are you *quite* sure that is the name?" asked Dillon, thoughtfully. I was quite sure.

"Strange, how that name runs in my head. Yet I have not the least idea where I heard it, and I'm certain that I never set my eyes on the fellow's swarthy face before. A stunning servant he seems; but, somehow, I must have heard of him before.

I laughed, and remarked that all Russian names were pretty much alike, ending as they did in the invariable "off," "vitch," or "sky."

Ignatius bowed and smiled me into my carriage, the guard closed the door, the bell rang again, I shook hands with Dillon out of the window, and settled myself for the start. Off the train glided amid many ejaculations on the part of the mujiks, who blessed themselves and invoked their saints as the snorting iron horse wheeled them away. The pace increased, and we were almost clear of the station. Heaven and earth! what is the matter?

It was the attaché, without his hat, running breathless along the platform, and for a moment coming abreast of my carriage.

"I say, Yates," he called out, with a gasp, "I remember now. Kraskoff is—"

A scream from the engine drowned the words, and in a moment more we darted through an arch-way full of steam and smoke, and I neither saw nor heard any more of my young countryman. This incident made little impression on me, beyond giving me a laugh at Dillon's sudden revival of memory, and his effort to impart to me some real or fancied facts—wholly immaterial, no doubt—with respect to my superb servitor.

Warsaw at last. But we were not permitted to enter the station until the train had been brought to a halt, and a severe examination of the passports and faces had taken place. The imperial gendarmes who acquitted themselves of this duty were unusually curt of speech and peremptory of bearing, and seemed ill at ease. Drums were heard beating, and bugles sounding, in the town, and it was plain that the whole garrison must be astir.

"What has occurred?"

"A conspiracy detected. Numerous arrests. A state of siege proclaimed."

Yet, as I drove from the station to the Palatine Hotel, I saw no particular signs of popular commotion. There were whisperings, and cautious interchange of words among the groups at the corners of the streets, and I noticed the square Polish cap and jaunty Polish jacket, the wearing of which was accounted as half treasonable by the Czar Nicholas, more prominent than usual.

Although fairly inured to fatigue, I was now somewhat weary, and was not sorry to reach the inn, where I counted on a night's sound sleep. I had, in truth, somewhat condensed the first portion of my journey, that I might have time to execute the princess' commission, and I was thus sleeping at Warsaw at a time when his excellency the embassador, if he thought on the matter at all, imagined me to be at Wilna.

I fell asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow, but my dreams were troubled and painfully vivid. The old Princess Sobieski, transformed into a malignant fairy, hovered incessantly around my couch, waving her ivory handled crutch-stick (she was lame, and carried such a prop) by way of a wand, and moping and mowing at me in the wickedest exultation. Ignatius, in a black cloak, with a stiletto in his right hand, glided around me like a snake, and was always on the point of stabbing—whom or what I know not.

The soft morning light was pouring in, and the early bugles were sounding at the Russian barracks, far away. I rose, ordered breakfast, and, writing Count Szomyzy a note, sent it by a mounted messenger. Ponies and boys, equally unkempt, wild and active, are always plenty in Poland, and the promise of an extra rouble for speed sent off the emissary like a cannon shot. In a briefer time than I had expected, the boy returned, bearing a courteous answer from the noble Polish landholder, begging that I would take up my quarters at the castle, where a friend of his sister would always be more than welcome, and naming five o'clock as the dinner hour, if not inconvenient to myself. I determined to accept this frank invitation, the rather as I was anxious to see something of Polish customs and character. Suddenly it occurred to me that the note was open when delivered, and I sharply questioned the boy who had brought it.

"Gracious sir, the Russian guard!"

It really appeared, on further inquiry, that the guard stationed at the gate of the city had stopped the messenger both on his exit and return, and that my note, like that of the count, had been unscrupulously opened and read by the subaltern in command. This was not a usual precaution, even during a state of siege; but I was informed that private intelligence which had reached the authorities had induced extreme vigilance. It was rumored that some manifesto, or other document, of the utmost importance, and to which were appended the signatures of many men of high rank and influence, hostile to Muscovite rule, was passing from hand to hand. And every "plotnik" in Poland was anxious to earn promotion and reward by intercepting papers of so compromising a character.

"A carriage of some sort, Ignatius, to take me to the chateau. Then, if you will have the bill ready, and the luggage taken down, we can start by the express for the south, after I get back again. The rest of the day will be at your own disposal, of course. I daresay you have friends here who will be glad to see you."

The eleven versts of sandy road were soon performed by the fleet, loose-jointed Lithuanian horses which were driven in a sort of wickerwork cart, covered with a pink and white tilt, by a wild lad in a sheepskin pelisse. I chatted with the driver, and we understood each other pretty well, considering that I only knew some scraps of Polish and Russian.

Presently we saw the castle, with its straggling line of brick and timber buildings, large but irregular, and one grey tower rising over the rest of the pile, dinted and crumbling, but of immense solidity.

Dashing through some slovenly plantations, where the wild-plum and wild-pear, the favorite trees of the Polish nation, over numbered the elms and birch-trees, we reached the gate, and were received by a large retinue of servants and barking dogs.

There was no lack of guests. The great room was filled with company, and I remarked that almost every one present had handsome features, and a bearing at once gentle and spirited, that contrasted forcibly with the usual inmates of a St. Petersburg drawing room, its flat-faced men and sallow dames. Most of those I saw wore the picturesque Polish dress, richly embroidered, and the amaranth velvet of the pelisses matched well with the dark hair and pale keen features of the wearers.

The count, who was much the junior of his sister, Princess Anna, received me with much cordiality, and presented me to his three sons and his daughter, Rosalie Szomyzy. I had just time to see that the latter was a most beautiful dark-eyed girl, well meriting her aunt's eulogies, when I was put under the care of my host's valet, and hurried off to dress for dinner, which was nearly ready.

During the long and plentiful, if ill-served meal, there was conversation enough, but it was mostly in Polish, or in the colloquial Latin which the natives of Poland and Hungary—or the higher classes of them—speak with as much rapid fluency as their own tongues. To judge by the tones of the speakers, the talk was rather sad than gay, and by the constant recurrence of the words "Warsaw" and "Moskov," I gleaned that the state of siege was frequently mentioned. I saw visible signs of emotion, quivering nostrils, eyes bright with anger or scorn, and heard more than one gentle voice tremble, though not with fear, in uttering the hateful name of the Russian oppressor.

After the heady Hungarian wine had been succeeded by coffee, we all rose from the table and returned to the saloon into which I had first entered, and where a band of motley musicians had already begun to tune their instruments. Often as I had heard of the passionate Polish taste for music and dancing, I had never till then realized the eager delight with which those present took their places, whirling round in the quick movements of the dance, as if bewitched by the tune. Polkas and mazurkas, the national dances, and the wild, swift Magyar waltz, kept us all well employed. The woes of Poland were forgotten for a time, I believe, in the physical toil and excitement of the scene, and the flashing eyes and flushed cheeks of those around me told me how dear the amusement was to their generous and energetic natures.

The ball had gone on above an hour, and I, as a stranger, had twice had the honor of giving my hand to Rosalie Szomyzy. It was during a pause in the exciting Magyar waltz, as we stood together under a huge battered picture in a frame of

immaculate, and whose subject was Watteau's version of Arcadia, with hooped and highly-rouged shepherdesses, that the count passed, and whispered something to his daughter; I saw the beautiful girl's flushed cheek grow suddenly pale, and then redden again, as she asked me, with some embarrassment, "Whether her aunt Sobieski had not—had not requested me to deliver some trifle—a present—on her part to Rosalie Szonyzy?"

The question was a very natural one; the only puzzle to me was the evident and apparently causeless emotion of the fair speaker. Nieces might be very fond of their aunts, but why they should be thus agitated at receiving a token of their affection was incomprehensible.

"Certainly," said I, with a smile; "not that I am the bearer of any remarkable treasure. A roll of music, on which the princess seemed to set great store——"

I broke off abruptly, for at that moment a faint, far-distant sound, hardly audible to the most attentive ear, reached me. The clank of cavalry advancing at a rapid pace! It was impossible for an old soldier to mistake the peculiar jingle of sword and stirrup, and the deep beat of many hoofs striking the ground in unison. But at the same instant the music poured forth its strains with fresh spirit, and the sounds I had heard were drowned by the melody.

"This—this roll of music, captain; I am so longing to see it. My dear, good aunt! Have you it here?"

Mademoiselle Rosalie's sweet voice trembled as she pronounced these common-place words; she tried to smile, but her lips quivered, her eyes were full of tears; I saw her father, under the shadow of a pillar, watching her keenly and anxiously from a distance.

"Mademoiselle, you are ill; the heat of the weather, and——"

"No, no, I am quite well. It was only a silly fancy. I was impatient to see my aunt's gift, that was all," said my pretty partner, hurriedly. Now, it so happened that the gift in question was in the room; I never liked to let the despatches go out of my sight, and I had hidden in a corner of the dancing room the official bag which contained them, side by side with the morocco case that held the princess' precious music. We were within a few yards of the nook where these objects lay, and I at once stepped forward to pick up the morocco-case, and placed it in the hands of its fair owner, saying lightly as I did so, "I am sure Princess Anna would be gratified could she see——"

When a man glided like a serpent along the wall, darted forward, and rudely snatched the packet! A scream broke from my partner's lips, and I grasped the intruder by the arm, but recoiled, less from the pistol which was presented at my head, than in sheer surprise.

"Ignatius!"

"Ay, captain," said the courier, whose shrewd face wore a look of irrepressible triumph. "Ay, captain, Ignatius, your worship's poor servant. But the tables are turned now."

At the same moment there was a great clash of weapons, and a wild outcry of voices, and a servant of the count's, bleeding from a sabre cut, rushed groaning in, and fell at his master's feet. The music came to an abrupt stop, and dancers crowded together like a bevy of frightened wild fowl. Then followed the tramp of booted feet, and the saloon was suddenly filled by Russian soldiers, their swords flashing in the light of the lustres and lamps. The officer in command gave some brief orders, and in a moment every one of the male guests was secured. So quickly was the work done, that resistance was impossible, even had there been a fair chance of repelling force by force. As it was, the dragoons had an easy task, and while some of them held their cocked pistols to our foreheads, their comrades were binding our wrists tightly together with thongs or cords. Only one person so far as I know, was hurt during the onslaught, and this was the servant I had spoken of, and who had been sabred in a futile attempt at giving the alarm.

"I am a British officer, sir, and you will have to answer for this outrage," said I to the Russian major, as he passed me, stolid and smiling, as if the sobs and cries of the terrified women, and the indignant remonstrances of the captives, had been soothing to his ear.

The major made no reply, but taking the roll of music, in its morocco-case, which Ignatius obsequiously proffered, burst the box open with the point of his cavalry sword, and deliberately opened and spread out—*not* a roll of music, but a closely-written document, to which were appended a great number of signatures. The Russian's yellow moustaches actually appeared to bristle, like those of a cat springing on its prey, as his cold blue eyes fell on this paper.

"At last, Polish dogs, I have you in my clutches!" he shouted, as he slapped the manuscript with his heavy hand; "the council of war will make short work with your rebellious lives, for here is the proof of your conspiracy."

"Which this noble English seigneur has brought from St. Petersburg, like an ass that knows not what he carries on the pack-saddle," said Ignatius, my precious courier, who now stood revealed in his true colors as a hypocrite of the first water.

An apalling scene followed. As the prisoners were dragged away, their wives, sisters, daughters, clung to them with tears and shrieks, believing they were to be led off to immediate butchery, and the poor ladies were driven back, often with unfeeling violence, by the Russian soldiers.

But no pillage of the castle took place, the troops being of a regularly disciplined corps, and the officer too great a martinet to disobey orders.

Tied two and two, we were placed in country carts and driven off under escort to the citadel of Warsaw: and it was only by using the name of the Queen of England, and repeatedly urging my position of a state messenger, that I could persuade the Muscovites to let the Foreign-office dispatches accompany me. In the citadel of Warsaw I spent four-and-twenty miserable hours, my mind torn by regrets for the kindly and gentle people who had so lately broken bread with me, and whose fate was now so disastrous, and distracted by gloomy forebodings as to my own future. True, I was safe from bullet or scourge, from Siberia or death. But a long detention, coupled with the non-delivery of the dispatches, would be ruin to my prospects in life.

After a time I was admitted to a private interview with the viceroy, and to my great joy and surprise was informed that I was free to depart.

"My courier had explained," the prince said, with a polite smile of dismissal, "the little *ruse* of which I had been the victim. There was no reason longer to impede my journey."

Years afterwards, at Lisbon, where Dillon was first attaché, the latter told me that the words he had vainly attempted to bawl in my ears as the train swept me past the platform, merely comprised this friendly warning:

"Ignatius Kraskoff is a notorious spy of the police!"

In which capacity, and in consequence of my intimacy at the Sobieski palace, that pink and paragon of good travelling servants had been instructed to attach himself to me.

Graduated Pronunciation.—"In a matter of this kind, what is one man's meat is another man's poison; and what may be excused in one case might be altogether condemned in another. Thus Lord Russell may say that he will feel *obleeged* to the noble lord for such and such information—because Lord Russell belongs to an antediluvian period, and persists in adhering to the pronunciation that was fashionable in his youth; but if Mr. Whipper-Snapper, his lordship's secretary, was to forget himself so far as to say *obleege* instead of *oblige*, he would probably be snapped up by his chief as a plagiarist, if not a caricaturist. Another noble lord, too, may tell us that he will feel it his *dooty* to bring forward such-and-such a motion on *Toosday* next. And yet, despite these noble precedents, it will not do either for you or for me, gentle reader, to say that our *dooty obleeges* us to do so and so; for we are not veteran statesmen of high rank, and we must refrain from taking liberties with the received mode of pronunciation, unless we desire to be relegated to a low stratum of society, and to be regarded as flounderers in the mud of provincialisms.

"Again, the Hon. and Rev. Towers Lofty says *tossel* instead of *tassel*, and *wropped* for *wrapped*; and he may do so because he is an honorable and a peer's son, though not because he is a reverend; for—at least, so I take it—he ought, when he uses the latter word in certain chapters read in the church at Christmas and Easter, to pronounce it as it is pronounced by the great body of educated Englishmen, of whom the clergy form a portion, and whose *pronunciation* ought to be listened to with as critical ears as their *enunciation*. I do not speak here of such variations in pronunciation as *neether* and *niether*, *sovereign* and *suv'reign*, *erd* and *er-rd*, *sissum* and *sissim* (the latter pronunciation being authorized by a learned prebend in one of our northern cathedrals), for these are cases in which *eether* or *eyether* pronunciation may be safely left to the discretion of the reader; but I refer to such instances as Mr. Towers Lofty's *wropped* and *tossel*, and to the Rev. Athelstan Conquest, who was wont to pray for the Prince Olbert, and Olbert, Prince of Wales. But, then, Mr. Conquest comes of a famous county family whose names and possessions are written in Domesday Book; and his position is not to be shaken by the substitution of an O for an A. It is clearly a very different affair with his curate, who comes of a mere plebian stock, and is of no particular family or county; from his lips such a pronunciation would fall as a vulgarity."—*Cuthbert Bede.*

One evening, as Miss Fawcett, the English actress, was dressing for a part, a boy attached to the theatre knocked at the door. "Please, Miss, there's a woman at the back who says she wants two orders to see the play." "What is her name? Go and ask her. I promised no orders." "I did ask her name, but she said it was no use telling it, because you didn't know her." "Not know her, and she expects orders! Has the woman her faculties about her?" "I think she have, ma'am, for I see her have a bundle tied up in a pocket handkerchief under her arm."

Some author tells us that much is said about tongue. True, it is in everybody's mouth.

WAITING UP.

AN EPISODE.

To indulge in an episode here, *apropos* to the general principle involved, it may be said, pertinently enough, that this matter of waiting, if you have nerves—"waiting up," or "waiting down," choose either branch of the dilemma—is not to be ranged under the head of popular amusements, or classified in the category of enlivening recreation. To wait—who has not waited?—fix it as we will—is always more or less of a trial; and whether the arrangement be for "waiting up"—disdainful of sleep—or for "waiting down"—covetous of dozes—it rarely happens that the intervals are employed in the invocation of other than left-handed blessings, on the head of those who have caused this deviation from comfortable routine; or that, on their tardy arrival—people conscious of being waited for, always stay out as long and provokingly as they can—we find ourselves at all disposed to amiable converse, or complimentary expression.

And reason good. If we lie down, for instance, when my young lady has gone to a "polka party," or my young gentleman has travelled away to an affair of the convivialities, do we ever find it conducive to refreshing repose, this awkward consciousness, overpending like the sword of Damocles, that sooner or later the disturbance must come, to call us startlingly from dreams? Nor after we have tossed and tumbled into a lethargy, is it to be set down as a pleasure to be aroused, all stupid and perplexed, to scramble down the stairway for the admission of delinquents, who—the fact admits of no exception—ring, ring, ring, or knock, knock, knock away, long after you have heard them, and persist in goading you to phrensies, by peal upon peal, when your very neck is endangered by rapidity of movement in their behalf. It is a lucky thing for them when they so ungratefully ask, "why didn't you make haste," as they always do, or mutter about their being "kept there all night," as they surely will, that despotic powers are unknown in these regions, and that you are not invested with supreme command. But now get thee to sleep again, as quickly as thou canst, though it may be that the task is not the easiest in the world.

"Waiting up," too, this likewise has its delectations. The very clock seems at last to have entered into a conspiracy—the hands move with sluggish weariness, and there is a laggard sound in the swinging of the pendulum, which almost says that time itself is tired, as it ticks its progress to the drowsy ear. There is a bustle in the street, no doubt, as you sit down doggedly to wakefulness; and many feet are pattering from theatre and circus. For a time the laugh is heard, and people chatter as they pass, boy calling unto boy, or deep-mouthed men humming an untuned song. Now doors are slammed, and shutters closed, and bolts are shooting, in earnest of retirements for the night. Forsaken dogs bark round and round the house, and vocal cats beset the portico. The rumbling of the hack dwindles in the distance, as the cabs roll by from steamboat wharf and railroad depot. You are deserted and alone—tired of books, sated with newspapers, indisposed to thought. You nod—ha! ha!—bibbety bobbety!—as your hair smokes and crackles in the lamp. But it is folly now to peep forth. Will they never come? No—do they ever, until all reasonable patience is exhausted? Yes—here they are!—pshaw!—sit thee still—it is but a straggling step; and hour drags after hour, until you have resolved it o'er and o'er again, that this shall be the last of your vigils, let who will request it as a favor that you will be good enough to sit up for them. I wouldn't do it.—*Neal's Charcoal Sketches.*

Bennett's Losses.—The New York *Review* thus estimates the loss—exclusive of the profits of the *Play Bill*—incurred by Bennett in his quarrel with the theatrical managers:

Bennett finds his quarrel with the managers a losing business. Five presses in the *Herald* job printing office used to be running night and day, printing off theatre bills and other theatrical work. These are now all stopped but one, and the men that attended them are discharged. In losing the printing of all the respectable theatres and the opera, Bennett's profits are diminished about thirty two thousand dollars per annum; the amount has been stated higher than this, but we believe that thirty-two thousand is very nearly the actual loss incurred from this one source.

The advertisements of the opera and theatres averaged about one column a day the year round, the charge for which was forty cents each line. A column in the *Herald* contains two hundred and fifty lines; so that the daily loss is exactly one hundred dollars, or thirty-six thousand five hundred dollars per annum. It thus appears that the managers have inflicted a loss upon Bennett of sixty-eight thousand five hundred dollars a year.

A sharp grocer, when a customer who was buying a gallon of molasses observed that a good deal remained in the measure after it was turned, remarked: "There was some in the measure before I drew your gallon."

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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A. A. STICKNEY,
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WM. J. BINGHAM.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1865.

NEW BOOKS.

WE are indebted to A. Roman & Co., No. 417 and 419 Montgomery street, for the following new books:

Outcroppings; being Selections of California Verse. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

That a publisher should publish, at his own expense, a volume of selections from California newsaper poetry, is, perhaps, the most remarkable feature of this volume. The climate and material character of California civilization are not favorable to the development of the poetical faculty, notwithstanding the grandeur and sublimity of local scenery—a fact which the compiler seems to have confessed, in perfect simplicity, but which does not seem to have deterred him, as it should, from issuing such a work. In a community so small, and where there are so few poets whose literary merit is definitely established, any preference or selection must always seem invidious, and is not only an exercise of grave responsibility, but is a decision always open to appeal, as the expression of a single individual mind. Who is the compiler does not appear; it is hinted that he has written verses himself, and, if we may follow the natural tendencies of the poetic disposition, it would be fair to seek him among those who are most prominently represented in this volume.

If *Outcroppings* be anything like a fair expression of the poetic development of California, the manifest superiority which the female exhibits over the masculine poet, is something worthy of notice. Two or three poems by Mrs. Lawson, one or two by Ina Coolbrith, are not only remarkable for California, but are worthy of an older civilization. But in regard to real poetic talent, assuming this volume to be authority, Chas. Warren Stoddard may fairly claim precedence, not only of present performance but of future promise. A few verses, entitled "At Anchor," show an artistic finish, breadth of thought, melody and poetic atmosphere, which place him upon a plane where, as yet, he has no rival—hardly a competitor. This is high praise in a volume that contains Pollock's "Chandos Picture," and Mr. Kendall's "Transition."

Although we cannot help thinking that this volume is premature, and perhaps not as carefully digested as it might be, we hail it as a means of promoting some criticism, which will definitely settle a proper standard of taste, and as a means of preserving some poems which are worthy of permanence in literature. We understand that Frank Soule, whose omission from this volume is accounted for by the fact of his having a work of his own in preparation, is about to publish some of his early contributions to the literature of this State, and we are glad that the publication of a book of this general character has thus opened the way to worthy individual effort.

Dante, as Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet. With an Analysis of the Divina Commedia, its plot and episodes. By Vincenzo Botta. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

An excellent Italian and English scholar and writer of clear, idiomatic English, Vincenzo Botta, is a fitting interpreter of the works of his countryman, the great Italian poet. His volume opens with some introductory remarks on the condition of Europe, in the poet's day, followed by the particulars of his birth and genealogy, which bring the reader to the episode of Dante's early love. Mr. Botta believes Beatrice to have been an abstract sweetheart; a poet's ideal personified, as the significance of her name—*source of beatitude*—would seem to indicate. Reviewing the poet's philosophical studies, he accounts for his queer mingling of Platonic and Aristotelian ideas of the fact that his studies were equally divided between the two philosophers. He likewise shows his theology to have been similarly based on the antagonistic teachings of St. Bonaventura and Thomas Aquinas—the one a representative of Idealism, the other of Realism. Mr. Botta also points out Dante's excellence as a naturalist, and as shadowing forth many physical truths. He instances the words of Virgil in the Divine Comedy, when, having passed the centre of the earth, he says they left behind

> "That point to which from every point is dragged
> All heavy substance."

as a suggestion of *gravitation!* Considerable space is given to his political ideas, which is followed by an account of his wanderings in exile, and finally his death at Ravenna on the 14th of September, 1321:

"Robed as a Franciscan friar, according to his own wish, at his feet a golden lyre with broken chords, his hands resting on the open Scriptures, the remains of Dante lay in state in the palace of the Polentas. A magnificent funeral followed; the bier was borne by the most distinguished citizens of the city, and Guido himself delivered the funeral oration."

The analysis of the Divine Comedy is an effort of great critical ability, and constitutes the larger part as well as the most attractive feature of the volume. As a whole, the work of Mr. Botta's is a credit to his scholarship, and to the literature of his native and his adopted country.

Atalanta in Calydon, A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A poem, fashioned in the mould of Greek Tragedy, with a dedication in Greek hexameters, is not of a kind calculated to commend itself to Californians generally or to become popular in Circulating Libraries in the interior. In fact, it is highly probable that the sale of this work will be small in Dutch Flat and San Andreas, and that the prejudice against Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, which obtains, to some degree, in Horuitos, and Jackass Gulch may militate against the universal success of Mr. Swinburne's poem. That peculiar skepticism which once incited the query, "What *are* Pericles?" will be indulged regarding both Atalanta and Calydon. Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Swinburne has issued a fine poem—a good deal through the encouragement of Professor Mathew Arnold, who made the author's first collection of poems the subject of a critical essay, and who is a fair Greek poet himself—and we venture upon an extract. Classical or not, there is graphic description and wonderful melody in this fragment of the first chorus, which appeals as well to the simplest as the most fastidious sense:

> For Winter's rains and ruins are over,
> And all the season of snows and sins;
> The days dividing lover and lover,
> The light that loses, the night that wins;
> And time remembered is grief forgotten,
> And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
> And in green underwood and cover
> Blossom by blossom the Spring begins.
>
> The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
> Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
> The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
> From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
> And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
> And the oat is heard above the lyre,
> And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
> The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.
>
> And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
> Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
> Follows with dancing and fills with delight
> The Mænad and the Bassarid;
> And soft as lips that laugh and hide
> The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
> And screen from seeing, and leave in sight
> The god pursuing, the maiden hid.
>
> The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
> Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
> The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
> Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
> The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
> But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
> To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
> The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

Two Men. A Novel. By Elizabeth Stoddard, author of *The Morgesons.* New York: Bunce & Huntington.

Had Mrs. Stoddard's story possessed less talent its few defects would not have been as noticeable, or as worthy of criticism. It is a graphic and well-drawn picture of two distinctive individual characters, and thus far earns its title of *Two Men;* but, as a story, we cannot help wishing that it aspired to something more than a mere development of two original and shiftless characters, through incidents that are not in themselves striking or original. Mrs. Stoddard's fault seems to lie in her making her characters of more importance than their acts or the circumstances which surround them. We are continually feeling that they are capable of doing more remarkable things, and we are always disappointed with the meagreness of the results. Osmond Luce, an erratic individual whom every reader is willing to admit is capable of anything, ran away from home mysteriously, and returns as mysteriously with a motherless daughter, without having done, as far as we can learn, anything consistent with his character or capacity for the melo-drama. So little does Mrs. Stoddard care for his conduct that she does not even tell us who his wife was, whom we can't help hoping will turn out to be somebody or other before we finish the story. An interesting young lady named Theresa, whose capacities for genteel comedy and flirtation are unlimited; coolly walks out of the story just as we are beginning to fall in love with her, and the authoress gives us no satisfaction regarding her ultimate fate. Mrs. Stoddard's style is crisp and energetic, although occasionally marred in the dialogue by a faithfulness to nature, which is not always interesting. But this is atoned for by the frequent epigrammatic turns give to her descriptions. Thus, speaking of the death of Cuth, an old hard-headed retainer of the Parke family, he is said to have died "silently and firmly like a wolf;" and again a dog's eyes are spoken of as being "limpid with love and hunger," or Jason, parting with Theresa, feels that "he was shaking hands with an episode." The book is one of undoubted talent, and whatever its success, it is sufficiently remarkable to bespeak the attention of a large class of readers for any future novel that Mrs. Stoddard may write.

Neal's Charcoal Sketches. Three books complete in one. With twenty-one illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The once famous *Charcoal Sketches* have been so long supplanted in public popularity by Doesticks, Artemus Ward, Orpheus C. Kerr and Petroleum V. Nasby, that we are a little surprised at the faith which puts forward the present edition. Mr. Neal's humor seems somewhat labored, beside either of his successors, and the introductions to his best sketches are prolonged to tediousness. The burlesque personification of characters under such names as "Sherri Kobler," "Fixington Fydget," and "Shiverton Shakes" is rather cheap fun for the present day.

The Fables of Æsop. Illustrated with one hundred and eleven engravings from original designs by Herrick. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co.

An illustrated edition of Æsop, to which is appended an excellent account of his life.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELIST.

MISS MIX.

By the Author of Jane Eyre, Villette, Shirley, etc., etc.

CONDENSED BY "BRET."

CHAPTER I.

MY earliest impressions are of a huge, mis-shapen rock, against which the hoarse waves beat unceasingly. On this rock three pelicans are standing in a defiant attitude. A dark sky lowers in the background, while two sea-gulls and a gigantic cormorant eye with extreme disfavor the floating corpse of a drowned woman in the foreground. A few bracelets, coral necklaces and other articles of jewelry, scattered around loosely, completed this remarkable picture.

It is one which, in some vague, unconscious way, symbolizes, to my fancy, the character of man. I have never been able to explain exactly why. I think I must have seen the picture in some illustrated volume, when a baby, or my mother may have dreamed it before I was born.

As a child, I was not handsome. When I consulted the triangular bit of looking-glass which I always carried with me, it showed a pale, sandy and freckled face, shaded by locks like the color of sea-weed when the sun strikes it in deep water. My eyes were said to be indistinctive; they were a faint, ashen gray; but above them rose—my only beauty—a high, massive, domelike forehead, with polished temples, like door-knobs of the purest porcelain.

Our family was a family of governesses. My mother had been one, and my sisters had the same occupation. Consequently, when at the age of thirteen, my eldest sister handed me the advertisement of Mr. Rawjester, clipped from that day's *Times*, I accepted it as my destiny. Nevertheless, a mysterious presentiment of an indefinite future haunted me in my dreams that night, as I lay upon my little snow-white bed. The next morning, with two bandboxes tied up in silk handkerchiefs, and a hair trunk, I turned my back upon Minerva Cottage forever.

CHAPTER II.

BLUNDERBORE HALL, the seat of James Rawjester, Esq., was encompassed by dark pines and funeral hemlocks on all sides. The wind sang weirdly in the turrets and moaned through the long-drawn avenues of the park. As I approached the house I saw several mysterious figures flit before the windows, and a yell of demoniac laughter answered my summons at the bell. While I strove to repress my gloomy forebodings, the housekeeper, a timid, scared looking old woman, showed me into the library.

I entered, overcome with conflicting emotions. I was dressed in a narrow gown of dark serge, trimmed with black bugles. A thick green shawl was pinned across my breast. My hands were encased with black hall-mittens worked with steel beads; on my feet were large pattens, originally the property of my deceased grandmother. I carried a blue cotton umbrella. As I passed before a mirror, I could not help glancing at it, nor could I disguise from myself the fact that I was not handsome.

Drawing a chair into a recess, I sat down with folded hands, calmly awaiting the arrival of my master. Once or twice a fearful yell rang through the house, or the rattling of chains, and curses uttered in a deep, manly voice broke upon the oppressive stillness. I began to feel my soul rising with the emergency of the moment.

"You look alarmed, miss. You don't hear anything, my dear, do you?" asked the housekeeper nervously.

"Nothing whatever," I remarked calmly, as a terrific scream, followed by the dragging of chairs and tables in the room above, drowned for a moment my reply. "It is the silence, on the contrary, which has made me foolishly nervous."

The housekeeper looked at me approvingly, and instantly made some tea for me.

I drank seven cups; as I was beginning the eighth, I heard a crash, and the next moment a man leaped into the room through the broken window.

CHAPTER III.

The crash startled me from my self-control. The housekeeper bent toward me and whispered:

"Don't be excited. It's Mr. Rawjester—he prefers to come in sometimes in this way. It's his playfulnesss, ha! ha! ha!"

"I perceive," I said calmly. "It's the unfettered impulse of a lolty soul breaking the tyrannizing bonds of custom," and I turned toward him.

He had never once looked at me. He stood with his back to the fire, which set off the herculean breadth of his shoulders. His face was dark and expressive; his under jaw squarely formed, and remarkably heavy. I was struck with his remarkable likeness to a Gorilla.

As he absently tied the poker into hard knots with his nervous fingers, I watched him with some interest. Suddeuly he turned toward me:

"Do you think I'm handsome, young woman?"

"Not classically beautiful," I returned calmly, "but you have, if I may so express myself, an abstract manliness—a sincere and wholesome barbarity which, involving as it does, the naturalness"—but I stopped, for he yawned at that moment—an action which singularly developed the immense breadth of his lower jaw—and I saw he had forgotten me. Preseutly he turned to the housekeeper:

"Leave us."

The old woman withdrew with a courtesy.

Mr. Rawjester deliberately turned his back upon me and remained silent for twenty minutes. I drew my shawl the more closely around my shoulders and closed my eyes.

"You are the governess?" at length he said.

"I am, sir."

"A creature who teaches geography, arithmetic, and the use of the globes—ha!—a wretched remnant of femininity—a skimp pattern of girlhood with a premature flavor of tea-leaves and morality. Ugh!"

I bowed my head silently.

"Listen to me, girl!" he said sternly; "this child you have come to teach—my ward—is not legitimate. She is the offspring of my mistress—a common harlot. Ah! Miss Mix, what do you think of me now?"

"I admire," I replied calmly, "your sincerity. A mawkish regard for delicacy might have kept this disclosure to yourself. I only recognize in your frankness that perfect community of thought and sentiment which should exist between original natures."

I looked up; he had already forgotten my presence, and was engaged in pulling off his boots and coat. This done, he sank down in an arm-chair before the fire, and ran the poker wearily through his hair. I could not help pitying him.

The wind howled dismally without, and the rain beat furiously against the windows. I crept toward him and seated myself on a low stool beside his chair.

Presently he turned, without seeing me, and placed his foot absently in my lap. I affected not to notice it. But he started and looked down.

"You here yet—Carrothead? Ah, I forgot. Do you speak French?"

"*Oui, Monsieur.*"

"*Tuissez vous!*" he said sharply, with singular purity of accent. I complied. The wind moaned fearfully in the chimney, and the light burned dim. I shuddered in spite of myself. "Ah, you tremble, girl!"

"It is a fearful night!"

"Fearful! Call you this fearful, ha! ha! ha! Look! you wretched little atom, look," and he dashed forward, and, leaping out of the window, stood like a statue in the pelting storm, with folded arms. He did not stay long, but in a few minutes returned by way of the hall chimney. I saw from the way that he wiped his feet on my dress that he had again forgotten my presence.

"You are a governess. What can you teach?" he asked, suddenly and fiercely thrusting his face in mine.

"Manners," I replied calmly.

"Ha! teach *me*."

"You mistake yourself," I said, adjusting my mittens. "Your manners require not the artificial restraint of society. You are radically polite; this impetuosity and ferociousness is simply the sincerity which is the basis of a proper deportment. Your instincts are moral; your better nature, I see, is religious. As St. Paul justly remarks—see chap. 6, 8, 9 and 10—"

He seized a heavy candlestick, and threw it at me. I dodged it submissively but firmly.

"Excuse me," he remarked, as his under jaw slowly relaxed. "Excuse me, Miss Mix—but I can't stand St. Paul! Enough—you are engaged."

CHAPTER IV.

I followed the housekeeper as she led the way timidly to my room. As we passed into a dark hall in the wing, I noticed that it was closed by an iron gate with a grating. Three of the doors on the corridor were likewise grated. A strange noise as of shuffling feet and the howling of infuriated animals rang through the hall. Bidding the housekeeper good night, and taking the candle, I entered my bedchamber.

I took off my dress, and, putting on a yellow flannel night-gown, which I could not help feeling did not agree with my complexion, I composed myself to rest by reading *Blair's Rhetoric* and *Paley's Moral Philosophy*. I had just put out the light, when I heard voices in the corridor. I listened attentively. I recognized Mr. Rawjester's stern tones.

"Have you fed No. 1?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said a gruff voice, appareutly belonging to a domestic.

"How's No 2?"

"She's a little off her feed, just now, but will pick up in a day or two."

"And No. 3?"

"Perfectly furious, sir. Her tantrums are ungovernable."

"Hush!"

The voices died away, and I sank into a fitful slumber.

I dreamed that I was wandering through a tropical forest. Suddeuly I saw the figure of a gorilla approaching me. As it neared me, I recognized the features of Mr. Rawjester. He held his hand to his side as if in pain. I saw that he had beeu wounded. He recognized me and called me by name, but at the same moment the vision changed to an Ashantee village, where, around a fire, a group of negroes were dancing and participating in some wild *Obi* festival. I awoke with the strain still surging in my ears.

"Hokee-pokee wokee fum!"

Good Heavens! could I be dreaming? I heard the voice distinctly on the floor below, and smelt something burning. I arose, with an indistinct presentiment of evil, and hastily putting some cotton in my ears and tying a towel about my head, I wrapped myself in a shawl and rushed down stairs. The door of Mr. Rawjester's room was open. I entered.

Mr. Rawjester lay apparently in a deep slumber, from which even the clouds of smoke that came from the burning curtains of his bed could not rouse him. Around the room a large and powerful negress, scantily attired, with her head adorned with feathers, was dancing wildly, accompanying herself with bone castinets. It looked like some terrible *fetich*.

I did not lose my calmness. After firmly emptying the pitcher, basin and slop-jar on the burning bed, I proceeded cautiously to the garden, and, returning with the garden-engine, I directed a small stream at Mr. Rawjester.

At my entrance the gigantic negress fled. Mr. Rawjester yawned and woke. I explained to him, as he rose dripping from the bed, the reason of my presence. He did not seem to be excited, alarmed or discomposed. He gazed at me curiously.

"So you risked your life to save mine, eh? you canary-colored teacher of infants?"

I blushed modestly, and drew my shawl tightly over my yellow flannel night-gown.

"You love me, Mary Jane—don't deny it! This trembling shows it!" He drew me closely toward him, and said, with his deep voice tenderly modulated:

"How's her pooty tootsens—did she get her 'ittle tootens wet—bess her."

I understood his allusion to my feet. I glanced down and saw that in my hurry I had put on a pair of his old India-rubbers. My feet were not small or pretty, and the addition did not add to their beauty.

"Let me go, sir," I remarked quietly. "This is all improper; it sets a bad example for your child," and I firmly but gently extricated myself from his grasp. I approached the door. He seemed for a moment buried in deep thought.

"You say this was a negress?"

"Yes, sir."

"Humph, No. 1, I suppose?"

"Who is Number One, sir?"

"My *first*," he remarked, with a significant and sarcastic smile. Then, relapsing into his old manner, he threw his boots at my head, and bade me begone. I withdrew calmly.

CHAPTER V.

My pupil was a bright little girl, who spoke French with a perfect accent. Her mother had been a French ballet-dancer, which probably accounted for it. Although she was only six years old, it was easy to perceive that she had been several times in love. She once said to me:

"Miss Mix, did you ever have the *grande* passion? Did you ever feel a fluttering here?" and she placed her hand upon her small chest, and sighed quaintly, "a kind of distaste for *bonbons* and *caromels*, when the world seemed as tasteless and hollow as a broken cordial drop."

"Then you have felt it, Nina?" I said quietly.

"O dear, yes. There was Buttons—that was our page, you know—I loved him dearly, but papa sent him away. Then there was Dick, the groom, but he laughed at me, and I suffered misery!", and she struck a tragic French attitude. "There is to be company here to-morrow," she added, rattling on with childish *naivete*, "and papa's sweetheart—Blanche Marabout—is to be here. You know they say she is to be my mamma."

What thrill was this shot through me? But I rose calmly, and administering a slight correction to the child, left the apartment.

Blunderbore House, for the next week, was the scene of gaiety and merriment. That portion of the mansion closed with a grating was walled up, and the midnight shrieks no longer troubled me.

But I felt more keenly the degradation of my situation. I was obliged to help Lady Blanche at her toilette and help her to look beautiful. For what! To captivate him? Oh—no, no—but why this sudden thrill and faintness? Did he really love her? I had seen him pinch and swear at her. But I reflected that he had thrown a candlestick at my head, and my foolish heart was reassured.

It was a night of festivity, when a sudden message obliged Mr. Rawjester to leave his guests for a few hours. "Make yourselves merry, idiots," he added, under his breath, as he passed me. The door closed and he was gone.

An half hour passed. In the midst of the dancing a shriek was heard, and out of the swaying crowd of fainting women and excited men, a wild figure strode into the room. One glance showed it to be a highwayman, heavily armed, holding a pistol in each hand.

"Let no one pass out of this room!" he said, in a voice of thunder. "The house is surrounded and you cannot escape. The first one who crosses yonder threshhold will be shot like a dog. Gentlemen, I'll trouble you to approach, in single file, and hand me your purses and watches."

Finding resistance useless, the order was ungraciously obeyed.

"Now, ladies, please to pass up your jewelry and trinkets."

The order was still more ungraciously complied with. As Blanche handed to the bandit captain her bracelet, she endeavored to conceal a diamond necklace, the gift of Mr. Rawjester, in her bosom. But, with a demoniac grin, the powerful brute tore it from its concealment, and, administering a hearty box on the ear of the young girl, flung her aside.

It was now my turn. With a beating heart, I made my way to the robber chieftain, and sank at his feet. "Oh, sir, I am nothing but a poor governess, pray let me go."

"Oh, ho! A governess? Give me your last month's wages, then. Give me what you have stolen from your master!" and he laughed fiendishly.

I gazed at him quietly, and said, in a low voice, "I have stolen nothing from you, Mr. Rawjester!"

"Ah, discovered! Hush! Listen, girl!" he hissed, in a fiercer whisper, "utter a syllable to frustrate my plans and you die—aid me, and—" but he was gone.

In a few moments the party, with the exception of myself, were gagged and locked in the cellar. The next moment torches were applied to the rich hangings, and the house was in flames. I felt a strong hand seize me, and bear me out in the open air and place me upon the hillside, where I could overlook the burning mansion. It was Mr. Rawjester.

"Burn!" he said, as he shook his fist at the flames. Then sinking on his knee before me, he said hurriedly:

"Mary Jane, I love you; the obstacles to our union are or will be soon removed. In yonder mansion were confined my three crazy wives. One of them, as you know, attempted to kill me! Ha! this is vengeance! But will you be mine?"

I fell, without a word, upon his neck.

The State Guard party, given on Thursday evening (Thanks, giving,) was a decided success. Before the dancing commenced prizes were awarded to the ladies and gentlemen who had made the best shots at the target-practice during the morning of the same day. The ladies who took the prizes looked so pleasant and well-disposed as to melt away the first impression that the State Guards are training up a troop of Misses Harris in our midst.

The San Francisco Fire Department's second annual ball will be given on Thursday evening December 28th, at Union Hall. If ever the capacity of the hall will be tested, it will probably be on this occasion. The interested parties claim it will be the "Ball of the season," and we believe them; for the list of managers published with the advertisement elsewhere is a complete directory of all the good fellows in town, and out of it. There are some scores of them, and if such a combination could not set a good ball in motion, we don't know what could.

Mechanics' Institute Anniversary Ball.—The festival of this most worthy society will be held at Union Hall on Thursday evening next. The gentlemen having the immediate supervision of the ball have been very successful in the disposal of tickets, and in the happy completion of all the arrangements of the ball, and it is expected that the attendance at Union Hall will be only second in numbers to that at their late fair.

Madam Bishop's Concerts.—The two first of Madam Anna Bishop's farewell concerts were finely attended. Madam Bishop was in excellent voice, and sang in her usual faultless style; Signor Carmino Morley did "excellent well," and Mrs. Marriner and Mr. Lascelles fully sustained their parts in the varied programme.

M. Gray, 613 Clay street, has just published "Come in and Shut the Door" and the "Ballo in Maschera Quadrille." The merits of both pieces must be familiar to the public.

THE STORM IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

IN the fall of 1846, I was travelling eastward in a stage-coach from Pittsburg over the mountains. My fellow passengers were two gentlemen and a lady. The elder gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years he seemed about thirty; in air and manner he was calm, dignified and polished; and the *contour* of his features was singularly intellectual. He conversed freely on general topics, until the road became more abrupt and precipitous; but on my directing his attention to the great altitude of a precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change over his countenance. His eyes, so lately filled with the light of mild intelligence, became wild, restless and anxious; the mouth twitched spasmodically, and the forehead beaded with a cold perspiration. With a sharp, convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the giddy height, and clutching my arm tightly with both hands, he clung to me like a drowning man.

"Use this cologne," said the lady, handing me a bottle, with the instinctive goodness of her sex.

I sprinkled a little on his face, and soon he became somewhat more composed; but it was not until we had traversed the mountain and descended to the country beneath, that his fine features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the placid, quiet dignity I had first noticed.

"I owe an apology to the lady," said he, with a bland smile and gentle inclination of the head to our fair companion, "and some explanation to my fellow travellers also, and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the double debt, than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."

"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.

"On the contrary, it will relieve them," was the reply.

Having signified our several desires to hear more, the traveller then proceeded:

At the age of eighteen I was light of heart, light of foot, and I fear (here he smiled) light of head. A fine property on the right bank of the Ohio acknowledged me as sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from a college life. The month was October; the air was bracing, and the mode of conveyance, a stage coach like this, only more cumbrous. The other passengers were few—but three in number—an old, gray-headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter, a joyous, bewitching creature, about seventeen, and his son, about ten years of age. They were just returning from France, of which the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent, as to absorb my entire attention.

The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature, and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other, she as a talker, I as a listener, that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning, and a heavy dash of rain against the coach-windows, elicited an exclamation from my charming companion, that I noticed how night passed on. Presently there was a low rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan through the forest trees.

I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning revealed the danger of our road. We were on the edge of a frightful precipice. I could see at intervals, huge jutting rocks far away down on the sides, and the sight made me solicitous for the fate of my fair companion. I thought of the mere hair-breadths that were between us and eternity; a single little rock in the track of our coach-wheels, a tiny billet of wood, a stray limb of a tempest-torn tree, a restive horse, or a careless driver—any of these might hurl us from our sublunary existence with the speed of thought.

"'Tis a perfect tempest," said the lady, as I withdrew my head from the window. "How I love a sudden storm. There is something so grand among the winds when fairly loose among the hills. I never encounter a night like this, but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder storm in the Jura immediately recurs to my mind. But dare we on the mountains yet?"

"Yes, we have begun the ascent."

"Is it not said to be dangerous?"

"By no means," I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it was daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But, Jesu Marie! what's that?"

And she covered her eyes from the glare of a sheet of lightning that illuminated the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity. Peal after peal of crashing thunder instantly succeeded; there was a very volume of rain coming down at each thunder-burst, and with the deep moaning of an animal, as if in dreadful agony, breaking upon my ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

Louise, my beautiful fellow traveller, became pale as ashes. She fixed her searching eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, hurriedly remarked: "We are on the mountains!"

"I reckon so," was the unconcerned reply.

With instant activity, I put my head through the window, and called to the driver, but the only answer was the heavy moaning of an agonized animal borne past me by the swift wings of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained at it in vain; it would not yield a jot. At that instant I felt a cold hand on mine, and heard Louise's voice faintly articulating in my ear, the appalling words:

"The coach is being moved backwards!"

God in Heaven! never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at that coach-door, and called on the driver in tones that rivalled the force of the blast, while the dreadful conviction was burning in my brain that the coach was being moved slowly backwards.

What followed was of such swift occurrence, that it seems to me like a frightful dream.

I rushed against the door with all my force, but it mocked my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper and deeper, and I knew from the desperate plunges against his traces, that it was one of our horses. Crash upon crash of heavy thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid sheets of lightning played around our devoted carriage, as if in glee at our misery. By its light I could see for a moment—only for a moment—the old planter standing erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to Heaven, and his lips moving like one in prayer. I could see Louise turn her ashy cheeks and superb eyes towards me, as if imploring my protection; and I could see the bold glance of the young boy flashing indignant defiance at the descending carriage, the war of elements, and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll of thunder, a desperate plunge, as if of an animal in the last throes of dissolution, a harsh grating jar, a sharp, piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Louise firmly with one hand round the waist, and seize the leather fastenings attached to the coach-roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness, for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted; but of that tremendous descent, I soon lost all further individual knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion.

On an humble couch, in an humble room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade, of joy and sorrow, of mirth and madness; gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice hushed for a time all my questionings. I was kindly tended by a fair young girl about sixteen, who refused for several days to hold any intercourse with me. At length, one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on learning the result of the accident.

"You were discovered," said she, "sitting on a ledge of rock, amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to a part of the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and to the insensible form of a lady with the other."

"And the lady," I gasped, scanning the girl's face, with an earnestness that caused her to draw back and blush.

"She was saved, sir, by the same means that saved you—the friendly tree."

"And her father and brother?" I impatiently demanded.

"Were both found crushed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice, a great way below the place where my father and Uncle Joe got you and the lady. We buried their bodies in one grave close by the clover-patch down in our meadow ground."

"Poor Louise!—poor orphan! God pity you!" I muttered, in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

"God pity her, indeed, sir," said the young girl, with a gush of heartfelt sympathy. "Would you like to see her?" she added.

"Take me to her," I replied.

I found the orphan bathed in bitter tears, by the grave of her buried kindred. She received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner. I will not detain your attention by detailing the efforts I made to win her from her great grief, but briefly acquaint you that I at last succeeded in inducing her to leave her forlorn home in the South; and that twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I have related, we stood at the altar together as man and wife. She still lives to bless my love with her smiles, and my children with her good precepts; but on the anniversary of that terrible night she secludes herself in her room, and devotes the hours of darkness to solitary prayer.

"As for me," added the traveller, while a faint flush tinged his noble brow at the avowal, "as for me, that accident has made a physical coward of me, at the sight of a mountain precipice."

"But the driver," urged our lady passenger, who had attended to the recital of the story with much attention; "what became of the driver? or did you ever learn the reason of his deserting his post?"

"His body was found on the road, within a few yards of the spot where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horse."

OLD ENGLISH MADRIGALS.

"SHALL, I, WASTING IN DESPAIR."

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well-deservings known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve:
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go:
For, if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

[*George Wither.*

"THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE."

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow;
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

[*Richard Allison.*

"TAKE, OH TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY."

TAKE, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn!
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn,
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears!
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Shakspeare.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses! Cupid paid:
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's dove, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how!)
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple on his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win:
At last he set her both his eyes—
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

[*John Lyle.*

A DITTY.

MY true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange, one to the other given,
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

[*Sir Philip Sidney.*

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proofsheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

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All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each ½ ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each ½ ounce or part thereof.

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No premium on Sewing Machines awarded.

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—OF—
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If you want Clothing that will prove what it is represented to be, call on

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, and Corner of Sansome and Washington streets,
San Francisco.

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THE "WEARING OF THE GREEN," as sung in the popular drama of *ARRAH NA POGUE*, just published by (oc28) M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

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Drugs and Medicines,	Herbs and Fluid Extracts,
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☞ Our Stock was never better than at present.

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The Dental Profession can rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner, and with dispatch.

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ON BUSH STREET, ADJOINING THE RUSS HOUSE.

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Will continue teaching all the Fashionable Dances, Deportment, etc., at the above New, Splendid and Spacious Hall.

REGULAR CLASSES—Mondays and Wednesdays. Ladies at 2 P. M; Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1 2 P. M.

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Private Lessons given separately, or to Classes, in Ball Room and Stage Dances.

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THIS WIND MILL IS RAPIDLY taking the place of all other Mills on the Pacific Coast. These Mills are so simple in their construction that, when once built, they can be put in order by almost any person; and when once in order they will run for years without repairs.
Prices, from $50 to $1,000.

ROUND AND SQUARE WATER TANKS BUILT TO ORDER.

HUNT'S PUMPS
Are admitted to be the best in the Market for Wind-Mills, being built expressly for that purpose. They can be set and taken apart with a common wrench, and are easily repaired.

HUNT'S ENDLESS CHAIN
HORSE-POWER
FOR SAWING WOOD.

Also, the
SELF-REGULATING HORSE-POWER
Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will make them.

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RADICAL CURE OF Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and empossessing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

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CASH ASSETS, JULY 1, 1865,
$13,500,000!

Income for current year, all cash - - -	$3.500,000
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All the surplus belongs to the assured, and is equitably divided among them annually.

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Hon. Elizur Wright, Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, in a letter commendatory of this new plan of dividing surplus, (by the "Mutual Life") July 11, 1862, says: "This method of applying its own experience is an element of popularity and stability which can hardly fail to make the LEADING Life Assurance Association of this Continent also the MODEL one of the World."

Dividends can be applied IMMEDIATELY towards payment of premiums, or added to policy, at option.

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Persons desiring to insure are requested to obtain a circular recently issued by the Company, entitled "Facts and Comparisons, showing the immense advantage of the Cash over the Note system, and by which it will be shown that in the Cash system less money is required in a term of years than in the Note plan.

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Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

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BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

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Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS
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LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

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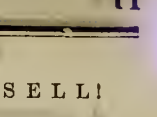
mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS
TO
Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company
WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO
FOR RED BLUFF,
ON SATURDAY MORNINGS ONLY,
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

se23-tf J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

CALEB M. SICKLER,



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MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

NATHANIEL GRAY,
UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
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Sole Agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

dc17-3m

LITERARY NOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Round Table* gives the following singular anecdote in regard to "Oliver Twist": *Bentley's Miscellany* was commenced on the first of January, 1837, and Charles Diekens, then in the first flush of his fame—for *Sketches by Boz* and the *Pickwick Papers* had just been published aud were in every one's hands—was made its editor at a salary said to exceed ten thousand dollars per annum, besides separate payment of twenty-five guineas a sheet for whatever he might please to contribute as an author. "Oliver Twist" was commenced in the February number, with illustrations by George Cruikshank. The seventh chapter euds with the flight of Oliver from Mr. Towerberry and that terrible beadle, Mr. Bumble, and his bidding farewell to his poor little friend Diek, the parochial orphan, to whom he says: "I am running away. They beat and ill-use me, Dick, and I am going to seek my fortune some long way off, I don't know where." At the opening of the eighth chapter, however, Oliver is on his way to London; and at its close he is an intimate of Fagin the Jew, and companion of that free-and easy young gentleman, Mr. John Dawkins (commonly known as the "Artful Dodger,") and a few other choice but youthful aspirants of the same school. When the *Quarterly Review* critieised the book, it said that Mr. Dickens had made a great mistake in not keeping Oliver Twist in the country, instead of taking him to the thieves' haunts in London, which had been described over and over again. I happen to know that Dickens originally intended to carry out the promise of his title, "Oliver Twist; or, the Parish Boy's Progress,") and to trace the life, struggles, and successes of what Miss Braddon calls "a clod." He chauged his purpose; and George Cruikshank himself told me why. As a little bit of literary history I place it upon the *Round Table*. In London I was intimate with the brothers Cruikshank, Robert and George, but more particularly with the latter. Having called upon him one day at his house (it then was in Mydleton Terrace, Pentonville,) I had to wait while he was finishing an etching for which a printer's boy was waiting. To wile away the time, I gladly complied with his suggestion that I shonld look over a portfolio crowded with etchings, proofs, and drawings which lay upon the sofa. Among these, carelessly tied together in a wrap of brown paper, was a series of some twenty-five to thirty drawings, very carefully finished, through most of which were carried the now well-known portraits of Fagin, Bill Sykes and his dog, Naney, the Artful Dodger, and Master Charles Bates—all well known to the readers of "Oliver Twist." There was no mistake about it, and when Cruikshank turned round, his work finished, I said as much. He told me that it had long been in his mind to show the life of a London thief by a series of drawings, engraved by himself, in which, without a single liné of letter-press, the story would be strikingly and clearly told. "Dickens," he continued, "dropped in here one day just as you have done, and, while waiting until I could speak with him, took up that identical portfolio and ferreted out that bundle of drawings. When he came to that one which represents Fagin in the condemned cell, he studied it for half an hour, and told me that he was tempted to change the whole plot of his story; not to carry Oliver Twist through adventures in the country, but to take him up into the thieves' dens in London, show what their life was, and bring Oliver safely through it without sin or shame. I consented to let him write up as many of the designs as he thought would suit his purpose; and that was the way in which Fagin, Sykes, and Nancy were created. My drawings suggested them rather than individuality suggesting my drawings."

THE *Round Table* asks: What if it should turn out that one day American authors should be vainly petitioning Albion to protect their rights of authorship, as now Albion vainly appeals to America? Observe the following advertisement, now in all the papers:

YANKEE FUN AND FROLIC BOOKS.
Price One Shilling. Colored Wrappers.
Artemus Ward: His Book.
Artemus Ward: His Travels. (Next week.)
Major Jack Downing.
Petroleum V. Nasby.
Orpheus C. Kerr.
The Biglow Papers. (Next week.)
The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.
John Phœnix. (From the Twelfth American Edition.)
J. Godfrey Saxe's Poems. (From the twenty-eighth edition.) London: S. O. Beeton, 248 Straud, W. C.

NOTICE.—All these books are published without the authority of the several American authors. They are printed without their leave or sanction, precisely as Mr. Beeton's books, and Englishmen's works generally, are printed in America without their leave or sanction.

Apropos of this subject, the *Nation* says: In the great case involving the copyright of Washington Irving's writiugs, between Mr. Murray and Mr. H. G. Bohn, it is understood that the expenses of each party were over £2,000, and a much larger outlay was impending, by the issue of a commission to collect evideuce in America, etc., when the dispute was ended by a compromise, which left the legal principles at stake as far from being settled as ever. Mr. Beeton, of coursc, says his object is to make the state of things so bad that the United States will be forced to mend it, by the adoption of an international copyright, for the sake of their authors; but sueh general philanthropic professions have often been found before now in company with individual selfishness.

MUSICAL ITEMS.

WE copy from the New York *Weekly Review* the following items: We find it reported that the censor of theatrical works, at the Grand Opera of Paris, has not allowed the performanee of *La Forza del Destino*, on aecount of the libretto, and therefore the libretto will have either to be remodelled, or the opera abandoned.

A NEW theatre, to be called the *Theatre des Fantasies Parisiennes*, is in course of erection on the Boulevnid des Italiens, on the site of the ancient "Concerts des Beaux Arts." M. Martinet is the speculator. M. Choudens, the apostle of Gounod, to whom we owe in a great measure the world-wide popularity of *Faust*, and the now evident suceess of *La Reine de Saba*, has taken M Cherouvrier's *Rois des Mines* under his protection. This enterprising publisher has also in hand a Mass, or as the composer entitles it, a "Petit Oratorio," by M. Gounod, which is said to contain some of the writer's best inspirations The name of it is *Tobias*.

THE King Victor Emanuel, another friend of music, has done an act of magnanimity, which, as we sincereiy hope, will not hurt him seriously. He has given the eldest son of Giuglini, the tenor, the tremendous pension of 450 franes, or ninety dollars, in gold, annually, in order to enable him to continue his studies. This is a really royal gift! In America, a private citizen would do ten times as much.

THERE is in Paris now a literary quarrel about the composer of the celebrated Rakoczy March. It was said that that march was composed, or rather completed, by Wenzel Raczicka of Pest, about 1700, after a march which was played by a band of gipsies; but new inquiries seem to prove that the march in its usual form was written by an Israelite, Marcus Roszavolygi of Pesth, who died in 1848.

L'Africaine is continued at the Paris opera, and Mme. Saxe, whose appearance is said to be just as enormous as her weight, attracts the greatest attention. It would appear that she looks like Adah Isaac Menken, without a horse.

THE tenor Pancani and Mdme. Kenneth have joined M. Gatti's operatic company, which opened at the Cirque, Brussels.

THE principal solo players of the Grand Opera inteud to sue the impressario in a court of law for higher wages.

LABLACHE'S granddaughter has married the singer Rokitansky of Vienna.

THE Abbé Liszt is expected in England shortly.

THE *Round Table* has the following: Verdi has lately writteu a quartet for stringed instruments, and a grand symphony for full orchestra.

Miss BRADDON, in her new novel, *Sir Jasper's Tenant*, makes the baronet compliment his daughter on the manner in which she manages the *cinque pated* passages in a Beethoven sonata. Miss Braddon probably meant to say "syncopated."

BALFE, the composer, is in the south of France visiting his daughter, who is the wife of the French Duke of Frins.

MR. SOLOMON WILLARD, the arehitect and superintendent of the Bunker Hill monument, has been made the subject of a memoir, by Mr. William W. Wheildou, which has beeu put into circulation by the Bunker Hill Monument Association. Mr. Willard appears to have been a most respectable and exemplary man, and he certainly erected a most respectable monument. Moreover, he lived in Boston. Yet it is difficult to comprehend his title to be thus ostentatiously commemorated. Respectable Bostonians are not so very rare, that one of them must needs merit two hundred and sixty pages of biography. The common idea, indeed, is that all Bostonians are the happy possessors of swallow-tailed black coats and gold-headed canes, and that they all write for the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Willard, it is true, surpassed his contemporaries, in the one particular of having devised the Bunker Hill Mouument; and, for this reason, it is clear that his name, as architect, ought to be inscribed upon some portion of that imposing structure. But Mr. Wheildon's tedious memoir is a wholly superfluous tribute to excellent mediocrity, besides being a burden upon the reading public. The work is dedicated "to the Ladies of Boston and vicinity," and we dare say they will appreciate the compliment, when they read in its nicely printed paper, such gems of anecdote as the following: "The land for the cemetery was given by Mr. James Hall, at Mr. Willard's solicitation. Mr. Hall was a very wealthy man—a bachelor—and had unbounded faith in Mr. Williard. After the cemetery was laid out, Mr. Williard suggested to him that an iron fence for the front was needed. He inquired what it would cost. Mr. Willard replied, 'about a thousand dollars,' and Mr. Hall, jocosely remarking, 'you have got the land, and now you want money,' gave him the desired amount." Humorous Hall! Happy "ladies of Boston and vicinity!"—*New York Review*.

[For the Californian.]

A THANKSGIVING RETROSPECT.

WELL! Charge your glasses!—Softly, friends,
The toast we drink to-night:
"The vacant chair," that holds the post
Of honor on our right.
"The vacant chair"—why now so grave
Your looks once bright with love?
What though our circle narrows here,
It widens still above.

We drink to him who joins the host
That left our hearth before—
Dear hands that once have clasped our own
Shall touch his on that shore;
The grandeire whose unflinching soul
Went up from Concord fight,
Shall welcome him whose youthful arm
Last year struck home for Right!

What though he lived where barren hills
Were white with winter snows,
Where man through stubborn toil alone
To higher nature rose:
He sleeps where never click of bail
Or ice their changes ring,
But consonants of Winter yield
To open-vowels of Spring.

Above him drifts the cotton bloom
Knee-deep about his grave;
The shroud that veils his southern bed
The north-wind never gave.
His sable mourners tread a shore
Enfranchised from their toil—
Thank God! (through valor such as his)
Our own—no foreign soil!

Then charge your glasses full, and pour
A stream as red and free
As that which from his youthful veins
Was poured for Liberty.
To-night no sorrow drown our thanks—
To-morrow tears may fall
For him who fills the vacant chair,
Yet sleeps near Tybee's wall.

BRET.

IN Lisbon, a rare honor has been bestowed upon the celebrated tenor Mongini, who was invited to the palace of the king. His majesty sang personally and most eagerly the duo from Moise with Signor Mongini, while the *infante* Don Sebastian sang the duo from *Il Bravo* with the artist. Finally the king and the *infante* sang a duo, and the king several solos. The king is said to sing not badly for a king, but he is convinced that it is a great deal easier to be a king than a singer.

THE RUSH AT KERBY, BYRNE & Co's.—New Yorkers are familiar with the great rush of people that is always seen when the "great openings" take place at Stewart's palace, on Broadway, but not till recently have we had anything of the kind. The great arrival and opening of rich shawls, cloak and dress goods, linen goods, rich fancy goods, and blankets, that have been imported by Kerby, Byrne, & Co.—many of them made expressly to their order—has caused an excitement, lately, that is somewhat similar to the rush at Stewart's, in Broadway; and this week the crowds at this fashionable establishment have been so great that the streets were blocked up to such a degree as to make it almost impossible to pass. We advise people to go early in the morning, and thus avoid the crowd, for the goods now selling are the most desirable and most elegant ever offered in this market. In addition to all this attraction and display, all visitors and purchasers are waited upon with courtesy and politeness; the salesmen in this establishment are proverbial for this accomplishment. People are never urged to buy, and the one-price system changes the trouble of shopping into a pleasure. Go to Kerby, Byrne & Co's, if you wish to make purchases that will prove satisfactory. See advertisement.—*San Francisco Daily Morning Call.*

IT is an indisputable fact that more disease and suffering is entailed upon children by impure blood in parents than from any other cause. Heads of families owe it to their posterity to see to it that their blood is kept free from all poisonous matter that would have a tendency to produce disease, suffering, and perhaps death, to their offspring. Adams' Blood Purifier, prepared by Samuel Adams, San Francisco, is strictly a vegetable preparation, and is scientifically prepared from the choicest and most efficacious blood purifying remedies known to the vegetable world, and, if used according to directions, will restore the blood to its proper condition in a very short time.

A VERITY.—The choicest and most effective remedies from the "Laboratory of Nature," are embraced in Newell's Pulmonary Syrup, a certain, safe, and speedy cure for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. It is equally effective in adult or infantile cases, and can be used with impunity and certainty of relief in all subjects of Pulmonary affections. Use no other, if this most desirable preparation can be had.

For sale by all Druggists: Redington & Co., Sole Agents, 416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & Co's great sale of dry goods at reduced prices, for the purpose of clearing out their full stock of importations, is quite the sensation of the week with the ladies. Their large store is thronged from morning to night. The immense business they are doing is nothing wonderful, but is owing to their selling the goods cheap, and letting the public know by liberally advertising it, that they are doing so.

TO BEAUTIFY THE COMPLEXION.—Use Davidson's Circassian Bloom. It will relieve the worst cases of Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Moth, Sun-burn, etc. It imparts a freshness and Transparency to the Complexion which is perfectly natural, and without injury to the skin.

MOSGROVE & BLAKELY'S new *Dry Goods Store* is in Colton's building, 222 Third street, between Howard and Tehama. Their stock consists in part of the following goods, all of which will be found to be of the very best materials, and at prices which must commaud the notice of purchasers:

Dress Goods—A large assortment tastefully selected. Their Empress Cloths, Poplins, Melanges, Chenes, and particularly that rich new fabric, "Moonlight on the Lake," cannot he surpassed for Ladies' Fall and Winter Suits.

Hoyle's genuine English Calicoes.

Irish Linen Goods—All from the celebrated manufacturers, Richardson Sons & Owden, Belfast.

Mission and *Eastern* Blankets and Flanuels.

Ladies and *Gents'* Furnishing Goods; and a large assortment of all goods usually kept hy a first class Dry Goods Store.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Very few persons, even among physicians, would have been willing upon any terms to have been in the condition of the writer of the following letter on the 14th of February last. I will anticipate somewhat his report of the facts, by saying that on the 15th August, 1865, he made me a visit, "the very picture of health." Time, which tries and proves all things, has sufficiently tested this case, and shown that neither relapse or collapse having followed, the cure is perfect, and can be cited among the scores of similar cases, the result of my improved mode of treating disease without medicine.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.
August 27, 1865.

Sacramento, April 30, 1865.

Dr. G. M. Bourne—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I now let you know of my good health. Looking back on what I have passed through, it seems as if I was lifted from the grave, and I think it my duty to acknowledge to you and the world the benefit I derived from water treatment as administered by you in your celebrated baths. It was in August, 1864, when disease developed itself with a severe cough. I then took medicines, getting worse, with chills, fevers, loss of strength, and was pronounced consumptive. This set me to thinking, and finally I determined to leave my business and go to the Sandwich Islands, having been informed that I could not be cured here. I went to San Francisco, and while waiting for a ship, called upon Dr. Bourne, who stated that a trip to the Sandwich Islands would probably result disastrously, was wholly unnecessary, as I could then be speedily cured at his establishment. I placed myself under his treatment, and in one week was so much improved that I thought I could risk returning home and to my duty as Engineer on the Central Pacific Railroad. The doctor objected; but I thought I knew better, and returned to my duty. In about two weeks my cough returned, and I kept getting worse, and, contrary to Dr. Bourne's injunction never to take medicine again, committed that folly, and soon was so completely run down that I could scarcely walk; so, as a last resort, I concluded once more to try the Water Cure. I went to San Francisco—few of my friends expected me to return; in fact, I thought my return doubtful. On arriving at Dr. Bourne's establishment (February 14, 1865,) I was not able to get into the bath without assistance, but in a few days I began to gain. I remained with him only six weeks, when I left, "a wiser and a better man," without the aid of medicine. I have now been at work several weeks, and find that I am gaining every day, and at present bid fair to be stouter than ever before. Persons visiting the Doctor's establishment will find it just what it should be, in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Departments, and I cannot say too much in praise of the Doctor's kind attention to his patients.

This letter I write for the benefit of the afflicted, to be used as the Doctor decides, and should it be the means of directing any one to his care and treatment who (as they assuredly will) find relief, I will be paid for my trouble. Your obedient servant,

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.

San Francisco, August 25, 1865.

Advised by the undersigned, Mr. James Campbell, of the Central Pacific Railroad (who was then in a most deplorable state of ill health,) placed himself under the care of Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Physician. Some six months or more afterward he visited this city, when I accidentally met him at Dr. Bourne's establishment, and, I am happy to say, restored to the enjoyment of good health and in fine spirits. JOHN SULLIVAN.

☞ Dr. Bourne treats all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs—which includes diptheria, bronchitis, incipient consumption, pleurisy, croup, etc.—with the greatest success. Great relief is afforded in advanced stages of consumption. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc., etc., are also cured quickly, pleasantly, and economically. No medicine whatever.

VISIT Haskell's Mammoth Tea Store, and examine the splendid display of choicest Teas, Wines and Greceries, now selling at greatly reduced prices, at Wholesale and Retail.

Store fronts on Market and Sutter streets, below the Market House. Open every evening until seven o'clock, and on Saturdays until ten P. M

DENTIST WORK.—Messrs. Knowles & Clark have an improved method of combining their gold and vulcanite material in the manufacture of dentistry, which renders the work superior in finish and durability. The samples of their handiwork on exhibition at the late Fair were much admired, and we observe that they were awarded a special premium silver medal.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

A TRUE STORY.

DEDICATED TO THE SICK.

THERE dwelt in Sacramento a pale, bilious mechanic,
His muscles were strengthless, his blood it was chill;
And the wife of his bosom believed, in her panic,
The husband she worshipped was hopelessly ill.
Seeking daily for help, in her wifely devotion,
All vainly she tried pill, powder and potion—
Till at last, when a prey to grief's wildest emotion,
Of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS she heard from a friend.

She purchased the cordial, half hoping, half fearing,
A prayer on her lip and a tear in her eye;
And taking his hand, with words kindly and cheering,
Besought him the tonic for her sake to try.
As he drank, a new life through his system seemed stealing,
Each following draft did its mission of bearing,
Until, strong in health and most grateful in feeling,
He told the "true story" here twined into song.

It is also proper to state that the Bitters are sold exclusively in glass, and never, under any circumstances, by the gallon or barrel. Imposters and imitators are abroad, and the only safeguard the public have against them is to see that the Bitters they buy have the engraved label and note of hand of Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, and their proprietary stamp over the cork of the bottle.

A DAINTY BRANCH OF ART.—A high reputation awaits Mrs. Read for the exquisite workmanship and general adaptability to their purpose of the Ladies' Skirt Supporters and Chest Expanders, of which she made such fine display at the late Fair. Her "Lady's Bust" is another aid to feminine beauty, which confers perfection on the wearer. Mrs. Read's establishment, 109 Montgomery street, is richly worth a visit.—*San Francisco Sunday Mercury.*

MANY OF THE DISEASES which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. BENTON, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

TRIMMINGS.—Mrs. NORCROSS, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and militar at the shortest notice: also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. D. Norcross' goods, for elegance and taste, are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

TOYS.—Toys can be purchased of Feldbush & Co., 307 California street, at 25 per cent. below the usual rates. Call and examine stock and prices.

DR. C. W. MOORE'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

THE LATEST NEWS!—Haskell & Co. are selling Coal Oil at $1 per gallon; 6 pounds Crushed Sugar for $1; 9 pounds Brown Sugar for $1; 3½ pounds Green Coffee, $1; 5 pounds Currants, $1; 4 pounds New Raisins, $1; New Citron, 40 cents per pound; 8 pounds Canary seed for $1; 10 pounds Soda Crackers, $1; 8 pounds Santa Clara Butter Crackers, $1; good Oolong Tea, 75 cents; Japan Teas, 75 to 90 cents, our Maudarin Oolong of the new crop, $1; the best Comet Tea, $1 10, or $1 per pound by the box; Maudarin Mixture (green and black,) 1; at the Mammoth Tea Store, fronting on Market and Sutter streets, below the Market. ☞ Goods delivered promptly. Open Evenings until after the Holidays.

FOR THE VERY BEST PHOTOGRAPHS, go to Bradley & Rulofson (Vance's old stand.) First premium for best the card pictures, and large photographs.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

TOYS, REGARDLESS OF COST!

KOHLER SELLING OFF!

THE ENDLESS VARIETY OF

Toys and Fancy Articles,

IN KOHLER'S

Washington Street Store,

(NO. 620,)

MUST BE SOLD AT ANY PRICE,

BETWEEN THIS AND CHRISTMAS, AND

THE BUSINESS CLOSED UP!

TO RENT—The Store now occupied by
A. KOHLER.
de2-4t

BLOOD PURIFIER.

LE DOYEN'S

SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK,

IODINE ALTERATIVE.

The best Blood Purifier yet known. It expels all Mercurial and Constitutional Diseases, and gives Health and Strength.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
no19-1m SAN FRANCISCO.

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WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

☞ New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style. WILSON & EVANS,
No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco,

STRAIN'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES.

A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in us. For sale by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents,
je10-6 Corner of Pine and Sansome street.

PATENT APPLIED FOR.

HUNT'S

California Street Pavement.

THIS PAVEMENT IS A NEW AND NOVEL IDEA, being a combination of Redwood, Asphaltum and Gravel. The Pavement consists of Redwood blocks, six inches in diameter, turned round from the top, half way down; these blocks are laid upon either a board or gravel surface, the blocks laid so as to break joints; the openings around the blocks are then filled in with a composition of asphaltum and gravel, and the whole surface of the pavement covered with a coat of the same composition, thus making a complete asphaltum roadway. The asphaltum, confined by the redwood blocks in this manner, cannot crack, and as every one knows, will last for a long period. The redwood, being firmly secured by the asphaltum, *cannot split*, and the inventor claims that the redwood and asphaltum, so combined, will make a pavement that for evenness, cleanliness, durability and noiseless ness, has not yet been equalled.

A sample of this pavement has been prepared and can be seen by those interested, in front of the Windmill and Horsepower Manufactory of E. O. HUNT,
de2 1m 28 Second street, San Francisco.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES!

DEVOTED TO LIVE TOPICS,

THE DISSEMINATION OF A PURE LITERATURE, DEVELOPMENT OF HOME TALENT,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA

Published

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AT

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BY THE CALIFORNIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

A. A. STICKNEY. J. P. BOGARDUS. WM. J. INGHAM.

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BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN.

The voluntary notices bestowed by the press of the Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific. Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

THE CALIFORNIAN,

and all join in pronouncing their unqualified approval of its unequalled merits.

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EXCELLED BY ANY LITERARY JOURNAL

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Market-street, San José.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL

In every respect where the personal supervision of the proprietor guarantees prompt and civil attention to all the requirements of his guests.

Stages on all the Routes Leading out of San Jose

Take their departure from the "Continental." House open all night.

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The Best Selected and Largest Assorted Stock EVER BEFORE IN CALIFORNIA.

FOR SALE CHEAP BY THE CASE OR DOZEN,

—AT—

THURNAUER & ZINN'S,

320 and 322 Battery street,

Between Commercial and Clay streets,

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PREMIUM FURNITURE!

AT THE LATE FAIR OF THE

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

J. PEIRCE,

415, 417, *and* 419 *California street,*

SAN FRANCISCO,

Was awarded the

FIRST AND ONLY PREMIUM

FOR

Furniture,

AND THE

FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM

FOR THE

BEST UPHOLSTERY.

The attention of the public is respectfully called to this; also to the FACT that we have the LARGEST and FINEST stock on the PACIFIC COAST: Comprising a full assortment of FURNITURE AND BEDDING; all of which is offered at rates GUARANTEED to be less than those of any other house in the city.

☞ Nearly 15,000 cases of Goods packed suitable for home and distant markets, to which the

ATTENTION OF THE TRADE IS INVITED.

A full assortment of Cabinet Makers', Hardware, and Upholsterers' materials ALWAYS ON HAND.

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25 PER CENT. SAVED

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Toys and Fancy

Goods, can save 25 per

cent. by buying of

Feldbush & Co.,

307 CALIFORNIA STREET.

THEY ARE NOW RECEIVING their importations o

FALL GOODS,

per steamer and sailing vessels from all parts of the world.

For sale by the case or dozen. Also 100 cases of assorted Toys. FIELDBUSH & CO., 307 California street

RETAIL STORE, 307 Montgomery street, (Russ House Block.) uc28 3

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Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
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As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,

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All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

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SINGER MANUACTURING CO.

SEWING MACHINES,

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MONTGOMERY STREET,

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Morro—"The Singer Machines are the only Machines that can Sew all kinds of Cloth, and with all kinds of thread."

☞ 75,000 ☜

MACHINES SOLD IN TWO YEARS!

The almost incredible increase in the sale of the Singer Machine during the past two years is owing to the popularity of the LETTER A TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE Family Machine, which was introduced in 1860, since which time it has earned and established a reputation for family uses equal to the celebrated manufacturing machines of this firm, which are generally acknowledged even by dealers in other sewing machines, to be unequalled for such purposes.

WILLIAM BRODERICK,

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THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

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mh25-3m

TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that

Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,

and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of those new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the severe drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

The following certificate from the State Assayer, furnished after an analysis of the EXTRACT, speaks for itself:

A. ENQUOIS—Dear Sir: I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would be injurious to clothing.

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FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle.

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It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

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Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,

my6 3m Proprietor.

CLOTHING MADE FROM CALIFORNIA CLOTH,

For Wholesale and Retail Trade,

ALSO, MADE TO ORDER,

AT QUINCY HALL,

NOS. 545, 547, 549,

Washington Street,

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CHOLERA IS COMING!

ALREADY HAS IT APPEARED IN THE EASTERN CITIES? Insure your Life in the

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The Connecticut Mutual Life

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Office Northwest corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco, California.

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From Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Steamers of this line will be despatched on the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month. When these dates fall on Sunday, the steamer will leave on Saturday preceding.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

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The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,

jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

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MRS. READ'S

NEW IMPROVED

Skirt Supporters and Chest

EXPANDERS,

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BRACES, with Suspenders attached; ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, BANDAGES, BUSTS, etc

NO. 109 MONTGOMERY STREET,

UP STAIRS. ROOMS 3 AND 4.

Physicians are respectfully invited to call and examine her articles.

All orders promptly attended to. my27 1f

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THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of

GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

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ASTROLOGER.

Go and see the Natural Gifted Astrologer, Prof. Cohen, 530 California street. He only can give you true information as to the Past, Present and Future; on Business Affairs, Law Suits, Matrimony, Love, Absent Friends, Sickness, etc. He tells the events of your whole life, and how to avoid trouble.

A large number of people have been benefited by his knowledge. As an evidence of his reputation, he has received upwards of 18,000 consultations here since his residence of five years in San Francisco.

N. B.—When consultation is had it will not be necessary to give the age. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart.

☞ Sickness will be discovered and cured through his science, only known by himself. se16 3m.

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Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865,	11,522,500
Annual Income,	2,827,290
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Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

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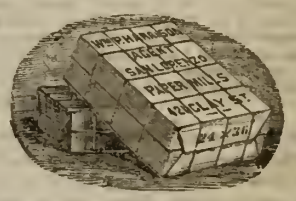

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STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my26

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We would respectfully call the attention of property owners to the increased facilities for Insurance which we are now prepared to offer, surpassing any agency in the world.

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Aggregate Capital, - - - $7,000,000

Home Insurance Co., of N. Y., assets				- -	$4,000,000
Security	do	do	do	- -	2,000,000
Phenix	do	do	do	- -	1,000,000

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Home Insurance Co., N. Y.		Washington Ins. Co., N. Y.	
Phenix	no do	Security	do do
Arctic	do do	Hartford Fire	do do

LIFE INSURANCE.

Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. of Hartford :
Assets nearly - - - - - - $8,000,000
Equitable Life Assurance Society of United States : Assets - - - - - - - $1,000,000

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

New York Accident Insurance Company :
Capital - - - - - - $250,000

In the Fire Department we issue participation policies on all hazardous and not hazardous property, entitling the assured to 60 per cent. in the profits of the company, thereby lessening their premiums at least 30 per cent.

In the Life Department, the companies we represent are the best and cheapest in the world. Manuals descriptive of the various plans issued gratis to the public. No charge for physicians' examinations.

Agents in all the principal towns on this coast.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
GENERAL AGENTS.
au29

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MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FAMILY CHARTRES COFFEE AND SPICES OF ALL KINDS,

No. 707 *Sansome-st., cor. of Gold,*

Between Jackson and Pacific.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED BY THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, FOR THE BEST COFFEE AND SPICES.

THE PROPRIETOR having introduced Steam Power in his Manufactory, has now increased facilities to supply the trade and the public in general. All articles from his establishment are guaranteed to be sure and unadulterated The public are respectfully invited to call and convince themselves. Country orders promptly attended to.
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THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING ADDED MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. no5-3m

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

HEREAFTER, 15*TH OF EVERY MONTH.*

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1865.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES, *VIA NICARAGUA!*

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

MOSES TAYLOR.

ON FRIDAY, - - - - DECEMBER 15TH,

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely.

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

SANTIAGO,
2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

HILL'S HAIR DYE.

This Dye is superior to anything now in use, being easily applied, and imparting a natural brown or black color to the hair. For sale by

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

DR. C. W. MOORE'S Medical and Surgical Institute,

COMMERCIAL STREET,

A few doors below Kearny, - - - San Francisco.

ATTENDING AND RESIDING PHYSICIAN,

C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

Late Surgeon U. S. A., Quarantine Physician at New Orleans and Boston, Lecturer on Morbid Anatomy and Diseases of Women and Children, Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc., etc.

FOR THE CURE OF DISEASES,
WHETHER ACUTE OR CHRONIC,

No. 641 *Commercial street,*

A few doors below Kearny, where he can be consulted at all hours.

Especial attention paid to all Diseases of the UTERINE and SEXUAL ORGANS, SECONDARY and HEREDITARY AFFLICTIONS in their manifold form,

NERVOUS AFFICTIONS, ETC.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS, of whatever nature, performed scientifically, and the patient boarded at the Institute.

TO THE LADIES—Private apartments, with female nurses, for those who desire them. CONSULTATIONS FREE.

Parties in the Country may consult the Doctor by letter, and receive, in return, a full description of their disease and its means of cure. All communications strictly confidential.

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se16 3m 641 Commercial street, San Francisco.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO., PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

GREAT AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT!

AT

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE,

Chicago, Illinois, - - February 22d, 1866.

20,000 VALUABLE GIFTS WORTH $96,800
PRESENTED TO THE TICKET HOLDERS.

100,000 *TICKETS ONLY WILL BE SOLD.*

1 Gift of $10,000 cash	$10,000
1 Gift of $5,000 cash	5,000
50 Gifts, 50 English Patent Lever Gold Watches, valued at $400 each	20,000
100 Gifts, 100 Amer. Silver Lever Watches valued at $100 each	10,000
48 Gifts 48 Silver Lever Watches valued at $50 each	2,400
5,000 Gifts, 5,000 Turkey Morocco, gold clasp Albums, valued at $5 each	25,000
4,800 Gifts, 4,800 gold clasp Albums, valued at $3 each	14,400
10,000 Gifts, 10,000 cash at $1 each	10,000

All the above Goods are genuine, as represented, and are listed at a fair valuation.

Each ticket is registered before being sent out.

Parties will be notified by mail of the result of the drawing.

40,000 Tickets already sold. Send in your orders if you wish to secure them.

Tickets ONE DOLLAR each in Greenbacks, or 11 for $10, sent by mail to any address upon receipt of price and Postoffice stamp.

BRIGGS, LEMON & CO.,
no11-3m 141 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

NEW TYPE.

STERETT'S STEAM PRINTING HOUSE, 533 CLAY STREET.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF *FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.*

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
a28 44 Liedesdorff street San Francisco.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, state of California.

In the matter of the estate of RICHARD GRAHAM, deceased. Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of ELIZABETH GRAHAM, executrix of the last will and testament of Richard Graham, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the legatees and devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

IT IS ORDERED, That all persons interested in the estate of the said Richard Graham, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on Monday, the eleventh day of December, A. D. 1865, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the legatees and devisees of the said Richard Graham, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said eleventh day of December, A. D. 1865, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 8th, 1865. GEO. B. MERRILL.
no11 5t Attorney for Executrix.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.—IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT of the Second Township, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to S. B. THOMPSON, greeting:

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 13th day of February, A. D. 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to answer unto the complaint of CHARLES M. PECK, who claims to recover from you the sum of two hundred and fifty-three dollars, and interest on one hundred and seventy-five dollars of said sum at two per cent. per month from June 22d, 1865, and on seventy-eight dollars of said sum at the same rate from April 20th, 1865, due on two promissory notes made by you, dated February 17th, 1865, and June 22d, 1865, the same claimed to be recovered in United States gold and silver coin, as per copies of said notes on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you, for the said amount and interest due, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of the city and county of San Francisco greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof. Given under my hand this 6th day of November, A. D. 1865.

Alias U. S. Revenue stamp, 50c., cancelled.

H. J. WELLS, (SEAL.)
Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco. Office, No. 623 Merchant street.
no11 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. no11-3m

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That I, BRIDGET STANNAH, wife of WILLIAM STANNAH, intend to make application to the Twelfth District Court of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, on the

23*d day of December, A. D.* 1865, *at* 10 *o'clock A. M. of that day,*

or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the court room of said Court, in said city and county, for an order of said Court permitting her to carry on business in her own name and on her own account—the nature of the business to be carried on by virtue of such order being that of keeping a boarding and lodging house, and purchasing lots and houses to be used and occupied in that business, and erecting houses therefor. That for this purpose I am desirous of availing myself of the benefit of An Act to authorize married women to transact business in their own name as sole traders, approved April 12th, 1852, and of the acts amendatory thereof.

BRIDGET STANNAH.

W. C. BURNETT, Attorney for petitioner—Office, 636 Clay street. nov25 5t

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,

415 *WASHINGTON STREET,*

nearly opposite the Post Office,

SAN FRANCIS

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

M. H. GARLAND, & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

No. 765 *Market street, near Fourth street,*

SAN FRANCISCO.

ap22-tf

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Building Fund.

AT A MEETING OF THE BOAD OF TRUSTEES of the Mercantile Library Association, held October 10th, 1865, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the Trustees form themselves into a Committee of the Whole, to obtain Life Memberships and Donations, with a view of purchasing a lot and erecting a building thereon for the use of the Association.

The payment of one hundred dollars in gold coin secures a Life Membership, and it is hoped that the sum of twenty thousand dollars may be subscribed in this way alone. No subscriptions are binding unless the above sum shall be raised by Life Memberships and Donations before February 1, 1866. Subscription books may be found at the Library, or with any of the following members of the

BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

G. W. Bell.....President
*C. Wolcott Brooks.....Vice President
H. S Homans.....Corresponding Secretary
David Wilder.....Recording Secretary
John G. Clark.....Treasurer

J. H Wildes,	A. M. Ebbetts,
J. W. Cox,	F. D. Kellogg,
A. T. Green,	Chas. R. Bond,
Geo. Hewston, M. D.,	*Daniel Rogers,
F. L. Castle.	

*On leave of absence. oc21-tf

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CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the
BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner:
From Pure Old Wheat Whisky. Medicated from Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
fe11-6m San Francisco.

ADAMS' BLOOD PURIFIER!

FOR DISEASES HAVING THEIR ORIGIN FROM THE IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD AND DERANGEMENT OF THE SYSTEM.

This Blood Purifier is a concentrated compound of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Wild Cherry, Dandelion, with Iodide of Potass, and several other of the most efficacious remedies known in the vegetable world, and will exert an immediate effect on the system, and if persisted in for a reasonable length of time, will eradicate all latent poison from the blood.

IT CONTAINS NO MERCURY OR MINERAL POISON.

Prepared only by

SAMUEL ADAMS,
AT THE UNITED STATES DRUG STORE,
SAN FRANCISCO

Corner of Bush and Powell streets.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN THE STATE.
no18-3m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to examine our goods.

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T. MAGUIRE . . . . . PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES . . . . . STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON . . . . . TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
SATURDAY, DEC. 9TH,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
AT HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,
GRAND MATINEE.

JANET PRIDE,

This Evening, December 9th,
For the Second Time in California, Tom Taylor and Chas. Reade's Sensation Drama entitled the

SECRET CIPHER!

Or, THE CONSPIRATORS OF ULVERSONE!

Father Radcliff, (under the assumed name of Reuben Fisher).....G. C. Boniface
Sir Gervaise Bokewood.....C. R. Thorne, Jr
John Daw.....Harry Jackson
William.....Louis Aldrich
Ruth Revenscar, Letter Carrier.....Harry Jackson
Anne Masgrate, daughter of the Postmaster.....Mrs. Sophie Edwin

MONDAY EVENING, First Night of the Latest Irish Drama,

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN!

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1 00
Parquet 50
Gallery . . . . . 25 cents
Private Boxes, ... $5 and $10

Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

ANNIVERSARY BALL

OF THE

Mechanics' Institute,

TO BE HELD AT

UNION HALL,

ON THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 14, 1865.

Committee of Arrangements:

C. H. Harrison.....517 Front street.
D. A. Macdonald.....corner Market and Beale.
H. F. Williams.....626 Clay street.
Gardner Elliot.....2 Washington Market.
J. W. Reay.....319 California street.

Of whom Tickets may be had, and also from P. B. DEXTER, the Secretary of the Institute.

WILSON'S CELEBRATED BAND has been engaged for the occasion.

PRICE OF ADMISSION for a Gentleman and Ladies . . $2

☞ The Street Cars will run to and from the Hall during the night. no18 td

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE

GREAT REDUCTION

IN

THE PRICE OF COTTON

AT THE EAST,

Kerby, Byrne & Co.,

ARE NOW OFFERING:

5,000 yards 4-4 Preston Muslin, at 32½c.;
5,000 yards 4-3 Blackstone, at 35c.;
5,000 yards 4-4 Lonsdale, at 35c.;
5,000 yards 4-4 White Rock, at 37½c.;
5,000 yards 4-4 Wamsatta, at 40c.

AND

50,000 DOLLARS WORTH

OF

ALL OTHER KINDS OF DOMESTICS,

And Housekeeping Goods in Proportion.

KERBY, BYRNE & CO.,
de9-1t NO. 7 MONTGOMERY STREET.

MAPS! MAPS! MAPS!

NEW MAPS OF MEXICO, JUST OUT;
NEW MAPS OF IRELAND;
CHART OF OUR FALLEN HEROES.

Maps of every description constantly on hand.

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RANKIN'S PATENT SCHOOL DESK;
Liquid Slating for Blackboard;
ARITHMETICAL FRAME;
Babbitonian System of Writing—the Best System known.

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METROPOLITAN THEATRE,

Montgomery street.

CHAS. WHEATLEIGH.....Lessee and Manager.
JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
FOR FAMILIES!
ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, DEC. 9TH,
Positively for the Last Time,

Arrah na Pogue!

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 9TH,
Will be presented the Elegant Comedy, in 3 acts, entitled.

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND!

Major Wellington DeBoots..Mr. Charles Wheatleigh
Felix Fentherly.....Geo. Pauncefort
Mr. Icebrookn.....F. Percy
Mrs. Swandown.....Mrs. Sedley Brown
Mrs. Featherly.....Miss Sallie Hinckley
Mrs. Major DeBoots.....Mrs. Judah
Funny.....Mrs. C. Wheatleigh

To conclude with the Screaming Farce of

That Blessed Baby!

John Thomas.....H. D. Thompson
Frank Finnicke.....F. Percy
Mrs. Lever.....Mrs. Judah
Mary Jane.....Miss Sallie Hinckley

Dress Circle and Orchestra seats, $1; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Private Boxes, $5 and $10.

No extra price for Reserved Seats. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Performance to commence at 8 o'clock.
Seats can be secured three days in advance.

CHOICE NEW BOOKS.

A. ROMAN & CO.

Have recently received over

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY CASES

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ON EVERY BRANCH OF LITERATURE.

Our Stock is now very large and complete, embracing all the recent Publications of the day, together with all the Standard Authors on

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Approaching Holidays!

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USEFUL, ORNAMENTAL, AND INSTRUCTIVE.

FINE GOLD SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES,

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Stereoscopic Views of California;
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Richly Mounted Opera Glasses

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CATALOGUES with Price List, FREE. de9-1m

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IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

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GRAND BALL.

THE SECOND ANNUAL

Ball of the Fire Department,

Will be given at

UNION HALL,

ON THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 28.

No care or expense will be spared to make it the grandest and most fashionable Ball of the season.

MANAGERS.

Governor F F Low,	Hon Ogden Hoffman,
Maj-Gen H. W. Halleck,	" Milton S Latham,
" I McDowell,	" S H Dwinelle,
" J F Miller,	" Thos B Shannon,
Col R C Drum,	" Frank Soule,
Com Selim Woodworth,	" R F Perkins,
Maj-Gen L H Allen,	" Wm J Shaw,
Chas de Cazotte,	R H Sinton,
Louis McLane,	Wm. Alvord,
J Whitney, Jr,	J H Baird,
I W Raymond,	Wm F Babcock,
Chas B Polhemus,	Henry Bigelow,
Eugene L Sullivan,	A Austin,
J Mora Moss,	S C Hastings,
R B Swain,	Camilo Martin,
E W Burr,	Maj A D Grimwood,
S P Dewey,	Abel Guy,
James Lick,	Wm B Johnston,
Nicholas Larco,	Geo W Gibbs,
Leland Stanford,	Hall McAllister,
Joseph P Hodge,	Henry B Platt,
B F Lowe,	M Livingston,
James Bowman,	Samuel M Wilson,
D O Mills,	Francisco Sanjarjo,
Lafayette Maynard,	Lewis Leland,
F L A Pioche,	Louis Scellier,
Jos G Eastland,	Alpheus Bull,
Ira P Rankin,	John S Henning,
Henry Carlton, Jr,	A Seligman,
John B Felton,	Michael Skelly,
Samuel Brannan,	A Coleman,
R H Magill,	Wm H Tillinghast,
Geo C Boardman,	Joseph Austin,
David Seannell,	John H Gardiner,
R B Woodward,	Wm P Taaffe,
O Livermore,	W H L Barnes,
A L Tubbs,	Henry Voorman,
Marcus D Borack,	Dr A J Bowie,
W Lane Booker,	Edward S Spear,
Eugene Casserly,	Wm. McKibbea,
Oliver Eldridge,	Michael Castle,
H M Newhall,	John Parrott,
Joseph A Donohoe,	Wm C Talbot,
Wm C Ralston,	Erwin Davis,
Wm M Leut,	Fred'k MacCrellish,
James Otis,	H H Haight,
R J. Vanderwater,	Maj John Stratman,
Caleb T Fay,	James H Cutter,
Martin R Roberts,	Henry Barriolhet,
James R Bolton,	John A. McGlynn,
W E Barron,	W W Haney,
S R Harris,	John J Kelly,
Morris Spyer,	Chas. R Peters,
Alfred Barstow,	Claus Spreckles,
R C Ferguson,	David Stern,
Geo H Howard,	G J Byrne,
Elie Lazard,	F W Macondray,
Edward J. Pringle,	John O Earl,
John H Saunders,	Emanuel Berri,
Jos W Winans,	Fred'k Billings,
James Bell,	E T Pease,
E W Leonard,	Louis Cohn,
S. J. Hensley,	Thos Tobin,
Geo B Gammans,	H Heyneman,
S H Parker,	Horace W. Carpenter,
Col Wm Harney,	M M Henston,
A H Titcomb,	Wm G Badger,
M C Hillyer,	Louis Schloss,
Frank McCoppin,	Henry G Langley,
John Hewston, Jr,	A J Houghtaling,
J C L. Wadsworth,	W W Stow,
Joseph Pierce,	W B Farwell,
C F Mebias,	John T Doyle,
Chas Walcott Brooks,	Warren R Payne,
Albert Miller,	Dr Joseph Haine,
J G Kittie,	Robert Cashiag,
Jonathan Hunt,	Peter Donahue,
John Middleton,	James L Fink,
C Adolphe Low,	T McCarthy.

☞ The number of Tickets to be sold is limited; they are not transferable, and none will be sold at the door. Ladies' invitations can be procured, free of charge, on application.

TICKETS (including Supper) TEN DOLLARS.
de9-3t

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

JUST RECEIVED,

Per last Steamer, a magnificent collection of

Fancy Glove and Odor Boxes,
Fine Fans, Opera Glasses,
Novelties in Back Combs,
Ornamental Cigar Stands,
Writing Desks, Albums,

DRESSING CASES, PARIS JEWELRY,

REAL LACE COLLARS, SLEEVES AND HANDKERCHIEFS,

REAL CHANTILLY AND POINT BARBES, VEILS, VALENCIENNE COLLARS, HANDKERCHIEFS, Etc.

Fashionable Cloaks and Shawls

Received by every Steamer from New York. Also,

CLOAKS AND LADIES' UNDERGARMENTS
MADE TO ORDER,

AT S. ROSENBLATT'S
PALACE OF FASHION,
123 *AND* 125 *MONTGOMERY STREET,*
de2 Opposite Occidental Hotel.

DRY GOODS!

NEW GOODS FOR THE

HOLIDAYS!

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.

Have received by late Steamer from Europe,

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

ELEGANT DRESS GOODS

SUITABLE FOR

Holiday Presents!

All of which they will exhibit

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And will offer them all

AT PRICES THAT WILL

DEFY COMPETITION!!

DRESS GOODS.

SILKS, in rich Moire Antique, Brocade, Plaid, Plain and Chine, in all the most Fashionable colors, Black Silk of manufacture of "Bonnet," "Bischuff and Tonson," from $1 00 to $8 00 per yard.

PIM'S super. Irish Poplins and Tabinets in all colors.

MERINOS, in all the most beautiful colors, at 75c, $1 00, $1 25, $1 50, $1 75 per yard.

EMPRESS CLOTHS and OTTOMAN CLOTHS, in Plain, Striped and Chine, manufactured expressly to order.

MOURNING GOODS.

In Bombazines, Cashmeres, Merinos, Tamise, Poplins, Empress and Ottoman Cloths, Silks, Alpacas, Prints, Ginghams, etc.

SHAWLS.

Super. Broche Long and Square Shawls, from $10 to $150, in all colors and new designs.

FINE FRENCH CAMEL'S HAIR SHAWLS, in Long and Square, from $50 to $400, all in new and elegant designs. Plaid Wool do., in long and square.

CLOAKS.

500 Beautiful stylish Garments direct from Paris, comprising the richest ever brought to this city.

HOSIERY.

For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, of every description.

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES.

CHANTILLY VEILS, all prices and new designs.

CAMBRAY VEILS, from $2 50 to $5 00.

CHANTILLY LACES, all widths.

ELEGANT CHANTILLY FLOUNCES.

DENTELES de Valencienne et Applique.

APPLIQUE and Point de Venise Collars at $2 00, $2 50, $3 00, $5 00, &c., &c.

POINT D'ALENCON and Point Duchesse Sleeves and Collars.

DENTELLES de Guipre, all widths and patterns.

A Beautiful Assortment of Linen Sets,

PLAIN AND EMBROIDERED.

Embroidery Bands, Edgings, Insertions, Jaconet, and Dimity Bands.

KID GLOVES.

2000 doz. Alexander's best, at $1 25 per pair.

ALSO,

AT REDUCED PRICES,

COTTON SHEETING and SHIRTING, of all the best brands.

4,000 DRESSES DE LAINE, best quality, at $3 00 per dress.

10,000 EMPRESS CLOTH DRESSES, from $3 00 to $10 00 per dress.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
de2-1m NO. 9. LICK HOUSE.

The Californian

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME IV., No. 3. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 16, 1865. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

INIGOINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Friday, December 15th, 1865.

THE population of California is now divided into two classes: Those who contributed to *Outcroppings* and those who did not.

The latter have decidedly the advantage, so far as number is concerned. Merit, I think, is pretty evenly divided.

For my part. I think there is something better in life than to be an Outcropper.

But there is no accounting for tastes. If the aspiration expressed in a song which I heard the other evening is to be credited, a very healthy looking young man wished "to be a nangel."

I don't think I'd like to be an angel just at present..even if choice were offered me as to the color of wings and I was permitted to choose blue tail-feathers.

The wings would probably be a nice thing to have in the house, and extremely convenient for dusting furniture with, but I should very likely end by brushing out some one's eyes with them, and get brought up on a charge of assault and battery in some ultra-mundane Police Court.

My harp would be a source of vexation to me, especially if it were a golden one. The chances that it would find itself pawned some day are more than even. Or it would very likely get bet off on some contested election or hippogriff race ..for I never won a wager yet.

If any of the other angels bothered me much it would very likely get smashed over some of their heads.

For I don't think we change our natures in that state of existence beyond the moon as much as some people suppose.

For one, I feel confident that I shall go on liking my friends, hating my enemies, and doing unto others just exactly as they do unto me, to all eternity.

Of course I am wrong, wholly wrong, but as I never claim to be right, it is, perhaps, just as well not to argue the matter.

If the truth were to be told on all sides I should have to confess that the greater part of my life has been spent in breaking the golden rule..so it is fair to infer that a golden harp wouldn't have much of a chance in my hands.

I never prided myself much on breaking the commandments, but if premiums were offered for keeping them, modesty would interfere to prevent my putting in a claim for the first prize.

Moses, though, broke all the commandments at once..and didn't count it a very hard day's work either. His people were not using him very well just then, and I suppose he thought he'd turn the tables on them.

Seriously, I suppose I am very wicked. A young lady told me so the other evening..and she ought to know all about it.

She says I spend my Sundays badly, smoke a pipe and drink lager..all of which is true.

Now when a person approaches me fairly and squarely, and tells me that I'm wicked..desperately wicked..there is no chance for an argument.

For I always acknowledge that I am..and when I ask them repentantly to point out precisely in what my wickedness consists. I always feel immensely relieved, for I know I'm a good deal worse than they think I am.

And if any one doesn't think that this is pleasant and agreeable, they should hear my long-drawn sigh of relief when my feminine monitors uncork my sins upon me.

They worry and bully me until I suppose they have got the dead-wood on me..I hold my breath as one does when a 15-inch gun is being touched off under his nose..and, behold, a sort of champagne cork is drawn.

Spending Sundays badly is an old charge..I'm used to it. In my visits home, when I lived within reach of that blessed place..which I never appreciated until I got so far away from it..the whole village used to arraign me on a similar accusation.

I admire country villages. The people have a wondrous business aptitude..they can attend not only to their own business but even to their neighbors'..and this is one reason of my admiration for San Francisco..for I think that in this one partienlar it can discount any other big country village on the continent.

But to resume. My Sundays in the country were in reality the only pleasant days I had..and I used to thank the inventor of them exceedingly. On that blessed day there were no callers and no parties. I did not have to come into the parlor and talk to some old lady who had smoothed the wrinkles out of my ears the morning of my birth. or sit and exchange disagreeable recollections with some remorseless old maid who had taught me the catechism. And I was delivered from those inexorable whist parties. where I invariably had a partner who trumped my trick. found fault with my most brilliant *finesse*, and objected, with uplifted hands, to playing for a bit a point.

It was nuts for me, when these worshippers of the dead and mouldy past found fault with what I conceived to be a really brilliant play, to propose a short session of "Draw"..for a merely nominal ante. Oh, the horror that the proposition excited!

But Sunday brought me release. The house was generally clear of every one..the man-servant, the maid-servant and the stranger that happened to be within the gates, long before I was up.

My breakfast was in waiting..and I didn't have to wait on any one but myself. There is a great deal in that.

Breakfast finished I could stick papers and books in my pocket, light my pipe, and start out into the orchard or the woods.

There was a great deal of satisfaction in being permitted to light that pipe in the house. It was a splendid meerschaum ..colored like a cherry and cheery as a cherub..but the feminine element of the household always recoiled from its mouth as they would from the muzzle of a columbiad. It was a "horrid thing," and it blackened the ceilings and tainted the window-curtains..there was no enormity in the catalogue which was not laid upon that pipe. Had the cholera-infantum carried off the baby the sin of murder would have been about equally divided, in the household estimation, between myself and that pipe. And to get that pipe alight in that house, and blow a great cloud up to the ceiling in utter defiance of white-wash and curtains, was a luxury indeed.

Oh, what days those were in the orchards and woods. Lying lazily on my back, rolling great clouds of blue smoke up against the blue heavens. I astonished the wood-peckers.. they dropped their apples in fright and went swiftly away to the woods, telling their feathered gossips, probably, that they had discovered a volcano in a state of active eruption. The squirrels would creep cautiously aronnd me...

Have you ever seen a squirrel suddenly gather himself up, when surprised, and take a view of the situation? If not you have something yet to see.

Pigeons availed themselves of the day, and sailed and swooped over my head until the air was blue with them. If I stirred to go down to the spring for a drink, a wood cock or quail would start up in my path and go off in a direct line.. they always flew zig-zag on week days. I used to think seriously of sending to New York for an air-gun that would make no evil report for me by its noise, or at least having the barrels of a double gun sawed off. so I could slip it under my coat..but I of course knew that if I consummated any such arrangement there wouldn't be a quail, wood-cock, pigeon or even a chippadee-bird to be found in the whole country.

Some people talk about always having their dish upside down when it rains. Nonsense! I believe in luck and predestination and all that. If it isn't calculated, by those who preside over such things, that you are to catch water, depend upon it you won't, though it rain forty days and forty nights, and you have the Bensley Water Company tapping somebody else's pipes for you. I find that when my dish is right side up it doesn't rain..or if it does the dish won't hold water, so it may as well be bottom up as any other way.

But to return to our squirrels..those were delicious days When tired of reading, I could count the leaves over my head, or watch the hawks that went sailing on sleepy wings above the tops of the trees, occasionally breaking the Sabbath by dropping down on a wagtail. Surely I was the type of bucolic innocence.

And yet it was said that I spent the Sundays badly!

Really I think it was about the best behaved day of the week..if Sunday can be called a week day. Under ordinary circumstances, I can commit about as many sins of omission and commission as anybody else. I do not flatter myself particularly on the accomplishment, but, all things being equal. perhaps I could break more commandments in less time than any other man of my size and weight that you can pick up in a day's travel..that is if I set seriously about it. And it must be acknowledged that if I did nothing remarkably good on that seventh day I certainly did nothing very bad.

Had I gone to church I should probably have caught flies, held the hymn book upside down, or done something else to bring discredit upon myself and scandal to the congregation.

And I still pride myself on the way I spend my Sundays.. so much so that I feel really aggrieved and injured when fault is found with the method by even the sweetest and most discursive lips in the world.

On that one blessed day I write no bad verses..make no execrable puns. You couldn't persuade me to one of those exciting horse races, where the drivers throw off on you, and the whole thing is put up on outsiders from the beginning. I read letters..and answer them, which latter may be considered an exercise of one of the cardinal virtues. Hating work with my whole heart and strength, it is delightful to have a day come around when it is wicked to work, and one can loaf and be at ease with a clean conscience.

It suddenly occurs to me that, perhaps, all this formal detail may not be very interesting or amusing to the general public, but, as I write solely for my own amusement, I don't know that it matters much...

We were speaking of *Outcroppings*.

A better title for the book could not have been found, for a good many croppings are left out..out in the cold, so to speak.

I have looked for "The Prophetess," but she is not there. Why is this thus? as Artemus Ward says.

Have prophetesses no honor in their own country, as well as prophets?

One of the house of Roman remarked, when I commented upon finding no prophetess in the book, that he didn't see much profit there either.

It grieves me to think that among so many singers the seat of one should be vacant..was there no room in the Pitt?

My opinion is that in making his selections, the editor's aim was to select the worst verse the State afforded..and he has succeeded admirably. Indeed, the title would so indicate; for what are outeroppings but rough surface rock?

I notice that the editor put none of his own compositions in the volume..making a feint of modesty. May we not say to him? "feint, Harte, never won fair lady."

A man is on trial for murder, and last evening's paper tells us that the fact of his writing bad verses is put in as a plea to establish his insanity.

Once admit this plea and a wide gate is opened to all who wish to commit crime with impunity. Any one of the Outcroppers thereafter might ravage and slay at his case.

Perhaps the man on trial is an Outcropper. The verses which are published in his defence are certainly bad enough to entitle him to be one.

One of the Outcroppers astonished me the other day..I allude to Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard.

There had always been a purity and etherealness about his verse that delighted me. He was the centre of a pastoral picture, to my imagination..a Corydon, sitting on daisy mounds, a crook in his hand, a pipe in his mouth..I don't mean a meerschaum, but that other kind of a pipe traditional with Shepheards..and no Phillis within hearing. There were violets in his verses but never a tint of scarlet.

But latterly he has revealed himself..he is a Corydon no longer. Remember you those lines, "My Sweetheart," published in THE CALIFORNIAN two or three weeks ago?

Certainly I never expected to see him crop out in that style.

Young men were deceivers ever, and my confidence in this particular one is betrayed..shaken, ruined..gone for ever. I should not be surprised now to catch him singing Bacchanalian songs..shouting perhaps, over a bottle of bad Burgundy: "Let the toast be. Dear woman."

Let the toast be, dear woman, is what the impolite gentleman said to his wife, one morning, when there was not enough for two...

By the way, Christmas is coming. It has been coming for some time, but it is nearer now than it was a while ago.

And I am ready to receive presents.

I don't mean that I want anybody to send me poems..they would be called instances of presents of mind, I suppose; but no one need mind about sending me any.

I already have a volume of *Outcroppings*, and that is nearly as much as one crop can stand.

But diamonds, jewelry, vases, corner lots, coal-scuttles.. anything neat, ornamental, and valuable, will be gratefully eceived by

INIGO.

TO A WATER-FOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a Summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows: reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

[*Wm. Cullen Bryant's "Voices of Nature."*

JENKINS AGAIN.

"OUR Jenkins, *Punch's* Jenkins, is not dead." He has neither been translated into the seventh heavens by chronicling Lord Granville's wedding for the *Times*, nor sunk below the nether deep by the heavy sarcasms of the *Saturday Review*. Jenkins is immortal: and like Brahma hath many *avatars*. Following the fashion of those nobles of the land whom he loves, Jenkins is *on the moors!* Yes, he is at this present writing incarnate in a Scottish body—called there "buddy"—and wears the grey kilt and blue bonnet of *the Gillie*. But even there and thus attired, instead of rifle or spy-glass, he wields the immortal pen, wherewith he stalks a statelier game that even the great red-deer—the princes of the Land! Hark to the crack of the well-known weapon!

"On Friday last, a grand deer drive took place in the forest of Abergeldie. To the wooded profile of Craig Yoniso the antlered monarchs were driven from the sheltered dales and corries around. Capital sport was had by the Prince of Wales and party, amongst whom was the Chief of Invercauld, the gallant Colonel Farquharson, who shot down two fine stags as the swaying herd swept past. Bang, bang, went the Prince of Wales's rifle, and other two noble stags bit the dust, and rolled dead in the blooming purple heather. Other two stags fell, one of which was killed by the youthful Mr. Phipps. On the home route two pretty roebucks were shot by the party, which concluded the day's sport."

This is something *like* word-painting. How the scene rises before us. The "antlered monarchs" driven to "the wooded profile of Craig Yoniso." Ossian, by heavens!—the grim suspense and murderous aim of the Chief Invercauld, the gallant Farquharson, "as the swaying herd swept past"—the "bang! bang!" of the Prince's rifle—the noble stags performing that *kotow* to a Prince which Jenkins loves, and winding up their rapid act of submission by the well-known feats of "biting the dust," and "rolling over in the purple heather!"

Then how instinct with the delicately discriminated Jenkinsian color, is the *rallentando* movement. "Other two stags fell, one of which was killed by the youthful Mr. Phipps." It would take a column of comment to bring out all the subtlety of compliment, the latent grace of suggestion, in this short sentence. Observe, the stags that fall to the rifle of the Prince are "noble;" not so the creatures that succumb to the more plebeian bullets of the suite—*they* are "stags" simple, and unadorned. Nor are their deaths of the ornately respectful kind practiced by the happy quadrupeds who are honored by the Prince's ball in their briskets. *They* "bite the dust," and "roll over in the purple heather;" the stags killed by the commonalty content themselves by "falling." Then note the sense of that dignified courtesy which should enshrine all belonging to a Court in "the youthful Mr. Phipps"—not "Phipps Junior," nor "Young Phipps," nor even "Young Mr. Phipps," but "the Youthful Mr. Phipps!"

This is how history should be written! Touched thus by a master hand, what delicacies of respect may be conveyed by language—how tropes and figures, epithets and idioms, nay plain adjectives and substantives, may be compelled to pay homage to rank and station, and to bow them down at the shrine of Snobocracy, of which Jenkins is the high-priest! *Punch.*

LITERARY NOTES.

DR. SPENCER HALL, a very distinguished London physician recently declined to obey the law which requires that all infants shall, within a certain period after their birth (six months, I believe,) be vaccinated. When called upon by the authorities, he responded in a very remarkable letter, which was read before the authorities of Marylebone parish, stating why he had determined to pay the fine rather than have his child vaccinated. He declares that he has never been able to find a cow with the disease, nor can he find in England a farmer who has ever seen one with it, consequently the virus which is now used in England is nearly or quite all taken from human subjects. On inquiring at the various hospitals, he finds from the medical men employed in them that it is next to impossible to get any real vaccine matter, *i. e.*, from the cow. He also gives reasons for supposing that nearly all of the virus in use has come through the bloods of some 300 different persons, many of which must be tainted with some disease. Dr. Hall prefers that his child should incur the risk of the small-pox to these taints. The dying out of the disease among cows has been attended by a singular decrease in the virulence of small-pox among human beings. The disease, from being the most formidable, has now almost lost its terrors. He thinks that for some reasons or other—possibly because the whole community has become gradually inoculated—the small-pox may die out altogether. The Marylebone authorities were considerably staggered by the doctor's very able letter, and did not know whether to impose the fine or not—the fine being arranged for the negligent, not for the philosophical. They finally agreed to allow the doctor four months to hunt up some original vaccine virus for his child.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has the following paragraph: Whilst Mr. Adams and Earl Russell are squabbling about the want of cordiality displayed by their respective countries to one another of late, the vexed question of the popularity of the Yankee nation in England has been settled by those certain indicators of public opinion—the street boys of London. The notion that "Confederate sympathy" ever prevailed in this country is not altogether absurd, perhaps, though it is declared to be so by at least one of the morning papers; nevertheless, there is significance in the different reception *now* given to the war songs of the combatants. It is true that "My Maryland" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag" may still be heard in the abodes of unfortunate but spiteful sufferers by the "cotton loan;" but the Federal war song is the favorite of the *people*—of those who sing in the highways. The somewhat lugubrious refrain, "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" has excited their admiration to a wonderful degree, and almost threatens to extinguish that hard worked, exquisite effort of modern minstrelsy, "Slap Bang." The slight flavor of blasphemy which "Old John Brown" contains does not apparently give any offence to the popular appetite; rather the contrary effect is observable.

THE "Journals and Correspondence" of Horace Walpole's friend, Miss Berry, abound in gossip and *ana* of the men and times to which they relate, as witness this glimpse of French celebrities, seen by Miss Berry, when she was presented to Madame Mere, in 1802. Moreau is "a middle-sized quiet-looking man, who at a distance gave me a little idea of Sir G. Beaumont, though shorter and blacker; but I was not near enough to see his countenance." Eugene Beauharnois "was among the dancers; he is rather good-looking, but by no means distinguished."... "General Bruue (who commanded in Holland) is one of the very tallest men I ever saw, between thirty and forty, rather awkward, with a sensible but not agreeable countenance. Massena was there, but not in uniform; a crop with thick black hair, a vulgar-looking intelligent countenance, and rather a short, thick figure."... "Cambraceres, the Second Consul, was among the company; he came late, and was received without any sort of distinction. He is an uncommonly ill-looking, shortish, thick man, with his eyes sunk in his head, his hair badly dressed, his dress the undress uniform of the consuls—blue velvet, with a broad gold embroidery, fustian breeches, and common turndown boots."

MR. CHARLES READE'S powerful novel, *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, turned by himself into a play of the same name, was lately the cause of a great row at the Princess's Theatre in London, the whole house being in a tumult over the prison scenes, which were represented with shocking fidelity. The manager, Mr. Vining, was made to appear before the curtain, but he gave the audience little satisfaction and no apology at all, merely stating that he considered Mr. Reade's object, which was to show up the brutal treatment received by prisoners in England, a laudable one. The length of the performance, which is said to have been between five and six hours, may have had something to do with the ill-feeling on both sides. We have known audiences to tire of even two hours of Shakspeare, whose plays are at least as good as those of Mr. Reade, who is really not a dramatist, but a novelist, and a very powerful one, as the readers of "It is Never Too Late to Mend" cannot but remember.

MARTIN FRANC
AND
THE MONK OF SAINT ANTHONY.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

IN times of old, there lived in the city of Rouen a tradesman named Martin Franc, who, by a series of misfortunes, had been reduced from opulence to poverty. But poverty, which generally makes men humble and laborious, only served to make him proud and lazy; and in proportion as he grew poorer and poorer, he grew also prouder and lazier. He contrived, however, to live along from day to day, by now and then pawning a silken robe of his wife, or selling a silver spoon, or some other trifle saved from the wreck of his better fortunes; and passed his time pleasantly enough in loitering about the market-place, and walking up and down on the sunny side of the street.

The fair Marguerite, his wife, was celebrated through the whole city for her beauty, her wit, and her virtue. She was a brunette with the blackest eye, the whitest teeth, and the ripest nut-brown cheeks in all Normandy; her figure was tall and stately, her hands and feet most delicately moulded, and her swimming gait like the motion of a swan. In happier days she had been the delight of the richest tradesmen in the city, and the envy of the fairest dames.

The friends of Martin Franc, like the friends of many a ruined man before and since, deserted him in the day of adversity. Of all that had eaten his dinners, and drunk his wine, and flattered his wife, none sought the narrow alley and humble dwelling of the broken tradesman save one, and that one was Friar Gui, the sacristan of the abbey of Saint Anthony. He was a little, jolly, red-faced friar, with a leer in his eye, and rather a doubtful reputation; but, as he was a kind of travelling gazette, and always brought the latest news and gossip of the city, and besides was the only person that condescended to visit the house of Martin Franc—in fine, for the want of a better, he was considered in the light of a friend.

In these constant assidnities, Friar Gui had his secret motives, of which the single heart of Martin Franc was entirely unsuspicious. The keener eye of his wife, however, soon discovered two faces under the hood; but she persevered in misconstruing the friar's intentions, and in dexterously turning aside any expression of gallantry that fell from his lips. In this way Friar Gui was for a long time kept at bay; and Martin Franc preserved in the day of poverty and distress that consolation of all this world's afflictions—a friend. But, finally, things came to such a pass, that the honest tradesman opened his eyes, and wondered he had been asleep so long. Whereupon he was irreverent enough to thrust Friar Gui into the street by the shoulder.

Meanwhile the times grew worse. One family relic followed another—the last silken robe was pawned, the last silver spoon sold; until at length poor Martin Franc was forced to "drag the devil by the tail:" in other words, beggary stared him full in the face. But the fair Marguerite did not even then despair. In those days a belief in the immediate guardianship of the saints was much more strong and prevalent than in these lewd and degenerate times; and as there seemed no great probability of improving their condition by any lucky change which could be brought about by mere human agency, she determined to try what could be done by intercession with the patron saint of her husband. Accordingly she repaired one evening to the abbey of St. Anthony, to place a votive candle and offer her prayer at the altar, which stood in the little chapel dedicated to St. Martin.

It was already sunset when she reached the church, and the evening service of the Virgin had commenced. A cloud of incense floated before the altar of the Madonna, and the organ rolled its deep melody along the dim arches of the church. Marguerite mingled with the kneeling crowd, and repeated the responses in Latin, with as much devotion as the most learned clerk of the convent. When the service was over, she repaired to the chapel of St. Martin, and lighting her votive taper at the silver lamp which burned before his altar, knelt down in a retired part of the chapel, and, with tears in her eyes, besought the saint for aid and protection. While she was thus engaged, the church became gradually deserted, till she was left, as she thought, alone. But in this she was mistaken; for, when she arose to depart, the portly figure of Friar Gui was standing close at her elbow!

"Good evening, fair Marguerite," said he, "St. Martin has heard your prayer, and sent me to relieve your poverty."

"Then, by the Virgin,' replied she, "the good saint is not very fastidious in the choice of his messengers."

"Nay, goodwife," answered the friar, not at all abashed by this ungracious reply, "if the tidings are good, what matters it who the messenger may be? And how does Martin Franc these days?"

"He is well," replied Marguerite; "and were he present, I doubt not would thank you heartily for the interest you still take in him and his poor wife."

"He has done me wrong," continued the friar. "But it is

our duty to forgive our enemies; and so let the past be forgotten. I know that he is in want. Here, take this to him, and tell him I am still his friend."

So saying, he drew a small purse from the sleeve of his habit, and proffered it to his companion. I know not whether it were a suggestion of St. Martin, but it is true that the fair wife of Martin Franc seemed to lend a more willing ear to the earnest whispers of the friar. At length she said:

"Put up your purse; to day I can neither deliver your gift nor your message. Martin Franc has goue from home."

"Then keep it for yourself."

"Nay, Sir Monk," replied Marguerite, casting down her eyes; "I can take no bribes here in the church, and in the very chapel of my husband's patron saint. You shall bring it to me at my house, if you will."

The friar put up the purse, and the conversation which followed was in a low and indistinct undertone, audible only to the ears for which it was intended. At length the interview ceased; and—O woman!—the last words that the virtuous Marguerite uttered, as she glided from the church, were:

"To-night—when the abbey-clock strikes twelve—remember!"

It would be useless to relate how impatiently the friar counted the hours and the quarters as they chimed from the ancient tower of the abbey, while he paced to and fro along the gloomy cloisters. At length the appointed hour approached; and just before the convent bell sent forth its summons to call the friars of St. Anthony to their midnight devotions, a figure, with a cowl, stole out of a postern gate, and, passing silently along the deserted streets, soon turned into the little ally which led to the dwelling of Martin Franc. It was none other than Friar Gui. He rapped softly at the tradesman's door, and casting a look up and down the street, as if to assure himself that his motions were unobserved, slipped into the house.

"Has Martin Franc returned?" inquired he in a whisper.

"No," answered the sweet voice of his wife; "he will not be back to-night."

"Then all good angels befriend us!" continued the monk, endeavoring to take her hand.

"Not so, good Monk," said she, disengaging herself. "You forget the conditions of our meeting."

The friar paused a moment; and then, drawing a heavy purse from his girdle, he threw it upon the table; at the same moment a footstep was heard behind him, and a heavy blow from a club threw him prostrate upon the floor. It came from the strong arm of Martin Franc himself!

It is hardly necessary to say that his absence was feigned. His wife had invented the story to decoy the monk, and thereby to keep her husband from beggary, and to relieve herself, once for all, from the importunities of a false friend. At first Martin Franc would not listen to the proposition; but at length he yielded to the urgent entreaties of his wife; and the plan finally agreed upon was, that Friar Gui, after leaving his purse behind him, should be sent back to the convent with a severer discipline than his shoulders had ever received from any penitence of his own.

The affair, however, took a more serious turn than was intended; for, when they tried to raise the friar from the ground—he was dead. The blow aimed at his shoulders fell upon his shaven crown; and, in the excitement of the moment, Martin Franc had dealt a heavier stroke than he had intended. Amid the grief and consternation which followed this discovery, the quick imagination of his wife suggested an expedient of safety. A bunch of keys at the friar's girdle caught her eye. Hastily unfastening the ring, she gave the key to her husband, exclaiming:

"For the holy Virgin's sake, be quick! One of these keys doubtless unlocks the gate of the convent-garden. Carry the body thither, and leave it among the trees!

Martin Franc threw the dead body of the monk across his shoulder, and with a heavy heart took the way to the abbey. It was a clear, starry night; and though the moon had not yet risen, her light was in the sky, and came reflected down in a soft twilight upon earth. Not a sound was heard through all the long and solitary streets, save at intervals the distant crowing of a cock, or the melancholy hoot of an owl from the lofty tower of the abbey. The silence weighed like an accusing spirit upon the guilty conscience of Martin Franc. He started at the sound of his own breathing, as he panted under the heavy burden of the monk's body; and if, perchance, a bat flitted near him on drowsy wings, he paused, and his heart beat audibly with terror. At length he reached the garden-wall of the abbey, opened the postern-gate with the key, and, bearing the monk into the garden, seated him upon a stone bench by the edge of the fountain, with his head resting against a column, upon which was sculptured an image of the Madonna. He then replaced the bunch of keys at the monk's girdle, and returned home with hasty steps.

When the prior of the convent, to whom the repeated delinquencies of Friar Gui were but too well known, observed that he was again absent from his post at midnight prayers, he waxed exceedingly angry; and no sooner were the duties of the chapel finished, than he sent a monk in pursuit of the truant sacristan, summoning him to appear immediately at his cell. By chance it happened that the monk chosen for this duty was an enemy of Friar Gui; and very shrewdly supposing that the sacristan had stolen out of the garden-gate on some midnight adventure, he took that direction in pursuit. The moon was just climbing the convent wall, and threw its silvery light through the trees of the garden, and on the sparkling waters of the fountain, that fell with a soft lulling sound into the deep basin below. As the monk passed on his way, he stopped to quench his thirst with a draught of the cool water, and was turning to depart, when his eye caught the motionless form of the sacristan, sitting erect in the shadow of the stone column.

"How is this, Friar Gui?" quoth the monk. "Is this a place to be sleeping at midnight, when the brotherhood are all at their prayers?"

Friar Gui made no answer.

"Up, up! thou eternal sleeper, and do penance for thy negligence. The prior calls for thee at his cell!" continued the monk, growing angry, and shaking the sacristan by the shoulder.

But still no answer.

"Then, by Saint Anthony, I'll wake thee!"

And saying this, he dealt the sacristan a heavy box on the ear. The body bent slowly forward from its erect position, and, giving a headlong plunge, sank with a heavy splash into the basin of the fountain. The monk waited a few moments in expectation of seeing Friar Gui rise dripping from his cold bath; but he waited in vain; for he lay motionless at the bottom of the basin—his eyes open, and his ghastly face distorted by the ripples of the water. With a beating heart the monk stooped down, and, grasping the skirt of the sacristan's habit, at length succeeded in drawing him from the water. All efforts, however, to resuscitate him were unavailing. The monk was filled with terror, not doubting that the friar had died untimely by his hand; and as the animosity between them was no secret in the convent, he feared that, when the deed was known, he should be accused of murder. He therefore looked round for an expedient to relieve himself from the dead body; and the well known character of the sacristan soon suggested one. He determined to carry the body to the house of the most noted beauty of Rouen, and leave it on the door-step: so that all suspicion of the murder might fall upon the shoulders of some jealous husband. The beauty of Martin Franc's wife had penetrated even the thick walls of the convent, and there was not a friar in the whole abbey of Saint Anthony who had not done penance for his truant imagination. Accordingly, the dead body of Friar Gui was laid upon the monk's brawny shoulders, carried back to the house of Martin Franc, and placed in an erect position near the door. The monk knocked loud and long; and then, gliding through a by-lane, stole back to the convent.

A troubled conscience would not suffer Martin Franc and his wife to close their eyes; but they lay awake lamenting the doleful, events of the night. The knock at the door sounded like a death-knell in their ears. It still continued at intervals, rap—rap—rap! with a dull, low sound, as if something heavy were swinging against the panel: for the wind had risen during the night, and every angry gust that swept down the alley swung the arms of the lifeless sacristan against the door. At length Martin Franc mustered courage enough to dress himself and go down, while his wife followed him with a lamp in her hand; but no sooner had he lifted the latch, than the ponderous body of Friar Gui fell stark and heavy into his arms.

"Jesu Maria!" exclaimed Marguerite, crossing herself: "here is the monk again!"

"Yes, and dripping wet, as if he had just been dragged out of the river!"

"O, we are betrayed!" exclaimed Marguerite, in agony.

"Then the devil himself has betrayed us," replied Martin Franc, disengaging himself from the embrace of the sacristan; "for I met not a living being; the whole city was as silent as the grave."

"Saint Martin defend us!" continued his terrified wife. "Here, take this scapulary to guard you from the Evil One; and lose no time. You must throw the body into the river, or we are lost! Holy Virgin! How bright the moon shines!"

Saying this, she threw round his neck a scapulary, with the figure of a cross on one end, and an image of the Virgin on the other; and Martin Franc again took the dead friar upon his shoulders, and with fearful misgivings departed on his dismal errand. He kept as much as possible in the shadow of the houses, and had nearly reached the quay, when suddenly he thought he heard footsteps behind him. He stopped to listen; it was no vain imagination; they came along the pavement, tramp, tramp! and every step grew louder and nearer. Martin Franc tried to quicken his pace—but in vain; his knees smote together, and he staggered against the wall. His hand relaxed its grasp, and the monk slid from his back and stood ghastly and straight beside him, supported by chance against the shoulder of his bearer. At that moment a man came round the corner, tottering beneath the weight o a huge sack. As his head was bent downwards, he did not perceive Martin Franc till he was close upon him; and when, on looking up, he saw two figures standing motionless in the shadow of the wall, he thought himself waylaid, and, without waiting to be assaulted, dropped the sack from his shoulders and ran off at full speed. The sack fell heavily on the pavement, and directly at the feet of Martin Franc. In the fall the string was broken; and out came the bloody head, not of a dead monk, as it first seemed to the excited imagination of Martin Franc, but of a dead hog! When the terror and surprise caused by this singlar event had a little subsided, an idea came into the mind of Martin Franc, very similar to what would have come into the mind of almost any person in similar circumstances. He took the hog out of the sack, putting the body of the monk into its place, secured it well with the remnants of the broken string, and then hurried homeward with the animal upon his shoulders.

He was hardly out of sight when the man with the sack returned, accompanied by two others. They were suprised to find the sack still lying on the ground, with no one near it, and began to jeer the former bearer, telling him he had been frightened at his own shadow on the wall. Then one of them took the sack upon his shoulders, without the least suspicion of the change that had been made in its contents, and all three disappeared.

Now it happened that the city of Rouen was at that time infested by three street robbers, who walked in darkness like the pestilence, and always carried the plunder of their midnight marauding to the Tete-de-Bœuf, a little tavern in one of the darkest and narrowest lanes of the city. The host of the Tete-de-Bœuf was privy to all their schemes, and had an equal share in the profits of their nightly excursions. He gave a helping hand, too, by the length of his bills, and by plundering the pockets of any chance traveller that was luckless enough to sleep under his roof.

On the night of the disastrous adventure of Friar Gui, this little marauding party had been prowling about the city until a late hour, without finding anything to reward their labors.

At length, however, they chanced to spy a hog, hanging under a shed in a butcher's yard, in readiness for the next day's market; and as they were not very fastidious in selecting their plunder, but, on the contrary, rather addicted to taking whatever they could lay their hands on, the hog was straightway purloined, thrust into a large sack, and sent to the Tete-de-Bœuf on the shoulders of one of the party, while the other two continued their nocturnal excursion. It was this person who had been so terrified at the appearance of Martin Franc and the dead monk; and as this encounter had interrupted any further operations of the party, the dawn of the day being now near at hand, they all repaired to their gloomy den in the Tete-de-Bœuf. The host was impatiently waiting their return; and, asking what plunder they had brought with them, proceeded without delay to remove it from the sack. The first thing that presented itself, on untying the string, was the monk's head.

"The devil take the devil!" cried the host, as he opened the neck of the sack; "what's this? Your hog wears a cowl!"

"The poor devil has become disgusted with the world, and turned monk!" said he who held the light, a little surprised at seeing the head covered with a coarse gray cloth.

"Sure enough he has," exclaimed another, starting back in dismay, as the shaven crown and ghastly face of the friar appeared. "Holy St. Benedict be with us! It is a monk stark dead!"

"A dead monk, indeed!" said a third, with an incredulous shake of the head; how could a dead monk get into this sack? No, no; there is some *diablerie* in this. I have heard it said that Satan can take any shape he pleases; and you may rely upon it this is Satan himself, who has taken the shape of a monk to get us all hanged."

Then we had better kill the devil than have the devil kill us!" replied the host, crossing himself; "and the sooner we do it the better; for it is now daylight, and the people will soon be passing in the street."

"So say I," rejoined the man of magic; "and my advice is, to take him to the butcher's yard, and hang him up in the place where we found the hog."

This proposition so pleased the others that it was executed without delay. They carried the friar to the butcher's house, and, passing a strong cord round his neck, suspended him to a beam in the shade, and there left him.

When the night was at length passed, and daylight began to peep into the eastern windows of the city, the butcher arose and prepared himself for market. He was casting up in his mind what the hog would bring at his stall, when, looking upward, lo! in its place he recognized the dead body of Friar Gui.

"By St. Denis!" quoth the butcher, "I always feared that this friar would not die quietly in his cell; but I never thought I should find him hanging under my roof. This must not be; it will be said that I murdered him, and I shall pay for it with my life. I must contrive some way to get rid of him."

So saying, he called his man, and, showing him what had

been done asked him how he should dispose of the body so that he might not be accused of murder. The man, who was of a ready wit, reflected a moment, and then answered—

"This is indeed a difficult matter; but there is no evil without its remedy. We will place the friar on horseback—"

"What! a dead man on horseback?—impossible!" interrupted the butcher. "Who ever heard of a dead man on horseback!"

"Hear me out, and then judge. We must place the body on horseback as well as we may, and bind it fast with cords; and then set the horse loose in the street, and pursue him, crying out that the monk has stolen the horse. Thus all who meet him will strike him with their staves as he passes, and it will be thought that he came to his death in that way."

Though this seemed to the butcher rather a mad project, yet, as no better one offered itself at the moment, and there was no time for reflection, mad as the project was, they determined to put it into execution. Accordingly the butcher's horse was brought out, and the friar was bound upon his back, and with much difficulty fixed in an upright position. The butcher then gave the horse a blow upon the crupper with his staff, which set him into a smart gallop down the street, and he and his man joined in pursuit, crying—

"Stop thief! Stop thief! The friar has stolen my horse!"

As it was now sunrise, the streets were full of people—peasants driving their goods to market, and citizens going to their daily avocations. When they saw the friar dashing at full speed down the street, they joined in the cry of "Stop thief!—Stop thief!" and many who endeavored to seize the bridle, as the friar passed them at full speed, were thrown upon the pavement, and trampled under foot; others joined in the halloo and the pursuit; but this only served to quicken the gallop of the frightened steed, who dashed down one street and up another like the wind, with two or three mounted citizens clattering in full cry at his heels. At length they reached the market-place. The people scattered right and left in dismay; and the steed and rider dashed onward, overthrowing in their course men and women, and stalls, and piles of merchandise, and sweeping away like a whirlwind. Tramp—tramp—tramp! they clattered on; they had distanced all pursuit. They reached the quay; the wide pavement was cleared at a bound—one more wild leap—and splash!—both horse and rider sank into the rapid current of the river—swept down the stream—and was seen no more!

MARTINSTOWER.

"IT is almost dark, said Lizzy Elliott, perched on the bars that led into the solemn quietude of the Martinstower woods, with her brown hood hanging from one arm, and a scarlet shawl drawn over her tangled black curls. "I wonder why papa don't come!"

Lizzy was a self-reliant sort of a damsel, with black eyes and peach-red cheeks, and a lilac calico dress fearfully torn by some jagged bramble. She was not particularly graceful, nor were the hands that held the shawl together under the chin, "slender and snowy." On the contrary, the March wind had reddened them, and blown her short curls about until you could scarcely have told, from any outward indication, whether she were boy or girl.

"Lizzy! child! come down this instant! When will you learn to be a little more ladylike?"

And Lizzy slipped guiltily down from her seat on the topmost bar, as a stout old gentleman, with iron gray hair and a suit to match, came trotting down the road on a stout pony.

"Oh, papa! I thought you were never coming!"

"I'll tell you what I am going to do," said the old gentleman irascibly, as Lizzy sauntered along by the pony's side, with one arm thrown over its shaggy mane, and her reddened fingers playing with the loose locks. "I'm going to buy you a pair of blue trousers and a coat, and set you to work cutting trees with the rest of the menfolks. It's all a mistake trying to make a young lady of you!"

"I wish you would, papa!" ejaculated Lizzy, gleefully, "it would be such fun!"

"Fun!" echoed the old gentleman. Now I give you fair warning, Miss Lizzy, you have got to behave yourself a little more circumspectly in future. Mr. Martin is coming home."

"Mr. Martin of Martinstower?"

"The same."

Lizzy looked back where the sunset was turning the vast gothic windows of the gray stone mansion among the Martinstower woods to gold, and opened her black eyes very wide. "I wish he would stay at Para—Parn—what's its name? I can't steal any more roses from the lawn, nor play at hide-and-seek with "Nero" in the great stone portico any more. What does he want to come back for?"

"Probably because he is tired of living in foreign countries," dryly responded her father.

"And when will he be here?"

"In the course of a month or two. His confidential clerk comes immediately, to see about refurnishing and decorating Martinstower for his reception, and—"

"He must be a very fine young gentleman if the old furniture isn't good enough," said Lizzy, elevating her little nose.

"Will you hold your saucy tongue, Miss? How dare you speak in that way of a man who must be worth, at the least computation, a quarter of a million? I was going to say that I hope Mr. Martin will make it his home at our house for a day or two, before he takes possession of his new residence. Viola is a very pretty girl, and it mayn't be a bad idea to establish some little intimacy between our place and Martinstower before—"

"I understand," said Lizzy, nodding her head knowingly. "Viola would make a splendid fine lady, and so would Blanche. Wouldn't it be glorious?"

"Lizzy," said her father, sharply, "you will oblige me by moderating your tone somewhat. There is somebody coming down the road—hush!"

The words were yet on his lips as a tall, well built young man, in a coarse gray overcoat and a soft felt hat, came up.

"Can you tell me the way to Martinstower, sir?"

"Martinstower!" repeated Elliott, staring at the stranger, while Lizzy's black eyes dilated wider than ever. "Upon my word, it is a strange coincidence, young sir. You are undoubtedly Mr. Hartwell, referred to in the letter I this morning received from Maurice Martin—and I beg leave to introduce myself as Job Elliott, agent for the estate."

"Letter!" repeated the young man; has the letter but just arrived?"

"This morning," returned Elliott, courteously. "Perhaps you will return with me to-night, and we can go over the property to-morrow. I have the less hesitation in extending an invitation to you, young man, as your employer gives me to understand that you are an exceedingly worthy person, although—ahem—of commonplace extraction."

The stranger had removed his hat, probably out of compliment to the red-fingered young lady, and stood with a pair of large blue eyes fixed on Elliott's rather pompous face

"Thank you, sir," he said, composedly, "As it is late, and I am totally unacquainted in the vicinity, I shall accept your hospitable offer."

Viola Elliott, a handsome, olive-cheeked girl of about twenty, was eagerly awaiting her father, just within the threshold of the cosy, though plainly furnished family room.

"Oh, papa! Is it true that Martin is—"

She stopped short, and Blanche, a plump, languishing blonde who was curled up on the sofa, with a novel in her hand, burst into a giggle as the confidential clerk's tall figure loomed up behind her portly parent.

"My dear," said Elliott, flourishing his hand, "this is Mr. Hartwell, the secretary—clerk—I scarcely know what to call him—dispatched by Mr. Martin to prepare the mansion for his fitting reception."

Viola bent her head stiffly. Blanche just nodded. Truly the confidential clerk felt that his greeting could scarcely be characterized as over warm.

"Papa," whispered Viola, following her father into the dining room, "what made you ask him home with you just when you are so hurried?"

"Hurried, Viola?"

"That's just a man's view of things," pouted the young lady. "You might have known that Blanche and I have nothing fit to wear—we must have our new pink dresses made against Mr. Martin's return—and the best bedroom must be repapered, and the parlor paint is shocking, and here you bring a great staring fellow to lounge round in the way. Why couldn't he go to the village tavern?"

"My dear, you forget that he is Maurice Martin's confidential clerk."

"No papa, I don't forget anything of the sort," retorted Viola sharply. "But I am sure that it is no way to give Mr. Martin a favorable impression, for him to find us hand and glove with his trumpery clerk. He will suppose—he *must* suppose—that our associations are of the very lowest! Papa, it is too bad!"

And Miss Viola burst into tears.

"I am astonished at papa," added Blanche, who had entered to participate in the discussion. "Inviting a clerk—a common clerk—to our house! At any rate he must sleep in the little dark room over the kitchen. So Viola, we can have the best bedroom papered just as if he were not here."

"Papa," resumed Viola, still brooding on the original grievance, "what *did* possess you to invite him here?"

"My dear," returned the perplexed paterfamilias, "I wished to conciliate Mr. Martin by every means in my power. Of course I don't care for the young man personally. We can get rid of him in a day or two."

The Confidential Clerk, standing in front of the bright red sparkle of the fire in the room beyond, smiled to himself even while a deep indignant flash mounted to his forehead, as he involuntarily overheard the little *sotto voce* by-play in the other room.

"And this," he murmured to himself, sadly watching the gloomy masses of coal, "is all the welcome a wanderer receives, after twenty years spent upon the sterile rocks of a foreign land! Home! the word has a pretty echo, yet there is something hollow in its sound after all."

"Mr. Confidential Clerk you are crying!"

He started with a quick blush, as a little hand, red and frosted with cold, was laid upon his coat sleeve.

"Crying! I!"

"You needn't try to deceive me, sir," nodded Lizzy Elliott, who had crept to his side, with a white kitten in her arms. "I saw the bright drop sparkling on your eye-lashes like a great diamond, and then I saw it fall upon the hearth. Why are you crying? Is it because you are poor and friendless, and of—of—what did papa call it! Oh, of common place extraction!"

He did not answer. There was something in the soft pitying shine of those black eyes that enthralled his gaze. Lizzy came close to him, winking hard to keep a sympathetic moisture from her own dark lashes.

"Don't cry!" she pleaded, softly. "Cheer up! I know papa is patronizing and the girls are cross, but *I'll* be your friend! Only think how many men have begun the world as poor and friendless as yourself, and yet have triumphed over fortune."

He smiled.

"My dear little girl——"

"I'm not a little girl!" interrupted Lizzy, indignantly. "I was sixteen last November."

"Well, then, my dear young lady," resumed the Confidential Clerk, smiling, "I will accept your words as an omen of coming good fortune. Tell me about Martinstower. Is it a pretty place?"

"It is a splendid place," corrected Lizzy, with grave enthusiasm. "With marble mantles, you know, all carved like ancient gods and goddesses, and floors of inlaid wood, and ceilings all painted to look like yellow sunsets and spots in the woods when the vines are growing overhead. And there are lawns and wide gravel walks, and I once peeped through the glass doors of the conservatories and saw the great blue passion flowers and cactuses like tassels of flame, and orange trees, with real ripe oranges growing on them. It's like a fairy story."

"Lizzy! Lizzy! you are talking far more than is proper for a child," interrupted Viola, sharply, breaking in upon their tete-a-tete. "Put down that kitten and go to your French immediately."

And as the abashed damsel with the tangled curls obeyed her elder sister's behest, the energetically whispered words, "dignity of the family—nothing but a confidential clerk," reached Hartwell's ear, together with Miss Lizzy's pettish reply: "I don't care—I like him!"

The next morning the Confidential Clerk exchanged "the little room over the kitchen" for a more comfortable and spacious apartment in the village inn, whence he calmly superintended the projected improvements at Martinstower, and all the gossip exchanged between himself and Lizzy was in the course of her daily rambles through the Martinstower woods. If Blanche and Viola had only known the rapidly cementing friendship that had sprung up between the two, what a shock their aristocratic tendencies would have received!

"Lizzy! Lizzy Elliott! I am ashamed of you."

"But, papa, he says he loves me!"

"Loves you!" echoed Viola, holding up her hands. "Papa, only listen to her. A paltry clerk, to dare to fall in love with our Lizzy"

"A mere child, too—not seventeen," chimed in Blanche, whose twenty seventh birthday was looming darkly over her. "Papa, I wish you would buy Lizzy a doll and send her to boarding school."

"Girls! girls! will you give me a chance to speak?" panted Mr. Elliott, despairingly. "Lizzy, I don't know which astonishes me the most—this fellow's audacity or your ridiculous folly?"

"Papa," said Lizzy, gravely, "I intend to marry him."

"Silence!" thundered the old gentleman. "You shall not marry him! I'll write to Maurice Martin to discharge him at once!"

The evening meal was already spread, and the lamps lighted, when Mr. Elliott came in, the next night. Blanche was reading, in a graceful *pose* that she studied on all occasions, and Viola was clipping the dead leaves off her favorite geranium.

"Where's Lizzy, girls?" said the old gentleman, taking his seat in front of the pile of buttered toast, and liberally helping himself.

"In her room, I suppose," returned Viola. "I have twice rung the bell."

"Go after her, then. She's sulking after her beloved clerk, I suppose," commented Mr. Elliott.

Viola went, but returned almost immediately with a pale, frightened face.

"She's not there, papa; but this note lay on her table."

Mr. Elliott broke the seal, and hurriedly glanced over the tremulously written words, with a face that had grown like ashes:

"By the time you read these words, dearest papa, your Lizzy will be another's. I shall marry Mr. Hartwell. I hope it is not wrong. Indeed, indeed, I loved him."

As he folded the note with stern, rigid features, a light

step crossed the threshold, and Lizzy's arms were around his neck, the Confidential Clerk standing by the door, with a face where pride and indomitable resolution struggled for mastery

"Papa, forgive me—forgive us!"

"I'll see you hanged first!" roared the old gentleman, turning pale round the mouth. "Begone both of you. Beg, starve, if you like; but never come to me for aid or help!"

"Ridiculous!" sobbed Viola.

"Preposterous!" scolded Blanche.

"Be it so," said the clerk, quietly. "Lizzy, we need nothing more than one another's love. Come, my little wife!"

"But, papa," persisted Lizzy, "I wanted to explain—"

"Will you begone!" ejaculated Mr. Elliott, opening the door wide, and motioning towards the twilight road."

"The unnatural minx!" murmured Blanche.

"Married at sixteen—the impertinent thing!" sputtered Viola.

And so Lizzy and her husband left the unfriendly shadow of the paternal roof.

Blanche Elliott, surrounded by an atmosphere of lavendar, vinegar, and eau de-cologne, was just coming out of the hysterics into which Lizzy's unprecedented conduct had thrown her, when there was a low tap at the door, and a young man, bearing a peculiar looking foreign carpet-bag in his hand appeared.

"This is Mr. Elliott, I suppose."

"Yes, sir;" returned the old gentleman, hesitating whether to embrace the stranger as Maurice Martin, or repel him as an emissary from the obnoxious Confidential Clerk.

"Ah—so I concluded. Has Mr. Martin been here to-day?" Elliott started.

"Mr. Martin is in Parnahàm, Brazil."

"I beg your pardon, sir," returned the young man; "I am his secretary, and am quite convinced that he is at this present time at his family estate of Martinstower. Perhaps I had better seek him there. I am told that it is but a mile or two further on."

He retreated, bowing with a foreign profusion of courtesy, leaving Mr. Elliott overwhelmed with amazement.

"My dear!" he said, hurrying back to the sitting-room, "I must go up to Martinstower at once. Mr. Martin has arrived at last."

Blanche sat up, tossing the bright drops of cologne from her curls.

"Oh, papa! you will be sure to bring him back to supper?"

"I'll try, my dear—I'll try," said the flurried senior.

"Papa!" ejaculated Viola, "you are trying to pull your boots on over your slippers!"

"Confound it, so I am—but this affair of Lizzy's has completely unsettled me! Very strange of Maurice to come home without a word of notice to *me*, his agent!"

So saying, Mr. Elliott darted forth into the darkness like some new style of projectile.

The lights of the stained Gothic window at Martinstower were streaming brightly across the lawn, as he came hurriedly up the broad stone steps and rang the bell.

"Mr. Martin—has he arrived?"

The servant bowed and ushered him into a large room, whose superbly arranged furniture struck Mr. Elliott with an indefinite idea of Luxury. Lizzy was standing by a tall alabaster vase of clinging tropic vines that occupied one of the bay windows, with a colored lamp burning above.

"Papa! oh, papa! you have forgotten me?"

He turned frigidly from her pleading eyes to her husband.

"I have just called to see your master, young man!"

"To see whom, sir?"

"Mr. Martin, of Martinstower."

"I am at your service, Mr. Elliott."

"*You* are! Who the—mischief cares whether you are or not? I tell you I want to see Mr. Martin."

"Maurice Martin is my name, sir."

Elliott stood aghast.

"Why, I—I thought you were the confidential clerk!"

"I never told you that I was, sir. You chose to take it for granted, and I allowed you that privilege. As the confidential clerk, I wooed and won your daughter—as Maurice Martin, I could have gained no greater treasure!"

"It's all a mistake from beginning to end," exclaimed poor Elliott, wiping the streams of perspiration from his fevered brow. "Lizzy, my dear, come here and kiss me! Son-in-law, you're a trump! Why didn't you tell me of this before?"

"I didn't know it, myself, papa, until we were married," said Lizzy, laughing and blushing; and when I tried to tell you all about it to-night, you wouldn't let me."

"So you were Maurice Martin all the while," said Elliott, with a deep breath. "Well, upon my word and honor! And my little Lizzy is Mrs. Martin, of Martinstower! What *will* the *girls* say?"

She nestled up to the aforesaid Maurice, as she spoke, and his look of fond pride sent a strange thrill down into the father's heart. Maurice did love the sixteen year old child—and Lizzy's instincts had led her to the haven of happiness!

"I know I'm very young," faltered Lizzy; "but I'm going to leave off playing with the white kitten: and brush out my curls smooth; and stop climbing fences and jumping across brooks, and—and Maurice says he loves me just as much as if I were a dignified wife forty years old!"

[For the Californian.]

DOING WITHOUT IT.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

I'VE found some wisdom, in my quest,
That's richly worth retailing:
I've learned that, when one does his best,
There's little harm in failing.

I thought to gather wealth untold,
And made my boast about it:
My wit and toil bring little gold;
I'm just as rich without it.

I said, "The world shall hear my name,
And down the ages shout it!"
I shall not win the bauble, fame;
I'm just as great without it.

Another thing I've had to prove,
Though much I used to doubt it:
One can't be sure of human love,
But one *can* live without it.

I saw the world with wrong o'ergrown,
And set myself to rout it;
Some age will see it overthrown,
So I can die without it.

I thought to know philosophy,
And teach mankind about it:
My plummet will not sound the sea;
My ship sails on without it.

I may not reach what I pursue,
Yet will I keep pursuing;
Nothing is vain that I can do,
For soul-growth comes of doing.

But wherefore tell you what I know,
When you will not receive it?
When you have lived and learned, I trow,
You're certain to believe it.

THE MINERS' CONVENTION.

THE Board of Trustees of the California Mining Bureau Association, at the suggestion of numerous mining journals and representatives of mining interests, have called a Convention to meet at Sacramento on the 17th day of January. The following is the resolution of the Association:

Resolved, That a Mass Convention of the miners of the State of California be and is hereby called to assemble in the city of Sacramento on Wednesday, the 17th day of January, A. D. 1866, at 12 o'clock, and that any person engaged in actual mining operations shall be eligible to a seat in said Convention.

That such a Convention of those interested in mining enterprises will result in great benefit to those directly interested as well as to the best interests of the State, is admitted by all. For two years the propriety of such action has been urged, but has failed because no definite plan was arranged. The Association above named has taken the initiatory, and we have no doubt that miners throughout the State will do their part toward making the Convention next month a decided success.

The most important question to come up is the question of Congressional legislation for the mines. Already a bill has been introduced looking to the sale of mineral lands, and no doubt other legislation will be attempted. The wishes of the miners of this coast would not be disregarded by Congress, and the action of the proposed Convention may prevent injudicious legislation by that body.

The State Legislature will be in session during the meeting of the Convention, and will no doubt be enabled to understand the wants of miners, and meet them much better on account of the information gained from practical miners.

Besides these advantages, the mutal benefit to those in attendance will be great. Heretofore there has been little or no system in the working of the mines. Men enter upon mining enterprises without experience and without any knowledge whatever of the business, and in nine cases out of ten they fail, and instead of the failure being charged to the real cause—ignorance of the business—it is set down as evidence of the uncertainty of mining operations.

In farming, manufacturing, and all other kinds of business, frequent meetings are held by those interested for mutual improvement. Those who are experienced in business make their information the common stock of the trade or craft, and these deliberations being published are a source of improvement to all concerned. Such will be the result of the deliberations of those engaged in mining. The experience and processes of a dozen intelligent miners and prospectors communicated to a Convention, would be of more real advantage to the mining interests of the State than a year's experience.—*Nevada Transcript.*

INTERIOR ITEMS.

THE *Reese River Reveille* tells an amusing story of a mill attache who, on a late dark night, coming up with two men, over the back of one of whom hung what appeared to be a pair of human legs, thought he had unearthed a murder, and, suddenly presenting his pistol, in a voice of thunder commanded the two to stop. They *did* stop, when he found the dead body was only a pair of trousers, the legs of which had been tied at the bottom and then filled with innumerable small packages by the miners, who were returning from town, where they had been making necessary purchases, and having a good Thanksgiving time. The legs and waist of the pantaloons had been so filled and stuffed, that hanging over the shoulders of a man travelling with unwonted speed at the inauspicious hour of midnight, they had induced the pardonable error of the man of the mill. Explanations followed amid roars of laughter.

THE Visalia *Delta* of December 6th has the following: "We learn that two-thirds of the Hate lead, on Clear creek, has been sold to Loveland, Hagerman & Co., of San Francisco, for $20,000. Ten thousand dollars has been refused for one-half of the McKidney mine. Neiswander, Park & Donnell are clearing from $4,000 to $5,000 per week with their mill of five stamps. Another claim has been sold in a lode but recently discovered and scarcely known, for $15,000.

SODA CREEK and other northern tributaries of the Sacramento river, at the head of Shasta valley, says the Yreka *Journal*, are paying good wages to the miners. The claims are contiguous to plenty of water all the year round, and miners are constantly making good wages when other camps are idle from want of water. Such is the case with all the diggings along the Sacramento river.

THE Los Angeles *News* of the 5th says a heavy mantle of snow covers the summit of the adjacent coast range of mountains, as also upon the San Bernardino mountains—the evident result of the recent stormy weather experienced there during the part three or four days.

AT the September election in Klamath county there was a tie vote on the offices of County Assessor and County Surveyor, whereupon it has been ordered by the Board of Supervisors of that county that an election be held on the 30th day of December next to fill these offices.

THE Catholics are making arrangements for the establishment of a Female Academy and Parochial School in Oakland, to be under the care of the Sisters of the Order of Jesus and Mary, who are expected to arrive here in the spring from Moutreal, Canada.

MR. TAYLOR, to whom was awarded by the Board of Trustees the contract for laying down a Nicolson pavement on J. street, between Front and Second, says the Sacramento *Bee*, commenced operations, and is having said portion of J street levelled off for the reception of the base planking.

THE Wide West shaft, which was delayed on account of water, says the Esmeralda *Union*, is now progressing finely. The Company have put in a pump which answers every purpose in freeing the shaft of drainage.

TO SMOKERS.—Dr. Richardson has found that one good Havana cigar will yield, when its smoke is condensed, a sufficient amount of poisoned matter to induce active convulsions in a rabbit, and six pipes of common shag tobacco will yield sufficient poison to destroy a rabbit in three minutes.—*California Youths' Companion.*

The deduction is plain and simple: It is very unhealthy for rabbits to smoke good Havana cigars, especially if they aggravate their folly by "condensing" the smoke—a thing which must infallibly produce "active convulsions" of laughter, or some other kind of convulsions, the author of the above treatise being in a manner obscure on this point. Also, it would be in the last degree fool-hardy and absurd for a rabbit to indulge in more than five pipes of "common shag tobacco" unless circumstances rendered it an object with the rabbit to destroy itself "in three minutes" and the advantages to accrue from that object would be impaired by procrastinating to the extent of a minute or two. The moral of the treatise is palpable—rabbits should indulge in tobacco only in the strictest moderation, and it would even be good judgment in them to abstain from its use altogether. But we will remark here casually, in a spirit of friendly consideration for the editor of the *California Youths' Companion*, that articles written for the instruction of rabbits ought always to be accompanied by the most explicit explanations, because of so inferior an order is their intellectual capacity that they might otherwise fail to understand even the simplest proposition, notwithstanding it contained information of the utmost importance to their well-being. We are compelled to offer this suggestion inasmuch as it will be impossible for us to supply omissions of this nature in future, unless they occur at long intervals. We have done this favor this time at considerable inconvenience, and we must protest against such an office being imposed upon us with any degree of frequency.—*Dramatic Chronicle.*

THE WICKED BLACK MAN.

CHAPTER I.

MY husband and I were married at the cathedral in Calcutta, in the month of May. Not long after, his health became delicate, and he was compelled to apply for leave of absence, so that the following February found us in our native country. George laughingly said that he was much obliged to his liver for giving him the opportunity of exhibiting his newly-wedded wife before his friends and relatives in the pride of her youth. But I did not sit down to write about myself, nor, indeed, about George, although, if I once begin to speak about him, I can,t leave off, he is such a dear good fellow. My sisters had the impudence to call him plain, but they don't understand the expression that lights up his face when he is animated. But enough of this—I took up my pen to tell you a story—a rather curious affair that happened when I was staying in London.

We were on a visit to my husband's maternal uncle, Sir Peter Peckover, the great railway director, who lives at No. 9 Turtle Gardens, Gormandy square—that is to say, *I* was on a visit there, for George very soon got tired of the long, wearisome parties, and indeed I am sure they were very bad for his stomach; so he went twenty miles into the country to see an old school-fellow, a clergyman, who has some excellent fishing, and left poor me all alone with his grand relations. I did not like it much, for Sir Peter is very stiff and pompous; Lady Peckover ever so kind, but rather fond of keeping everybody in order; and as for Julia, with whom George was so anxious that I should cultivate an intimacy—well, we have not an idea in common, except on the subject of Venetian point-lace, which we both adore.

One reason why I don't like Julia is, that she has such a dreadfully bad opinion of her fellow-creatures. She thinks deception is the rule, and sincerity the exception, and refuses to believe anything except on what she calls the evidence of her senses. This, however, does not prevent her believing in spirit-rapping. I will give you an instance of her incredulity; it appears trifling, but it leads naturally up to the story which I wish to tell.

One day Julia and I had been to the London Crystal Palace to buy some useless little ornament or other, and were returning on foot. Just as we entered Gormandy square, I cried out: "O, Julia, there's a native of India sweeping a crossing! Poor man! I should so like to speak Hindustani to him, and give him sixpence. How cold he must be, this biting March day!"

"My dear child," returned Julia, with an air of superior wisdom, "you were brought up in the country, were you not, before you went out to India?"

"Entirely," I answered.

"Well, then, take the benefit of my metropolitan experience, and don't waste your sixpence on so unworthy an object. If your sixpence is burning in your pocket, give it to mamma for her 'Laundresses' Mutual Benefit Club.'"

"But it would be such fun talking Hindustani to a native in London," I pleaded.

"You would only be encouraging laziness and vice," said Julia severely. "This man, if really a native of India, must be a Lascar, and ought to have returned home with his ship. But I don't believe he is an Indian at all. He is probably an Irishman."

"An Irishman! my dear Julia; look at his dress and his complexion."

"The effects of walnut-juice," replied Miss Peckover sternly. "If you were to come behind him unawares and run a pin into him" (Julia said this with quite a relish, as if she would really like to do it,) "the bad language which he would infallibly make use of would be in the Irish dialect."

Julia had dragged me along while we were talking, so that by the time she had spoken this last sentence, we had reached home.

Two gentleman called that afternoon—one was Mr. Fish-plate Gage, who is said to be a very clever person, but I don't care the least about him, for he talks of nothing but railway matters; the other, Mr. Arthur Long Bowman, a barrister in the Temple, who never gets any briefs, but lives partly on his father, and partly on his contributions to the magazines. He is very amusing, and we had a most agreeable conversation together, while Julia and Mr. Gage were solemnly discussing the prospects of the bill which the Great Extension Railway had brought before Parliament for a line between Pedlington Parva and Stoke Pogis.

"*Apropos* of the number of foreign nationalities settled in London, Mr. Bowman," I said, "do you believe there are any Hindu crossing-sweepers? My cousin Julia declares they are all Irishmen."

"Miss Peckover must be extra-skeptical, then, even in this skeptical age," replied Mr. Bowman. "Why, there is an unmistakable Hindu who sweeps a crossing within two hundred yards of this house."

"The very man whom I noticed as my cousin and I were coming home! In Gormandy square, is he not?"

"Yes. Now, I am not skilled in Oriental languages, but I have not the least doubt he is a genuine native. Besides, I have studied the crossing-sweeper, as an interesting variety of the human species, in all his phases. I have watched him slink homewards with his broom under his arm; I have seen him, having deposited that valuable tool in his humble garret, re-emerge in a pea-jacket, with an independent bearing, for the purpose of purchasing the tripe, or the sheep's-head, or the saveloy which forms his savory evening meal. As for the Hindu in London, my dear Mrs. Miles, he is a wonderful creature—wonderful for the tenacity with which he clings to the customs of his fatherland. I could take you, if it were a fit place for a lady to visit, to an oriental colony in the far east of London, where, but for the difference of buildings and climate, you might conceive yourself in Calcutta. No. 11 in that street (I like to be exact,) to outward appearance an ordinary house, is in reality a heathen temple, chock full of idols, where, regardless of the clergyman of the parish, the expatriated Hindu does solemn *poojah;* while in the back-yard, aided by the poles and lines of a conniving washerwoman, the dread ceremonies of the *churruck* are inaugurated. You know what I mean?"

"Of course: swinging with hooks fastened in their flesh."

"Precisely. Nay, I have heard, but will not vouch for the fact," continued Mr. Bowman, gravely, "that, on one occasion, a worn-out Blackwall omnibus was purchased at Aldridge's Repository by a number of Hindus. Can you guess their object, Mrs. Miles?"

"I can," I answered with a shudder—"for a Juggernaut-car."

"Just so," said Mr. Bowman. "The massive figure-head of a condemned East Indiaman served for the god; while the omnibus, crammed with yelling devotees, was driven up and down the confined space of that back-yard. To depict such a scene, with its combined elements of grotesquerie and horror, would require the pencil of a Fuseli."

Compared with this exciting conversation, how tame and prosaic sounded our neighbors' dialogue!

"The only real opposition proceeds from Jackson," I heard Mr. Gage say. "Everybody else has been bought off. We've offered him a station close to his park-gates, if he likes, but he won't listen to it."

"His ideas must be very old-fashioned," observed Julia quietly.

I forgot to say that Mr. Gage and Julia were lovers, and that this was their way of courting. When I think of my dear George, and remember his romantic sentiments, his chivalric enthusiasm, so accordant with my own feelings, I cannot be too thankful that—but I will say no more on that subject.

For a wonder, there was no dinner party that night, and we passed a very pleasant and quiet evening: that is to say, Sir Peter dozed comfortably in an arm-chair by the fire, with an anti macassar over his head; Lady Peckover examined a formidable pile of red-covered tradesmen's books; Julia practiced choice *morceaux* from "Mirella" on the piano-forte; and I composed a delightful y long letter (four sides of close writing and crossed) for dear George, in exchange for his shabby little epistle of ten lines, which was all occupied with the description of a gigantic pike which he had captured. About 11 o'clock, we all went up stairs; but I sat up till 12 brushing my hair, and reading over a choice packet of George's love-letters—models of manly devotion and—but I forbear.

My fire had begun to burn low, as a hint that I had better go to bed: and I had just folded the last of these beloved letters, when I recollected that I had left my workbox down stairs. I did not like to leave it there till the morning, for it contained a bracelet which was George's first present, and I could not have slept quietly if it had not been in my own keeping. It was very provoking, for at the Peckovers' house there is nothing but gas burned—gas in the kitchen, in the sitting-rooms, and in the bedrooms. If there had been a wax-taper in the room, I should have lighted it, of course; and if there had been a box of lucifers, I should have taken them with me: but there was no taper, and not a single match in the ornamental box placed on my dressing-table. I did not care to carry a lighted *allumette* in my hand, for fear of setting fire to Sir Peter's beautiful carpets; so I determined to go down in the dark. I remembered exactly where I had left the workbox: it was on the left-hand corner of the Louis-Quatorze table in the breakfast parlor; I felt that I could lay my hand on it at once.

My heart beat a little quicker than usual as I descended the stairs, everything seemed so preternaturally quiet; but I reached the breakfast-parlor in safety, felt about for the Louis-Quatorze table, discovered it, and found my workbox. I was just about to quit the room, when I heard a slight noise outside, which startled me terribly; it was as if somebody had dropped two or three spoons and forks. I felt half inclined to faint, and opened the door as noiselessly as possible. My attention was immediately attracted by a light, which streamed out from under a closed door in the passage.

"Perhaps, after all," I said to myself, "I have alarmed myself needlessly. I remember now that that is the pantry-door; and no doubt Mr. Jeakes, the butler has sat up late to-night gossiping, and is now counting his plate." The thought had scarcely passed through my mind, when the door slowly, and a figure appeared, bearing in one hand a kitchen candlestick, in the other a plate-basket full of silver. Was it the figure of any person belonging to the house? If it had been, my knees would not have trembled under me, nor should I have sunk down upon the floor in a semi-conscious swoon. At length, by a strong mental effort, I recovered sufficient strength to raise myself up; and, nervously clutching my workbox, I made my way slowly up stairs. As soon as I entered my room, I locked and bolted the door, and then sat down in a chair to reflect. The fire had gone out, but the gas, which I had turned up to its highest point made the room look bright and cheerful. I looked at the clock—it was past one. I must have lain for upwards of an hour in the half-fainting state. It was too late now to alarm the house. The mischief was done; and the perpetrator of the deed had doubtless long since departed with his spoil. Besides, to tell the truth, I did not dare to venture out into those long dark passages again; so I crept into bed.

CHAPTER II.

"THIS is a most extraordinary story, my dear Isabella," said Lady Peckover to me, as she slowly and majestically descended the stairs on the following morning.

"Neither Sir Peter nor I heard anything, and I am the very lightest of sleepers. Nor did Bunce"—this was the lady's maid—"report anything wrong when she came in with the hot water. However, here is Jeakes; we will question him."

Mr. Jeakes was a portly person, with a bald head, a reddish nose, and a most formal style of address; in fact, the very *beau ideal* of a butler.

"Jeakes," said Lady Peckover, "were the doors all properly fastened this morning?"

"I've heard no complaint to the contrary, my lady."

"None of the plate missing?"

"Dear me; no, my lady," answered Mr. Jeakes with almost an injured air. "I count it overnight, and again every morning regular at height o'clock."

"There, Isabella!" said Lady Peckover, turning to me; "you see, my dear, you must have been mistaken. It was most likely an attack of nightmare."

"I assure you," I began. But Lady Peckover gave me a meaning glance, as much as to say: "Speak no more about it in the presence of the servants."

When breakfast was over, and Sir Peter had gone to the city, and the servants had left the room, Julia said: "Mother, what is this mystery between you and Isabella? I heard you talking about it as I was coming down stairs."

"Merely, my dear, that your cousin dreamed that she saw a thief last night stealing the plate."

"Dreamed! aunt?" I exclaimed

"The proof that it was only a dream, my dear Isabella," answered Lady Peckover, "is, that the plate is in perfect order. As soon as I heard your account, I felt it would be satisfactory to Jeakes that he should count over the spoons and forks in my presence. He did so, and none were missing."

"But what was your dream, Isabella?" asked Julia.

"It was no dream at all," I said, quite pettishly, "but a real occurrence. I went down stairs about twelve o'clock to fetch my work-box, and saw a man come out of the pantry with the plate-basket in his hand—"

"The curious thing, Julia," interrupted Lady Peckover, "is that Isabella persists in saying that he was a black man with a turban on his head."

"I can explain it all," exclaimed Julia, triumphantly. "He was like the crossing-sweeper in Gormandy square, wasn't he?"

"Yes, very like," I replied.

"An excellent illustration of the theory of dreams!" cried Julia. "You were talking to me about the crossing-sweeper yesterday, and I heard that silly Mr. Bowman telling you a number of apocryphal anecdotes on the same subject. You possess a vivid imagination, my dear Isabella—I envy you the gift—and the result is that your waking thoughts form the subject of your dreams."

"Really, cousin, you are very provoking," I said, vehemently. "I suppose you won't believe that I came down stairs at all last night."

"Of course, I don't," she answered. "I believe your dream visited you when you were snugly in bed."

At these words I rang the bell.

"Why are you ringing, my dear?" asked Lady Peckover.

"Because I want Mrs. Bunce's evidence to support mine."

"I am particularly anxious not to make a fuss about this," said Lady Peckover. "We shall end in making all the women servants so nervous that they will be giving me warning."

"But, my dear aunt," I replied, "I want to clear my character. I cannot bear to be looked upon as a silly school-girl, magnifying a mere dream into a real occurrence. Now, Julia, you don't believe that I ever went down stairs at all last night—I say I did; and, as a proof of it, I could only find one

of my slippers when I got up this morning. I then remembered that when I swooned one of them came off, and, as I was in too great a fright on coming to my senses to look for it, I hobbled up stairs without it. Oh! here is Mrs. Bunce."

"Bunce," said Lady Peckover, "where did you find one of Mrs. Miles's bedroom slippers this morning?"

"The housemaid found it, my lady, the first thing this morning, in the breakfast parlor."

"Now, Julia, I exclaimed, "will you believe that I went down stairs."

"I begin to think there is more in this than a mere dream," said my cousin, thoughtfully. "I am doubting whether it may not be a case of spiritual manifestation."

"Fiddlestick!" cried Lady Peckover.

"Isabella," pursued my cousin, "possesses just that susceptible sort of organization to which the spirits love to render themselves visible."

"Nonsense, Julia," said Lady Peckover, sternly. "You are frightening Bunce; she is growing quite pale. What's the matter, Bunce?"

"Nothing, my lady," answered Mrs. Bunce, submissively; "only I hope Mrs. Miles haven't seen the ghost."

"The ghost!" exclaimed my aunt, angrily. "What nonsense is this, Bunce?"

"The ghost of the Black Man, my lady," said Bunce, rather unwillingly.

The lady's-maid's words took us all aback. Nobody had disclosed to any of the servants the nature of the appearance which I had just seen, yet Mrs. Bunce had at once guessed it correctly.

Even Lady Peckover looked rather uneasy, while Julia seemed pleased, as if she expected some confirmation of her spiritual theories.

"What is this story, Bunce?" she asked.

"Well, miss, I've never seen anything myself, and Mr. Jeakes and John Thomas, the footman told us woman servants to say nothing about it, for fear of frightning the family! but as Mrs. Miles has seen something, I don't mind mentioning what Mr. Jeakes told me. He says: 'Mrs. Bunce,' he says, 'I would advise you as a friend, being a lady of delicate nerves, not to go down to the basement story, nor, indeed, on the ground floor, after the family's abed.' 'Why not,' I says, 'Mr. Jeakes?' 'Because,' he says, 'the Black Man is reputed to walk.' And then he told us this story. The first tenant that occapied this house was a Colonel Culpepper, a terrible passionate gentleman, as I've heard is the case with most Indian gentlemen, always excepting Mr. Miles, who is the sweetest tempered of—"

"Never miud my husband, Mrs. Bunce," I said "Go on with your story."

"Well, miss—ma'am, I should say—the Colonel had a black servant whom he treated very cruelly, indeed. Nothing came amiss to throw at him when the Colonel was vexed. Paper-weights, dish-covers, books from the circulating library, anything. One day he threw the clothes-brush at him. The poor black man took to his bed and died. An inquest was held, miss, as was only right and proper; but the Colonel, who was rolling in money, bribed the parish beagle, and he summonsed a packed jury, composed entirely of retired civilians, who retured a verdict of sun stroke, caused by the peculiar effect of the British sun in January on the Hindu constitution. And now, as Mr. Jeakes says, his spirit goes perambulating about, demanding justice."

"What became of Colonel Culpepper?" asked Lady Peckover.

"Took ill directly after, my lady," replied Mrs. Bunce, in an awful voice, "and died in a state of raving madness in Charing Cross Hospital, with a straight-waistcoat on, and two medical students holding a feather bed beneath the wiudow perpetually, for fear he should leap out."

As soon as Mrs. Bunce had concluded her story, and retired to her own domain, Lady Peckover said: "It is extraordinary how superstitious uneducated people still are! Bunce evidently believes this absurd tale."

"I am inclined to believe it also, mother," observed Julia. "These phenomena, singular as they may seem, are in strict accordance with natural laws, if we could but ascertain what these laws are. I am only surprised that the Colonel's spirit does not manifest itself as well as that of the Hindu."

"I should be very much surprised, Julia," I commenced, quietly, "if it did, considering that Colonel Culpepper is still living."

"Still living!" exclaimed my cousin.

"Yes—at Cheltenham. He is an old friend of my mother's family, and, though a little impatient in temper, one of the kindest of men. I believe Mrs. Bunce's story to be a cruel libel, and, for the sake of Colonel Culpepper's reputation, I am determined to find out the truth of this affair. You cannot help allowing, my dear aunt," I said, "without agreeing in Julia's supernatural view, that there is something more in it than a mere dream?"

"There is," answered Lady Peckover; "and I assure you, my dear, it makes me feel thoroughly uncomfortable."

"Then I shall insist," I said "on George's coming back to town at once, and assisting me to ferret it out."

CHAPTER III.

George was a little unwilling to leave his pike fishing and his clergyman (I confess I felt rather jealous of that clergyman,) but he is such an excellent, self-denying creature, that he was as amiable as possible when he returned. He had been away for nearly three weeks, and it was so pleasant to feel my hand once more resting on his arm when we went out sight-seeing, instead of being dependent on Julia, who really wears such preposterous skirts (although I try to impress upon her that the fashion is changing,) that it is difficult to get within a yard of her. George listened most patiently to my account of the ghost-story, and I could see a clever sort of twinkle in his eyes when I had finished it, as much as to say: "Trust me for unravelling the matter." Then my dear husband spoke thus:

"Write a letter to Colonel Culpepper, detailing the lady's-maid's story, and ask him for an immediate reply. Don't let the servants see the letter, but drop it into the pillar-box at the street corner."

I did as my husband bade me; and three days aftewards received the following reply, brought by a *commissionaire* from the Oriental Club:

My Dear Isabella—I certainly did not expect that the first letter written to me by you since your marriage would contain an accusation of "aggravated manslaughter," but so it is, and you will perhaps be surprised to learn that I think the charge sufficiently grave to require my presence in London for the purpose of rebutting it; so I have come up from Cheltenham; and if your husband (whose acquaintance I wish to make—I knew his father during the first Burmese war) will give me a call at the Club this evening, I thiuk our two wise heads may devise a scheme which will effectually absolve me from having to sign myself "the conscience-smitten murderer." Ferdinand Culpepper.

When George came home that night, he whispered to me: "Don't say a word to uncle, aunt, or Julia, about Culpepper's arrival. And now, Bella, would you like to see the ghost again?"

I shuddered slightly, and answered: "Dear George, I think I would rather not."

"Because I have a notion," he continued, "that it may walk to-night. Culpepper is coming here to try and get a sight of it. I am to let him in quietly at the front door at half-past eleven."

"Do you know, George," I said gravely, "Colonel Culpepper's conduct makes me feel very uneasy. I cannot bear to think it of such a nice old gentleman, and yet I can't help fancying there is some foundation for that dreadful story of Mrs. Bunce's.

George's reply to this was a burst of laughter, which he checked suddenly, and then said in a hollow voice: "In good truth, there is a very serious foundation for that story."

"O George," I exclaimed, "you make me feel as if you had put a cold key down my back! I am getting quite nervous."

"Then you had better not stop to see the ghost, dear Bella. Go up stairs, and get ready for bed. But don't make yourself thoroughly *deshabillee*—I may have occasion to summon you and the rest of the family between this and morning."

After imploring George to be careful, I crept unwillingly up stairs, waving my hand over the bannisters at each successive landing, until the dear fellow was no longer visible. I then entered my bedroom, and, sitting down in the easy-chair by the fire, pretended to read a book. It was of no use; I could not read, so, instead of reading, I set my door ajar, and listened intently.

The Peckovers are early people when they have no company, and by half past eleven the house was perfectly quiet. The French clock on my mantelpiece had just chimed the half-hour, when I heard the front door opened in a very stealthy manner. My female curiosity could resist no longer, and I stole down stairs, hiding myself in an especially dark angle near the drawing room. I heard Colonel Culpepper's well-remembered voice; I also heard George whisper to him: "Better take off your boots, Colouel. Here are a pair of list slippers."

From the smothered merriment which proceeded from the two gentlemen, I judged that the Colonel had seated himself in one of the hall chairs, and that my husband was acting as boot-jack in ordinary.

There was a long pause after this, during which I had gradually descended still nearer to the unconscious ghost-watchers. Presently George whispered: "Colonel, d'ye see that light over the kitchen stairs? He's come!"

At these terrifying words, I flew up stairs, three steps at a time, with a horrible dread that some skeleton form was clutching at my skirts. I did not feel safe till I had put a double-locked door between myself and the supernatural world outside.

More than a quarter of an hour had elapsed, when a series of rapid footfalls were heard in the passage; and Something began to twist the handle of my door; my heart died within me, and I had only strength to murmur, "Who's there?" when my husband's voice said: "Why, Bella, are you asleep? Open—quick."

I believe I said: "Why didn't you knock, ducky?" and almost fainted on his shoulder.

"We've managed matters capitally down below," said George; "and now I've roused up uncle and aunt, and Julia, and Jeakes, and Mrs. Bunce; in fact, the whole household. Put a shawl round your shoulders, and come down to the breakfast parlor as soon as you see Sir Peter and my aunt march forth. I've told everybody that they needn't hurry—that it'sn't fire, and that they can make themselves look as elegant as they please."

At length we were all assembled. "George," said Sir Peter, rather surlily, as he suppressed a yawn: "I hope this is not intended for a practical joke?"

"O no, sir—nothing of the sort," replied my husband. "I have invited you all down stairs in order to show you the celebrated Black Man."

I glanced round the room at these words, and observed with some surprise that while the countenances of all the others expressed merely curiosity or astouishment, there was a look of guilty apprehension in the face of Mr. Jeakes, the butler, and of his subordinate, John Thomas, the footman.

"Before proceeding further," continued my husband, "you must allow me to call an important witness into court—Colonel Culpepper."

At these last two words, pronounced in a loud tone, the door was opened, and Colonel Culpepper entered, bowing gravely and ceremoniously to Sir Peter and Lady Peckover.

"Sir Peter," said the Colonel, "you must pardon my intrusion into your house at this unseasonable hour; but I wish to clear my character from a stigma that has been cast upon it. I have been accused by your butler yonder of having died in a state of insanity, after murdering my Bengalee manservant, Ramchunder. The story of my death is manifestly untrue. If you, Sir Peter, will have the kinduess to unlock the pantry door, you will be able to decide on the remainder of the allegation."

At these words we all crowded into the passage, where George had turned the gas on brilliantly. Sir Peter unlocked the door, and disclosed to view the trembling figure of the crossing sweeper of Gormandy square!

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said Colonel Culpepper, "that is Ramchunder, whom I was forced to dismiss from my service for making too free with my spirit-chest, as well as for other irregularities. Speak English, Ramchunder, and say if that be not true."

"Iss, sahib," answered Ramchunder, joining his hands together, after the imploring fashion of Asiatics.

"And now, uncle," interposed my husband, "I well tell you what we found this worthy colored gentleman doing: we found him doing the footman's work—cleaning the plate and brushing your clothes."

"Is this true?" demanded Sir Peter magisterially.

"Iss, sahib," said Ramchunder. "Mas'r Jeake, he say he very much tire; Mas'r Thomas, he say he very much tire too. He say: 'You nigger, I give you two shilling a week do my work.' What could poor Ramchunder do? He very bad off now, since leave good Colonel Sahib, sweeper's trade bad now, plenty March wind. Gentlefolks say: 'No dirt now—no copper sweeper give.'"

"Well, Jeakes, what have you to say to this?" asked the master of the house.

"I don't deny it, Sir Peter," said Mr. Jeakes, with dignified suavity of manner; "but I cannot 'elp asserting, Sir Peter, that you brought it on yourself by the non-providing of a boy in buttons. Me and John Thomas will not demean ourselves by vulgar work, such as plate-cleaning, knives, and clothes; and we thought we was doing a hact of charity by employing this pore benighted heathen for such hinferior occupations."

It is not necessary for me to state who was dismissed and who was not; it is enough to say that the house was never afterwards haunted by the Black Man.

The last number of the *British Quarterly* contains an interesting paper, "Notes on the United States since the War," from the pen of its editor, Dr. Vaughan, who vacates the chair which he has filled for twenty-one years with advantage to himself and to the satisfaction of his readers. In this paper Dr. Vaughan describes an interview which he had with General Grant, whom he makes to speak thus: "If your newspapers are to be believed, we never went into the field but to be beaten. I have been in more engagements than any other man in the service, and have not been beaten yet. On the continent of Europe, too, the disposition, it appears, has been to harp on the same string. Say what they will, this war has been the *biggest* job of its sort that has been done in this world, and it will be a chapter to itself in the history of war—nothing like it has gone before."

Steffanone has been singing lately in Odessa. She has added to her repertoire the part of *Amelia* in the "Ballo."

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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☞ *All letters relating to the Business, Editorial or other Departments of the paper should be addressed to the Publishers of* The Californian, *No. 532 Merchant street, San Francisco.*

A. A. STICKNEY, J. P. BOGARDUS, WM. J. BINGHAM. } *Publishers.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1865.

WHEN "WOMAN" SHOULD NOT BE "LOVELY."

IT has been the weak delusion of poets, moralists, and romancers of all ages that it was the especial duty and privilege of woman to be charming at all times. That the peculiar graces of her person, and the tasteful elegancies of her dress were never so acceptable as when they came in contact with and softened the hard material quality of business, and the harsh, cold abstraction of masculine pursuits. When it has pleased her to take part in man's avocations, any lack of force or energy was fully condoned by the accession of refinement and gentleness in the functions of her particular trade or profession. The Rev. Laurence Sterne—perhaps a too enthusiastic witness—has left on record her fascinating qualities as a glove-vender; there are some of us who can bear evidence to her gentle ministrations as Hebe at restaurants and hotel-tables, and some who have felt her gentle wisdom as a medical practitioner. But in all these instances, muliebrity was the central attraction. We were willing she should take any occupation: we only stipulated she should carry into it the sweet influences of her sex.

But this is a ridiculous and fatal error; we are the victims of a miserable fallacy, and we learn the fact from a woman. Mrs. Jane Swisshelm, as the advocate of her sex, in a letter to the Washington *Chronicle*, on the employment of women in the Departments, utterly explodes our sentimental theories. We have been laboring under a mild delusion. Mrs. Swisshelm asserts distinctly that the quality of feminine fascination is inimical to business; that there is a time to captivate and a time to repair from captivating; that the time to captivate is not during business hours, and that a woman's capacity as a "business man" is in inverse proportion to her attractions as a woman. Mrs. S. thinks that in the present misconception of this idea, woman demoralizes her business associates. By not rendering herself unattractive, she distracts their attention. "Women," says Mrs. S. severely, "persevere in carrying the drawing-room into the office." To enforce this assertion, she gives the following singular illustration:

"A fixed rule of good breeding excludes the shop from the parlor. A man who lugs his business, habitually, into his social hours is always a bore; and what should we think of one who went to his counting or consulting-room in the ball-dress of the previous evening?"

We cannot help hoping, for the credit of the sex, that Mrs. S. is a little careless in her illustration. Certainly, Thackeray, Reade, About, or Balzac, in their most cynical moments, were never guilty of so gross an incivility. "The shop," indeed. We have been willing to admit the force of woman's fascination in the sphere of business, but, if we are to infer from Mrs. Swisshelm that these fascinations are *in the line of business*, our position becomes untenable at once through the force of her irresistible logic. We are crushed, and Mrs. S. triumphs over us. She continues severely:

"During business hours men require to be released from the restraints of the drawing-room—not certainly from the rules of good manners or good morals, but from the etiquette of society. In the social circle it is all right; they should pay all due attention to their "natural enemies" who continue to present them with the old apple of disobedience; but to ask them to keep up a state of chronic admiration for taper waists, glossy ringlets, bewitching smiles, and all the et ceteras, is a strain upon human endurance which must snap the cord. In business hours men must 'mind their own business,' or the world's work will be left undone; and, if the presence of women among them disturbs the even flow of thought, the women must and should get out of the way."

But our fair philanthropist does not confine herself to uttering these abstract truths. She gives us concrete expression, and details the faults and follies of business women. She is incensed at the jaunty and coquettish appearance of the female clerks at Washington. She inveighs against their tight shoes, their "spreading hoops and flashily festooned and ornamented skirts," which invite attention to their feet, "the jaunty hats and cunning feathers, the poor hair stuffed with 'rats' and 'mice' and bundles of buffalo hide, which make one sick with disgust, and then bedizened with buds and spangles enough to satisfy the vanity of a brace of Chippewa squaws;" and, carried away by her disgust, she asserts that it would "be better for humanity that all this class of Government employees should starve at home than that they should corrupt public morals." Terrible as this picture is, we think it is not as strong as it might be made. Mrs. Swisshelm should have completed it by painting the effects of this battery of fascination. She should have drawn for us the demoralizing spectacle of grave officials lifting their hats to the fair invader; of young clerks of the Fifth and Sixth class allowing their eyes to stray from their work to follow the little feet and jaunty hats; of the increased expenditure for *patchouli*, gay neckties and new vests among the younger clerks; of the distracting effects of contiguous desks; of the utter oblivion to arithmetic and calculation produced by proximity to graceful heads, taper waists, and natty holland aprons with coquettish pockets; of time taken from public duties in whispering recollections of last evening's party, or of quotation from *Maud* or *Locksley Hall* taking precedence of the comparison of public documents. Mrs. S. might have wound up with an affecting tableau of the male and female clerks going home together. We can only account for this omission in the belief that the spectacle was too trying for feminine contemplation.

With these terrible conditions affecting female employment, we turn anxiously to Mrs. S. for some suggestion of relief and remedy. That recommended by her is to the effect that woman should totally free herself from all entangling charms—should make herself particularly ugly and uninteresting. How this is to be done, we are told in the following incident from the career of that noble and self-sacrificing woman:

A brother editor, by whose desk mine had stood for nearly two years, turned to me one day with a puzzled look, and asked:

"Is anything the matter with your hair?"

To my answer that there was not, he replied:

"Then why do you wear that thing on it?"

I said it kept my hair out of the way.

"But,' he added, "do you know how old it makes you look? A gentleman, speaking of you but yesterday, thought you were fifty. He was surprised when I said you could not be more than thirty."

I knew before that my toilette was a success.

Brief and epigrammatic as this is, we could have wished it had been more explicit. We should like to have known the peculiar shape of that disorganizing head-dress, and we cannot help fearing that the practical value of this incident is lost through Mrs. S.'s unwarrantable reticence. The style and pattern should have been given for the benefit of the sex who may be similarly situated, and we ought to know how much the natural appearance of the woman has to do with the effect. A head-dress that could make any woman look old and ugly would at least be an event in millinery. But there is one feature of this incident which should not be lightly passed over—its similarity to an episode in the career of Miss Sally Brass, in *The Old Curiosity Shop*. We can fancy the blush of womanly satisfaction which suffused Mrs. S.'s cheeks at the unconscious compliment of her brother editor, but what if she had been subjected to a previous experience like that to which Dick Swiveller subjected Miss Sally Brass. We are tempted, as a companion picture to Mrs. Swisshelm's incident, and as a warning to others, to extract a portion of that episode:

"Mr. Swiveller, by degrees, began to feel strange influences creeping over him—horrible desires to annihilate this Sally Brass—mysterious promptings to knock her head dress off, and try how she looked without it. There was a very large ruler on the table—a large black shining ruler. Mr. Swiveller took it up and began to rub his nose with it.

"From rubbing his nose with the ruler, to poising it in his hand, and giving it an occasional flourish after the tomahawk manner, the transition was easy and natural. In some of these flourishes it went close to Miss Sally's head; the ragged edges of the head-dress fluttered with the wind it raised; advance it but an inch, and the brown knot was on the ground; yet the unconscious maiden worked away, and never raised her eyes."

"Well, this was a great relief. It was a good thing to wait doggedly and obstinately until he was desperate, and then snatch up the ruler, and whirl it about the brown head-dress with the consciousness that he could have it off if he liked."

We do not mean to suggest that Mrs. Swisshelm's brother editor did anything of this kind. On the contrary, he was evidently subdued from the first. But we merely offer it as a hint, that the wearing of even such articles are fraught with peril from the hands of men. The exact medium between attraction and repulsion—the precise garment that shall not provoke a laying on of masculine hands either through love or hate—seems to be a delicate question as yet undecided.

It was not only in this instance that Mrs. S. asserted her superiority over the weakness of her sex. She snubbed a sub-editor once, who politely offered to accompany her home when her duties had kept her at her desk until near midnight. She otherwise so conducted herself that, in her own language, "I think it seldom occurred to any of them that I was not one of them." "This may appear unwomanly," adds our fair reformer, "but I insist that if women are to be the companions of men in public employment, the idea of sex must not be the prevailing thought of their lives. They must establish 'business relations,' and keep them purely and entirely business relations. The display of personal charms, of adornment, of dress, of graces of conversation, should be reserved for the social circle."

We can add nothing to this. Most reformers and enthusiasts have a feminine nature, and are apt to argue more from instinct and impulse, than reflection and judgment. They are prone to generalize and to spread their one fact over a space so large that it finally becomes imperceptible, and its effect is lost. Seldom massing their forces to one point, it is the experience of these feminely-minded philanthropists to be beaten in detail. Mrs. Swisshelm—with all her ambition—has this radical weakness in her logic. She has spoken some half-truths, but their effect is lost through the extra shrillness of her declamation. It is not thus that the painful problem of woman's employment, is to be settled. To make the follies of a few giddy girls the text of a philippic on womanly graces, and to declare an experiment a failure because it does not involve an impossibility and a total change of woman's nature, is a poor way to advocate the rights of the sex. The war has thrown thousands of helpless wives, daughters, and sisters upon the hard world. Better that the Government should employ them even if they do flirt, and wear hoops, jaunty hats and tight shoes at their business, than that they should be left open to those temptations to which, by Mrs. Swisshelm's own argument, their nature renders them peculiarly susceptible. We trust Mrs. Swisshelm was only in bad temper, but in her abuse of the vanities of her sex, she should remember that there may be as much foolish vanity in the wearing of such a head dress as she has triumphantly described as in the most jaunty hat and cunning feather of her weaker sisters.

DRAMATIC.

AT Maguire's Opera House, on Monday evening, "Kathleen Mavourneen" was brought out, to a very fair house. Irish drama seems to be the rage of late. Boucicault is not the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," but his repertoire has been largely drawn upon for its construction, the "Colleen Bawn" lending an abundance of material, and "Arra-na-Pogue" contributing a fair quota. The scenic effects of "Kathleen Mavourneen" are decidedly the best points of the drama. But it seems singular that so much should have been lavished to illustrate a dream—for all the woe and anguish and murder turn out to have been but the heroine's dream at last. After the interest of the audience has been excited by so much stirring and sentimental business, the *dénouement* seems a sell—and as a general thing the victims of a sell are the very ones who do not enjoy the joke. Had it not been for the rollicking fun introduced in the last scene—a dance on St. Patrick's Eve—the curtain would have fallen on an indifferently satisfied audience. Tom Taylor's prize play of "The Serf" is underlined for production on Tuesday evening. It will be placed on the stage with new scenic effects and costumes, and accompanied with the original music. This afternoon and evening "Kathleen Mavourneen" will be performed.

At the Academy, on Thursday evening, J. B. Rochette took a benefit—a benefit which, alas! witnessed many a row of empty seats. This evening Mme. Anna Bishop opens (with "Norma") an opera season of six nights, having every prospect of success.

The Metropolitan opened the week with the "Octoroon," giving the "Colleen Bawn," on Tuesday, "Jeannie Deans" on Wednesday, and "Arrah-na-Pogue" (for the last time,) on Thursday. Friday evening Mrs. Judah, about as popular a lady as the stage of the present day contains, an excellent actress and a most estimable woman, took a benefit which was very largely attended, if the box sheet early in the day may be built upon for conclusions. This evening the treasurer appeals to his friends. The French drama, the Buislays, and a Ballet are down for the occupancy of the Metropolitan hencelorth, Mr. Wheatleigh retiring from the management. We trust that Mrs. Sedley Brown the new favorite, Mrs. Judah, Mr. Leach, and the many other pleasing ladies and gentleman of this theatre will not absent themselves permanently.

The Young Ladies' Festival.—There will doubtless be a large attendance at Dashaway Hall next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings to join in the festivities, and to see how grand an entertainment the young ladies can get up. As the object is to sustain the Rev. Mr. Benton, of the Taylor street church, very many will go, and the more so because wit, beauty and grace will spread the table and furnish the articles. Willis' Brass Band will be in attendance every evening, and on Wednesday evening there will be dancing.

The *Sunday Magazine*, an American reprint of an English periodical, has been furnished us by the San Francisco agent, Mr. Loomis. Its contents, as the title would imply, are designed apparently more for moral and religious instruction than literary entertainment. It has a mild flavor of tracts, and a serious complexion.

The California Steam Navigation Company's new boat the *Capital* made her trial trip on Thursday.

NEW BOOKS.

ANNUALS AND HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

THICK as autumnal leaves and as delicately tinted, Holiday Books, Annuals, and Keepsakes strew the counters of our publishers. The window of A. Roman & Co., contains a kind of Stratford-on-Avon Shakspeare monument of over fifty different editions and styles of the Great Dramatist, from miniature toy volumes to heavy quartos Shakspeare with new readings; Shakspeare according to Johnson, Stevens, and Collier; Shakspeare annotated and emended to such an extent that the rivulet of original text is lost sight of in the heavily embossed margin of commentary; Shakspeare plain, unadorned, and adorned the most; Shakspeare exquisitely illustrated; Shakspeare bound in all styles; printed on all shades of tinted paper, and in all type from pica to diamond. The show-cases within the store are filled with gift books richly and lavishly ornamented, or fashioned in a nicety of taste—the very *dilettanteism* of book-making. "The Royal Gallery of British Art," a large folio of handsome engravings, occupies a prominent position. A beautiful volume entitled "The Festival of Song," a series of evenings with the Poets illustrated with seventy-three original drawings by the leading artists of the Academy of Design; "Jean Ingelow's Songs of Seven," with characteristic illustrations of the seven periods in the life of woman; "Shakspeare's Songs and Sonnets," "Melodies and Madrigals," mostly from the old poets, and "The Poets of the Elizabethan Age" are volumes so equally meritorious, that it is difficult to choose among them.

Gems from Tennyson. With illustrations by Henessy, Kensett, etc., etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

"Many a fall of diamond rillets musical," is the appropriate motto of these selections. And certainly a choice more tasteful or one more worthy of the author's genius, could not have been made. The volume comprises not only such short poems as "The Bugle Song," "The Swallow," the songs of "Enid, Elaine, and Vivian," "Break, Break, Break," and others which might, from their size and value, be worthy of the title of gems, but those rare idylls, "Locksley Hall," "Morte D'Arthur," "The Talking Oak," "Godiva," "Sir Galahad," and the "Day Dream." The illustrations (over thirty in number) are from the designs of some of the first English and American artists, and are, with but few exceptions, exquisite reflections of the genius of the text. Those of "Locksley Hall," "The Talking Oak," St. Agnes," "Godiva," and the "Brook" are especially meritorious. The printing and press-work are in the highest style of typographical art; the paper is tinted, and the covers are bevel-edged and adorned with a quaint device and legend. The whole volume in style and keeping is instinct with the refinement and purity of the author's genius.

The remainder of our book review is crowded out this week. The following works have been received, and will be noticed in our next issue:

From H. H. Bancroft & Co.:

De Vane. A Story of Plebeians and Patricians. By Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, ex-member of the United States House of Representatives from Alabama. Two volumes in one. New York: Blelock & Co.

The Bushrangers. A Yankee's Adventures during his second visit to Australia. By William Thomes. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Prison Life in the South—During the years 1864 and 1865. By Lieut. A. O. Abbott. With illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Sir Jasper's Tenant. A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

Only a Clod. A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

From A. Roman & Co.:

Handbook of the Steam Engine. Containing all the rules required for the right construction and management of engines of every class, with the easy arithmetical solution of those rules. Illustrated by sixty seven wood-cuts and numerous tables and examples. By John Bourne, C. E. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

De Vane. A Story of Plebeians and Patricians. By Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, ex-member of the United States House of Representatives from Alabama. Two volumes in one. New York: Blelock & Co.

Atlantic Tales. A collection of stories from the *Atlantic Monthly.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Georgy Sandon; or, A Lost Love. By Ashford Owen. Second edition. Boston: Loring.

What Came Afterwards. A Novel. Being a sequel to *Nothing But Money.* By T. S. Arthur. New York: Carleton.

The Tenth and Twelfth Books of the Institutions of Quintilian. With explanatory notes. By Henry S. Frieze, Professor of Latin in the State University of Michigan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Train's Speech to the Fenians. At the Philadelphia Academy of Music, October 18, 1865. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

[For the Californian.]

A VENERABLE IMPOSTER.

BY BRET.

AS I glance across my table, I am somewhat distracted by the spectacle of a venerable head whose crown occasionally appears beyond, at about its level. The apparition of a very small hand—whose fingers are bunchy and have the appearance of being slightly webbed—which is frequently lifted above the table in a vain and impotent attempt to reach the inks: and, always affects me as a novelty at each recurrence of the phenomenon. Yet both the venerable head and bunchy fingers belong to an individual with whom I am familiar, and to whom, for certain reasons hereafter described, I choose to apply the epithet written above this article.

His advent in the family was attended with peculiar circumstances. He was received with some concern—the number of retainers having been increased by one in honor of his arrival. He appeared to be weary—his pretence was that he had come from a long journey—so that for days, weeks, and even months he did not leave his bed except when he was carried. But it was remarkable that his appetite was invariably regular and healthy, and that his meals, which he required should be brought to him, were seldom rejected. During this time he had little conversation with the family, his knowledge of our vernacular being limited, but occasionally spoke to himself in his own language—a foreign tongue. The difficulties attending this eccentricity, were obviated by the young woman who had from the first taken him under her protection—being like the rest of her sex peculiarly open to imposition—and who at once disorganized her own tongue to suit his. This was effected by the contraction of the syllables of some words, the addition of syllables to others, and an ingenious disregard for tenses and the governing powers of the verb. The same singular law which impels people in conversation with foreigners to imitate their broken English, governed the family in their communications with him. He received these evidences of his power with an indifference not wholly free from scorn. The expression of his eye would occasionally denote that his higher nature revolted from them. I have no doubt myself that his wants were frequently misinterpreted; that the stretching forth of his hands toward the moon and stars might have been the performance of some religious rite peculiar to his own country, which was in ours misconstrued into a desire for physical nourishment. His repetition of the word "goo-goo"—which was subject to a variety of opposite interpretations—when taken into conjunction with his size, in my mind seemed to indicate his aboriginal or Aztec origin.

I incline to this belief, as it sustains the impression I have already hinted at, that his extreme youth is a simulation and deceit; that he is really older and has lived before at some remote period, and that his conduct fully justifies his title as A Venerable Imposter. A variety of circumstances corroborate this impression: His tottering walk, which is a senile as well as a juvenile condition; his venerable head thatched with such imperceptible hair that, at a distance, it looks like a mild aureola, and his imperfect dental exhibition. But beside these physical peculiarities may be observed certain moral symptoms, which go to disprove his assumed youth. He is in the habit of falling into reveries, caused, I have no doubt, by some circumstance which suggests a comparison with his experience in his remoter boyhood, or by some serious retrospection of the past years. He has been detected lying awake, at times when he should have been asleep, engaged in curiously comparing the bedclothes, walls and furniture with some recollection of his youth. At such moments he has been heard to sing softly to himself fragments of some unintelligible composition, which probably still linger in his memory as the echoes of a music he has long outgrown. He has the habit of receiving strangers with the familiarity of one who had met them before and to whom their antecedents and peculiarities were matters of old acquaintance, and so unerring is his judgment of their previous character that when he withholds his confidence I am apt to withhold mine. It is somewhat remarkable that while the maturity of his years and the respect due to them is denied by man, his superiority and venerable age is never questioned by the brute creation. The dog treats him with a respect and consideration accorded to none others, and the cat permits a familiarity which I should shudder to attempt. It may be considered an evidence of some Pantheistic quality in his previous education, that he seems to recognize a fellowship even in inarticulate objects; he has been known to verbally address plants, flowers and fruit, and to extend his confidence to such inanimate objects as chairs and tables. There can be little doubt that, in the remote period of his youth, these objects were endowed with not only sentient natures but moral capabilities, and he is still in the habit of beating them when they collide with him, and of pardoning them with a kiss.

As he has grown older—rather let me say, as we have approximated to his years—he has, in spite of the apparent paradox, lost much of his senile gravity. It must be confessed that some of his actions of late appear to our imperfect comprehension inconsistent with his extreme age. A habit of marching up and down with a string tied to a soda-water bottle, a disposition to ride anything that could by an exercise of the liveliest fancy be made to assume equine proportions, a propensity to blacken his venerable white hair with ink and coal dust, and an omnivorous appetite which did not stop at chalk, clay, or cinders, were peculiarities not calculated to excite respect. In fact, he would seem to have become demoralized, and when, after a prolonged absence the other day, he was finally discovered standing upon the front steps addressing a group of delighted children out of his limited vocabulary, the circumstance could only be accounted for as the garrulity of age.

But I lay aside my pen amidst an ominous silence and the disappearance of the venerable head from my plane of vision. As I step to the other side of the table, I find that sleep has overtaken him in an overt act of hoary wickedness. The very pages I have devoted to an exposition of his deceit he has quietly abstracted, and I find them covered with cabalistic figures and wild-looking hieroglyphs traced with his forefinger dipped in ink, which doubtless in his own language conveys a scathing commentary on my composition. But he sleeps peacefully, and there is something in his face which tells me that he has already wandered away to that dim reign of his youth where I cannot follow him. And as there comes a strange stirring at my heart when I contemplate the immeasurable gulf which lies between us, and how slight and feeble as yet is his grasp on this world and its strange realities, I find too late that I also am a willing victim of the Venerable Imposter.

NEALL'S PICTURES.—D. D. Neall's *Sketches in Germany*—a thin portfolio of photographs taken from his sketches abroad and lately received in this city—are the best introduction to his last picture, the original of one of the "sketches," which now occupies a prominent position on the walls of the Art Union. Like Mr. Neall's other pictures, it is an architectural study, and represents the staircase of the Town Hall at Ratisbon. There are two figures in the foreground, one of whom is relieved against the deep shadow of a vaulted hall beyond, whose mediæval gloom is inteusified rather than softened by the dim light which struggles through a window in the background. The details, wherever the light falls, are faithfully and artistically reproduced, the varied tints of the stones changed with age, or the steps worn with the footprints of past generations. The same accuracy and delicacy of finish which lend such charms to Mr. Neall's sketches of the "Church of Maria Hilf," and "Bamberg Cathedral," as depicted in his portfolio, are visible in his larger painting. It may be detected in one of his earliest designs, the study of a young girl sitting at a gothic window—which was painted in San Francisco, and exhibited at the Fair some five or six years ago. It is scarce three years since this talented young artist left our city with the intention of studying his art in the Continental schools. In that time he has entered the Academy at Munich, connected himself by marriage with a representative of European Art, painted a picture of "St. Marks," which, after eliciting the praise of our first American artists, was finally sold in New York for a handsome sum, and has sent to his fellow citizens in San Francisco this picture of the Town Hall, and the sheaf of sketches already alluded to, as an evidence of his progress and remembrance.

FROM all we can gather, says the Sacramento *Bee*, a serious fight is going on among the Fenians at the East, the chief seat of the Order being New York, where the Head Centres are located. The same causes which have hitherto prevailed to defeat Irish Independence are at work in America. Dissension is doing its business more surely and rapidly than the slow-going British authorities, and there is a prospect that the great Fenian movement will finally resolve itself into a struggle for political ascendancy in the United States—a struggle which will be severe, but which will be subject to the same drawback which is now bringing ruin to Fenianism.

THE OPERA.—Madame Anna Birhop's opera season will be inaugurated this evening at the Academy of Music with the production of *Norma.* We are pleased to announce that the six nights have been liberally subscribed, the box-sheet being well dotted with representative season tickets, which augurs favorably for a brilliant little season, and a prospective one of larger import to follow. The principal members of the troupe are Mesdames Bishop and Fleury, and Signors Carmini Morley and Roncovieri, and Mons. Charles. Mr. A. Riet, Jr., will act as conductor. The Opera nights will be Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. On Monday evening next, Donizetti's *L'Elisir d' Amore* will be given.

MESSRS. H. H. BANCROFT & CO. announce in our advertising columns, this week, that they are fully prepared for the holiday season, with Gilt-Books, Albums, Stationery, etc.

CHILION BEACH, (opposite the Lick House,) make a fine display of holiday presents, Bibles, Juveniles, Illustrated Books, etc. See advertisement.

A FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT.

[The *Nation*, in an artlele on restaurants and thelr functions, gives the following description of "Delmonlco's:"]

IN 1861 the restaurant was opened which is the most widely known. It is since the beginning of this, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, that "Delmonico's" has become generally known outside of New York. At first, the corner house, formerly Mr. Grinnell's, contained the whole establishment, but after a few months the house next door was added, and the entire building, a hundred feet wide on Fourteenth street, devoted to the purposes of a restaurant.

If there is any reader of this who has never dined or breakfasted at Delmonico's, he will like to know what the accommodations are. There are two large public dining-rooms, both on the ground floor (*rez-de-chaussée*, shall we say, when talking of a French restaurant?) and connected. Each of these is about twenty, or perhaps twenty-two feet wide, and about seventy-five feet long. Back of these, also on the ground floor, is the *café*, an enormous room, perhaps thirty-five by an hundred feet. According to strict etiquette that fare only which is usually supplied by a *café* ought to be served in this room, to wit: coffee, chocolate, and tea; all wines and liquors and drinks of various kinds: bread and butter; raw oysters; boiled eggs, perhaps, or an omelet, if any one wants to spoil his morning's coffee with them; radishes, olives, cheese, and all the *hors d'œuvres;* ices. But the kitchen is near and the waiters obliging: you can have almost anything you want at the marble tables, if you are afraid to face the ladies in the dining-room. Smoking is, of course, allowed here, but nowhere else in the building. Over the *café* is a room as large, amply lighted by large windows and skylight, smoothly floored—a ball-room all winter, but in summer, when balls are not and when the crowd is great in the evenings of those who seek ices and iced champagne, a dining-room. The pleasantest public dining-room, to us, is one so large that we are solitary and isolated in it, how near soever our nearest neighbor's table may be. The rest of the building is nearly all taken up with rooms for private parties; there are half-a-dozen pleasant little cabinets where not more than eight persons can be seated at table, and there are large rooms where stately dinners of two or three score guests are held.

There is skill in using a restaurant aright, just as there is skill in using a microscope; you shall work at your magnifier six months before you understand it; you may dine many times at the best restaurant, and not know how to dine there after all. There is no day that people do not sit down at Delmonico's tables, and, if there are two of them, order roast beef for two and boiled potatoes and another vegetable for two, and then wonder what dessert (as they call it, meaning *sweet dish*.) they shall have, finding no names on the *carte* of the pies and puddings they know. They are not only ignorant what to order, but they do not know *how* to order, how to use the facilities offered them and get the full benefits of the cooks' labors; two connoisseurs at the next table will order nothing which, like a joint, has to be cooked and kept hot; they order only those dishes which are freshly prepared at their order; and they order nothing "for two," but soup for one, fish for one, and so on, or very often leave it all to the head waiter: "A nice little dinner, Louis, and such and such wine;" or else to the waiter at their table, "such a soup and such a fish, and the rest as you please." They can trust the waiter to tell them if there is anything unusual in the *carte du jour*. To be sure there is a difference in waiters. And there may be a difference in the same waiter between his attendance on the gentleman who treated him politely and gave him a big fee yesterday and his attendance on an unprepossessing stranger. But the tendency at Delmonico's is towards first-rate attendance on all and at all times. We hasten to avoid the large subject of waiting on table and service in general, and hurry on.

The luxury attainable at a restaurant like this, ought to teach our people something about comfort. It ought to raise their standard. Hotel tables and private tables alike ought to be always compared with Delmonico's table—to their confusion, it is true, but to their bettering as well. Married people keeping house, unless they are very highly trained already, should dine at Delmonico's once a month at least, oftener if possible; vary their entertainment as much as seemeth to them good, and think of nothing but their dinner. If they do not learn something, it will be because they cannot learn from experience. The standard cannot be set too high. You need not grumble and scold because you know that the dinner at home is not as good as it might be: in fact, you ought to know that it is not as good as it might be (if that is the case,) and you ought not to grumble and scold. Ignorance is very seldom bliss; it is only the painlessness of torpor. Know all about it, see where the fault is, notice how others avoid it, discover speedily that you might be better fed than you are without added expense. If you are the right sort of man or woman, you will be not a bit less comfortable yourself or less agreeable to others; but you will somehow help the matter, if your table can be improved, and influence others to advance the good cause of good living.

BRAHMA.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

IF the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain thinks he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near,
Shadow and sunlight are the same,
The vanished gods to me appear.
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me and turn thy back on heaven.

The Providence *Journal* finds in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for 1852 an extract from the "Mahabharata," a Hindoo epic poem, which, it opines, is the germ of Emerson's verses. It was composed about three centuries before the Christian era. We may call it the

KEY TO "BRAHMA."

For he that thinks to slay the soul, or he that thinks the soul is slain,
Are fondly both alike deceived; it is not slain; it slayeth not.
It is not born—it doth not die; past, present, future, knows it not;
Ancient, eternal and unchanged, it dies not with the dying frame.
Who knows it incorruptible, and everlasting, and unborn,
What heeds he whether he may slay, or falls himself in battle slain?

EXISTING BY MACHINERY.—The degree to which we do this is scarcely realized by a common observer. An essayist, in London, tells us: "At the highest point of Egyptian civilization wheat was ground by women in a hand-mill made of two stones; or at best, by larger stones turned by oxen. The fine linen of Egypt was spun from a hand distaff, and woven in a loom of the simplest description. Thousands of men were employed in works which would now be done almost entirely by machinery. Now, machinery does a large proportion of all our work, and is every day coming into wider use. Machines make almost everything, and machines make machines. If we travel, the steam engine propels us. Our food is prepared by complex machinery. Our clothing is spun, woven, and sewed by machines; machines knit our stockings, and do the largest part of the work in making our shoes. The pin that fastens our garments is completely made, headed, pointed and polished by a series of machines. The hook and eye are made from the reel of wire by a machine which seems to possess human intelligence. Unless our readers are very considerate, they scarcely know how much they are indebted to machinery. The paper you hold in your hand has come through a long series of machines. It has passed through the cotton-gin—a very simple, but most important invention: few have done more for modern civilization. It has been squeezed in the cotton-press. It has been carded, spun, woven, worn to rags; then washed, picked in pieces, bleached, ground to pulp, squeezed through rollers, and finally come out an endless sheet of white paper. The linen and hempen portions are passed through their peculiar processes. Then come type-making machines and printing machines, and, with some little brain labor, (which cannot yet be done by machinery,) you have your newspaper."

A FRENCH chemist, M. Emile Duchemin, has invented and put into practical operation a marine electric pile, which promises to be as useful as it is simple. He pierces a disk of cork, which serves as a buoy, with a cylinder of charcoal and zinc, and throws it into the sea. The water acts upon this elemental couple and produces an electric current. Several of these buoys grouped together constitute a battery which may be employed like any other. The latest report of an experiment by the inventor at Fécamp is, that a bell had been kept sounding by his apparatus for fifty-eight days and nights. A number of useful purposes to which this discovery is applicable will readily suggest themselves to every mind. If a bell may be rung on shore, it may on a reef The coming-in of the tide can be announced by a provision for hoisting a signal. Telegraphing can be carried on between different points of a harbor, and many offices on shipboard might be performed by the constant, self-regulating agency of the floating pile. It has even been suggested that a sufficiently powerful combination might produce the electric light, and so feed every beacon on our coasts.

GARIBALDI lately caused two of his horses to be sold, in Genoa, on the public market-place. King Victor Emmanuel having learned what was going to occur, gave orders to purchase the two animals, which brought three thousand francs, and then offered them as a present to the general. The latter, however, positively refused to receive them.

QUEEN ISABELLA of Spain has given another instance of generosity. Some time ago she relinquished a portion of her income in consequence of the low state of the public exchequer. She has now renounced a further portion, and has ordered that the amount of the civil list so saved shall be devoted to the sufferers by the cholera and by the floods which took place some months since.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF "FOURTEEN STONE!"—Recently, Mr. Addison, accompanied by his daughter and Mr. Sothern, visited Blarney Castle (says a Cork paper.) Of course the celebrated "stone" was enquired after. Evidently deeply impressed with Milliken's song:

"There is a stone there
That whoever kisses
He never misses
To grow eloquent," etc.

Mr. Addison approached the edge of the parapet, determined to embrace its *lapis offensionis*. Nothing daunted by the discovery that the party performing this kissing operation must, of necessity, be held by the heels over a parapet some hundred feet from the ground, he insisted on Mr. Sothern seizing him round the ankles, two guides also holding Mr. Sothern. The stone was triumphantly kissed, and Mr. Addison, almost black in the face, at once proved that he had "grown eloquent," for he screamed out at the top of his voice:

"A clever sponter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out-and-outer."

Possibly he might have concluded the verse, but Mr. Sothern, becoming rather tired of the novel position of holding fourteen stone by the heels, suddenly called out to the guides, "Now, then, pull away." They all did so; but the fourteen stone, not anticipating such an energetic hoist, without some signal, still clung to the iron bar by which the celebrated pebble is supported. The consequence was, one of Mr. Addison's "elastic side" boots came off, and, for fully a quarter of a minute, he was held in this frightful position by one ankle only. By a great effort, however, he at last succeeded in giving Mr. Sothern his other foot, and he was hauled up. During this scene his daughter was so terrified that she became speechless and sunk to the grass Her father's safety, however, speedily recovered her, and the *trio* returned to Cork.

ABOUT COMING TO BELIEVE ONE'S OWN LIE.—It has been remarked of Lady Morgan, as an autobiographer, that, Irish in all things, she was pre-eminently Irish in her facts, for which she depended very little on her memory. Not that, retaining one impression of a scene or incident, she deliberately stated or wrote down another; but that, retaining none, or an imperfect one, she stated or wrote down what was best calculated for immediate effect, most pleasing to her public, or most flattering to herself. We are told that she once wrote to Lady Charleville from some town in Warwickshire, to say that she had settled down to finish one of her books in a charming country, in a pretty apartment opening on a conservatory, with a velvet lawn before her door; and that Lady Charleville, returning shortly afterwards from London to Dublin, stopped at that place, hunted up the address, and found "Glorvina" in a small lodging in the suburb looking on a cabbage garden. "Paradoxical as it may seem, there was as much self-deception as vanity in this. She had fancied herself into the heroine of one of her own romances, with the accessories, and wrote accordingly. The real and the fictitious were so blended in her, that it gradually surpassed her power to separate them."—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

FOUL PLAY.—A writer in the Paris *Siecle* calls the attention of the authorities to a brutal sport entitled *Tier á la pierre*, (cock throwing,) which has just been revived at a *fête* in the neighborhood of Dieppe. A cock is attached to a cord fixed to a stake driven into the ground. A heap of stones is placed at a short distance, and, for two *sous*, any one has a right to five throws at the unfortunate bird, which remains the prize of the marksman who kills it. On the occasion referred to, after an eye had been knocked out, the head cut, and a leg broken, a blow full in the breast extended the poor cock on the ground apparently lifeless; but it was found to still breathe, and, according to the rules of the game, it had still to remain as a target.

COMMON "CRIERS."—It is surprising (says a recent writer) how infectious tears are at a wedding. First of all, the bride cries, because she's going to be married; and then, of course, the bridemaids cry, perhaps, because *they* are not; and the fond mamma cries, because she'll l-l-lose her d-d-darling: and then the fond papa cries, because he thinks it's proper; and then all the ladies cry, because ladies, as a rule, will never miss a chance of crying; and then, perhaps, the groomsmen cry, to keep the ladies company; and then the old pew-opener cries, to show what deep pecuniary interest she takes in the proceedings; and then, perhaps, the public cries, the public being, of course, composed exclusively of petticoats. But, notwithstanding all these Niobes, who make quite a Niagara of eye-water around him, we own we never yet have seen the bridegroom cry, and should about as soon expect to hear the beadle whimper.

A MARBLE bust of the tenor Negrini is to be erected in the Argentino theatre in Rome.

Two musical composers of note—Sinico and Villanis—have died lately.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Pre payment optional

Letters to France, 15 cents for each ¼ ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each ½ ounce or part thereof.

Advertised letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

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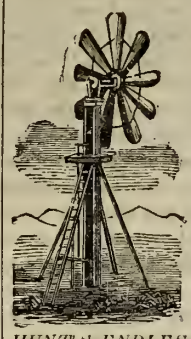

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Paid claims by death, - - - - - -	6,500,000
Surplus accumulated 1864, - - - -	1,770,090

All the surplus belongs to the assured, and is equitably divided among them annually.

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Hon. Elizur Wright, Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, in a letter commendatory of this new plan of dividing surplus, (by the "Mutual Life") July 11, 1862, says: "This method of applying its own experience is an element of popularity and stability which can hardly fail to make the LEADING Life Assurance Association of this Continent also the MODEL one of the World."

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CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

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de17-3m

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY.

BY MARK TWAIN.

]THE *Saturday Press* introduces this sketch in the following complimentary manner: "We give up the principal portion of our editorial space to-day, to an exquisitely humorous sketch—'Jim and his Jumping Frog'—by Mark Twain, who will shortly become a regular contributor to our columns. Mark Twain is the assumed name of a writer in California who has long been a favorite contributor to the San Francisco press, from which his articles have been so extensively copied as to make him nearly as well known as Artemus Ward."]

MR. A. WARD—DEAR SIR: Well, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and I inquired after your friend Leonidas W. Greeley, as you requested me to do, and I hereunto appeud the result. If you can get any information out of it you are cordially welcome to it. I have a lurking suspicion that your Leonidas W. Greeley is a myth—that you never knew such a personage, and that you only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him it would remind him of his infamous *Jim* Greeley, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was your design, Mr. Ward, it will gratify you to know that it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the old dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named Leonidas W. Greeley—Rev. Leonidas W. Greeley—a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Greeley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair—and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he turned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm—but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Greeley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:

—

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Greeley, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't reco'lect exactly, some how, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first come to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side, and if he couldn't he'd change sides—any way that suited the other man would suit *him*—any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still, he was lucky—uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solitry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it—and take any side you please, as I was just telling you: if there was a horse race, you'd find him flush or you find him busted at the end of it: if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why if there was two birds sitting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first—or if there was a camp-meeting he would be there reglar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man; if he even see a straddle-bug start to go any wheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Greeley and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *anything*—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick, once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in and Greeley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Providence she'd get well yet—and Greeley, before he thought, says: "Well, I'll resk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway."

Thish-yer Greeley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yard's start, and then pass her under way; but always at the lag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate like, and come cavorting and spraddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always letch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he warn't worth a cent, but to set around and look onery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog—his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the for'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up—and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog just by the joint of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Greeley always came out winner on that pup till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Greeley a look as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece, and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Greeley had rat-tarriers and chicken cocks, and tom cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day and took him home and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Greeley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him send Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out "Flies! Dan'l, flies," and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd done any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightforward as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair-and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand, and when it come to that, Greeley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Greeley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Greeley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Greeley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Greeley says, easy and careless, "He's good enough for *one* thing I should judge—he can out-jump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Greeley and says, very deliberate, "Well—I don't see no points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Greeley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll resk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad, like, "Well—I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog—but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Greeley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute I'll go and get you a frog;" and so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Greeley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail-shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Greeley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog and fetched him in and give him to this feller and says:

"Now if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word." Then he says, 'one—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wa'nt no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Greeley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away, and when he was going out at the door he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate: "Well—*I* don't see no points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Greeley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow," and he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why blame my cats if he don't weigh five pound," and turned him upside down, and he belched out about a double-handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And——

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front-yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond Jim Greeley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. Leonidas W. Greeley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Greeley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail only just a short stump like a bannanner, and——"

"O, curse Greeley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed.

Your, truly, MARK TWAIN.

THE Annual Christmas Festival of the Trinity Sunday School will take place on Christmas Eve at Platt's Hall. The children of the Protestant Orphan Asylum have been invited, and will be present to participate in the festivities. A Christmas Tree will be prepared for contributions intended for their especial benefit. We trust the tree will be a large one, and that the public will see to it that it be bountifully supplied. Contributions will be received by the Superintendent, Mr. William G. Badger, at Badger & Lindenberg's store. An especially interesting feature will be the presence of the Second U. S. Artillery Band. This Band played the music to which the boys entered Richmond at the time of its capture, and Brigadier-General French has kindly acceeded to the superintendent's request that they be present at the festival.

"IMPORTANT."—It is very important to those who go out to purchase, to know where they can find the article they require of a good quality and at a fair and reasonable price. To those who want anything in *fine and staple Dry Goods*, MOSGROVE & BLAKELY offer inducements equal to any house in San Francisco. Their DRESS GOODS are *fashionable, well-assorted, and tastefully selected*. They are now showing a large lot of HOYLE'S genuine ENGLISH CALICOS, for *Dresses*, and *Shirting* of a very superior quality. They are fast becoming celebrated for the quality of their IRISH LINEN GOODS, of which they have always a large assortment from the best manufacturers in Belfast, Ireland. Their store is in Colton's Building, 222 Third street, near Howard.

TO HEADS OF FAMILIES.—Are your little ones subject to croup? If so, don't fail to use Newell's Pulmonary Syrup. A few doses given in time may save the life of a darling child. Do not fail to have it on hand, if you would be safe and free from anxiety.

For sale by all Druggists: Redington & Co., Sole Agents, 416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

PIMPLES, freckles, moth, sunburn, ringworm, and tetter, vanish magically by the application of that toilet excellence, Davidson's Circassian Bloom.

ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—With the details of the dreadful disasters of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *Yosemite* fresh in memory, it is not needful that we should urge on the public the importance of guarding as fully as possible not only against the recurrence of such startling calamities, but also as far as they can against the consequences that arise from them. Accidents are terribly frequent in this new State of ours. Hardly a day passes but we have to record some loss of life, or terrible mangling that leaves the victim with hardly a wish to live. Stringent legislation is demanded to protect travellers from carelessness and criminal negligence of public carriers. It is with great interest that we have watched the rapid growth of Accident Insurance Companies, and we are happy to know that the New York Accidental Insurance Company, established by some of the wealthiest capitalists of the East, have placed their agency in the hands of Bigelow & Brother, Insurance Agents, of this city. We advise every one to take out a policy. The premium is very small—the price of a good cigar only per day—while the benefits are great; $25 per week, if disabled, or $5,000 in case of death. Who would not give $2 50 to be insured for a trip to Washoe, or 25 cents for a trip to Sacramento City? That's all it costs. We predict a large business for the agency in this city. The Company have complied with the State law, and are fully prepared to issue policies, or travelling tickets, at once.—*S. F. Call.*

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Very few persons, even among physicians, would have been willing upon any terms to have been in the condition of the writer of the following letter on the 14th of February last. I will anticipate somewhat his report of the facts, by saying that on the 15th August, 1865, be made me a visit, "the very picture of health." Time, which tries and proves all things, has sufficiently tested this case, and shown that neither relapse or collapse having followed, the cure is perfect, and can be cited among the scores of similar cases, the result of my improved mode of treating disease without medicine.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.
August 27, 1865.

Sacramento, April 30, 1865.

Dr. G. M. Bourne—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I now let you know of my good health. Looking back on what I have passed through, it seems as if I was lifted from the grave, and I think it my duty to acknowledge to you and the world the benefit I derived from water treatment as administered by you in your celebrated baths. It was in August, 1864, when disease developed itself with a severe cough. I then took medicines, getting worse, with chills, fevers, loss of strength, and was pronounced consumptive. This set me to thinking, and finally I determined to leave my business and go to the Sandwich Islands, having been informed that I could not be cured here. I went to San Francisco, and while waiting for a ship, called upon Dr. Bourne, who stated that a trip to the Sandwich Islands would probably result disastrously, was wholly unnecessary, as I could then be speedily cured at his establishment. I placed myself under his treatment, and in one week was so much improved that I thought I could risk returning home and to my duty as Engineer on the Central Pacific Railroad. The doctor objected; but I thought I knew better, and returned to my duty. In about two weeks my cough returned, and I kept getting worse, and, contrary to Dr. Bourne's injunction never to take medicine again, committed that folly, and soon was so completely run down that I could scarcely walk; so, as a last resort, I concluded once more to try the Water Cure. I went to San Francisco—few of my friends expected me to return; in fact, I thought my return doubtful. On arriving at Dr. Bourne's establishment (February 14, 1865,) I was not able to get into the bath without assistance, but in a few days I began to gain. I remained with him only six weeks, when I left, "a wiser and a better man," without the aid of medicine. I have now been at work several weeks, and find that I am gaining every day, and at present bid fair to be stouter than ever before. Persons visiting the Doctor's establishment will find it just what it should be, in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Departments, and I cannot say too much in praise of the Doctor's kind attention to his patients.

This letter I write for the benefit of the afflicted, to be used as the Doctor decides, and should it be the means of directing any one to his care and treatment who (as they assuredly will) find relief, I will be paid for my trouble. Your obedient servant,

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.

San Francisco, August 25, 1865.

Advised by the undersigned, Mr. James Campbell, of the Central Pacific Railroad (who was then in a most deplorable state of ill health,) placed himself under the care of Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Physician. Some six months or more afterward he visited this city, when I accidentally met him at Dr. Bourne's establishment, and, I am happy to say, restored to the enjoyment of good health and in fine spirits. JOHN SULLIVAN.

☞ Dr. Bourne treats all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs—which includes diptheria, bronchitis, incipient consumption, pleurisy, croup, etc.—with the greatest success. Great relief is afforded in advanced stages of consumption. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc., etc., are also cured quickly, pleasantly, and economically. No medicine whatever.

TOYS.—Toys can be purchased of Feldbush & Co., 307 California street, at 25 per cent. below the usual rates. Call and examine stock and prices.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

THE LATEST NEWS!—Haskell & Co. are selling cheaper than the cheapest; 6 pounds Crushed Sugar for $1; 9 pounds Brown Sugar for $1; 3½ pounds Green Coffee, $1; 5 pounds Currants, $1; 4 pounds New Raisins, $1; New Citron, 40 cents per pound; 8 pounds Canary seed for $1; 10 pounds Soda Crackers, $1; 8 pounds Santa Clara Butter Crackers, $1; good Oolong Tea, 75 cents; Japan Teas, 75 to 90 cents, our Mandarin Oolong of the new crop, $1; the best Comet Tea, $1 10, or $1 per pound by the box; Mandarin Mixture (green and black,) 1; at the Mammoth Tea Store, fronting on Market and Sutter streets, below the Market. ☞ Goods delivered promptly. Open Evenings until after the Holidays.

MANY OF THE DISEASES which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. BENTON, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

TRIMMINGS.—Mrs. NORCROSS, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and military at the shortest notice; also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. D. Norcross' goods, for elegance and taste, are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

DR. C. W. MOORE'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

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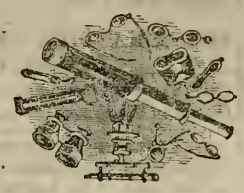

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FOR THE

BEST UPHOLSTERY.

The attention of the public is respectfully called to this; also to the FACT that we have the LARGEST and FINEST stock on the PACIFIC COAST: Comprising a full assortment of FURNITURE AND BEDDING; all of which is offered at rates GUARANTEED to be less than those of any other house in the city.

☞ Nearly 15,000 cases of Goods packed suitable for home and distant markets, to which the

ATTENTION OF THE TRADE IS INVITED.

A full assortment of Cabinet Makers', Hardware, and Upholsterers' materials ALWAYS ON HAND.

J. PEIRCE,

Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,

se16 3m SAN FRANCISCO.

---

25 PER CENT. SAVED

IS 50 PER CENT. MADE!

PURCHA- SERS OF

Toys and Fancy

Goods, can save 25 per

cent. by buying of

Feldbush & Co.,

307 CALIFORNIA STREET.

THEY ARE NOW RECEIVING their Importations o

FALL GOODS,

per steamer nnd sailing vessels from all parts of the world.

For sale by the case or dozen. Also 100 cases of assorted Toys. FIELDUSH & CO., 307 California street

RETAIL STORE, 207 Montgomery street, (Russ House Block.) oc28 3m

---

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital und Surplus.....$750,000

Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000

Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Douohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,

MERCHANDISE,

FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,

ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California

OCCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.

J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.

R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.

S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary.

mh25-3m

CHOLERA! CHOLERA!

CHOLERA IS COMING!

ALREADY HAS IT APPEARED IN THE EASTERN CITIES? Insure your Life in the

BEST AND CHEAPEST LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD,

The Connecticut Mutual Life

INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,

AGENTS,

Office Northwest corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco, California.

no26 1m

PATENT APPLIED FOR.

HUNT'S

California Street Pavement.

THIS PAVEMENT IS A NEW AND NOVEL IDEA, being a combination of Redwood, Asphaltum and Gravel. The Pavement consists of Redwood blocks, six inches in diameter, turned round from the top, half-way down; these blocks are laid upon either a board or gravel surface, the blocks laid so as to break joints; the openings around the blocks are then filled in with a composition of asphaltum and gravel, and the whole surface of the pavement covered with a coat of the same composition, thus making a complete asphaltum roadway. The asphaltum, confined by the redwood blocks in this manner, cannot crack, and as every one knows, will last for a long period. The redwood, being firmly secured by the asphaltum, *cannot split*, and the inventor claims that the redwood and asphaltum, so combined, will make a pavement that for evenness, cleanliness, durability and noiseless ness, has not yet been equalled.

A sample of this pavement has been prepared and can be seen by those interested, in front of the Windmill and Horsepower Manufactory of E. O. HUNT,

de2 1m 28 Second street, San Francisco.

SCHOOL FURNITURE.

RANKIN'S PATENT SCHOOL DESK;

Liquid Slating for Blackboard;

ARITHMETICAL FRAME;

Babbitonian System of Writing—the Best System known.

W. HOLT,

de9 3m 805 Montgomery street, Room No 2.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,

my6 3m Proprietor.

GRAND BALL.

THE SECOND ANNUAL

Ball of the Fire Department,

Will be given at

UNION HALL,

ON THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 28.

No care or expense will be spared to make it the grandest and most fashionable Ball of the season.

MANAGERS.

Governor F F Low,	Hon Ogden Hoffman,
Maj Gen H. W. Halleck,	" Milton S Latham,
" I McDowell,	" S H Dwinelle,
" J F Miller,	" Thos B Shannon,
Col R C Drum,	" Frank Soule,
Com Selim Woodworth,	" R F Perkins,
Maj-Gen L H Allen,	" Wm J Shaw
Chas de Cuzotte,	R H Sinton,
Louis McLane,	Wm. Alvord,
J Whitney, Jr,	J H Baird,
I W Raymond,	Wm F Babcock,
Chas B Polhemus,	Henry Bigelow,
Eugene L Sullivan,	A Austin,
J Morn Moss,	S C Hastings,
R B Swain,	Camilo Martin,
E W Burr,	Maj A D Grimwood,
S P Dewey,	Abel Guy,
James Lick,	Wm B Johnston,
Nicholas Larco,	Geo W Gibbs,
Leland Stanford,	Hall McAllister,
Joseph P Hodge,	Henry B Platt,
B F Lowe,	M Livingston,
James Bowman,	Samuel M Wilson,
D O Mills,	Francisco Sanjurjo,
Lafayette Maynard,	Lewis Leland,
F L A Pioche,	Louis Scellier,
Jos G Eastland,	Alpheus Bull,
Ira P Rankin,	John S Henning,
Henry Carlton, Jr,	A Seligman,
John B Felton,	Michael Skelly,
Samuel Brannan,	A Coleman,
R H Magill,	Wm H Tillinghast,
Geo C Boardman,	Joseph Austin,
David Scannell,	John H Gardiner,
R B Woodward,	Wm P Tauffe,
O Livermore,	W H L Barnes,
A L Tubbs,	Henry Voorman,
Marcus D Boruck,	Dr A J Bowie,
W Lane Booker,	Edward S Spear,
Eugene Casserly,	Wm. McKibben,
Oliver Eldridge,	Michael Castle,
H M Newhall,	John Parrott,
Joseph A Donohoe,	Wm C Talbot,
Wm C Ralston,	Erwin Davis,
Wm M Lent,	Fred'k MacCrellish,
James Otis,	H H Haight,
R J. Vanderwater,	Maj John Stratman,
Caleb T Fay,	James H Cutter,
Martin R Roberts,	Henry Barriolhet,
James R Bolton,	John A. McGlynn,
W E Barron,	W W Haney,
S R Harris,	John J Kelly,
Morris Spyer,	Chas. R Peters,
Alfred Barstow,	Claus Spreckles,
R C Ferguson,	David Stern,
Geo H Howard,	G J Byrne,
Elie Lazard,	F W Macondrny,
Edward J. Pringle,	John O Earl,
John H Saunders,	Emanuel Berri,
Jos W Winans,	Fred'k Billings,
James Bell,	E T Pense,
E W Leonard,	Louis Cohn,
S. J. Hensley,	Thos Tobin,
Geo B Gammans,	H Heyneman,
S H Parker,	Horace W. Carpenter,
Col Wm Harney,	M M Henston,
A H Titcomb,	Wm G Badger,
M C Hillyer,	Louis Schloss,
Frank McCoppin,	Henry G Langley,
John Hewston, Jr,	A J Houghtaling,
J C L. Wadsworth,	W W Stow,
Joseph Pierce,	W B Farwell,
C F Mebins,	John T Doyle,
Chas Walcott Brooks,	Warren R Payne,
Albert Miller,	Dr Joseph Haine,
J G Kittie,	Robert Cushing,
Jonathan Hunt,	Peter Donahue,
John Middleton,	James L Fink,
C Adolphe Low,	T McCarthy.

☞ The number of Tickets to be sold is limited; they are not transferable, and none will be sold at the door. Ladies' invitations can be procured, free of charge, on application.

TICKETS (including Supper) TEN DOLLARS.

de9 3t

LADIES, ATTENTION!

MRS. READ'S

NEW IMPROVED

Skirt Supporters and Chest

EXPANDERS,

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BRACES, with Suspenders attached; ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, BANDAGES, BUSTS, etc

NO. 109 MONTGOMERY STREET,

UP STAIRS, ROOMS 3 AND 4.

Physicians are respectfully invited to call and examine her articles.

All orders promptly attended to. my27 tf

WARD'S SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of

GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

S. W. B. WARD & SON,

NEW YORK, 387 Broadway. } 323 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Ca

jc30 3m

THE ONLY LIVING

ASTROLOGER.

Go and see the Natural Gifted Astrologer, Prof. Cohen, 530 California street He only can give you true information as to the Past, Present and Future; on Business Affairs, Law Suits, Matrimony, Love, Absent Friends, Sickness, etc. He tells the events of your whole life, and how to avoid trouble.

A large number of people have been benefited by his knowledge. As an evidence of his reputation, he has received upwards of 18,000 consultations here since his residence of five years in San Francisco.

N B.—When consultation is had it will not be necessary to give the age. Office hours from 8 A. M to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart.

☞ Sickness will be discovered and cured through his science, only known by himself. ae16 3m.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND

MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - - -	$10,000,000.
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

No. 414 California street, - - - San Francisco,

Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

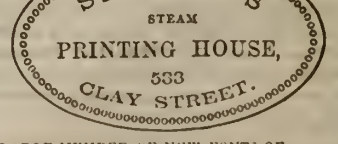
Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.

au19 3m

NEW TYPE.



A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF

FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE,

AND

ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE.

We would respectfully call the attention of property owners to the increased facilities for Insurance which we are now prepared to offer, surpassing any agency in the world.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Capital, - - - $7,000,000

Home Insurance Co., of N. Y., assets	-	-	$4,000,000
Security do	do	do	2,000,000
Phenix do	do	do	1,000,000

War Risks and partial loss covered on the most favorable terms. Liberal rebates paid parties bringing business to this office. All losses paid in gold coin without any deduction.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Assets, - - - $10,000,000

Home Insurance Co., N. Y.	Washington Ins. Co., N. Y.		
Phenix do	do	Security do	do
Arctic do	do	Hartford Fire do	do

LIFE INSURANCE.

Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. of Hartford:
Assets nearly - - - - - - - $8,000,000
Equitable Life Assurance Society of United States: Assets - - - - - - - $1,000,000

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

New York Accident Insurance Company:
Capital - - - - - - - $250,000

In the Fire Department we issue participation policies on all hazardous and not hazardous property, entitling the assured to 60 per cent. in the profits of the company, thereby lessening their premiums at least 30 per cent.

In the Life Department, the companies we represent are the best and cheapest in the world. Manuals descriptive of the various plans issued gratis to the public. No charge for physicians' examinations.

Agents in all the principal towns on this coast.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
au29 GENERAL AGENTS.

CHARLES BERNARD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FAMILY CHARTRES COFFEE AND SPICES OF ALL KINDS,

No. 707 Sansome-st., cor. of Gold,

Between Jackson and Pacific.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED BY THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, FOR THE BEST COFFEE AND SPICES.

THE PROPRIETOR having introduced Steam Power in his Manufactory, has now increased facilities to supply the trade and the public in general. All articles from his establishment are guaranteed to be sure and unadulterated. The public are respectfully invited to call and convince themselves. Country orders promptly attended to.

oc14 3m

THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING ADDED

MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. no5-3m

TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that

Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,

and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of these new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the severe drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

The following certificate from the State Assayer, furnished after analysis of the EXTRACT, speaks for itself:

A. ENQUOIS—Dear Sir: I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would be injurious to clothing.

Very respectfully, B. B. THAYER.

FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle.

DR. C. W. MOORE'S Medical and Surgical Institute,

COMMERCIAL STREET,

A few doors below Kearny, - . - San Francisco.

ATTENDING AND RESIDING PHYSICIAN,

C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

Late Surgeon U. S. A., Quarantine Physician at New Orleans and Boston, Lecturer on Morbid Anatomy and Diseases of Women and Children, Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc., etc.

FOR THE CURE OF DISEASES,

WHETHER ACUTE OR CHRONIC,

No. 641 Commercial street,

A few doors below Kearny, where he can be consulted at all hours.

Especial attention paid to all Diseases of the UTERINE and SEXUAL ORGANS, SECONDARY and HEREDITARY AFFLICTIONS in their manifold form,

NERVOUS AFFICTIONS, ETC.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS, of whatever nature, performed scientifically, and the patient boarded at the Institute.

TO THE LADIES.—Private apartments, with female nurses, for those who desire them. CONSULTATIONS FREE.

Parties in the Country may consult the Doctor by letter, and receive, in return, a full description of their disease and its means of cure. All communications strictly confidential.

C. W. MOORE, M. D.,
se16-3m 641 Commercial street, San Francisco.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co., PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

GREAT AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT!

AT

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE,

Chicago, Illinois, - - February 22d, 1866.

20,000 VALUABLE GIFTS WORTH $96,800

PRESENTED TO THE TICKET HOLDERS.

100,000 *TICKETS ONLY WILL BE SOLD.*

1 Gift of $10,000 cash	$10,000
1 Gift of $5,000 cash	5,000
50 Gifts, 50 English Patent Lever Gold Watches, valued at $400 each	20,000
100 Gifts, 100 Amer. Silver Lever Watches valued at $100 each	10,000
48 Gifts 48 Silver Lever Watches valued at $50 each	2,400
5,000 Gifts, 5,000 Turkey Morocco, gold clasp Albums, valued at $5 each	25,000
4,800 Gifts, 4,800 gold clasp Albums, valued at $3 each	14,400
10,000 Gifts, 10,000 cash at $1 each	10,000

All the above Goods are genuine, as represented, and are listed at a fair valuation.

Each ticket is registered before being sent out.

Parties will be notified by mail of the result of the drawing.

40,000 Tickets already sold. Send in your orders if you wish to secure them.

Tickets ONE DOLLAR each in Greenbacks, or 11 for $10, sent by mail to any address upon receipt of price and Postoffice stamp.

BRIGGS, LEMON & CO.,
no11-3m 141 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my26

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
a28 44 Liedesdorff street, San Francisco.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.—IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT of the Second Township, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to S. B. THOMPSON, greeting:

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 13th day of February, A. D 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to answer unto the complaint of CHARLES M. PECK, who claims to recover from you the sum of two hundred and fifty-three dollars, and interest on one hundred and seventy-five dollars of said sum at two per cent. per month from June 22d, 1865, and on seventy-eight dollars of said sum at the same rate from April 10th, 1865, due on two promissory notes made by you, dated February 17th, 1865, and June 22d, 1865, the same claimed to be recovered in United States gold and silver coin, as per copies of said notes on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you, for the said amount and interest due, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of the city and county of San Francisco greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof. Given under my hand this 6th day of November, A. D. 1865.

Alias U. S. Revenue stamp, 50c., cancelled.

H. J. WELLS, (SEAL.)
Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco. Office, No. 623 Merchant street.

no11 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. no11-3m

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That I, BRIDGET STANNAH, wife of WILLIAM STANNAH, intend to make application to the Twelfth District Court of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, on the

23d day of December, A. D. 1865, *at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day,*

or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the court room of said Court, in said city and county, for an order of said Court permitting her to carry on business in her own name and on her own account—the nature of the business to be carried on by virtue of such order being that of keeping a boarding and lodging house, and purchasing lots and houses to be used and occupied in that business, and erecting houses therefor. That for this purpose I am desirous of availing myself of the benefit of An Act to authorize married women to transact business in their own name as sole traders, approved April 12th, 1852, and of the acts amendatory thereof.

BRIDGET STANNAH.

W. C. BURNETT, Attorney for petitioner—Office, 636 Clay street. nov25-5t

---

CLOTHING MADE FROM CALIFORNIA CLOTH,

For Wholesale and Retail Trade,

ALSO, MADE TO ORDER,

AT QUINCY HALL,

NOS. 545, 547, 549,

Washington Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

se30-3m

HILL'S HAIR DYE.

This Dye is superior to anything now in use, being easily applied, and imparting a natural brown or black color to the hair. For sale by

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Building Fund.

AT A MEETING OF THE BOAD OF TRUSTEES of the Mercantile Library Association, held October 10th, 1865, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the Trustees form themselves into a Committee of the Whole, to obtain Life Memberships and Donations, with a view of purchasing a lot and erecting a building thereon for the use of the Association.

The payment of one hundred dollars in gold coin secures a Life Membership, and it is hoped that the sum of twenty thousand dollars may be subscribed in this way alone. No subscriptions are binding unless the above sum shall be raised by Life Memberships and Donations before February 1, 1866. Subscription books may be found at the Library, or with any of the following members of the

BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

G. W. Belt.....President
*C. Wolcott Brooks.....Vice President
H. S Homans.....Corresponding Secretary
David Wilder.....Recording Secretary
John G. Clark.....Treasurer

J. H Wildes,	A. M. Ebbetts,
J. W. Cox,	F. D. Kellogg,
A. T. Green,	Chas. R. Bond,
Geo. Hewston, M. D.,	*Daniel Rogers,
F. L. Castle.	

*On leave of absence. oc21-tf

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner

From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
fe11-6m San Francisco.

ADAMS' BLOOD PURIFIER!

FOR DISEASES HAVING THEIR ORIGIN FROM THE IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD AND DERANGEMENT OF THE SYSTEM.

This Blood Purifier is a concentrated compound of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Wild Cherry, Dandelion, with Iodide of Potass, and several other of the most efficacious remedies known in the vegetable world, and will exert an immediate effect on the system, and if persisted in for a reasonable length of time, will eradicate all latent poison from the blood.

IT CONTAINS NO MERCURY OR MINERAL POISON.

Prepared only by

SAMUEL ADAMS,

AT THE UNITED STATES DRUG STORE,
SAN FRANCISCO
Corner of Bush and Powell streets.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN THE STATE.

no18-3m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & C
my28 624 Clay stree San

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, DEC. 16TH,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

GRAND MATINEE:

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN!

This Evening, December 16th,

G. C. BONIFACE, HARRY JACKSON,
MRS. SOPHIE EDWIN,

nd Every Member of the Popular Company,

Will appear in the celebrated Irish Drama entitled

Kathleen Mavourneen;

OR,

THE DARK HOUR BEFORE DAY!

TUESDAY EVENING, First Night of Taylor's Prize Drama, entitled

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VOLUME IV., No. 4.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 23, 1865.

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INIGOINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Friday, December 22d, 1865.

IS it possible? Three days more and Christmas, like Monsieur Tonson, will have come again!

When I remember the joy which the approach of these holidays used to bring to me, I become sad.

There is one thing which I never could understand... the Pleasures of Memory... perhaps I should call them "things" to be grammatical, but the word is hateful to me.

If it were possible to forget the Past, move out from the Present, and pitch one's tent in the Future, there would be more happiness in life than there is at present.

"Talk of the minstrel's lute,
The warrior's high endeavor,
When the honeyed lips are mute,
And the strong arm crushed forever;
Look back to the summer sun,
From the mists of dark December;
Then say to the broken hearted one,
"'Tis pleasant to remember.'"

No one who knows me will accuse me of being sentimental ...or spoony. I have often tried to be, but the effort was always a lamentable failure... in which both parties appeared to mutual disadvantage.

But very often those words of Praed's come ringing in my ears ..and find an echo deeper down in my soul than I would wish to acknowledge.

For all that, however, don't think I wish to play myself off on the country as a broken-hearted "cuss."

It is bad enough to be broken-winded.

It is three years ago..come the 25th of December... since I have had a *Christmas*. Some country boys pack up their washing and send it home every week. I never had occasion to do that, but I do assure you that, never these blessed days passed, that I did not pack up my soiled soul, and start for the country.

We may laugh about the "mother" element that enters into songs of late, but I thank God that it is there. And depend upon it that our soldiers never fought the less bravely for its introduction, nor endured the hardships of prison-pens with less fortitude for its remembrance.

Cause and effect are very closely linked together. "Mother" has been a prominent element of all the songs and war lyrics that have been written since this... one of the greatest wars that ever saturated God's footstool with blood... commenced. Has the national cause suffered in consequence? I trow me not.

"Home influences!" It is a trite phrase... it is rather the custom to jeer at the young man who is influenced by them. But I am not ashamed to avow that I am... and I am not afraid to avow that I despise the young or old man who is not.

The young man who can go out into the world with a sister's kiss warm upon his lips, and a mother's embrace still clinging around him... and not confess to their restraining influence... is very unlikely to ever become a full-grown man.

Touching God's right hand in the darkness, we may still hope to grope our way to His Throne. And if, in those holiest pulsations of the human heart, we do not recognize His clasp, what guide have we?

Bah! what right have we to look with retrospective or introspective eyes upon the Past?

Before us bubbles the ocean... thither our prows are pointed ... what need to look back upon the land?

By a chance conversation with a lady friend at breakfast this morning, I learned that her idea of Heaven was perfect repose.

What a pleasure it is to find one... even though it be one of the opposite sex... whose conception of anything in or beyond the world coincides with yours!

"Perfect Repose!" There you have perfect happiness in a nutshell.

The popular idea of angels is that they have wings. In all the plates that I am familiar with they are represented with wings... buzzing about like bumble bees.

Nonsense! The angel of my fancy, so far from having wings, has not even arms and legs.

He is round as a butter ball, and if you were to rig up a handle for him, and wind a string about his neck, you could spin him around on his peg of a spine like a humming-top.

Heaven, to my fancy, is a far remove from all printing offices. It is a place where one can go and "lie off." There is no demand upon him for "copy"... there are no criticisms upon what he writes... he is believed in and accepted, from the nearest relative down to the fourth and fifth cousin.

About the nearest approach to human felicity that I ever expect to experience, befell me at the Ocean Beach the other day.

There was no one out there whom I disliked...and by a remarkable dispensation of Providence there was no one out there who disliked me.

The horizon hob-a-nobbed with the shore in perfect amity, and the sea, with its "sapphire spangled marriage ring" wedded the land, in the very ripeness and fullness of love. The ocean-breeze sang epithalamiums, and there was neither jarring nor discord of spirit upon any side.

There was no one who expected to be talked to...there was no one who demanded to be listened to... and if there be any other cup of human happiness this side the mountains, fill it, brim it, and bring it to me straight!

Perhaps I should have said, *s'il vous plait*... for I was immensely amused by the play of the seals.

My laughter, sitting there in the cosy parlor, went up from the seal to the ceiling.

I would like to own those rocks with their occupants and have them as near to New York as they are to San Francisco ... and at the termination of as fine a drive. Their barkarole would draw better than any opera, and their owner could retire from business in a very short time.

One of the seals—a sinister jawed fellow—has been christened "Coryphæus" by a friend of mine. "Khor" would have been better, I suggested, for, like Leman, he plays in the *Serf*. But my friend said he had private reasons for calling him Coryphæus. He attempted to grapple what he was not competent to handle, I remarked. And he did not seem to realize that his fins, though well enough in their way, were scarcely adapted to do fine engraving or landscape-painting. He got along very well while floundering around on the rocks, but didn't make much headway when he tried to climb a tree.

The other night my first nap was broken by the sound of music under my window. But not for me were the strains intended... they were for Cole.

They were blowing on this Cole you see, preparatory to his kindling up in Congress.

But I do not see why I should be kept awake half the night through for the benefit of others. In my private opinion this nuisance of serenading has gone on about long enough—it is time the playing was played out.

When it is so easy not to blow tin horns under one's window, why do these musicians persist in doing it?

I intend to get even on the leader of that band and his company, if there be any virtue in Chinese gongs and Indian tom-toms. They will be serenaded to their hearts' content some week, and all the sleep they get they can put in their eyes... and then it won't rest them much.

Firing away at Cole for two mortal hours, standing in the street at that, with the thermometer as much below zero as it could get with proper respect to Mr. Bret's "climatic influences." They had much better, every mother's son of them, have been at home before a coal fire.

They might as well have been, for all they got to drink.

What I would like to know is this: is there no law against such disturbances of the public peace? While we arrest the belated vocalist for singing a farewell to his Mary Ann, or chanting his intention not to go home until morning, are we to allow a whole battalion of brass instruments to stand in the streets and blow the Star-Spangled Banner into fragments? ... blow Hail Columbia out of water?

It was Hail Coleumbia they played, I believe.

Had the man who jerked the gay and festive trombone that evening been a candle, he'd have blown himself out a dozen times over.

Positive Cole, comparative Kohler... mine was the superlative of misery. Let us put a stop to these things... not a full stop at once... but beginning with a Colon!

It is not to this particular serenade that I so much object ... it perhaps comes under the head of a "necessary evil," for Cole has been elected to the Senate and it is just as well to break him in to noise... he must get used to it. But I do object to the practice which is coming so universally into vogue. Smith, Jones, nor Robinson cannot contemplate a trip to San José now-a-days without the whole neighborhood being kept awake by the hurdy-gurdying and speechifying from the baleonies, to say nothing of the long report of the affair we are compelled to read in the next morning's paper.

I do not object to the report in the paper... I do not insist that Smith, Jones, and Robinson go off without a report... but I do wish they would go off without so much noise.

Wait till Gus Richardson's band comes down from Sacramento, and then see if those fellows that kept me awake all night don't get a turn.

Henceforth write me down as a man of mark.

I tried my hand at marking clothes the other day. My room-mate had marked all the good handkerchiefs and things he could find with his name, and this suggested the idea to me that it might be as well for me to do a little marking myself if I wished to save the balance.

I have "marked for the drinks" on several occasions, and it never occurred to me that there would be any trouble about marking clothes.

Accordingly I bought a bottle of what Mrs. Partington would probably call "invaluable ink."

I got it at Thayer's. He guaranteed that it would not wash out.

I marked a dozen new handkerchiefs; I marked my shirts, underclothing, stockings.

I marked everything... You would have thought that my *nom de plume* was Mark Twain.

The pen would catch in the fibres of the cambric, and splutter all around, distributing a small shower of commas and semi-colons where there was no need at all for punctuation; but I kept bravely on, and marked half the night through... finishing by upsetting the "invaluable ink" over my work.

Then it was necessary to hold everything I had marked before the fire to "fix" the ink... bring out its blackness. So I made a clothes-horse of myself the rest of the night... and the legs of the clothes-horse, getting a little too near the fire, got badly scorched before morning.

But I comforted myself by the reflection that I had been industrious. And I felt quite moral and good all the next day. I became interested in the matter of pew-rents, and thought that possibly, if I could find a stylish one that "sets up" like those little box-buggies we see occasionally... only room for the driver, and a peculiarly nifty look about them... I'd buy me one.

But mark the result. Does virtue always bring its own reward?

The washwoman, on bringing home my clothes next week, wondered "whatever" I had been doing to my clothes... they washed full of holes. It was so. Wherever that ink touched, it burned like Greek Fire. My handkerchiefs are ruined my stockings all have holes in them, and my shirts are slowly separating at the waist where I marked them.

Thayer was right. His invaluable ink will not wash out... and I advise everybody to buy of him.

It would be excellent for marking cattle... it would burn clear through their hides and down into the beef... branding it ready for market.

But when I sit up all night again, it will be "reading history"... not marking clothes.

There is to be a very pleasant party in Oakland on the 28th... the occasion being the annual assembly of the Oakland Club.

Gottschalk is not invited, but there will be music on the occasion.

If possible, I shall go over... but not in a wherry.

INIGO.

TO CHRISTINA.

A CONFESSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE."

CHRISTMAS EVE—Midnight.

ONE person alone, beside my mother, knows what I am now going to tell you. If I could speak to you on such a theme, I would not commit to paper the records of my shame. Burn these sheets when you have read them. I have been sufficiently punished; do not risk the danger of my future being again compromised by their existence.

Yesterday, the twenty-third day of December, I Paul Hayden, was sitting at my desk in the counting-house of Messrs. Klop, Son, and Klop, foreign merchants. There was a good deal to do during the evening, as we were accustomed on the day of Christmas Eve to break up early. Every footstep that crossed the counting-house or moved in the outer office seemed light and elastic, and had a kind of enjoyable frosty creak in its sound. There was a something in the pure air of the night, and in the anticipations of the coming festival, which completely changed the aspect of affairs in the ordinarily dull atmosphere of the counting-house, making grim old "senior" clerks light and frisky, and young "junior" clerks staid and pains-taking, as they saw that a little hard work now alone interposed between them and the coming revels.

As for me, I sat there with my pen in my hand, and the ledger open before me, bowed down by such a weight of shame and self-reproach as I had never dreamed of falling to my lot. There were my fellow-workmen moving about light-hearted and hopeful; there was I with ruin—almost certain ruin—staring me in the face. Once I felt as in a dream; but no: there lay the letter before me, and I took it up and read it once again:

"DEAR OLD FELLOW: Codd won't renew the bill on any terms. What's to be done? If something is not thought of, and quickly too, you'll see him at Klop's to-morrow morning, sure as fate. I'm deucedly sorry for you, but I can't help you: not the remotest chance of that. Turn it over in your mind. I'll be on the bridge as you go home.

"Yours ever, ARTHUR GLYNNE."

Turn it over! And what good would that do? How was a poor fellow like me to scrape together a hundred pounds? Yes, my dear friend, Arthur Glynne, who had so kindly introduced me to all the delights of London, initiated me in all its tempting mysteries, paid for me, quarrelled with me if I tried to withdraw from such a life of flowery degradation, this all-bountiful friend had suddenly come down upon me one month before with a request (that my obligations had made irresistible) that I would accept for him a bill of a hundred pounds, and leave him to provide for it when due. I am sure he had meant to fulfil his promise. But Fortune did not hold Arthur Glynne in such deep respect as to trouble herself in the least about giving him the means of fulfilling his obligation; and so I was left in the lurch.

What was I to do? The first sight of that bill would in Klop's eyes have been about the same thing as the last sight of me. And if I left him in disgrace there was an end to my mercantile career. Should I confide the whole to my mother—which meant, should I let her know what a recklessly profligate life I had been leading since our arrival in London, and my meeting with Glynne? Should I open to her the vista of my recent experience during the secret hours of night? Should I dash to the ground the hopes she was fondly nursing of my advancement?

Despairing of any solution, I determined to meet Glynne and tell him so.

I shut up the ledger, put it away in its place, and proceeded to exchange my office-coat for my walking one.

"Going, Mr. Hayden?" inquired our cashier, Mr. Sampson Boyce, who did not, I fancied, at all participate in the slight signs of satisfaction that Mr. Klop had occasionally exhibited towards me.

"Yes, sir: good night," I answered as I went out.

I hurried along the noisy streets, with their glaring Christmas-lighted shops, gliding like a spectre through the crowds, never slackening my pace till I reached the foot of the bridge, when a thought struck me, as with a blow of paralysis: I had left Glynne's letter in my office coat! With moist and trembling hands, which I vainly tried to keep steady, I searched my pockets over and over, then began to run back, but again stopped, incredulously, to make sure. It was too true; I had left it behind; might even have dropped it on the floor while changing coats. I hurried back to the office. The door to the counting-house was down a little court or archway. I tried it; it was locked. I went round to the dwelling-house, determined that nothing less than sheer impossibility should prevent my getting back my letter. I knew the way into the counting-house from Mr. Klop's house, and if I could only escape notice from the domestics first, and then from the cashier, and Denning, the watchman, there would be no one else likely to see me. At the worst, I could ask permission to go through to the office. I was fortunate—the street door was open. I slipped through the passage, and was safely in the business premises. Through the glass door of Denning's little room I saw Mr. Boyce reading a newspaper. So, then, he had done with the business of the office, and was probably just going. I heard Denning's footstep moving heavily to and fro in the storeroom above. I walked cautiously along the passage till I came to the counting-house. The door was open. I went in, glancing hurriedly about on the floor, but saw nothing of my letter. The first touch of the pockets of my office-coat told me it was not there. I turned the pockets inside out. No, there was no letter in them. Had Boyce found it accidentally, or Mr. Klop, or had some one suspected me, and searched my coat when I went away? The suspense was intolerable. Suddenly I remembered that on one occasion I had slipped the letter between the pages of the ledger when Mr. Boyce had appeared at the door; but I felt almost certain that I had not left it there. I took down the ledger, however, and with a bounding heart saw the missing sheet drop to the ground. For a moment I felt rather as though my troubles were gone, than that their mere exposure was delayed, as I tore up Gwynne's letter, and consumed the pieces by the single gas lamp that was left burning low till the watchman came for his last survey. As I turned to find my way back I heard Denning coming down stairs. "Well," I thought, "if he comes in, I will tell him I passed through the house, without meeting any one, to fetch something I had left behind; but if he passes on I will not unnecessarily make him aware of my presence." He did pass on, and presently I heard him descending the stairs to the underground store-room.

As I stood there listening, where I had then no right to be, no wonder I felt like a criminal, and that strange and unpleasant thoughts should begin to pass through my mind. Dark, vague suggestions, the true nature of which I shrank from grappling with, began to stir me; and I felt as if my hair were lifted with horror. I gazed cautiously round. I believe I had at that moment no defined idea beyond the simple one of seeking security from the apprehension that some one might have seen me enter and burn the letter—nay, might even now be watching me. Anxiously I gazed around. Behind, through the glass door of the counting-house, I could see all over and through the large office, with its shadowy-looking rows of desks and stools, made dimly visible by the low, smouldering kind of light. Before me was Mr. Klop's private room. Was he there? No, all was silent! But I must make sure. I pushed the door back, and was startled by the flood of moonlight in which I was suddenly plunged. I advanced, half-believing that I was simply fascinated by the splendid natural and artificial scene beyond, which was visible through the broad window. There was a piece of the great black city spread out, low and far, in the vivid frosty moonlight; the glittering river curving amid blackened buildings; the arches of the bridges almost changing from semicircles to circles by by the junction of bridge and reflection below; and a sky of glassy blue, thickly crowded with stars, each apparently emulous to outshine its neighbor in size and brilliancy, and draw to itself every wandering earthly eye. That end of the room was light enough to see to read. I could discern the spots of ink upon the floor. I could see the brasswork of the iron safe. I could see—what? Yes, I write to confess, not to evade, my guilt. I could see, Christina, a something that made my heart throb with violence, even while I knew well enough there had been in it a feeling of ronsed expectation, as though I had been led there by a friend or foe, for some purpose which I should not long mistake. My hand, as I looked, dropped on the neighboring desk for support to my frame. Yet I did not turn away, as I ought to have done, either in pure innocence of heart, or with a sense that I had in thought sinned for a moment, but had fled in horror from the temptation, to repent, and to be warned ever after of the danger of one moment of criminal weakness. No; I continued to gaze as in a kind of hideous fascination. It seemed to me not a simple key in that lock, but the curving finger of some demon that I was bound to obey. "Pay the price of your enjoyments now," I thought I heard it saying to me. "Fool! you cannot escape, or, if you can, this is the only way. Show some courage, some manliness—do boldly what must be done! If it will be any comfort to you, we'll say this shall be the only time. Ay, swear it if you like! Am I not here to register your oath? We understand. Only this once!"

Still I moved not—only helplessly gazed. My ears now became filled with other sounds and voices. I heard Mr. Klop dismissing me, amid the contemptuous and indignant murmurs of the clerks. I felt the touch of arrest on my shoulder, and the low murmur in the ear, implying that my very body was become the property of another. I heard the heart-broken cry of my mother as the double news of my imprisonment and dismissal reached her. And still the Demon beckoned me, as though these were all but tributary influences which he had evoked to show me how useless and unmanly was my hesitation. That curved shining finger (so strangely lifelike in its form under the moonlight's partial gleam) drew me towards it, and I heard its voice saying, "Come! It is the only way. Hasten! Save yourself!" "No! Fly! It is ruin!" cried another and opposing voice. And then it too murmured, like an echo, "Save yourself!"

But that last voice was so small, and so far off, and the previous one so loud and near, and then that beckoning finger was so easy to touch, and promised so much of instant advantage from its mystery that even as I gazed, incapable to determine what I would do, *I had done all:* committed myself to that from which life will never again allow me to be dissevered.

Spare me, Christina, for an instant. I will go on again calmly soon, if you can feel interest in me any longer.

Well, I resume: The cold steel, as I touched it, sent a shiver through my frame, but I turned the key with a desperate hand, opened the door, and looked in. I could just dimly see a drawer full of gold; my first touch was of a batch of filmy, rustling paper, all bank notes. I took out two, and held one of them up to the light of the moon. I could just make out the word "Hundred," and was about to put the others back and hurry away, when my Familiar whispered me, "Fool! you will never prosper in this mode of life if you begin so badly. What good will that do you? Where can you change it? Take gold!" Hastily I replaced the notes on the heap, and plunged my hand into the drawer where the gold was, trying to guess as well as I could how far such a handful would go towards a hundred sovereigns. And here let me laugh at a delicate piece of casuistry with which I amused myself. Even then I could not, I thought, take one sovereign more than my indispensable need required. O, not for the wealth of worlds! Pity my employer had not been by to recognize as it deserved such sublime self-abnegation! So I counted the gold tremulously, yet determinedly, to the end of the hundred, perfectly conscious that every second thus spent was enhancing my danger, but also conscious that I was laying up one bit of comfortable hypocricy for the future that might be found very necessary for my peace.

The gold was mine. My bill should be duly honored. "Honored!" O God, how my own word pierced me like an ill carried weapon! P'shaw! These were trifles now. I groped my way out of the room and along the passage; saw Boyce, still over his newspaper, in Denning's room; staggered out by the way I had entered; opened silently the street door, which had been closed since I had passed through; and then, unchallenged by a single voice, slunk away by dark courts and by-passages to keep my appointment.

I reached the bridge. I leant against the wall. I tried to realize a single moment of joy at my success—the success for which I had bid so high a price. "I am saved!" I cried inwardly; "saved!" Just then I heard a sound that shook my very soul. It was but a church clock across the river, striking; but to me it was like a voice crying through the midnight, "Lost!" And immediately one clock after another took up the sound, until it seemed to me that angel voices—some thrillingly sweet, some mournful and beseeching, some solemn and denouncing—were crying to me from all parts of the universe, "Lost! lost! lost!" The river, the black city, faded from my view beneath that glorious sky. I saw an old village, every spot of which was familiar to me. I seemed to stand no longer on that bridge, but was kneeling in a well-known room, with my face raised to that sky in prayer. I clasped my hands, my lips moved. I had a delicious feeling of rest. Once more I was a little child going to lie down in my bed without a care. I heard a footstep; gradually as it approached nearer it recalled me to myself—myself! Good God! was that poor, miserable, shrinking being Paul Hayden? That ——!

Spare me yet, Christina, one weakness. Do not ask me to brand myself once more with the word: it has burnt in too deeply, and needs rather anodynes and rest. Yes, spare me now and for ever the word. I know I cannot escape the thing.

What should I do? Again came that perilous question. How had I answered it before? The weight in my pockets, heavy enough to drag down a thousand souls, was my answer. I thought once I would leap into the river, and let that weight bear me down to a grave so deep that I might hope there to be insensible even to my shame. Then my clenched hands would rise convulsively and desperately in mortal agony against my breast, asking again, "What shall I do?"

Knowing not, seeing no path open to go back, yet shrinking more and more every moment from the thought of going forward, I suddenly—obeying some impulse I hardly understood, perhaps one of desire for physical relief—began to run. Presently I fancied I caught a glimpse of Glynne approaching to meet me. I turned and ran in an opposite direction to that of his coming footsteps; it seemed to me as though I were flying not so much from him as from myself—from the new and hideous form I had taken—knowing not yet which would prove to be the true Paul Hayden.

When I stopped running it was in the court outside the office. How I came there I know not, unless drawn by the same power that I have heard often moves murderers to haunt the spot where they shed the blood of their victim, and where they are at length to find the ministers of retribution.

"Is it too late?" I asked, under my breath, sinking down on some steps in a dark corner near the counting-house. "Is it too late even now to right myself? Yes, it is impossible—hopeless!" Thus I despairingly cried; but the hope grew and grew until it became a strong, yearning, passionate desire

to try. If that gold were only back again, how light every other trouble would be—how quietly I could go home and sleep! I rose from the steps filled with a wild, feverish resolution. "I will do it, so God help me!" I cried, and went round to the front door. It was locked. O the misery of that moment! I wrung my hands in silent despair and went back to the court. I glanced eagerly at the three lower windows on that side. The one nearest the steps was open—wide open—left so, perhaps, for a few moments, by the watchman, in order to sweeten the offices after putting out the gas. But, if so, he was not far off. He would probably see me if I ventured. Well, I must risk that. By ascending the steps I fancied I could reach it. It was done, my arm stretched across, the window-sill grasped, and I had pulled myself up and dropped lightly inside. I looked through the counting-house door. As far as I could see, everything remained as when I had left it: no one was there. I went in, opened the safe, and with trembling hand put back the hated gold, trying to let it mingle with the rest without noise. O how anxiously I searched my pockets to be sure that not one solitary piece was left behind by accident! It gave me fresh alarm the mere thought. With a more grateful sound than before the key turned in the lock, and I groped my way from the room and gained the window without hearing the slightest noise to disturb me. Once out in the cold night again, my only feeling was to get away as fast as I could. Then came blessed relief—my heart was brimful of intense thankfulness.

As I was walking rapidly across the bridge, some one slapped me on the shoulder. I looked round, saw it was Glynne, and shrunk from him, perhaps rather roughly; if so, the roughness was not intentional.

"What's the matter now?" said he. "Why, Hayden, you've been drinking. It was a fool's trick to get yourself in this state just now. I suppose you had better go home, and I'll come and see you before breakfast. Only it's driving it desperately close."

"Look here, Glynne; answer me this. Have you any notion of what you have paid for me since I have been in London?"

"Pooh! you don't know what you're talking about."

"I beg your pardon, I do. Can you answer me?"

"Well, I should rather fancy not. How on earth should I know?"

"Would that bill be about it?"

"Humbug! What's the good of asking me? Yes, more."

"Very well, then. That I take into my own hands. From this day I owe you nothing. Good night!" I held out my hand. As he took it, I said:

"Don't let's meet again, Glynne, not at present; I don't care if we never do."

He drew himself up, stared at me, took his cigar from his lips, laughed a low forced laugh, turned lightly on his heel, and walked away.

I went home; sorry to have so parted, but glad of the parting itself, and too weak myself to dream of strengthening him.

I sat down by the fireside with the miserable task before me of telling my mother about the bill, but I felt it was the only thing to save her as well as myself from disgrace. She was more cheerful than I had seen her for some time, but her first words were most unwelcome to me in my present condition.

"Christina is in London, Paul. She will perhaps be here to-morrow."

This was an unpleasant surprise to me—she who had known me as I once was—she coming to witness my disgrace. That decided me. I must tell my mother all about it. In a few words I prepared for the worst, and then told her all—*all*, Christina.

When I had said what I had to say from beginning to end, my head dropped on her shoulder, and relief, indescribable relief, was mine. For some time we were both silent. At length she spoke:

"Paul, you know what my property is—five hundred pounds. I will pay your bill. But, O my boy, do not deceive me! Tell me the worst. Will Mr. Klop, indeed, find that hundred pounds there that you say—"

She did not need to finish the sentence. I understood her but too well. After the revelation I had made, she had no longer faith in me or in my word. My act was already pursuing me—here, where I thought myself most safe. I rudely pushed her away, and hurried to my bed, at once stung by her doubts and terrified by the new alarm she had conjured up. As I weighed it, an almost superstitious dread possessed me that her words betokened some further consequence yet undreamed of by me. "What if it should not be there!" I cried out in my anguish; "who would then believe me, if she does not?" I spent a terrible night. When I lay awake the darkness seemed full of beckoning, shining fingers, in the shape of keys; when I slept I dreamed I was dropping from some enormous height, or flying across some interminable bridge. In the pale, wintry dawn of morning I rose. I started to meet my own face in the glass. It spoke truly; I *had* grown years older during that night.

I would not trust myself to meet my mother at breakfast, and left the house without seeing her. By the time I had arrived at the office I felt unable to look any one in the face. As I turned my back to hang up my coat, I said, as usual, "Good morning, gentlemen."

I listened breathlessly. My hand paused with the uplifted coat. No, there was no answer; there was not a sound in the room but the scratching of pens. I looked round. This was folly. Every one was quietly engaged in work. My own voice must have died away before it left me. I had nothing but myself and my own fears to be afraid of.

I tried hard to work, but my ears involuntarily strove to catch every sound, every whisper. The sight of that safe, which I could see from where I sat, when the door was open, turned me sick. I could not help watching Boyce eagerly as he went to open it. What if I had displaced anything and he should notice it? He opened it. There was no immediate intimation, by his manner, that he saw anything wrong till he began counting, and then I fancied he must be puzzled, he was so long and silent. I wondered; yet what was it to me—what could it be—whether his accounts were right or wrong? There was clearly no trace of my visit left behind. Yet I could not rest. I started at the least sound, and when I saw Mr. Klop's shining bald head and silver hair approaching my heart jumped violently.

"Now, Mr. Boyce," he said, sitting down at the great fire, "I'll just run through the cash balance with you, if you're ready."

"Certainly, sir, certainly," said Mr. Boyce; "I have just a little matter to finish with first; then I'll come to you." So saying, he left the office.

Mr. Klop sat rubbing his hands at the fire waiting for him. Some minutes passed without his return. Mr. Klop looked impatiently once towards the door. Still he came not. At length Mr. Klop rose, went to the outer office, and called,

"Mr. Boyce!"

"He has gone out, sir," said one of the clerks.

"Gone out!" cried Mr. Klop, "Why, what can have induced him to go out just as I told him I wanted him?"

He went back impatiently into his room.

Every circumstance, however slight, now oppressed me. What did Boyce's absence mean? Had he gone to fetch a constable before even letting Mr. Klop know he had cause for suspicion?

No—no; there was a something in the cashier's manner that I could not read in that way. There seemed almost a kind of new and sympathetic tie between us, which made me shudder, in that aspect and manner of his.

And then, trying to relapse into the thoughts of my safety, and of Christina, and of my mother—and of that dinner I was to eat by Mr. Klop's hearth in the evening—I felt there hung over me yet a kind of imposture. I was not what I seemed, and might for that reason be again tempted by those secret influences that seem to lie in wait for such prey. I had been all the morning weighing over a certain idea, alarming to dwell on, requiring more courage to pursue than I dared dream of possessing, dismissed many times, yet always coming back—"Paul, Paul, do not eat that dinner; go not *there* while you remain *thus*. Take heart; you know what you ought to do. Go, while it is certain there is time."

My knees knocked together, my lips seemed glued, my fingers like those of a dead man, as I slipped from my stool, strode to the mantelpiece, and drank off a whole glass of water before going up to Mr. Klop's door. I tapped, and, without waiting for an answer, walked straight into his room. I suppose I tried to speak at first, and that he did not hear me, for he said impatiently—

"Speak louder, Paul. What is it?"

"I should like to speak to you, sir, in private."

"Eh! Oh, certainly." He got up, came past me, and closed the door; then reseated himself. I began to speak, desirous naturally to make the best of so bad a job, but the tones were unsteady, and I could only get out words enough to show the bare dry truth, without the slightest circumlocution or coloring.

"Sir, I had a letter last night telling me I should be arrested to-day for a debt of a hundred pounds. I left that letter here accidentally, and, fearing you or some one might find it, I returned. I saw your room open, your key in the safe; I robbed you of a hundred pounds."

I stopped, for my voice grew more and more hoarse and unsteady, and my heart was beating with frenzied violence.

"Well?" said Mr. Klop, eyeing me sternly.

"I could not keep it, sir. I climbed in at the lower passage-window opening into the court, and put it back. You will find it there. My life is a burden to me with this untold."

"Is this true, young man? And the whole truth?"

"All! on my soul, sir."

Mr. Klop rose, passed by me to the door, opened it, and called out, "Has Boyce returned?"

"Yes, sir," answered one of the clerks.

Boyce now presented himself, bathed in perspiration, and breathless, which he vainly strove to conceal under the guise of his ordinarily quiet, almost sullen, behavior.

"A customer, sir, drew me out while talking. And I forgot to say there is a gentleman outside asking to see you on particular and pressing business. He is watching for some one to pass. He said he must go if you did not see him instantly."

"Let him go then, and to the devil if he likes! Now, Mr. Boyce, just look to the cash, and see if it's all right. I left my key in the safe last night, and should like to be satisfied that nothing wrong has happened in consequence."

"Yes, sir,"—and Boyce looked strangely irresolute as he came in, glancing uneasily behind him, yet warned by Mr. Klop's searching eye, which was becoming decidedly unpleasant.

Boyce went to the safe, opened it, and drew the iron door towards him—perhaps accidentally—but it would have had the effect of concealing the upper part of his body from us where we stood, only that Mr. Klop moved a little—and that, too, might have been accidentally—and then the door was almost ostentatiously thrown back.

A pause of a minute or two now ensued. Presently Boyce said, with a quivering voice, quite unlike his usual harsh, unfeeling tone, "Why, why, sir! Mr. Klop, some one has been here! There is I believe—nay, I am sure—a hundred pounds missing! Stay; I will count again." And he did so, not turning for a moment to look on us.

Our eyes met—Mr. Klop's and mine. It was an awful meeting. He doubted me—that was the expression I saw there. I answered him with a quiet but steady look, earnestly yet mutely appealing. He understood, I thought, and waited.

As for me, however calmly I was able to bear myself, I saw there was a frightful gulf yawning beneath my feet.

Very rapidly I ran over all the possibilities of this new calamity—retraced every foot of ground, and every minute of time, belonging to the sickening experience of the past night. I saw but one solution—too fantastic to be credible, yet the only one my agitated mind could guess at and rest upon Was Boyce a rogue? Had he seen me either steal into Mr. Klop's room last night, or out of it when he was reading the paper in Denning's room? Had he secretly gone after me to the safe, discovered the theft, and, instead of denouncing it, determined to profit by it, sure that the thief would be made answerable for all, and disbelieved even if discovered, and if he should deny that he had taken more than the one hundred pounds? If so, one thing was clear—he would sacrifice me to clear himself.

"Yes, sir," he said, now turning round upon us a face whiter—so it seemed to me—than the whitest of sepulchral walls, "there is a hundred pounds missing."

"And can you, Boyce, guess how?"

"Well, sir, that is a serious question to answer. I fear I can. Last night, when every one was gone, I thought I saw a shadow pass the little window of Denning's place. It was gone before I could get out. I looked into your room here, but saw nothing in particular to alarm me."

"Not the key in the safe?"

"No, sir, I did not notice it."

"Indeed!" said the merchant, "and did you notice anything?"

"I did, sir. I picked up this on the floor."

He produced a crumpled playbill. As he opened it, I saw in large letters "Don Giovanni." I knew it. It indicated the latest of the many visits Glynne and I had made together to the Opera.

"Do you know who could have dropped it?"

"I will answer that question, sir," said I. "I have no doubt I did, if it was really found there."

"*If* it was? Would you dare, sir, to suspect Mr. Sampson Boyce, the cashier of Klop, Son and Klop, of an untruth? uttered, too, for the ruin of another? Young man, beware! *This* is no play," said Klop, with a strange gleam in his eye.

I trembled, yet looked up with a certain confidence. God help me, I felt almost innocent just then. Mr. Klop's eye passed from Boyce to me, from me to Boyce, before he again spoke.

"Well, Mr. Boyce, I and Paul have already had some talk: he knows he is under suspicion. By-the-by, who was the customer, Mr. Boyce, that took you into the street a little while ago—kept you so long, and sent you back in such hot haste?"

There was the slightest possible pause.

"I really don't know his name, sir. I have seen him in the warehouse over and over again, but cannot remember to have ever heard it."

"And when you came back, who was the gentleman who wanted me so pressingly to come out?" said Mr. Klop, with that inexplicable gleam once more in his quiet, dangerous-looking eye.

Boyce attempted a smile: a very ghastly one it was.

"He neither gave me his name or card, sir."

"And he said nothing particular to you, except that he wanted me out there?"

"Nothing, sir"

"Not even that you must get me out of this room at any cost, or you would never be able to replace that hundred pounds out of your pocket, and which you had been home to fetch? Eh?"

Dead silence. I seemed (but it might be fancy) to hear the shaking of the clothes on that collapsing frame.

"Come, Mr. Boyce, enough of this! If I wrong you I will beg your pardon, as a gentleman should, and show you why I came to this abrupt conclusion. Now, sir, have you not that money in your pocket?"

What a position was mine! To stand there and see this man's guilt strangely and wonderfully brought to light through my guilt, and to know he was every instant getting more hopelessly entangled, and I feeling more and more free, in spite of my inward prayer to God to prepare me for the worst.

Suddenly he threw himself on his knees before Mr. Klop, and murmured, just above his breath, "Forgive me! It is true. I was tempted. I saw the key in your safe—discovered, as I thought, you had been robbed. I am sure, sir, there *was* a hundred pounds taken away."

"I could have told you that."

"Indeed, sir! It was you, then? I am rightly punished! I thought you had been robbed—saw in the playbill a trace of the criminal—and felt assured that if I increased the amount no suspicion would ever attach to me. Mercy!"

"It would be wasted. I can understand a moment of weakness leading to crime in a young, tempted, and inexperienced man; and that the act itself may bring its own warning and cure. But you, sir, must be corrupt at heart—must have through life fenced yourself round with lies, and have been only unexpectedly surprised into a true self-revelation. Go! I have no more to say."

A few minutes more and I saw two constables enter, and the gold taken from Boyce's pockets, which he had evidently determined to restore the moment he had, or fancied that he had, discovered no theft had been committed, but had been denied all opportunity. Without a word more he left the room in the custody of the men.

I sank down in a chair, heedless of Mr. Klop's presence, my very soul faint.

"Young man," he said to me soon, and in a voice so strangely sweet that the tears bounded forth to greet it, "you have sinned, repented, and made prompt restitution. You can do no more now. I wish it had been otherwise. But I forgive you. In time I may be able to trust you if you deserve it."

He would not turn me off then. O God! that I might have shown him what I felt! But I restrained myself, and I have no doubt he liked me the better for so doing.

"Paul, no one knows but myself. No one shall know."

I could only look and bow, in silent gratitude.

"You will dine with me, as you had intended?"

"No, no, sir."

"Why? It will divert suspicion."

"Oh, sir, my heart is too full. God forgive me; it would seem a kind of triumph."

"You are right. Go at once. I will look to the affair of the bill, and see how to help you, without altogether sheltering you from your just responsibilities. Good-by; give me your hand; pleasant Christmas to you!"

Christina, I have told all to my mother. I cannot eat to-morrow's dinner till I have also told you. Now, if you wish it, I release you from your engagement. PAUL.

Let the last of these pages bear witness that I will never comply with the request made in them; never will I burn them, never will I part with them, never shall eye see them while we two live. When we are dead, the revelation under other names will not matter to us, and may help those who are in danger. CHRISTINA.

[*The Illustrated London News.*

NO USE FOR TROUSERS.—On the morning of the meteoric shower, in 1832, old Peyton Roberts, who intended making an early start to his work, got up in the midst of the display. On going to his door, he saw with amazement, the sky lit up with falling meteors, and he concluded at once the world was on fire, and that the day of judgment had come. He stood for a moment gazing in speechless terror at the scene, and then with a yell of horror sprang out of the door right into the midst of the falling stars, and there in his effort to dodge them, he commenced a series of ground tumbling that would have done honor to a rope dancer. His wife, being awakened in the meantime, seeing Peyton jumping and skipping about the yard, hawled out to him to know "What in the name of common sense he was doin' out thar dancin' round without his clothes on." But Peyton heard not. The judgment, and long back accounts he would have to settle, made him heedless of all terrestrial things, and his wife, by this time, becoming alarmed at his behavior, sprang out of bed, and, running to the door, shrieked out at the top of her lungs:

"Peyton, I say Peyton, what do you mean jumpin' about thar? Come and put your trousers on."

"Trousers! what the devil's the use of trousers when the world's on fire?"

[For the Californian.]

THE CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

FOR GOOD LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY GRANDFATHER TWAIN.

THE STORY OF THE BAD LITTLE BOY THAT BORE A CHARMED LIFE.

ONCE there was a bad little boy, whose name was Jim—though, if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James in your Sunday-school books. It was very strange, but still it was true, that this one was called Jim.

He didn't have any sick mother, either—a sick mother who was pious and had the consumption, and would be glad to lie down in the grave and be at rest, but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world would be harsh and cold toward him when she was gone. Most bad boys in the Sunday books are named James, and have sick mothers who teach them to say, "Now, I lay me down," etc., and sing them to sleep with sweet plaintive voices, and then kiss them good-night, and kneel down by the bedside and weep. But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim, and there wasn't anything the matter with his mother—no consumption, or anything of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise, and she was not pious; moreover, she was not anxious on Jim's account; she said if he were to break his neck, it wouldn't be much loss; she always spanked Jim to sleep, and she never kissed him good-night; on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once, this little bad boy stole the key of the pantry and slipped in there and helped himself to some jam, and filled up the vessel with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go who gobble up their good kind mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel down all alone and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light, happy heart, and go and tell his mother all about it and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed by her with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books, but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was hully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar, and said that was hully also, and laughed, and observed that "the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out; and when she did find it out he denied knowing anything about it, and she whipped him severely, and he did the crying himself. Everything about this boy was curious—everything turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climbed up in Farmer Acorn's apple tree to steal apples, and the limb didn't break and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick bed for weeks and repent and become good. Oh, no—he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right, and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked him endways with a rock when he came to tear him. It was very strange—nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marbled backs, and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats and hell-crowned hats and pantaloons that are short in the legs, and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms and no hoops on. Nothing like it in any of the Sunday-school books.

Once he stole the teacher's penknife, and when he was afraid it would be found out and he would get whipped, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap—poor Widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons and infatuated with Sunday-school. And when the knife dropped from the cap and poor George hung his head and blushed, as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him, and was just in the very act of bringing the switch down upon his trembling shoulders, a white-haired improbable justice of the peace did not suddenly appear in their midst and strike an attitude and say, "Spare this noble boy—there stands the cowering culprit! I was passing the school door at recess, and, unseen myself, I saw the theft committed!" And then Jim didn't get whaled, and the venerable justice didn't read the tearful school a homily, and take George by the hand and say such a boy deserved to be exalted, and then tell him to come and make his home with him, and sweep out the office, and make fires, and run errands, and chop wood, and study law, and help his wife to do household labors, and have all the balance of the time to play, and get forty cents a month, and be happy. No, it would have happened that way in the books, but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old clam of a justice dropped in to make trouble, and so the model boy George got threshed, and Jim was glad of it. Because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he was "down on them milksops." Such was the coarse language of this bad, neglected boy.

But the strangest things that ever happened to Jim was the time he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look, and look, and look through the Sunday-school books, from now till next Christmas, and you would never come across anything like this. Oh, no—you would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned, and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms, when they are fishing on Sunday, infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always upset on Sunday, and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.

This Jim bore a charmed life—that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco, and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink aqua fortis. He stole his father's gun and went hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry, and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No—she got over it. He ran off and went to sea at last, and didn't come back and find himself sad and alone in the world, his loved ones sleeping in the quiet churchyard, and the vine-embowered home of his boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah, no—he came home drunk as a piper, and got into the station house the first thing.

And he grew up, and married, and raised a large family, and brained them all with an axe one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality, and now he is the infernalist wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected, and belongs to the Legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday-school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life. MARK TWAIN.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixteen or seventeen letters.

My 16, 14, 3, 4, 6, 9, 15, is something or other, in a general way.

My 2, 11, 7, 14, is something else.

My 9, 6, 4, 10, 15, 11, is the other thing.

My 6, 16, 8, 14, 9, 3, 2, 1, 11, is most anything.

My 5, 3, 9, 14, 7, 3, 1, 11, 5, 6, 16, 2, 13, is most anything else.

My 4, 2, 16, 9, is a good deal like some of the things referred to above, though in what respect it has baffled even me to determine.

My 9, 3, 8, 12, is—is—well, I suppose it *is*, although I cannot see why.

Now, if anybody can cipher out that enigma, he is an abler man than I am, notwithstanding I got it up myself. It would be a real favor if some one would try, however. I have figured at it, and worked at it, and sweated over it, until I am disgusted, and *I* can make neither head nor tail of it. I thought it was rather neat at first, but I do not like it so well, now that I can't find out the answer to it. It looks rather easy at a first glance, but you will notice that the further you get into it the more it widens out.

This is my first effort in the enigma line, and, to speak the plain truth, I am considerably stunned at my own success. I do not seem to have just got the hang of this sort of thing, somehow. But I offer the entertaining little trifle to your readers for what it is worth—it may serve to amuse an idle year—and it cannot do much harm—it cannot more than drive a man mad, and make him massacre his relations.

MARK TWAIN.

THE King of Wurtemberg has issued an order scolding his officers for want of respect. He says they do not salute him with proper concert of movement in the theatre. They should all rise together when he enters. He complains, too, that the guard does not "turn out" for him with necessary rapidity, and in order that all sentinels may know him when they see him, every guard-house is to be provided with an "exact photograph of him at the expense of the regiment." To prevent mistakes, also, every sentinel is to salute every court carriage, but to be careful not to give a royal salute to any but princes in "the direct line," unless accompanied by princesses in the direct line. When he was a student at the university, attending the lectures of Ranke, the historian, he had a private box constructed for himself and his aide-de-camp, so that he might not be contaminated by contact with the common herd on the benches. But the students, to their honor, would not stand it, and refused to allow the lecturer to be heard till the aristocratic abomination was removed, as it was. Middle-aged Germans are more patient.

[For the Californian.]

ALLAQUIZ.

A CHRISTMAS INCIDENT IN GERMANY.

WE have no snow in California to press our joys, at this season, into the small space of the inner room, by the genial fire-side. Dust is no proper substitute: and Christmas. without the proverbial habiliment of its hoary saint, is a thing abnormal. Those of us, therefore, who cherish the old-time observances of this festival are obliged to look inward, and make Christmas with our own memories, and hold wassail and drinkhail with our own hearts. How we have spent past Christmases, and how others, dear to us, will spend the present one, in their distant homes, is the thought uppermost in the minds of many who miss the mad frolics of skating and sleigh-rides, with their gay concomitants of red cheeks and merry laughter.

It may be sentimental, or something worse, but I, for one, confess that I like such musings. Memory has a way of painting frescoes with the clouds of distant skies, that are even prettier than the lay-figures and life forms which served for the real models. It was, for instance, a quiet little scene of domestic joy, that Christmas of my student-life in Germany; yet, somehow, it has grouped itself in my remembrance, like the master-piece of Cornelius, the largest fresco of them all.

So much has been written about the Holidays in Germany, that I cannot be expected to say anything new on the subject. It may, however, be necessary to premise that the *Weinachten* of the Fatherland commence on what we call "Christmas Eve." This is the great night for children. It is their feast. It is the time they have been looking forward to with such wild, glad, gorgeous anticipation. It is the night of the Christmas tree, and in all Germany there is no child so poor as not to get something from its green boughs. Besides this night, Christmas lasts two whole days, to which, respectively, there seems to be a logical apportionment of two very important kinds of enjoyment. The first day is assigned to boundless eating, and the second to getting drunk; and it is due to the zeal of the Germans to say that they observe this order of ceremonies with scrupulous exactness.

Frau Hirtel was a domestic little body, who maintained herself in the narrow crooked thoroughfare of the Ingrimstrasse of Heidelberg, by letting out her rooms to students. My apartment was not princely, but comfortable and lofty. It was, in fact, on the next story to the clouds, and seemed to have been cut into the high gable of the dingy old German house by some freak or afterthought of the architect. Directly opposite, on the other side of the narrow street, but far, far below, was the shop of a sausage-maker. If I had been an enthusiast in mechanics, I should have found much consolation in this fact, as well as a great deal "to lead hope on:" because a sausage-maker's apprentice is really, if not perpetual motion itself, a strong inductive argument in favor of its future discovery. The one to whom I have alluded kept up a continual hacking. day and night, week-day and Sunday. The sound of his meat axe met my ears the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. It was, in fact, my Matin and my Angelus bell. But, by a principle of compensation, which is one of the kindliest things in nature, this little nook had advantages of which prouder apartments could not boast. I never had, before or since, a room in which I could apply myself to study so assiduously or with so great a zest. It seemed to be haunted with the great spirits of those who have trimmed their lamps in garrets and left the world better for their toils. This might have been a boyish hallucination; but I shall always believe that the most glorious view of the famous Heidelberg Castle, the Molkenkur, and the lofty peak of the Kaiserstuhl, is to be obtained from the one narrow window of my aerial niche in the dark German gable. The old castle frowned down upon me, from the brow of the mountain just above my head; and often, of an evening, have I leaned upon my little window-sill, and gazed up at its ruined battlements and ivy-mantled towers. As they grew dimmer and grayer in the waning light, the rents and seams of centuries have disappeared, and the palace of the old Electors has stood before me in all its ancient pride.

If I could sometimes have wished for a more liberal allowance of sugar in the coffee with which the Frau Hirtel used to serve me, I never could complain of a lack of sweetness in the morning gossip of her red-cheeked daughter, the Fraulein Anna. This little sunbeam in the house was the only member of the family beside the Frau Hirtel herself, that I had ever seen; though many and many a time the name of Karl, the only son and brother. was upon their lips. Karl was a *Handwerksbursche*, and on Christmas was expected home from his long. long wanderings.

But I must tell you what these *Handwerkburschen* are; for they are unknown to nations under free constitutional governments—a sort of fossil remains of feudalism. They are young fellows, half journeymen, half apprentices, who are obliged to wander for two or three years from city to city, working at their trades. They finally return to their homes weary and poor—having learned nothing but the rough side of the world—to make what is called their "master-piece." If this pass muster, it entitles them to style themselves masters of their trades. They grow out of that old illiberal principle which compels the son to follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather. Yet for all the narrow-minded enactments and regulations to crush their spirit and make them miserable, they always walk on the sunny side of nature. They are a jolly, jovial sort of vagabonds, who have not the chance to be dishonest if they had the inclination. In my student foot-tours, I have spent many a happy hour toiling along the same road with them, listening to their stories and merry songs. If I met one of them on the highway, he stopped, offered me his hand, and exchanged a kindly word. He never lodges in a city unless he has work there. The village inn is his castle; here he obtains his bed at night and his breakfast in the morning for seven *kreuzers*—not quite five cents—and trudges on, smoking and singing through all Europe. This is the *Handwerkbursche*, poor but merry; the knight-errant of the bundle and staff; the troubadour and minnsinger of the nineteenth century.

The Christmas tree, on the night before, had been laden with many a gift of affectionate remembrance for the absent Karl. As we sat down to the Christmas dinner. there was a vacant place at the table, and in the hearts of the disappointed mother and sister. Suddenly the shop-bell rang as the door swung open and shut, and in the next instant Karl was in the middle of the room. His pack and staff fell at his feet, and Frau Hirtel and the Fraulein Anna sprung into his arms. It is not the merry dinner that succeeded, or the *gluehwein* that made the evening glad, but this one picture that dwells most in my memory. The joy that shone on the dust-stained and care-worn face of the returned wanderer, reflected in those of his mother and sister, as they stood in that long embrace, has no parallel in the history of the return of exiled kings.

It was for the portrayal of nothing sensational that this paper was commenced; and here it ends. I believe that the contemplation of such scenes as the one I have so poorly hinted at has a tendency to make us better. For my part, I cannot think of the little picture of domestic joy in the house of that German widow, without longing the more eagerly for a clasp of some of the hands that will be warmed this year by distant Christmas fires, and for a nearer place in the hearts that will be warmed, at the same time, by the better fires of kindly feeling.

ALLAQUIZ.

DRAMATIC.

WE have had rather a meagre week of it so far as the drama is concerned. With the exception of Monday evening, when it was opened to a not remarkably brilliant French company, the Metropolitan has stood with closed doors. There are various rumors afloat relative to Mr. Wheatleigh's plans. It is said on one side that he is going up the country with "Arrah-na-Pogue," while another report has it that he contemplates the purchase of a chateau on the Hudson with the present profits.

"The Serf" was produced at the Opera House on Tuesday evening. It was really difficult to believe that this was in reality one of Tom Taylor's dramas. We were half inclined to think that that brilliant dramatist had lent his name to the production, without giving it the benefit of his genius. It has some strong situations, but more weak features. Nor was it put upon the stage in the manner which was promised. The scenery gave no token of that careful preparation we were led to expect, having rather the air of being hurried into and out of the painter's hands. Mr. Boniface, as Ivan, was not good. Light comedy is his forte—the moment he steps into melodrama or tragedy a tension commences which is painful Mrs. Edwin invested the character of the Countess with that womanliness and earnestness which has made her the favorite she is. Aldrich did the Count Fedor fairly, but it is a role peculiarly in Mr. Thorne's line. Mr. Thorne's presence would have helped the piece materially. Last evening was announced for the benefit of Mr. Boniface—he playing Macbeth. We hope he had a good house. This afternoon, "The Serf" will be given; in the evening, "Rip Van Winkle." On Monday evening, Miss Charlotte Crampton, an actress new to the California stage, makes her appearance in "Lucrezia Borgia." "A new and original drama," called "A Dream of Destiny," is announced as in active preparation.

The Thorne-Setchell Troupe have done some good business in Sacramento, but the cold weather of late has worked against them, it being impossible to warm the theatre. Harry Jackson went up as a reinforcement on Wednesday. Setchell was announced for a benefit last evening, playing in "Dombey and Son" and "Stage-Struck," introducing in the latter piece "The Wearing of the Green," sung by Miss Thorne, and "The Eatin' of the Greens," from Mr. Webb's burlesque of Arrah-na-Poke. The songs brought down the house on other evenings. Mr. Setchell will play a farewell engagement here, before leaving for Australia.

LANGLEY'S CITY DIRECTORY.—We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of "The San Francisco Directory, for the year commencing December, 1865, embracing a general directory of residents, and business directory; also a directory of streets, public offices, etc.; a map of the city, together with the Consolidation Act and its Amendments; the Municipal Government; Societies and Organizations, and a great variety of useful and statistical information, exhibiting at a glance the progress and present condition of the city." We scarcely need call the attention of business men to the usefulness of such a work, but will remark that in all its details the present volume seems more complete than any of its predecessors. In no other city of the Union is so full an annual record prepared—more names, in proportion to the whole number of inhabitants, being given than in any other similar publication.

CHRISTMAS TIDE.—Christmas literature being pretty fairly represented in THE CALIFORNIAN this week, the exclusion of the conventional editorial on the season will not be noticed. A Holiday Story by the "Condensed Novelist," being too late for this issue, will appear next week.

PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS.—Mozart's Mass, number twelve, will be sung in St. Mary's Cathedral at midnight Christmas Eve, and will be repeated on Christmas morning at eleven o'clock.

DEDICATION.—The new St. Joseph's church, Tenth street, will be dedicated to-morrow by Most Reverend Archbishop Allemany.

OBIT.—Hon. M. Hall McAllister, formerly Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court, District of California, on the 18th inst., and Hon P. W. Shepheard, Police Judge of San Francisco.

BLAISDELL'S Panorama of Ireland, of which report speaks very highly, will be exhibited at the Academy of Music after the 1st of January.

IF your blood is corrupt, disordered or vitiated, you are liable to be seized at any moment with a fit of sickness. It may appear in the form of pimples, blotches or sores, or it may suddenly prostrate you. One thing is certain: You cannot have health unless your blood is pure. To remove all impure matters from the blood, Adams' Blood Purifier is admitted to be the best preparation yet introduced to the public. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and will harm no one. Its effects are immediate and lasting. It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, produces a healthy action of the liver and kidneys, and restores the patient to perfect health and strength.

THERE is much that is enviable, but still nothing to excite wonder, in the immense business that Meagher, Tuaffe & Co. are doing. They import direct, and save all the intermediate profits occuring in sales of goods from importer to jobber and from jobber to retailer, and give the benefit of this saving to the purchasers at their counter. By liberal advertising and low prices they have become known as the Stewarts of the Pacific coast.

A CONSTANT FRIEND.—No mother would permit her child to suffer when she had it in her power to relieve it; why then allow your little darlings to suffer the agony of Whooping Cough, when relief can be speedily had by the use of Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

For sale by all Druggists: Redington & Co., Sole Agents, 416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

A GRAND Masquerade Ball under the patronage of the Alemannia, will be given at Maguire's Academy of Music on the evening of January 13th. The parquette will be floored over on a level with the stage, and the whole capacity of the house and stage will be converted into a ball-room for this occasion. The names of the gentlemen having the immediate management in hand, are announced in our advertising columns.

REMEMBER the Christmas Festival of the Trinity Sunday School takes place to-night at Platt's Hall. The children of the Protestant Orphan Asylum will also be there with *their* Christmas Tree, by the kind invitation of Superintendent Badger, and contributions for it will be received at the hall all day to-day. Send in something for the orphans; if it be but a trifle, it will still serve to brighten their dreary pathway.

PERSONAL.—Mr. C. H. Brickwedel, a restaurant proprietor, noted for his good cheer and good fare, has purchased the restaurant establishment on Clay street, one door below Montgomery, and will open the same on Wednesday next. "Charley" knows how to keep a restaurant, and we guarantee that he will win his share of public patronage.

NEW OCEAN STEAMSHIP LINE.—The California Steam Navigation Company will despatch the new steamship *Ajax* (2000 tons burden) for Honolulu on the 6th January proximo. We trust the company will receive sufficient support to justify the permanent continuance of this enterprise.

THE San Francisco Fire Department's second Annual Ball will come off on Thursday evening next at Union Hall. Every precaution has been taken to make this festival a complete success, and one of credit as well as profit to the Department. Procure your tickets.

WHAT MATCHLESS BEAUTY lingers on every face, adorned with that sweet inimitable toilet-dressing, for the complexion and skin, Davidson's Circassian Bloom.

THE next Opposition Steamer, the *America*, will leave for New York *via* Nicaragua, on the 15th of January next.

LAMOTT, the fashionable hatter, has opened a new store filled with the latest styles of hats under the Russ House.

A GERMAN GHOST STORY.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

THERE is not, perhaps, a country more rife in legends of haunted houses than Germany. No province but has its store of them. Many, drawn by tradition from the obscurity of the past, have lost, if they ever possessed, any claim to be regarded except as apocryphal. But others, of a recent date and better attested, cannot be disposed of in so summary a manner.

In furnishing a specimen of this latter class, I depart from a rule which I think it well to observe in regard to original narratives of character so marvellous: to record such, namely, only when they can be procured direct from the lips of the witnesses themselves. This comes to me at second hand. I had no opportunity of cross questioning the actors in the scenes narrated. Yet I had the story from a gentleman of high respectability: the principal Secretary of the —— Legation at Naples: and his sources of information were direct and authentic.

In the southeastern portion of Pomerania, at no great distance from the frontier of the province of West Prussia, and in the vicinity of the small town of Buttow, there stood, not many years since, an ancient chateau. It was the ancestral residence of an old Pomeranian family of baronial rank; and the narrative of its destruction, with the causes which led thereto, is curious and remarkable.

Its former owner, the Baron von Putkammer, after leading a wild and dissolute life, had expired within its walls. For years previously, many a mysterious story, fraught with dark hints of seduction and infanticide, had been whispered over the surrounding country: and when at last death arrested the Baron's profligate career, some reported that he had been strangled in requital of outrage committed—others, that the devil had taken home his own, as they had long expected.

His estate went to a relative of the same name, who granted the enjoyment of it to his eldest son, heir to the title. This young man, after a time, arrived to take possession. He found in the chateau the administrator of the deceased Baron's estate.

It was late, the first night, before he went to bed. Yet he was scarcely undressed, when he heard, through the stillness of the night, the approach of a carriage, at first rolling over the sharp gravel of the avenue, then entering the paved court-yard. This was succeeded by the noise of the front door opening, and the distinct sound of steps on the principal staircase.

Young Putkammer, surprised at this unseasonable visit, yet supposing it some friend who had been benighted, hastily donned his dressing-gown, and with light in hand stepped to the landing. Nothing to be seen there! But he heard behind him the opening of a door leading into the principal gallery of the chateau—a long hall which for some time had been out of use. It had been employed by the former owner of the castle as a banqueting-room, was hung with old family portraits, and, as the young man had noticed during the day, was so completely encumbered with furniture, which had been temporarily stored there, that no one could pass through it.

He returned in great surprise, which was much increased when he found the door of the gallery in question closed and locked. He listened, and heard quite distinctly, within the room, the noise of plates and dishes and the clatter of knives and forks. To this, after a time, succeeded the sound of shuffling cards and the rattle of money, as if thrown on the table in the course of the game.

More and more astonished, he awoke his servant, and bade him listen at the door and tell him what he heard. The terrified valet reported the same sounds that had reached his master's ears. Thereupon the latter told him to arouse the administrator and request his presence.

When this gentleman appeared, the young nobleman eagerly asked if he could furnish any explanation of this strange disturbance.

"I was unwilling," said he, in reply, "to anticipate what you now witness, lest you might imagine I had some interested motive to prevent your coming hither. We are all familiar with these sounds. They occur every night at about the same hour. And we have sought in vain any natural explanation of their constant recurrence."

"Have you the key of the gallery?"

"Here it is."

The door was unlocked and thrown open. Silence and darkness! And when the lights were introduced, not an object was to be seen through the gloom, but the old furniture confusedly piled up over the floor.

They closed and locked the door. Again the same sounds commenced: the clatter of dishes, the noise of revelling, the clink of the gamblers' gold. A second time they opened the door, this time quickly and suddenly; and a second time the sounds instantly ceased, and the hall, untenanted except by the silent portraits on its walls, appeared before them, the same still and gloomy lumber room as before.

Baffled for the time, young Putkammer dismissed his attendants and retired to his chamber. Ere long he heard the door of the gallery open, the heavy footsteps sound on the stairway, the front door creak on its hinges—and then the roll of the carriage, first over the stone pavement, then along the gravelled avenue, till the sounds gradually died away in the distance.

The next night he was ready dressed and prepared with lights. When, about the same hour, the noise of the approaching carriage was heard he had the lights immediately carried to the top of the stairway, and he himself half descended the stairs. Up the stairs and past his very side came the footsteps; but neither living being nor spectral form could his eyes perceive.

The same noises in the old banqueting-hall. The same fruitless attempts to witness the revel, or to get at the secret, if any, of the imposition.

The young man was brave and devoid of superstition. Yet, in spite of himself, these mysterious sounds, renewed night after night, irritated his nerves, and preyed upon his quiet. He thought to break through the spell by inviting a party of living guests. They came, to the number of thirty or forty; but not for their presence did the invisible revellers intermit their nocturnal visit. All heard the approach of the carriage, the steps ascending the staircase, the sounds of revelry in the hall. And all, when the opened door disclosed, as wont but darkness and silence, turned away with a shudder—and to the subsequent invitation of their host to favor him again with their company replied by some shallow apology, which he perfectly understood.

Thus deserted by his friends, and subjected, night after night, to the same ghastly annoyance, the young man found his health beginning to suffer, and decided to endure it no longer.

Returning to his father, he informed him that he would receive with gratitude the rents of the property, but only on condition that he was not required to reside in its haunted chateau.

The father, ridiculing what he termed his son's superstitious weakness, declared that he would himself take up his residence there for a time, assured that he could not fail to discover the true cause of the sounds that had driven off its former occupants.

But the result belied his expectations. Like his son, he never could *see* anything. But the selfsame sounds nightly assailed his ears. He caused the hall to be cleared out and occupied daily. So long as it was lighted, and there was any one within it, no sounds were heard; and by thus occupying it all night, the disturbance could be averted. But as often as it was closed or left in darkness, the invisible revel recommenced at the wonted hour, preceded by the same preliminaries, terminating in the same manner.

Nothing was left untried to penetrate the mystery, and to detect the trick, if to trickery the disturbances were due. But every effort to obtain an explanation of the phenomena utterly failed. And the father, like the son, after a few weeks' struggle against the nightly annoyance, found his nervous system unable to cope with this constant strain upon it, and left the chateau, determined never again to enter its walls.

The next expedient was to rent it to those whom the fame of its ghostly reputation had not reached. But this was unavailing, except for a brief season. No tenant would remain beyond a week or ten days. This plan, therefore, was abandoned in despair; the principal rooms were closed; and the building remained for years untenanted, except by one or two unwilling dependents.

Finally the proprietor, deeming all change hopeless, and finding that the keeping up of the chateau was a mere useless expense, resolved to destroy it. The dead had fairly driven out the living. He had it pulled down; and a few low, ruined walls alone remained to mark the place where it stood.

Still, even within these deserted ruins, the same sounds of nightly revelry were declared to have been heard by those who were bold enough to approach them at the midnight hour. When this was reported to the proprietor, he determined, if possible, to out-root this last remnant of disturbance. Accordingly, he caused to be erected, out of the remaining materials of the chateau and on the spot where it had stood, a small chapel, now to be found there, a mute witness of the story I have here told.

The chapel was completed and consecrated in the year 1844. Even while the rites attending its consecration, were in progress, strange and unwonted noises disturbed the congregation; but from that time on they ceased; and the chapel has since been entirely free from any such.

A relative of the proprietor, a young officer in the Prussian army, was present at the consecration, himself witnessed the noises in question, and had previously heard, from the parties themselves, all the former occurrences. He it was who related the circumstances to my informant, the Baron von P——, a gentleman of a grave and earnest character, whose manner, in repeating them to me, evinced sincerity and conviction. But it is not merely upon his authority that the details of the narrative rest. They are, it would seem, of public notoriety in Pomerania; and hundreds of persons in the neighborhood, as my informant declared, can yet be found to testify, from personal observation, to the general accuracy of the above narrative.*

The most salient point in this story is the practical and business part of it—the actual pulling down of the chateau, as a last resort, to get rid of the disturbance. Mere fancy is not wont to lead to such a result as that. The owner of a piece of valuable property is not likely to destroy it for imaginary causes. Interest is a marvellous quickener of the wits, and may be supposed to have left no stone unturned, before assenting to such a sacrifice.

I inquired of the gentleman to whom I am indebted for the above narrative if there were no skeptical surmises in regard to the origin of the disturbance. He replied, that he had heard but one—namely, that the administrator of the deceasd Baron's estate, from motives of interest and to have the field to himself, have resorted to a trick to scare the owners from the premises.

It is beyond doubt that such devices have been successfully employed ere now for similar purposes. An example may be found in the story of the monks of St. Bruno, and the shrewd device they employed to obtain from King Louis the Saint the grant of one of his ancestral palaces. It was in this wise.

Having heard his confessor speak in high terms of the goodness and learning of the monks of St. Bruno, the King expressed a desire to found a community of them near Paris. Bernard de la Tour, the superior, sent six of the brethren; and Louis assigned to them, as a residence, a handsome dwelling in the village of Chantilly. It so happened, that from their windows they had a fine view of the old palace of Vauvert, originally erected for a royal residence by King Robert, but which had been deserted for years. The worthy monks, oblivious of the Tenth Commandment, may have thought the place would suit them; but ashamed, probably, to make a formal demand of it from the King, they seem to have set their wits to work to procure it by stratagem.

At all events, the palace of Vauvert, which had never labored under any imputation against its character until they became its neighbors, began almost immediately afterwards to acquire a bad name. Frightful shrieks were heard to proceed hence at night. Blue, red and green lights were seen to glimmer from its casements, and then suddenly disappear. The clanking of chains succeeded, together with the howlings of persons as in great pain. Then a ghastly spectre, in pea-green, with long, white beard and serpent's tail, appeared at the principal windows, shaking his fist at passers-by. This went on for months.

The King, to whom all these wonders were duly reported, deplored the scandal, and sent commissioners to look into the affair. To these the six monks of Chantilly, indignant that the Devil should play such pranks before their very faces, suggested that, if they could but have the palace as a residence, they would undertake speedily to cure it of all ghostly intrusion. A deed, with the royal sign-manual, conveyed Vauvert to the monks of St. Bruno. It bears the date of 1259. From that time all disturbance ceased—the green ghost, according to the creed of the pious, being laid to rest forever under the waters of the Red Sea.†

Some will surmise that the story of the castle of Putkammer is but a modified version of that of the palace of Vauvert. It may be so. One who was not on the spot, to witness the phenomenon and personally to verify all the details, cannot rationally deny the possibility of such an hypothesis. Yet I find little parallel between the cases, and difficulties, apparently insuperable, in the way of accepting such a solution of the mystery.

The French palace was deserted, and nothing was easier than to play off there, unchallenged, such tricks, as the showing of colored lights, the clanking of chains, shrieks, groans, and a howling spectre with beard and tail—all in accordance with the prejudices of that age; nor do we read that any one was bold enough to penetrate, during the night, into the scene of the disturbance; nor had the King's commissioners any personal motive to urge a thorough research; nor had a pious sovereign, the owner of a dozen palaces, any strong inducement to refuse the cession of one of these, already untenanted and useless, to certain holy men, the objects of his veneration.

Very different, in every respect, is the affair of the Pomeranian castle. It is a narrative of the skeptical nineteenth century, that sets down all ghost stories as nursery tales. The owner and his son, the future possessor, each at separate times and for weeks, reside in the castle, and occupy themselves in repeated attempts to discover whether they have been imposed on. The self-same trick, if trick it was, is repeated night after night, without variation. The roll of the approaching carriage wheels, first along the gravelled avenue, then over the paved court-yard, while no carriage was visible—how were such sounds to be imitated? The fall of footsteps unaccompanied by aught in bodily form, up the lighted stairway, and past the very side of the bold youth who stepped down to meet them—what human device could successfully simulate these? The sound of the opening gallery-door and the noises of the midnight-orgies, with full opportunity to examine ever

nook and corner of the scene whence, to every ear, the same identical indications came—how, in producing and reproducing these, could trickery, time after time, escape detection? Both father and son, it is evident, had their suspicions aroused; and both, as evidently, were men of courage, not to be blinded by superstitious panic. Is it a probable thing that they would destroy an old and valued family mansion, without having exhausted every conceivable expedient to detect imposture?

Nor was this imposture, if as such we are to regard it, conducted in an approved form, after the orthodox fashion. It assumed a shape contrary to all usually received ideas. No spectre clanking its chains; no lights burning blue; no groans of the tormented; no ordinary getting-up of a ghostly disturbance. But a mere succession of sounds, indicating, if we are to receive and interpret them literally, the periodical return from the world of spirits of some of its tenants, restless and unblest. Was this the machinery a mystifier was likely to select?

Such are the difficulties which attend the hypothesis of a concerted plan of deception. They will be overlooked by those who have made up their minds that communication between this world and the next is impossible, and who will content themselves with pronouncing, that though they cannot detect the mode of impostnre, yet imposture of some kind or other it plainly must have been.

And such skeptics will very probably remind us of other difficulties in the way of accepting as a reality the alleged phenomena. What have the spirits of the departed to do with conveyances resembling those of earthly structure? Are there incorporeal carriages and horses? Can grave men admit such fancies as these?‡ Or is all this, even if genuine, only symbolical—sounds wittout objective counterpart? Then what becomes of the positive character of this narrative, as a lesson, as a warning to us? The whole degenerates into an acted parable. It fades into the idle pageantry of a dream. Thus we lose ourselves in shadowy conjecture.

But, none the less, the facts, if facts they be, remain to be dealt with. And if at last we concede the ultramundane origin of these manifestatio s, whether as objective reality or only as truth teaching allegory, what a field is opened to our speculation regarding the realms of spirit and the possible punishments there in store for those who, by degrading their natures in this world, may have rendered themselves unfit for happiness in the next—and who, perhaps, still attracted to earth by the debasing excesses they once mistook for pleasure may be doomed, in the phantom repetition of their sins, to detect their naked reality, to have stamped on their consciousness the vileness of these without the brutal grutifications that veiled it, the essence of vice shorn of its sensual halo, the grossness without the glitter: if so, a terrible expiation!

I beg it may not be imagined, that, because I see grave difficulties in the way of regarding this case as one of imposture, I therefore set it up as proof of a novel theory regarding future punishments. A structure so great cannot be erected on a foundation so slender. I but furnish it as a chance contribution towards the probabilities of ultramundane intercourse—as material for thought—as one of those hints which future facts may render valueless, but which, on the other hand, other observed phenomena may possibly serve to work out and corroborate and explain.

*I find in my journal the following: "August 17. 1857. Read over to the Baron von P—— the Putkammer narrative; and he assented to its accuracy in every particular."

† This story is given in Garinet's *Histoire de la Magie en France*, page 75.

‡ Yet in a recent case, occurring in England, and authenticated in the strongest manner, the "sound of carriages driving in the park when none were there" is one of the incidents given on the authority of a lady who had witnessed the disturbances, and who furnishes a detailed account of them. See *Facts and Fantasies*, a sequel to *Lights and Sounds, the Mystery of the Day*, by Henry Spencer, London, 1853, pages 76–101.

A New Runaway.—A curious incident occurred, recently, at Kane Station, on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, as related in the Williamsport *Bulletin:* "A locomotive was standing on the track while the engineer was at breakfast. An Irishman, to gratify curiosity, stepped on and opened the valve, letting on a full head of steam. For a moment the rush of steam drove the wheels around so rapidly that the engine stood still, and the Irishman jumped off. Then, with a bound, away it went down the road at the rate of seventy or eighty miles an hour, for about three miles, when it ran into two cars loaded with lumber, scattering them like chaff, at the same time smashing itself into a useless heap. No one was killed, but it was our opinion tnat the Irishman ought to have taken the ride and the chances of the engine, smash and all." This accident cost the company thousands of dollars. If a passenger train had been in the line, instead of two empty cars, no amount of money could have paid for the loss of life. "An ounce of preventive is better than a pound of cure;" the throttle-valve should be locked up by some simple device, so that the engineer could put the key in his pocket. The arrangement should be secure, and such that the lever could not be budged unless released. This lock would be an insurance against mischief by accident or design, and be adopted by railroads generally.

SONGS OF THE SEASON.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I HEAR along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs;
Hark! they play so sweet,
On their hautboys, Christmas songs!
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Lord the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us by the fire, etc.

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.
Let us by the fire, etc.

These good people sang
Songs devout and sweet;
While the rafters rang,
There they stood with freezing feet.
Let us by the fire, etc.

Nuns in frigid cells
At this holy tide,
For want of something else,
Christmas songs at times have tried.
Let us by the fire, etc.

Washerwomen old
To the sound they beat,
Sing by rivers cold,
With uncovered heads and feet.
Let us by the fire, etc.

Who by the fireside stands
Stamps his feet and sings;
But he who blows his hands
Not so gay a carol brings.
Let us by the fire, etc.

THE MAHOGANY TREE.

[BY W. M. THACKERAY.]

CHRISTMAS is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill:
Little care we.
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Commoner greens,
Ivy and oaks,
Poets, in jokes,
Sing, do you see;
Good fellows' shins
Here boys, are found,
Twisting around
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom:
Night birds are we:
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Drain we the cup.
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn
Blue devil sprite,
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree.

[FROM TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM."]

THE time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and good will, good will and peace,
Peace and good will to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wished no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controlled me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touched with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

WHY WOMEN "DRESS."

THE true explanation of the prevailing extravagance in costume is that women dress for one another. In other words they dress for eyes which can appreciate the material and estimate the cost of every separate article they have on. It is quite true that many men care as much for, and are as competent to give an opinion on the appearance of their wives, sisters, or friends, as any number of female acquaintances; but the grounds upon which the two classes of critics will base their several judgments will always be distinct, and the conclusions themselves not unfrequently quite opposite.

Ask a man and a woman to tell you who is the best dressed girl at a ball, and you will hardly ever find them agreeing in their answer. Go a step further, and compare the costumes which have been selected, and you will discover almost to a certainty that the woman has singled out the most expensive dress in the room, whereas the man has asked himself which is the most becoming. The one has suffered herself to be so impressed by the richness of the material, the elaborateness of the embroidery, the costliness of the trimmings, that in the end she found it simply impossible to leave these things out of the calculation. The other, happy in his ignorance, has looked only at the general effect, and has probably given the preference to a young lady whose gown has no other merits than those of being scrupulously neat, becomingly cut, and perfectly well made.

We submit, therefore, that if that deference to masculine taste which is so frequently professed really existed in any appreciable measure, it would supply an antidote to many of the grievances under which society now labors. My daughters' gowns must sweep the pavement as they walk, cries one broken-hearted mother: or if they do so far consult their pockets as to loop them up, their underskirts must be flounced and embroidered until they become as costly as the gown. There is no necessity in the case, interposes a sterner moralist. Young women should have no desire to dress beyond their means merely for the sake of rivalling their richer friends. It is here that our theory comes in and harmonizes these opposing views. No man ever felt anything but irritation at seeing a woman's gown doing the business of the crossing sweeper, or attached any value to the amount of open work displayed beneath a looped-up skirt.

If young ladies would but believe it—or rather if they did but attach any importance to it when they *do* believe it—a man will be perfectly satisfied with their appearance, so far as these considerations are concerned, if their petticoats are spotlessly clean and their stockings guiltless of a wrinkle. We do not say that even these characteristics, when added to the well-fitting gowns for which we have already stipulated, are to be attained without some expenditure of money; for cleanliness is not a cheap virtue, and it is not every dressmaker who knows how to make a dress. But, at any rate, the proposed standard is a good deal easier of attainment than the spurious fine-ladyism, after which so many women toil in vain; and we cannot but believe that, if girls did but think more of pleasing the other sex and less of vieing with their own, their parents would see reason to bless the change the next time they came to look over their milliner's bills.

Wit.—The more philosophical our habits of observation, the more carefully and constantly we note important resemblances, the less shall we mark or treasure the trivial connections of wit. The movement of mind from which wit springs is opposed both to thorough and serious reflection, and ought not, therefore, to become habitual. Nor is wit desirable as a constant accompaniment of composition or of conversation. The train of thought is too much diverted and interrupted by it. Take, for instance, the habit of punning. The pun demandsa separate consideration of mere verbal relations. The thread of discourse is for the instant broken, and the mind requires time to rally and re-unite it. Let diversion of this sort recur several times, and the interest and attention due to the cardinal point are lost, and the main topic is abandoned amid the percussion of small wit. Undoubtedly, even the most serious discourse can, in the hands of a master, suffer occasional humor without detriment; but more frequently laughter is secured at the cost of conviction. Another undesirable result of wit, when constantly employed, is the insatiable demand to which it gives rise. Men love to laugh better than to think; and the moment they find one who can indulge them in this respect, they require a constant exhibition of his power, and transform him, as far as possible, into a public buffoon. Great earnestness and strength of purpose are required to resist this tendency. The power is rare and exceedingly attractive, and flattering in the immediate popularity it confers One who possesses it is strongly tempted on all occasions to indulge it, more and more to rely upon it, and thus ultimately becomes a cracker of jokes.—*Philosophy of Rhetoric.*

Obituary Female Fact.—It is remarked (says a London reporter) by the police of the waterside, as a characteristic circumstance, that nearly every female who throws herself into the water is careful to divest herself of her bonnet and shawl, which are placed on the ground in such a manner as not to be in the least damaged.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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☞ *All letters relating to the Business, Editorial or other Departments of the paper should be addressed to the Publishers of* THE CALIFORNIAN, *No.* 532 *Merchant street, San Francisco.*

A. A. STICKNEY,
J. P. BOGARDUS, } *Publishers.*
WM. J. BINGHAM.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1865.

A SHEAF OF CRITICISM.

IN a recent review of *Outcroppings*, THE CALIFORNIAN intimated that the volume would probably provoke some criticism, which would definitely settle a standard by which the efforts of California poets should be judged. That intimation has proven but partially correct; a few criticisms have been made, but they do not materially affect this question. It is nothing that we hear of representative poems and representative poets—every clique, every village, has its one predestined genius—if we are offered as yet no valid reason for according them a position.

Yet we confess to be somewhat concerned at the alarming shape some of these criticisms have taken. We cannot help feeling as though we were in some way concerned in precipitating them upon the head of the infelix compiler. We observe that the detached names of poets are thrown at him a good deal in the manner of epithets, and that he is pelted with fragments of verses, as though they were decayed cabbages—a resemblance not entirely inconsistent with their material. It would seem that "the air was full of poets"—that the gods overflow the California Pantheon, and that, owing to the crowded condition of the Washoe Valhalla, her immortals have been obliged to fulminate from lager beer cellars.

The nearest approximation to proper criticism has appeared in the *California Leader* over the signature of "Mufti." As it is partly addressed to THE CALIFORNIAN, and as it is written in the urban rather than the provincial style, we cheerfully give it precedence in this review. But the article is unfinished; the remainder is promised this week, and we are unable to judge how far its present incompleteness is the result of accident. The writer tells us frankly that his criticism is partly in answer to a friend who, in conversation, rashly ascribed superior critical qualities to THE CALIFORNIAN. As this is the clearest statement in the entire article, we cannot help congratulating this friend, although we suspect him to be a masculine Mrs. Harris, and a near relation of one Bliebenicht, with whom "Mufti" is in the habit of holding imaginary conversations, on his escape from the indefinite length of that critical dissertation, which Mufti seems to have commenced as to a friend, but to have continued as to an enemy.

We were prepared for a review in the *Territorial Enterprise*, for the *Gold Hill News*, after playfully alluding to the obnoxious volume as "purp-stuff," intimated that the editor of the *Enterprise* had written superior poems. But we were not prepared for four columns and a-half of a review to prove what was apparent in his first paragraph, that he was one of the neglected poets. There is no doubt that the circumstance was aggravating, and that the editor exhibits a certain fire and agility in his review. But it is the Fire of St. Anthony—it is the Dance of St. Vitus. The poetic and the scrofulous temperaments are analagous—high spirits and brilliancy are too often simply the exaltation of fever. The editor loses his temper, and calls the compiler bad names. He intimates that he is a coward and a hypocrite—but that he is not a coward because he is a hypocrite—and ergo that he is not a hypocrite, because he is a coward. He permits himself to indulge in a most extraordinary illustration, which we cannot, in decency, repeat in these columns. And yet, after a simile, which is a curious commingling of the language of obstetrics and the *National Police Gazette*, he speaks of a certain poet as having an *unclean* imagination. We do not know what is the popular form of imagery in Virginia City, or what is considered clean, but, if the editor of the *Enterprise* writes for an audience beyond those classic precincts, we beg him, in spite of the advice of the compiler, *not* "to look in his own heart" for his "imagery," or "in the fortunes of his fellow men." He gives us a vision of "blue fire and lurid flames," but, as the confession of such experiences is usually confined to tracts on intemperance, we think it a little out of place in a book review. But we have an idea that he is already as ashamed of his passion as he is of his logic, which assumes for its premises what he *believes* other people *think*, or his critical acumen, which applies the epithet "rollicking" to the Keats-like verse of Stoddard, and we trust that he will hereafter remember that the functions of a critic and the qualities of a gentleman are not inconsistent.

We are charmed at the ingenuity with which the Sacramento *Union* makes the review of this book an opportunity to raise the familiar song of self-laudation and California egoism which has brought our newspaper literature to ridicule in Eastern circles. If the finely turned rhetoric of its opening paragraph be offered as a specimen of California descriptive poetry, we think that the compiler of *Outcroppings* has made a mistake in his covert sneer at the California pastorals. But as the *Union* recapitulates the many poetical provocations of the California existence, which must read like the counts of a ferocious indictment to the wretched writer of that preface, some of its details are vague. It instances, as one of the compelling causes to poetry, "inland domesticity, ignorant of the cosmopolitan sea." In our editorial capacity we have read a good many poems, evidently the product of "inland domesticity," but whether or not accompanied by obliviousness "to the cosmopolitan sea," we are at a loss to determine. If this be a polite periphrasis for those who have "come across the plains," we think the *Union* is correct. Phœnix's "He was Accidentally Shot," and Mark Twain's "He Done his Level Best," are fair instances of the poetical tendencies of "inland domesticity ignorant of the cosmopolitan sea," and certainly have been wrongfully overlooked in the volume. The *Union* believes that the "grand gold hunting crusade" would make a fine theme for epic. We are inclined to think it would. Something in the style of the episode of the *Argonautæ*, with Sam Brannan for "Jason," Michael Reese for "Theseus," and the editor of the *Union* as the "Orpheus" who sings the romantic chronicle. And it may be that here we shall find what is considered the true California standard of poetical taste—that which is most Californian.

NEW BOOKS.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

IN THE CALIFORNIAN of last week, we called attention in general terms to the holiday display of A. Roman & Co. We continue our notice this week, more particularly referring to some of the volumes then mentioned, which we have since received from the publishers.

Songs of Seven. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts & Brothers.

Miss Jean Ingelow's idyllic series of "life poems" entitled the *Songs of Seven*, are beautifully illustrated in the present work. It contains nine figure pieces, six vignettes, and seven full-page drawings of landscapes—the latter of rare merit. In regard to the poems, it is not necessary to recall here the welcome which attended the advent of this sweet singer into the world of letters by way of endorsing the taste which has thus embalmed some of her most musical verses. We all remember the generous letters of congratulation which that young English country poetess received from our American bards. The steel portrait of Miss Ingelow which prefaces the volume, shows a sensible, kindly English face—not perhaps the ideal of a poetess—but one which will strike pleasantly every American reader. The book is handsomely printed each page of the text enclosed in brilliant red lines, and bound in good taste. It would make a most appropriate household gift.

Idyls of the King. With illustrations. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The "Idyls" are illustrated as a companion volume to the *Gems from Tennyson*, which we noticed last week. The illustrations are by Eytinge and Colman solely, and are in many respects superior to those of the latter work. Eytinge's conception of "Elaine" and "Guinevere" are particularly good, and the parting of King Arthur from the Abbess, after taking his farewell of his guilty wife is as near a reflection of the text as the pencil of the artist could portray.

> "And lo, he sat on horseback at the door!
> And near him the sad nuns with each a light
> Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,
> To guard and foster her forevermore.
> And while he spake to these his helm was lower'd,
> To which for crest the golden dragon clung
> Of Britain; so she did not see the face,
> Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,
> Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,
> The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
> Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.
> And even then he turn'd; and more and more
> The moony vapor rolling round the King,
> Who seem'd the phantom of a Giant in it,
> Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
> And grayer, till himself became as mist
> Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom."

It is a pleasing indication of the growing refinement of taste when these tales, breathing of knightly honor, self-sacrifice, and lofty aspiration—albeit they are couched in verse and language not always popular with the masses—displace the diluted sentiment of the annuals and holiday keepsakes of the past.

The Tenth and Twelfth Books of the Institutions of Quintilian. With explanatory notes. By Henry S. Frieze. Professor of Latin in the State University of Michigan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Professor Frieze in his edition of the tenth and twelfth books of *The Institutio Oratoria*, has followed the custom of the German schools, and made it a text-book for the Junior class. He believes that Quintilian, as a specimen of the intermediate or transition style, offers an excellent connecting link between the "golden" and "silver ages"—between the Latin of Livy and Tacitus, and that familiarity with this text-book is the best introduction to the latter author. Whether this plan may be practicable or not in our schools, the works of the essayist who reformed the Latin style after it had been debauched by Seneca's extravagance and stilted rhetoric, when the language of the literary youth had become a mere repetition of high flown quotation and a procession of inverted commas, cannot be too early familiarized to the student. Part of the tenth book, *De copia verborum*, is particularly instructive, in the present age of fine writing, of what forms the basis of a pure style.

Atlantic Tales. A collection of stories from the *Atlantic Monthly*. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Fourteen stories from the *Atlantic Monthly*, very tastefully and neatly bound in one volume. The selection has been made from several volumes of the magazine, and embrace stories from some well-known American writers. Fitz James O'Brien's fanciful story of "The Diamond Lens," Bayard Taylor's quaint Quaker story, "Friend Eli's Daughter," and Gail Hamilton's original sketch, "The Pursuit of Knowledge Under Difficulties," are included in the collection. Robert Lowell is represented by "A Raft that No Man Made;" George Arnold tells "Why Thomas Was Discharged;" Miss Harding portrays "Life in the Iron Mills;" and Edward Everett Hale furnishes his patriotic portrait of Philip Nolan, "The Man Without a Country," a fiction founded on fact. Although the selection is careful and critical, the "Tales" have a decided *Atlantic* flavor and might, with one or two exceptions, seem the product of one mind.

Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. A Series of Popular Lectures. By J. G. Holland. New York: Charles Scribner.

Nine of Dr. Holland's lectures, namely: Self-Help; Fashion; Work and Play; Working and Shirking; High Life and Low Life; The National Heart; Cost and Compensation; Art and Life; The Popular Lecture; now first collected in book form. Although there is probably not one of these subjects that has not been more ably handled by cotemporary essayists and lecturers, Dr. Holland has acquired some popularity as a domestic philosopher and a household essayist, and most folk are inclined to pardon the author of *Bitter Sweet* any amount of prosy sermonizing.

Handbook of the Steam Engine. Containing all the rules required for the right construction and management of engines of every class, with the easy arithmetical solution of those rules. Illustrated by sixty-seven wood-cuts and numerous tables and examples. By John Bourne, C. E. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This "catechism" is in reality the power of the steam reduced to arithmetical computation and figures. It is necessarily a work of great practical utility, yet it contains a comprehensive theory of this branch of Mechanics. It is profusely illustrated with diagrams.

Precious Thoughts: Moral and Religious. Gathered from the works of John Ruskin, A. M. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. New York: John Wiley & Son.

Mrs. Tuthill has made a very beautiful collection of those episodical truths on Morality and Religion which are scattered through the volumes of John Ruskin. It is a companion work to her "selections" published some years since which were mainly devoted to Nature and Art. A fine volume of excerpts from one of the most distinguished English writers.

The Ballad Book. A selection of the choicest British Ballads. Edited by William Allingham. Cambridge: Sever and Francis.

A choice collection of old English and Scotch ballads for the careful compilation of which the name of William Allingham is a sufficient guarentee. Very prettily bound—tinted paper.

What Came Afterwards. By T. S. Arthur. New York: Carleton.

One of a series of new works by Mr. Arthur, published by Carleton. It is a sequel to "Nothing but Money," and is in the author's characteristic style of domestic romance.

The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

Aldrich's Poems, in that blue and gold livery which has become the garment of immortality.

FROM H. H. BANCROFT & Co. we have received the following books, mentioned, among others from that firm, last week:

Sir Jasper's Tenant. By Mary E. Braddon. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

Miss Braddon's latest publication is decidedly prosy, discur-

sive, and parenthetical, and not at all up to her usual thrilling and audacious manner. When dealing with startling incideuts, or following the windings of an involved plot, the reader is not apt to note the carelessness of her literary style, but in her present episodical and prosaic narrative, her failing in this respect becomes unpleasantly apparent. *Sir Jasper's Tenant* is not equal to *The Lady's Mile*, now being published serially.

The Bushranger. A Yankee's Adventures during his Second Visit to Australia. By William H. Thomes, "a returned Australian." Author of *The Gold Hunter's Adventures; or, Life in Australia.* Boston: Lee & Shepard.

If half a dozen frightful adventures, perilous escapes from alligators, criminals, drowning, and hanging, with murders, abductions *ad infinitum*, are calculated to make a book interesting this should be intcusely so. If the perusal of such incidents be particularly edifying to the young, this would make a nice boys' book, for whom, jndging from its general appearance, it seems to be Intended. The hero is a Yankee who goes to Australia, where he appears to develop a "noble rage" for capturing outlaws and malefactors. There he rescues the daughter of an English nobleman who had been spirited away in her youth, and finally marries her, having previously—a good deal in the style of the stage Yankee—asserted his superiority over her father, who is an arrogant and of course bloated aristocrat. The book is composed of highly objectionable material treated in a highly moral manner.

Only A Clod. By Mary E. Braddon. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

This novel was published in the last volume of THE CALIFORNIAN.

A NEW CALIFORNIA BOOK.

[REVIEWED BY THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELIST.]

Tailings; being rejections of California Verse. Seventeen vols., 8mo. Gold Hill: *Daily News* Publishing Company. Virginia City: *Daily Enterprise.* Whiskey Creek: *Sentinel.*

This exquisite work, published simultaneously by the *Daily Enterprise*, the Gold Hill *Daily News* and the Whiskey Creek *Sentinel*, makes not only a valuable but a considerable addition to any library. It is an offset to the manifest unfairness of a volume lately issued by Roman & Co., entitled *Outcroppings*, and contains all the productions rejected from that volume, through the ignorance, presumption and prejudice of the compiler. In contradistinction to *Outcroppings*, not only the editorship but the contents of this volume are personal; and, far from omitting their own productions, through hypocritical modesty, the contributions of the editor alone occupy twelve of the seventeen volumes.

Those who are familiar with the peculiar imagery which distinguishes the editorials of the Virginia *Enterprise* will recoguize the following gem:

SUNRISE ON MOUNT DAVIDSON.

[BY THE EDITOR OF THE ENTERPRISE.]

Lo! where the orient hills are tipped with snow,
The pregnant morn slow waddles o'er the plain,
Big with the coming day; the shameless child
Of Erebus and Nox, wrought in the slow
And sure gestation of the rolling hours.
How great is the fecundity of Time!
Methinks I see the swaddling clothes of mist
Roll down the bosky glens, and standing here
Note-book in hand, I really seem to be
Accoucher of the Universe.

Oh, go
And bag your heads, ye shameless bards, whose weak
Conceptions are abortions! Let me hie
Where the soft strains of hurdy-gurdies call
And fair Teutonic maidens do invite
To shades of yonder cellar; there to con
From Holleck, Dunglison, and Matsell's sheet,
Chaste figures for my fancy, ere perchance
The printer call for copy.

Two or three poems by the lamented Jayhawk—whose grand description of the Sierras are superior even to the grandeur of the mountains themselves—find a place in this volume. The "Lines to Hank Monk" are exquisitely beautiful, and the sonnets to the "Summit House" and "Strawberry." equal, if not surpass, Coleridge's "Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni." It is to be regretted that an unpleasant altercation respecting the proprietorship of a watch and some money, which occurred on a dark night during the temporary stoppage of the Overland Stage, should have resulted in this promising young man's untimely decease.

A few fine maledictory stanzas addressed to the compiler of *Outcroppings*, a beautiful idyl entitled "Go and Bag Your Head," and an elegiac poem on the editor of the *Enterprise*, are among the gems contributed by the Gold Hill *News*. We are tempted to give a single stanza of the latter:

"Bold chieftain with the vitreous eye,
Old stallion of the land of Storey!
Shall dastard Flop-tods make thee fly,
Or purp-stuff dim thine ancient glory;
No—leave the hurdy-gurdy halls—
The maidens fair that would scuyngle,
Ha! Ha! the foe before thee falls,
Smashed by a paster on the bugle!"

A Friend of the Rejected contributes a fine poem, addressed to the editor of *Outcroppings*, appareutly modelled after, but far superior to Mr. Emerson's "Brahma," commencing: "If the compiler thinks he's safe." Every one will admire the Doric simplity of the following verse:

"They reckon ill who leave me out,
When me they fly—I clip their wings,
I am that self-same Richard Doubt,
Of whom the Nursery maiden sings."

Equally beautiful is the poem by the editor of the Grass Valley *National*, entitled "The Pi-Ute." We make room for a few stanzas. The double rhyme in the first verse has an effect of startling beauty:

"Gleaming with silver and alkali,
The barren plains of Nevada lie.
Over them glides with stealthy foot
The crouching form of the bold Pi-Ute.
Three-toed Jim, and one-eyed Nick,
Dusty Jake, and Slippery Dick,
Wah-no-tee, and O-kee chee,
Muck-a-Muck and Su-mar-kee."

Then follows a graphic description of the gathering of the tribes and a beautiful portrayal of morning in the miner's camp:

"And through the valleys rose between
The pleasant hiss of the esculent bean,
And the jay-bird's thrilling song was stopped,
When the luscious flap-jack softly flopped."

But our confined space forbids further extracts. We expect to enrich our columns from time to time with excerpts from this charming work. We may briefly notice two fine poems of the Sacramento *Union*, entitled "Iuland Domesticity Ignorant of the Cosmopolitan Sea," after A. Pike, and and epic of the "Gold-Hunting Crusade," beginuing with the escapade of the Stevenson Regiment from the sheriff of New York, and ending with the first Vigilance Committee. A local item from the *Alta California* is admitted by the compiler on the ground that it was not *prose*. We understand that 1,280 copies are already spoken for—by a singular coincidence, being the exact number of rejected poets. The work is handsomely bound and printed on tinted litmus paper.

[For the Californian.]

CHRISTMAS EVERGREENS.

"When rosemary and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd in frequent cries throughout the town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas, the joyous period of the year;
Now with bright holly all the temples strew,
With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe."

THE fast fading away of many ancient and pleasant usages, such as ushering in May Day and Christmas, each with its appropriate garland, together with many other unequivocal proofs, remind us that we live in an unimaginative age, an age in which the progress of science, the ingenuity of inventiou, and the extension and acquirements of commerce are everywhere conspicuous; these, in the very nature of things, must soon totally extinguish not only those few remains of what may be termed *practical* poetry, that are as yet spared to us, but even the *spirit* of poetry itself.

Christmas, it is true, is still greeted with verdant trophies, and in many places both houses and churches are decked with holly, box, etc. This custom is said to be of questionable origin, and is thus accounted for: When idolatry prevailed in Great Britain, the great annual feast of Saturn was held in December under an oak, at which ceremony the priests required the worshippers to bring various evergreens to decorate the naked branches of their sylvan temple, and, as the first Christian churches were constructed of boughs, the converts, borrowing the idea from their heathen neighbors, adorned their rude and leafless edifices at Christmas in like manner. But the custom itself is harmless, whatever the origin may be; and persons who have any regard for the manner and observances of other days will view with regret one usage after another swept away, as if one more link were broken in the chain which connects them with the past and all its interesting associations.

"From the first introduction of Christianity," says the *Book of Christmas*, "the period of the Nativity seems to have been kept as a season of festival, and its observance recognized as a matter of state. The Witenagemots of our Saxon ancestors were held under the solemn sanction and beneficent influence of the time, and the series of high festivities established by the Anglo-Saxon kings appear to have been continued with yearly increasing splendor and multiplied ceremonies under the monarchs of the Norman race. From the Court, the spirit of revelry descended by all its thousands of arteries throughout the universal frame of society, visiting its furthest extremities and most obscure recesses, and everywhere exhibiting its action as by so many pulses upon the traditions, and superstitious, and customs, which were common to all or peculiar to each. The pomp and ceremonial of the royal observance were initiated in the splendid establishments of the more wealthy nobles, and far more faintly reflected from the diminished state of the petty baron. The revelries of the baronial castle found echoes in the hall of the old manorhouse, and these were even again repeated in the tapestried chamber of the county magistrate, or from the sanded parlor of the village inn; merriment was everywhere a matter of public concernment, and the spirit which assembles men in families now, congregated them by districts then." Such, indeed, was the merry Christmas of the olden time. The whole wide country was then filled with rejoicing; in the bannered hall the long tables were spread; on the ancient armor and the antlers of the wild deer, holly, and ivy, and mistletoe were placed; the huge Yule log went roaring up the wide old-fashioned chimneys; and, cold although it might be without, all was warm and comfortable within.

The large wassail-bowl—a load of itself when full—was passed round, and each one, before he drank, stirred up the rich spices with a sprig of rosemary.

"Now stir the fire, and let its glow
Shame the inhospitable snow;
With all that nature yet can show
From winter's wreck,
Laurel, and box, and holly bough,
The casement deck."

Irving feelingly and beautifully describes the Christmas of by-gone times. He says: "Christmas seemed to throw open every door and unlock every heart. It brought the peasant and the peer together, and blended all ranks in one warm generous flow of joy and kindness. The old halls of the castles and manorhouses resounded with the harp and the Christmas carol, and their ample boards groaned with the weight of hospitality. Even the poorest cottage welcomed the festive season with green decorations of bay and holly, the cheerful fire glanced its rays through the lattice, inviting the passenger to raise the latch and join the gossip knot huddled round the hearth, beguiling the long evening with legendary jokes and oft-told tales."

Scott has graphically described these ancient festivities:

"The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the time to grace,
Rose then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving man;
Then the grim boar's-head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.

England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again:
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor woman's heart through half the year."

IRIS.

OPERA MATTERS.—Madame Anna Bishop's new opera season commenced on Saturday evening last with "Norma," at the Academy of Music. Although Madame Bishop's voice is still remarkably powerful, when we consider how long she has been before the public as its favorite, we cannot help thinking that "Norma" was rather trying for the opening night. Of course, it was sung artistically, as is everything sung by this pure cantatrice, but some alterations had to be made in the score to suit her voice. Madame Bishop's upper notes are wonderfully pure and clear; in the middle register of her voice only do we see the effect of age: she was obliged to transpose certain passages in consequence. The opera was pretty fairly rendered by the other characters. Morley has done better justice to himself in other roles than Polhoue, which is not usually a favorite with tenors. Except an occasional disposition to make slight excursions away from the original key, and to return somewhat refreshed by their wanderings, the opera was generally well sung by the company. "Lucrezia Borgia" and "L'Elisir d'Amore," were decided improvements. We are glad that the English version of La Somnambula was given on Friday night; the time at which we go to press renders a notice of the performance impossible, but we believe that the English opera, with its dialogue, taking the place of recitation, will give Madam Bishop some relief to the continual strain upon her voice. She is an admirable actress, and we trust that she will be induced to give other English operas. The audiences have been very good during the season. This afternoon, "L'Elisir d'Amore" as a matinee.

AN EXCELLENT GUIDE BOOK.—Under the title of "State, Territorial, and Ocean Guide Book of the Pacific," Mr. Holdredge furnishes the public with a careful and well-digested collection of tables, statistics, routes, maps, and general information and details regarding the topography, geography, and material resources of the Pacific. The work is very neatly compiled, appears to be perfectly reliable, and makes an invaluable *vade mecum*. The publisher and compiler deserves credit for his labor.

A LAND slide occurred on Drum street, between Washington and Jackson, where the street had been recent filled in, on Thursday night.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Boston correspondent of the Sacramento *Union*, under date of November 20th, says: Boston publishers were never more active than at present. Hardly a day passes that doesn't witness the publication of a new book by some of our many book houses. The trade is very lively—even livelier than is usual in the months just preceding the holidays. There are so many books published and in press that deserve a notice that I shall not undertake to speak particularly of any of them. Before I forget it, let me mention that one of your California publications (*Outcroppings,*) from the press of A. Roman & Co., has a very favorable reception here. The book, I see, was printed in New York, but its contents, among which are several poems of high merit, belong exclusively, I believe, to your State. The tendency to luxuriousness of book-making—to fine paper, beautiful type, rich bindings, and above all to illustrations, is growing every year; and the energies of artists, engravers, and printers, are tasked to the utmost to answer the popular demand. Two or three fine books have been published here this autumn that would do credit to the great English houses. Tennyson seems to be the favorite subject for decoration and illustration, and within a month we have had no less than three—soon to be followed by a fourth—different volumes containing a part or the whole of the Laureate's poems, gotten up in the handsomest and most expensive style. There is an old quarrel about Tennyson's books between two of our publishing houses, which has received a new burning brand this season. Ticknor & Fields have an arrangement with Tennyson, by which they publish all his poems and allow him —what in the absence of an international copright, they are in no wise bound to do, a liberal percentage of their profit from their sale of his books. This arrangement was respected by other publishers until last year, when Tilton & Co., of this city, brought out an edition of *Enoch Arden* to compete with Ticknor & Fields' edition. The quarrel has smouldered till this fall, when Tilton & Co. announced a complete edition of Tennyson, illustrated, and on Saturday published it. Ticknor & Fields, who have already within the last month published two illustrated volumes of Tennyson's "Gems" and "Idyls of the King," have now in preparation a new volume, which will contain all of Tennyson's poems, and nearly one hundred illustrations. The public have no special interest in this quarrel, of course, except that it affords them five editions of Tennyson at low prices; but the sentiment of the community seems to go against Tilton & Co., and respect the arrangement between Tennyson and Ticknor & Fields.

Now that even the aristocracy of literature admit that the name of Tom Hood "is destined to be a household word with all who speak the English language," we may number the great humorist of his day among the English classics, and receive his "Comic Annual" as a comic Perennial." It is the *Quarterly Review* which utters the words we have quoted—unornamental words—words that would have brought comfort ineffable to the author's hearthstone, but words withheld till the seal of Death was set upon his fame. Hood's popularity increases with the distance that separates us from the circle in which he flourished. More of his volumes are now sold in a single year, we imagine, than were sold during his whole lifetime. Moxon, of London, has recently published an edition in seven volumes, but without the cuts. The most complete edition, therefore, is that of Putnam, which contains several hundred wood engravings, from the author's designs, and a dozen steel engravings, several of them from the very clever designs of Hoppin. Putnam has also issued "Up the Rhine" (the best thing, in its way, since "Humphrey Clinker") and "Whims and Oddities," in separate volumes, and has in press, for immediate publication, the "Tales, Romances, and Extravaganzas" of the same author, including, among other things, "Mrs. Peck's Pudding," and the marvellously droll "Mrs. Gardiner. A Horticulture Romance." Hood's fame has been much indebted to the pious care of his American editor, and the volumes, newly issued, in beautiful style, from the Riverside Press, will furnish rich stores of fireside amusement for our coming winter nights.

We give the following from the N. Y. *Citizen* as a specimen of irrepressible and irreverent gossip. It is somewhat singular that the rest of the press are reticent on the subject of the private readings: "Alfred Tennyson has given two private readings, at a guinea a ticket, full dress, and only the invited 'elect' admitted. The experience of Dickens and Thackeray seduced him into speculation. His two entertainments netted him three hundred and eighty odd pounds sterling—about seventeen hundred dollars. He once wrote a poem for George Smith, of the *Cornhill Magazine*, at a guinea a word. He also indicted an American, who, in reverence for the poet, climbed into Tennyson's garden and broke a twig for a keepsake. The bump of self-esteem with Tennyson makes a separate head under the camera, and his conceit is strong enough to throw a distinct shadow."

The "ultimatum" which the London *Times* announced as having been sent to France by Mr. Seward, dwindles down in the columns of that same journal to a friendly remonstrance against the despatch of troops to Mexico.

A discovery, most valuable to literature, has been made by a German writer, who has found in the family archives at Baireuth twenty-five authentic letters of Voltaire, addressed to Margravine of Baireuth. The letters are presently to be published (with a commentary, of course) in Prussia and France. In the latter country the great literary expectation was the new volume of poems by Victor Hugo, to have been published the 23d of October. It is called *The Songs of the Streets and Woods*, and is a book, says some prophetic gossipper, of lively and familiar odes, such as streets and woods might sing, and pitched, not to the grave and lofty note of Juvenal or Dante, but rather to that of Horace and Anacreon.

One of the editors of the *Constitutionnel* has bought the little place called Mont-Louis, to which Rosseau retired after his quarrel with Madame Lépenay. He wrote "Emile" in this house, and his cabinet and table are still preserved here.

Dr. Livingstone had reached Bombay, intending to make preparations there for his new expedition into Africa, in which he will explore the water-courses of the continent northward from the Zambesi. He expected to set out at the close of last month.

MUSICAL ITEMS.

The Paris correspondent of *The Nation* says: "The most popular singer in the public places of Paris is a certain Thérese, whose fame has perhaps not yet reached your ears, but with whom it is time you should become acquainted, as she is a "representative woman." In the summer she sings in one of the *café* concerts of the Champs Elysees in the open air, under the old and dusty elm trees; in winter, in a hall called Cafe de l'Alcazar. Having heard so much of her, I had a few days ago the curiosity to go to the latter place. With great difficulty I pushed my way through a motley crowd, composed of workmen and workwomen, of clerks, of young and elegant *gandins* (dandies,) and of *lorettes;* silk gowns were to be seen near *blouses;* the newest and lightest bonnets near old-fashioned muslin caps; the fragrance of the best Brévas was mixed with the smoke of the clay pipes. A thousand men and women were pressed round small marble tables covered with glasses, and the noise hardly allowed the unfortunate singers, who presented themselves on a small stage at the end of the room, to be heard. Who cared about the fat *barytone* who sang in a lugubrious tone some air of Donizetti? Who cared even about the *comique*, whose grimaces had something sad and melancholy, as had his worn-out black coat and his shirt-collars of dubious white? Thérese! Thérese! Now she appears at last, the queen of the Alcazar. After deafening applause comes a great silence, and she begins. She is dressed in the handsomest silk that Lyons can weave, but its very beauty makes her appear uglier; for she is ugly—there is not a good feature in her face, and her anatomy is singularly deficient. She begins: her sharp and thrilling voice fills the great hall; her pronunciation is the most perfect I ever heard—not a word, not a syllable is lost; but, alas! what words and what syllables! Her specialty is to sing indecent songs, and her talent consists in *underlining*, if I may use the expression, every indecent verse or word; her voice, at times very pure, assumes at others an indescribable coarseness; her gestures, her movements, and her pantomime would make, as the French proverb says, "a dragoon blush." But there are few dragoons in the audience; every allusion, every equivocal thought, is received with tremendous cheers. To me the audience was the real spectacle, and a sad and humiliating one. In old times I had witnessed the same sort of enthusiasm in the same places, but then it always followed a patriotic song. Thérese has taken the place of Beranger. From her songs the patriotic verses have carefully been excluded by the police; for every one of them is examined by the *Censure* before it can be sung in public The admiration for Therese is not confined to the lower classes. Last winter the queen of the Alcazar was also the queen of the *salons*. A good and pious duchess, whom I will not name because she regrets what she has done, was the first to invite Thérese to her house, and she received an ovation there at the hands of all that is most noble and refined in Paris. At the house of Madame K——, the wife of one of our richest manufacturers, Therese sang in the presence of M. Brittelle, the *préfet de police*. After one of her pieces, a gentleman said to her: "You don't sing this at the Alcazar." "No," said she, "the *préfet de police* would not allow it." At another house, at Madame S——'s after Thérese had gone through her now celebrated répertoire, a charming young woman, who looks like one of Raphael's virgins, conversed with her, and finally said, "Mademoiselle, could you not sing another piece, something—what shall I say?—*de plus fort?*" "No, madame," was the answer, "*I* don't know anything *de plus fort.*" Not a bad answer for a Thérese.

Mrs. Jenny Kempton, the contralto, has sailed for Europe, to pursue her musical studies in Paris, Florence, and the other capitals where facilities are afforded for instruction, experience, and practice. The *Home Journal* says: "Mrs. Kempton has taken a wise step; she is already gifted with a good voice: when her organ has received further cultivation, she may return and claim the admiration of her country people. We wish her a hearty success in her undertaking."

The End of a Gambler.—Among the innumerable anecdotes related of the ruin of persons at play, there is one worth relating, which refers to a Mr. Porter, a gentleman who, in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in Northumberland, the whole of which he lost at hazard in twelve months. According to the story told of this madman—for we can call him nothing else—when he had just completed the loss of his last acre, at a gambling-house in London, and was proceeding down stairs to throw himself into his carriage to convey him home to his house in town, he resolved upon having one more throw to try to retrieve his losses, and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on. Nerved for the worst that might happen, he insisted that the person he had been playing with should give him one chance of recovery or fight with him. His proposition was this: That his carriage and horses, the trinkets and loose money in his pockets, his town house, plate and furniture—in short, all he had left in the world—should be valued in a lump at a certain sum, and be thrown at a single cast. No persuasion should prevail on him to depart from his purpose. He threw, and lost; then, conducting the winner to the door, he told the coachman there was his master, and marched forth into the dark and dismal streets, without house or home, or any means of support. Thus beggared, he retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as the marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as a helper in a livery stable. In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessaries. He expended five in procuring decent apparel; with the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming house, and increased them to fifty; he then adjourned to one of the higher order of houses, sat down with former associates, and won £20,000. Returning the next night, he lost it all, was once more penniless, and after subsisting many years in abject penury, died a beggar in St. Giles.

The most Picturesque Hotel in Switzerland.—A correspondent of the London *Times* has got into comfortable quarters, if one may judge from the enthusiastic style in which his last letter is written. "The Hotel de la Giessbach (he says) is one of the most picturesque in Switzerland; it is one of those well-conducted establishments which, in some manner, reconcile the ill-used traveller to absence from home. The landlord greets you at the door as you come in; he hovers about you like a guardian angel, invisible yet omnipresent, during all your stay; anticipates all your wants; forestalls all your wishes; and only leaves you to the tender cares of his bevy of daughters—he has, I am told, seven of them—and of other maids, all tidy and blooming and pretty waitresses at board no less than in chamber, mine host himself being the only individual of the male sex in attendance whose foot is allowed to tread the floors within his hospitable threshold. It is as refreshing as Mahomed's paradise. There is not another hotel I know of in all Switzerland in which the heavy tramp; the creaking shoes; the hot breath; the fuss and clumsiness of waiters, are superseded by the ministrations of those cheering parlor-maids. Fresh and lovely they look in their Bernese costume, the most coquettish of all female attire; their black velvet corsets; their fustian jupons; their dangling silver chains; their ribbons and lace streamers; the long golden trinkets at their ears. It is the most modest; the most becoming; the most bewitching costume; and those brilliant dames, at the Paris balls, who think nothing so fascinating as a dress slipping down, far down, below the shoulders, and dragging far behind their heels on the floor, must know little of men or their tastes, or they would sooner take their models from these untutored mountain lasses than follow the law of fashion as set by empresses and mantua-makers."

Brigham Young's organ, the Salt Lake *Telegraph*, takes a happy view of the moral "situation" of the Saints: "We have occasionally alluded to the fact that crime, corruption, and, in several respects, degeneracy, have been prevailing of late throughout the Union, outside of Utah, of course, for although crime and many species of corruption strenuously endeavor to show themselves in this Territory, yet such is the native virtue of the people, and the strength of public sentiment, that criminal perpetrations are kept pretty well under, rendering Utah a delightful oasis of morality in the midst of the very decided and very general demoralization of the times."

Difference in Funeral Taste.—The French *efface* as we *re-write*. "Emile de Girardin and his wife are going to reside for a long time in Italy. Everything is to be sold off which could recall to mind the memory of their lost darling—the hotel, furniture, pictures, horses, carriages, etc. When the Duchess d'Albe died, the Empress had the mansion in the Champs Elysées pulled down. It is a singular French custom. We, on the other hand, think rather of preserving that which could recall the dear memory—not that ours dared be called the more sincere grief."

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In competition, New England, (single thread,) Wilxcox & Gibbs, (single thread,) and Grover & Baker.

First Premium to Grover & Baker.

THE FLORENCE has taken the only First Premium awarded to any First-Class Machine over any other Double Thread Machine at the Fairs held on the Pacific Coast in 1865.

SAMUEL HILL,

AGENT FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,

11 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

no4 10t

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

CLOSING OUT SALE

—OF—

Fine Clothing,

TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

$100,000 *WORTH OF FINE CLOTHING TO BE SOLD,* AT PRICES THAT WILL SUIT THE BUYER.

If you want Clothing that will prove what it is represented to be, call on

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, and Corner of Sansome and Washington streets, *San Francisco.*

---

25 PER CENT. SAVED

IS 50 PER CENT. MADE!

PURCHASERS OF

Toys and Fancy Goods, can savn 25 per cent. by buying of

Feldbush & Co.,

307 CALIFORNIA STREET.

THEY ARE NOW RECEIVING their importatinns o

FALL GOODS,

per steamer nnd sailing vessels from all parts of the world.

For sain by the case or dozen. Also 100 cases of assorted Toys. FIELDUSH & CO., 307 California street

RETAIL STORE, 207 Montgomery street, (Russ House Block) oc28-8m

---

TRIAL IS THE BEST AND Surest Test of Merit!

OVER TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND

(200,000)

HAVE BEEN SOLD

Since they were Introduced to Public Notice,

F. L. TILESTON, Agent,

Corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets,

se30 3m SAN FRANCISCO.

R. H. MC'DONALD. J. C. SPENCER

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

Importing and Wholesale DRUGGISTS,

CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO,

AND

SACRAMENTO CITY.

WE MOST RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of DRUGGISTS, DENTISTS, PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS, MERCHANTS, MILL-MEN, ASSAYERS, BREWERS, SODA WATER MANUFACTURERS, AND OTHERS,

To our well-assorted stock of articles in their line:

Drugs and Medicines,	Herbs and Fluid Extracts,
Paints and Oils,	Corks, every variety,
Dental Goods,	Acids, Marble Dust,
Elastic Stockings,	Plaster, Blue Stone,
Trusses and Supporters,	Sal Ammoniac,
Druggists' Glassware,	Copperas,
Leeches,	Irish Moss,
Surgical Instruments,	Retorts and Crucibles,

Together with a Complete Assortment of Drugs.

Our senior partner is now residing at the East, giving his personal attention to the purchasing and shipping of supplies. We are thereby enabled to furnish goods of the First Quality at very Low Prices We will not be undersold by any house in California.

We would respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our stock before dealing elsewhere. Goods shipped to any part of the coast.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

San Francisco and Sacramento City.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO.

IMPORTERS OF

Dental AND Surgical Instruments,

Teeth, Gold Foil, Forceps of all kinds, Dental Cases, all sizes, with and without Instruments · Vulcanizers, and all materials for doing Vulcanite work · Burrs, Drills and Excavators; Anatomical Preparations. In short, EVERYTHING USED BY THE DENTAL PROFESSION

Our Stock was never better than at present.

BOOKS.

We have constantly on hand all the

STANDARD WORKS ON DENTISTRY.

Are Agents for the "DENTAL COSMOS," published in Philadelphia, which is the best monthly work on Dentistry published.

The Dental Profession can rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner, and with dispatch.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

Corner Sansome and Pine streets, San Francisco, and Sacramento City.

nc28

NEW DANCING ACADEMY,

CONGRESS HALL,

ON BUSH STREET, ADJOINING THE RUSS HOUSE.

MR. AND MRS. COGILL AND SONS

Will continue teaching all the Fashionable Dances, Deportment, etc., at the above New, Splendid and Spacious Hall.

REGULAR CLASSES—Mondays and Wednesdays. Ladies at 2 P. M; Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1 2 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2 P. M.

Private Lessons given separately, or to Classes, in Ball Room and Stage Dances.

SOIREES on Friday Evenings.

CONGRESS HALL TO RENT

The elegantly furnished Hall, and other convenient rooms, for Balls, Private Parties, Weddings, etc. The Hall is 60 by 66; also, large Dining Room. For particulars, apply at the Academy. no11-3m

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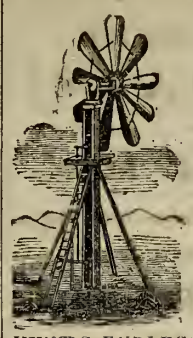
HUNT'S IMPROVED WIND-MILL.



THIS WIND-MILL IS RAPIDLY taking the place of all other Mills on the Pacific Coast. These Mills are so simple in their construction that, when once built, they can be put in order by almost any person; and when once in order they will run for years without repairs.

Prices, from $50 to $1,000.

ROUND AND SQUARE WATER TANKS BUILT TO ORDER.

HUNT'S PUMPS

Are admitted to be the best in the Market for Wind-Mills, being built expressly for that purpose. They can be set and taken apart with a common wrench, and are easily repaired.

HUNT'S ENDLESS CHAIN

HORSE-POWER

FOR SAWING WOOD.

Also, the

SELF-REGULATING HORSE-POWER

Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will make them.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

For further Particulars see small circulars.

E. O. HUNT,

No. 28 Second street, and 108 and 112 Jessie street,

jy29-3m San Francisco.

RUPTURE.

RADICAL CURE OF Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and empossessing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

A. FOLLEAU, 624 Washington street,

Between Montgomery and Kearny.

Manufactory, 232 Sutter street. de3

HUNT'S PATENT

Circular Sweep Horse-Powers,

For running Churns, Washing Machines, Grindstones, pumping water, sawing wood, and other light machinery. Price $100, at the Factory.

HUNT'S PATENT SELF-REGULATING TREAD HORSE-POWER

Is superior to any machine of the kind in the market. Price, with Governor, all complete to set at work, at the Factory, $300. Manufactured by

E. O. HUNT,

jy29-3m 28 Second street, San Francisco.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

CASH ASSETS, JULY 1, 1865,

$13,500,000!

Income for current year, all cash - - -	$3,500,000
Paid claims by death, - - - - - -	6,500,000
Surplus accumulated 1864, - - - - -	1,770,090

All the surplus belongs to the assured, and is equitably divided among them annually.

The Dividends of THE MUTUAL LIFE are simply the RESTITUTION OF SURPLUS PREMIUMS to Policy Holders in the proportion overpaid by each.

Hon. Elizur Wright, Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, in a letter commendatory of this new plan of dividing surplus, (by the "Mutual Life") July 11, 1862, says: "This method of applying its own experience is an element of popularity and stability which can hardly fail to make the LEADING Life Assurance Association of this Continent also the MODEL one of the World."

Dividends can be applied IMMEDIATELY towards payment of premiums, or added to policy, at option.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

Persons desiring to insure are requested to obtain a circular recently issued by the Company, entitled "Facts and Comparisons, showing the immense advantage of the Cash over the Note system, and by which it will be shown that in the Cash system less money is required in a term of years than in the Note plan.

Applications by mail or otherwise promptly attended to, and persons wishing to be called upon by an Agent of this Company will please send their address to the office of the General Agent.

The entire business of the Company for the States of California and Oregon is now under the charge and supervision of

H. S. HOMANS, General Agent,

No. 609 Clay street.

W. K. VAN ALEN, Local Agent.

SOLICITORS—S. T. KING and J. G. KNAPP. oc14-3m

OVERSTOCKED! AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO

UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.

BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steam ships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOOD

—AT—

LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,

mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

CALEB M. SICKLER,

DEALER IN

Stoves and Tin Ware,

422 KEARNEY STREET

BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE,

SAN FRANCISCO

AGENCY FOR STEWART'S STOVES.

se23 3m

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,

se30 3m San Francisco.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,

415 WASHINGTON STREET,

nearly opposite the Post Office,

SAN FRANCIS

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole Agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

de17-3m

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO
To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House, 8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage,
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage.
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50.
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

PREMIUM FURNITURE!

AT THE LATE FAIR OF THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

J. PEIRCE,

415, 417, *and* 419 *California street,*
SAN FRANCISCO,

Was awarded the
FIRST AND ONLY PREMIUM
FOR
Furniture,
AND THE
FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM
FOR THE
BEST UPHOLSTERY.

The attention of the public is respectfully called to this; also to the FACT that we have the LARGEST and FINEST stock on the PACIFIC COAST: Comprising a full assortment of FURNITURE AND BEDDING; all of which is offered at rates GUARANTEED to be less than those of any other house in the city.

Nearly 15,000 cases of Goods packed suitable for home and distant markets, to which the

ATTENTION OF THE TRADE IS INVITED.

A full assortment of Cabinet Makers', Hardware, and Upholsterers' materials ALWAYS ON HAND.

J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,
dc16-3m SAN FRANCISCO.

STRAIN'S CONDITION POWDERS
FOR HORSES.

A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in use. For sale by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents,
je10-§ Corner of Pine and Sansome street.

DRY GOODS!

NEW GOODS FOR THE

HOLIDAYS!

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.

Have received by late Steamer from Europe,

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

ELEGANT DRESS GOODS

SUITABLE FOR

Holiday Presents!

All of which they will exhibit

AT THEIR RETAIL STORE,

And will offer them all

AT PRICES THAT WILL

DEFY COMPETITION!!

DRESS GOODS.

SILKS, in rich Moire Antique, Brocade, Plaid, Plain and Chine, in all the most Fashionable colors, Black Silk of manufacture of "Bonnet," "Biscuff and Tonson," from $1 00 to $8 00 per yard.

PIM'S super. Irish Poplins and Tnbinets in all colors.

MERINOS, in all the most beautiful colors, at 75c, $1 00, $1 25, $1 50, $1 75 per yard.

EMPRESS CLOTHS and OTTOMAN CLOTHS, in Plain, Striped and Chine, manufactured expressly to order.

MOURNING GOODS.

In Bombazines, Cashmeres, Merinos, Tamise, Poplins, Empress and Ottoman Cloths, Silks, Alpacas, Prints, Ginghams, etc.

SHAWLS.

Super. Broche Long and Square Shawls, from $10 to $150, in all colors and new designs.

FINE FRENCH CAMEL'S HAIR SHAWLS, in Long and Square, from $50 to $400, all in new and elegant designs. Plaid Wool do., in long and square.

CLOAKS.

500 Beautiful stylish Garments direct from Paris, comprising the richest ever brought to this city.

HOSIERY.

For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, of every description.

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES.

CHANTILLY VEILS, all prices and new designs.

CAMBRAY VEILS, from $2 50 to $5 00.

CHANTILLY LACES, all widths.

ELEGANT CHANTILLY FLOUNCES.

DENTELES de Valencienne et Applique.

APPLIQUE and Point de Venise Collars at $2 00, $2 50, $3 00, $5 00, &c., &c.

POINT D'ALENCON and Point Duchesse Sleeves and Collars.

DENTELLES de Guipre, all widths and patterns.

A Beautiful Assortment of Linen Sets,

PLAIN AND EMBROIDERED.

Embroidery Bands, Edgings, Insertions, Jaconet, and Dimity Bands.

KID GLOVES.

2000 doz. Alexander's best, at $1 25 per pair.

ALSO,

AT REDUCED PRICES,

COTTON SHEETING and SHIRTING, of all the best brands.

4,000 DRESSES De LAINE, best quality, at $3 00 per dress.

10,000 EMPRESS CLOTH DRESSES, from $3 00 to $10 00 per dress.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
de 1m NO. 9. LICK HOUSE.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING
Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES
NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY
And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!
W. D. FARRAND.

WE ARE NOT GIVING AWAY!

AT 506 MARKET STREET,

Extending Through to No. 7 Sutter street.

HOGS' SPARE RIBS, 5 cents per pound;
Hogs' Kidneys, 6 cents per pound;
Pigs' Feet, 5 cents per pound;
Lean Meat for Sausages, 7 cents per pound;
Rib Roast, 12½ cents per pound;
Pork Chops, 15 cents per pound;
Pigs' Tenderloins, 15 cents per pound.

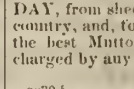
The above are cut from fat grain-fed hogs, killed at our pork-house every day, and are better and cheaper than at any other place in this city.

Mutton! Mutton! Mutton!

From 4 to 7 cents per pound—KILLED EVERY DAY, from sheep fed on our own ranches in the country, and, for that reason, we are enabled to sell the best Mutton for about HALF THE PRICE charged by any other butchers in San Francisco.

WILSON & STEVENS,
se30-§ No. 506 Market St., and No. 7 Sutter St.

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, Etc.



WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

☞ New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style. WILSON & EVANS,
No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco,

BREWSTER & CO.'S
Carriage Manufactory,

372 *Broome street, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arraugements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture
THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade
WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, *Broome street,*
NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE
GREAT REDUCTION
IN
THE PRICE OF COTTON
AT THE EAST,

Kerby, Byrne & Co.,

ARE NOW OFFERING:
5,000 yards 4-4 Preston Muslin, at 32½c.;
5,000 yards 4-3 Blackstone, at 35c.;
5,000 yards 4-4 Lonsdale, at 35c.;
5,000 yards 4-4 White Rock, at 37½c.;
5,000 yards 4-4 Wamsutta, at 40c.

AND
50,000 DOLLARS WORTH
OF
ALL OTHER KINDS OF DOMESTICS,
And Housekeeping Goods in Proportion.

KERBY, BYRNE & CO.,
de9. NO. 7 MONTGOMERY STREET.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

A Timely Warning to the Sick.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds, purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called *liquors* are impure, and all the *Tonics* containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing *amyl* or *fusel oil*, a *mortal poison*; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, antibilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS,
HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.
401 Battery cor. Clay,
ja25-tf San Francisco.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

San Francisco, Cal.

THE OBJECT OF THIS INSTITUTION IS TO IMPART a sound practical education at the lowest possible cost, thereby placing its advantages within the reach of all. The Course of Instruction, besides the usual English Branches, comprises Mathematics, Book Keeping, Ancient and Modern Languages, so that boys, whether destined for Mechanical, Commercial or Professional Pursuits, can select such studies as will best fit them for their future avocation.

TERMS.

Board and Tuition per session, (of 10 to 11 months) $175
Washing, Mending of Linen, etc., for same period, 25
No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

In case of withdrawal, (except for sickness or parents leaving the country,) the party will forfeit a quarter session, or the remaining portion of the half term.

The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance with a deposit for current expenses, books, etc. *No Student will be received without such deposit.*

For further information, application may be made to any of the Catholic Clergymen of the State, or to
jy1 REV. P. I GREY, President

"IMPORTANT."—It is very important to those who go out to purchase, to know where they can find the article they require of a good quality and at a fair and reasonable price. To those who want anything in *fine and staple Dry Goods*, MOSGROVE & BLAKELY offer inducements equal to any house in San Francisco.

Their DRESS GOODS are *fashionable, well assorted, and tastefully selected.* They are now showing a large lot of HOYLE'S genuine ENGLISH CALICOS, for *Dresses*, and *Shirting* of a very superior quality.

They are fast becoming celebrated for the quality of their IRISH LINEN GOODS, of which they have always a large assortment from the best manufacturers in Belfast, Ireland.

Their store is in Colton's Building, 222 Third street, near Howard.

TO POOR WRITERS.—If you would learn to write a good hand, try the Bahbittonian—the new system of instruction in penmanship. It is the cheapest and best. Purchase the forms, which will be the only instruction you need, and practice will make you an excellent pensman. Call on Warren Holt, Room No. 2, Mead House, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, and learn particulars. Read the following:

The Babbittonian system of Penmanship appears to me really to possess all the advantages which it claims in the above printed summary.

REV. P. V. VEEDER,
Principal of City College, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 13, 1865.

The elements and principles of the Babittonian Penmanship seem to me valuable for their practicability and simplicity. I do not hesitate to add my testimony in favor of this system as one of the best in use.

J. C. PELTON,
Superintendent Public Schools.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
Department of Public Instruction,
San Francisco, Oct. 16, 1865.

To Whom it May Concern: I have carefully examined the Bahbittonian system of Penmanship, and take pleasure in recommending it to teachers and others interested, as one which possesses many merits. Its cheapness is one of its more cordent merits.

JOHN SWETT. Supt. Pub. Instruction.

ASTROLOGY.—The occult sciences of the middle ages, magic, alchemy, necromancy, and star reading, are not lost to the world. The invisible and secret powers of astrography are still possessed by the chosen student in the mysteries of nature who can interpret the influence of the stars and predict by their ocultations the hidden events of the future.

In affairs of Past, Present or Future, be they of Business, Matrimony, Love, or sickness, go and consult the naturally gifted Astrologer, Professor Cohen, 530 California street. Thousands have been benefitted by his knowledge. He has held over 18,000 consultations during the last five years. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 P. M. to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart. Sickness treated and cured through a science unknown to others.

ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—With the details of the dreadful disasters of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *Yosemite* fresh in memory, it is not needful that we should urge on the public the importance of guarding as fully as possible not only against the recurrence of such startling calamities, but also as far as they can against the consequences that arise from them. Accidents are terribly frequent in this new State of ours. Hardly a day passes but we have to record some loss of life, or terrible mangling that leaves the victim with hardly a wish to live. Stringent legislation is demanded to protect travellers from carelessness and criminal negligence of public carriers. It is with great interest that we have watched the rapid growth of Accident Insurance Companies, and we are happy to know that the New York Accidental Insurance Company, established by some of the wealthiest capitalists of the East, have placed their agency in the hands of Bigelow & Brother, Insurance Agents, of this city. We advise every one to take out a policy. The premium is very small—the price of a good cigar only per day—while the benefits are great; $25 per week, if disabled, or $5,000 in case of death. Who would not give $2 50 to be insured for a trip to Washoe, or 25 cents for a trip to Sacramento City? That's all it costs. We predict a large business for the agency in this city. The Company have complied with the State law, and are fully prepared to issue policies, or travelling tickets, at once.—*S. F. Call.*

THE LATEST NEWS!—Haskell & Co. are selling cheaper than the cheapest; 6 pounds Crushed Sugar for $1; 9 pounds Brown Sugar for $1; 3½ pounds Green Coffee, $1; 5 pounds Currants, $1; 4 pounds New Raisins, $1; New Citron, 40 cents per pound; 8 pounds Canary seed for $1; 10 pounds Soda Crackers, $1; 8 pounds Santa Clara Butter Crackers, $1; good Oolong Tea, 75 cents; Japan Teas, 75 to 90 cents, our Mandarin Oolong of the new crop, $1; the best Comet Tea, $1 10, or $1 per pound by the box; Mandarin Mixture (green and black,) 1; at the Mammoth Tea Store, fronting on Market and Sutter streets, below the Market. ☞ Goods delivered promptly. Open Evenings until after the Holidays.

FOR THE VERY BEST PHOTOGRAPHS, go to Bradley & Rulofson (Vance's old stand.) First premium for best the card pictures, and large photographs.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Very few persons, even among physicians, would have been willing upon any terms to have been in the condition of the writer of the following letter on the 14th of February last. I will anticipate somewhat his report of the facts, by saying that on the 15th August, 1865, he made me a visit, "the very picture of health." Time, which tries and proves all things, has sufficiently tested this case, and shown that neither relapse or collapse having followed, the cure is perfect, and can be cited among the scores of similar cases, the result of my improved mode of treating disease without medicine.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.

August 27, 1865.

Sacramento, April 30, 1865.

Dr. G. M. Bourne—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I now let you know of my good health. Looking back on what I have passed through, it seems as if I was lifted from the grave, and I think it my duty to acknowledge to you and the world the benefit I derived from water treatment as administered by you in your celebrated baths. It was in August, 1864, when disease developed itself with a severe cough. I then took medicines getting worse, with chills, fevers, loss of strength, and was pronounced consumptive. This set me to thinking, and finally I determined to leave my business and go to the Sandwich Islands, having been informed that I could not be cured here. I went to San Francisco, and while waiting for a ship, called upon Dr. Bourne, who stated that a trip to the Sandwich Islands would probably result disastrously, was wholly unnecessary, as I could then be speedily cured at his establishment. I placed myself under his treatment, and in one week was so much improved that I thought I could risk returning home and to my duty as Engineer on the Central Pacific Railroad. The doctor objected; but I thought I knew better, and returned to my duty. In about two weeks my cough returned, and I kept getting worse, and, contrary to Dr. Bourne's injunction never to take medicine again, committed that folly, and soon was so completely run down that I could scarcely walk; so, as a last resort, I concluded once more to try the Water Cure. I went to San Francisco—few of my friends expected me to return; in fact, I thought my return doubtful. On arriving at Dr. Bourne's establishment (February 14, 1865,) I was not able to get into the bath without assistance, but in a few days I began to gain. I remained with him only six weeks, when I left, "a wiser and a better man," without the aid of medicine. I have now been at work several weeks, and find that I am gaining every day, and at present bid fair to be stouter than ever before. Persons visiting the Doctor's establishment will find it just what it should be, in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Departments, and I cannot say too much in praise of the Doctor's kind attention to his patients.

This letter I write for the benefit of the afflicted, to be used as the Doctor decides, and should it be the means of directing any one to his care and treatment who (as they assuredly will) find relief, I will be paid for my trouble. Your obedient servant,

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.

San Francisco, August 25, 1865.

Advised by the undersigned, Mr. James Campbell, of the Central Pacific Railroad (who was then in a most deplorable state of ill health,) placed himself under the care of Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Physician. Some six months or more afterward he visited this city, when I accidentally met him at Dr. Bourne's establishment, and, I am happy to say, restored to the enjoyment of good health and in fine spirits.

JOHN SULLIVAN.

☞ Dr. Bourne treats all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs—which includes diptheria, bronchitis, incipient consumption, pleurisy, croup, etc.—with the greatest success. Great relief is afforded in advanced stages of consumption. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc., etc., are also cured quickly, pleasantly, and economically. No medicine whatever.

TOYS.—Toys can be purchased of Feldbush & Co., 307 California street, at 25 per cent. below the usual rates. Call and examine stock and prices.

MANY OF THE DISEASES which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. BENTON, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

TRIMMINGS.—Mrs. NORCROSS, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and militar at the shortest notice: also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. D. Norcross' goods, for elegance and taste, are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

DR. C. W. MOORE'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

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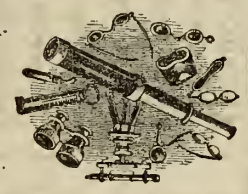

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SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. dc3-3m

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TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that

Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,

and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of those new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the severe drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

The following certificate from the State Assayer, furnished after an analysis of the EXTRACT, speaks for itself:

A. ENQUOIS—Dear Sir: I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would be injurious to clothing.

Very respectfully, B B. THAYER.

FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle.

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THE CALIFORNIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY will despatch their magnificent new steamship

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ON SATURDAY, - - - - JANUARY 6, 1866,

AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.

The establishment of this Line of Steamers affords a most favorable opportunity for invalids and pleasure seekers to enjoy the salubrious climate of the Hawaiian Group.

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Bills of Lading will be furnished at the office, and to the others signed.

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se23cdc16 tf J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

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No policy to exceed $10,000.

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The rates of premiums are very low.
The plan is so simple that any one can comprehend all its workings.

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Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

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A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

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The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

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A sample of this pavement has been prepared and can be seen by those interested, in front of the Windmill and Horsepower Manufactory of E. O. HUNT,
de2 1m 28 Second street, San Francisco.

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my6-3m Proprietor.

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Chas Walcott Brooks,	Warren R Payne,
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C Adolphe Low,	T McCarthy.

☞ The number of Tickets to be sold is limited; they are not transferable, and none will be sold at the door. Ladies' invitations can be procured, free of charge, on application.

TICKETS (including Supper) TEN DOLLARS.

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Physicians are respectfully invited to call and examine her articles.
All orders promptly attended to. my27-1f

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Go and see the Natural Gifted Astrologer, Prof. Cohen, 530 California street. He only can give you true information as to the Past, Present and Future; on Business Affairs, Law Suits, Matrimony, Love, Absent Friends, Sickness, etc. He tells the events of your whole life, and how to avoid trouble.

A large number of people have been benefited by his knowledge. As an evidence of his reputation, he has received upwards of 18,000 consultations here since his residence of five years in San Francisco.

N B.—When consultation is had it will not be necessary to give the age. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart.

☞ Sickness will be discovered and cured through his science, only known by himself. se16-3m.

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ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - - $10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - - 11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - - - 2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, - $75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

No. 414 California street, - - - San Francisco,

Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.
Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.
LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
au19-3m

NEW TYPE.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF *FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.*

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE.

We would respectfully call the attention of property owners to the increased facilities for Insurance which we are now prepared to offer, surpassing any agency in the world.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Capital, - - - $7,000,000

Home Insurance Co., of N. Y., assets	-	-	$4,000,000
Security do	do do	- -	2,000,000
Phenix do	do do	- -	1,000,000

War Risks and partial loss covered on the most favorable terms. Liberal rebates paid parties bringing business to this office. All losses paid in gold coin without any deduction.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Assets, - - - $10,000,000

Home Insurance Co., N. Y.	Washington Ins. Co., N. Y.		
Phenix do	do	Security do	do
Arctic do	do	Hartford Fire do	do

LIFE INSURANCE.

Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. of Hartford :
Assets nearly - - - - - - - $8,000,000
Equitable Life Assurance Society of United States : Assets - - - - - - - $1,000,000

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

New York Accident Insurance Company :
Capital - - - - - - $250,000

In the Fire Department we issue participation policies on all hazardous and not hazardous property, entitling the assured to 60 per cent. in the profits of the company, thereby lessening their premiums at least 30 per cent.

In the Life Department, the companies we represent are the best and cheapest in the world. Manuals descriptive of the various plans issued gratis to the public. No charge for physicians' examinations.

Agents in all the principal towns on this coast.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
au29 GENERAL AGENTS.

CHARLES BERNARD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FAMILY CHARTRES COFFEE AND SPICES OF ALL KINDS,

No. 707 *Sansome-st., cor. of Gold,*

Between Jackson and Pacific.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED BY THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, FOR THE BEST COFFEE AND SPICES.

THE PROPRIETOR having introduced Steam Power in his Manufactory, has now increased facilities to supply the trade and the public in general All articles from his establishment are guaranteed to be sure and unadulterated The public are respectfully invited to call and convince themselves. Country orders promptly attended to.
oc14 3m

THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING ADDED

MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. no5-3m

TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that

Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,

and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of those new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the severe drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

The following certificate from the State Assayer, furnished after an analysis of the EXTRACT, speaks for itself:

A. ENQUOIS—Dear Sir : I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would be injurious to clothing.

Very respectfully, B. B. THAYER.

FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle.

DR. C. W. MOORE'S Medical and Surgical Institute,

COMMERCIAL STREET,

A few doors below Kearny, - . - San Francisco.

ATTENDING AND RESIDING PHYSICIAN,

C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

Late Surgeon U. S. A., Quarantine Physician at New Orleans and Boston, Lecturer on Morbid Anatomy and Diseases of Women and Children, Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc., etc.

FOR THE CURE OF DISEASES,

WHETHER ACUTE OR CHRONIC,

No. 641 *Commercial street,*

A few doors below Kearny, where he can be consulted at all hours.

Especial attention paid to all Diseases of the UTERINE and SEXUAL ORGANS, SECONDARY and HEREDITARY AFFLICTIONS in their manifold form,

NERVOUS AFFICTIONS, ETC.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS, of whatever nature, performed scientifically, and the patient boarded at the Institute.

TO THE LADIES.—Private apartments, with female nurses, for those who desire them. CONSULTATIONS FREE.

Parties in the Country may consult the Doctor by letter, and receive, in return, a full description of their disease and its means of cure. All communications strictly confidential.

C. W. MOORE, M. D.,
se16 3m 641 Commercial street, San Francisco.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co., PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

GREAT AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT!

AT

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE,

Chicago, Illinois, - - February 22d, 1866.

20,000 VALUABLE GIFTS WORTH $96,800

PRESENTED TO THE TICKET HOLDERS.

100,000 *TICKETS ONLY WILL BE SOLD.*

1 Gift of $10,000 cash	$10,000
1 Gift of $5,000 cash	5,000
50 Gifts, 50 English Patent Lever Gold Watches, valued at $100 each	20,000
100 Gifts, 100 Amer. Silver Lever Watches valued at $100 each	10,000
48 Gifts 48 Silver Lever Watches valued at $50 each	2,400
5,000 Gifts, 5,000 Turkey Morocco, gold clasp Albums, valued at $5 each	25,000
4,800 Gifts, 4,800 gold clasp Albums, valued at $3 each	14.400
10,000 Gifts, 10,000 cash at $1 each	10,000

All the above Goods are genuine, as represented, and are listed at a fair valuation.

Each ticket is registered before being sent out.

Parties will be notified by mail of the result of the drawing.

40,000 Tickets already sold. Send in your orders if you wish to secure them.

Tickets ONE DOLLAR each in Greenbacks, or 11 for $10, sent by mail to any address upon receipt of price and Postoffice stamp.

BRIGGS, LEMON & CO.,
no11 3m 141 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says : "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

PISCO !

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC ;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac ;
STEAMBOAT GIN ;
OLD TOM GIN ;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
a28 44 Liedesdorff street, San Francisco.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.—IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT of the Second Township, in and For the city and county of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to S. B. THOMPSON, greeting :

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 13th day of February, A. D 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to answer unto the complaint of CHARLES M. PECK, who claims to recover from you the sum of two hundred and fifty-three dollars, and interest on one hundred and seventy-five dollars of said sum at two per cent. per month from June 22d, 1865, and on seventy-eight dollars of said sum at the same rate from April 20th, 1865, due on two promissory notes made by you, dated February 17th, 1865, and June 22d, 1865, the same claimed to be recovered in United States gold and silver coin, as per copies of said notes on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you, for the said amount and interest due, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of the city and county of San Francisco greeting : Make legal service and due return hereof. Given under my hand this 6th day of November, A. D. 1865.

Alias U. S. Revenue stamp, 50c., cancelled.

H. J. WELLS, (SEAL.)
Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco. Office, No. 623 Merchant street.

no11 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, *vs.* FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant : You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County ; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days ; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. no11 3m

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS : That I, BRIDGET STANNAH, wife of WILLIAM STANNAH, intend to make application to the Twelfth District Court of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, on the

23d *day of December, A. D.* 1865, *at* 10 *o'clock A. M. of that day,*

or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the court room of said Court, in said city and county, for an order of said Court permitting her to carry on business in her own name and on her own account—the nature of the business to be carried on by virtue of such order being that of keeping a boarding and lodging house, and purchasing lots and houses to be used and occupied in that business, and erecting houses therefor. That for this purpose I am desirous of availing myself of the benefit of An Act to authorize married women to transact business in their own name as sole traders, approved April 12th, 1852, and of the acts amendatory thereof.

BRIDGET STANNAH.

W. C. BURNETT, Attorney for petitioner—Office, 636 Clay street. nov25-5t

---

CLOTHING MADE FROM CALIFORNIA CLOTH,

For Wholesale and Retail Trade,

ALSO, MADE TO ORDER,

AT QUINCY HALL,

NOS. 545, 547, 549,

Washington Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

se30-3m

HILL'S HAIR DYE.

This Dye is superior to anything now in use, being easily applied, and imparting a natural brown or black color to the hair. For sale by

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Building Fund.

AT A MEETING OF THE BOAD OF TRUSTEES of the Mercantile Library Association, held October 10th, 1865, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the Trustees form themselves into a Committee of the Whole, to obtain Life Memberships and Donations, with a view of purchasing a lot and erecting a building thereon for the use of the Association.

The payment of one hundred dollars in gold coin secures a Life Membership, and it is hoped that the sum of twenty thousand dollars may be subscribed in this way alone. No subscriptions are binding unless the above sum shall be raised by Life Memberships and Donations before February 1, 1866. Subscription books may be found at the Library, or with any of the following members of the

BOARD OF TRUSTEES :

G. W. Belt.....President
*C. Wolcott Brooks.....Vice President
H. S Homans.....Corresponding Secretary
David Wilder.....Recording Secretary
John G. Clark.....Treasurer

J. H Wildes,	A. M. Ebbetts,
J. W. Cox,	F. D. Kellogg,
A. T. Green,	Chas. R. Bond,
Geo. Hewston, M. D.,	*Daniel Rogers,
F. L. Castle.	

*On leave of absence. oc21-tf

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the
BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner
From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
fe11 6m San Francisco.

ADAMS' BLOOD PURIFIER!

FOR DISEASES HAVING THEIR ORIGIN FROM THE IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD AND DERANGEMENT OF THE SYSTEM.

This Blood Purifier is a concentrated compound of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Wild Cherry, Dandelion, with Iodide of Potass, and several other of the most efficacious remedies known in the vegetable world, and will exert an immediate effect on the system, and if persisted in for a reasonable length of time, will eradicate all latent poison from the blood.

IT CONTAINS NO MERCURY OR MINERAL POISON.

Prepared only by

SAMUEL ADAMS,
AT THE UNITED STATES DRUG STORE,
SAN FRANCISCO
Corner of Bush and Powell streets.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN THE STATE.
no18-3m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & C
my28 624 Clay stree San

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, DEC. 23d,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

GRAND MATINEE:

THE SERF;

OR, LOVE LEVELS ALL!

Now being performed at Wallack's Theatre, New York; with entirely New Scenery, Costumes and Properties, and Original Music.

This Evening, December 23d,

G. C. BONIFACE, HARRY JACKSON,
MRS. SOPHIE EDWIN,
And Every Member of the Popular Company,

Will appear in the Drama entitled

RIP VAN WINKLE!

The Manager has effected an engagement with the celebrated Tragic Actress,

Miss Charlotte Crampton,

Who will make her first appearance on

MONDAY NIGHT, DEC. 25TH,

IN

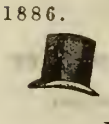
LUCRETIA BORGIA!

☞ WANTED IMMEDIATELY: 50 Respectable Young Ladies. Apply at the Theatre between 2 and 4 P. M.

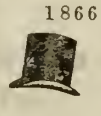
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - - - 50
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - $5 and $10

Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock

1866. 1866. 1866.



AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.



LAMOTT,

THE LEADER AND INTRODUCER OF *FASHIONS,*

HAS OPENED HIS MAMMOTH HAT AND CAP ESTABLISHMENT at

227 Montgomery street, near Pine, Russ Block,

Where can be found the greatest variety of Hats and Caps for Gents', Youths' and Children's wear ever offered on this coast.

He outshines them all, and defies competition in the Hat Business.

His Factory at the East makes all his Goods expressly for his California market, which is something that has never been done before. Give him a call at

227 MONTGOMERY STREET.

TOYS, REGARDLESS OF COST!

KOHLER SELLING OFF!

THE ENDLESS VARIETY OF

Toys and Fancy Articles,

IN KOHLER'S

Washington Street Store,

(NO. 620,)

MUST BE SOLD AT ANY PRICE,

BETWEEN THIS AND CHRISTMAS, AND

THE BUSINESS CLOSED UP!

TO RENT—The Store now occupied by

A. KOHLER.

de2 4t

CHILION BEACH

INVITES ATTENTION TO HIS LARGE AND CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF

BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

Suitable for

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, JUVENILES,
ILLUSTRATED AND GIFT BOOKS,

In great variety.

BEACH'S BOOK-STORE,
No. 34 Montgomery street,
Opposite the Lick House.

de16-2t

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

Plac street, near Montgomery.

Grand Masquerade Ball!

BY THE

ALEMANNIA,

AT MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 13, 1866.

On which occesion the parquette will be floored over level with the stage, and the whole covered with canvas. Prizes will be given to the best Lady and Gentlemen Masks, to be awarded by a committee selected from the audience.

A splendid band of music has been engaged, and no expense will be spared to make this the most brilliant affair of the season. Tickets to be had of the committee:

L. Hecht, Jr., 417 Sacramento street.
L. Schwarzschild, 320 Battery street.
A. Wangenheim, S. E. cor. California and Sansome.
C. Colman, S. W. corner Washington & Montgomery. S. H. Stern. de23-4t

CHOICE NEW BOOKS.

A. ROMAN & CO.

Have recently received over

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY CASES

OF

Standard Books,

ON EVERY BRANCH OF LITERATURE.

Our Stock is now very large and complete, embracing all the recent Publications of the day, together with all the Standard Authors on

Miscellaneous Literature, History, Biography, Travels, Fiction, Poetry, etc., etc.

Also, a LARGE ASSORTMENT of

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED BOOKS!

CHOICE EDITIONS OF FAVORITE AUTHORS, IN FINE BINDINGS,

SUITABLE FOR PRESENTATION BOOKS FOR THE

Approaching Holidays!

We have also a splendid assortment of

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL JUVENILES, CHILDREN'S BOOKS, TOY BOOKS, AND GAMES.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

In great variety. ELEGANT BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, etc. All of which we offer at the lowest prices.

A. ROMAN & CO.,
de2 417 and 419 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

JUST RECEIVED,

Per last Steamer, a magnificent collection of

Fancy Glove and Odor Boxes,
Fine Fans, Opera Glasses,
Novelties in Back Combs,
Ornamental Cigar Stands,
Writing Desks, Albums,

DRESSING CASES, PARIS JEWELRY,

REAL LACE COLLARS, SLEEVES AND HANDKERCHIEFS,

REAL CHANTILLY AND POINT BARBES, VEILS, VALENCIENNE COLLARS, HANDKERCHIEFS, Etc.

Fashionable Cloaks and Shawls

Received by every Steamer from New York. Also,

CLOAKS AND LADIES' UNDERGARMENTS

MADE TO ORDER,

AT S. ROSENBLATT'S

PALACE OF FASHION,

123 *AND* 125 *MONTGOMERY STREET,*

de2 Opposite Occidental Hotel.

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED have purchased the Eating House known as "Richards'" Restaurant, situate on Clay street, one door below Montgomery. The restaurant will be repaired and refitted throughout, and will be opened to the public on Wednesday morning, Dec. 27th.

C. H. BRICKWEDEL,
de23 H. F. HEGELER.

MAPS! MAPS! MAPS!

NEW MAPS OF MEXICO, JUST OUT;

NEW MAPS OF IRELAND;

CHART OF OUR FALLEN HEROES.

Maps of every description constantly on hand.

W. HOLT,
dec9 3m 305 Montgomery street.

A MAGNIFICENT CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

THE SUPERB NATIONAL PICTURE, by Darley, of *WASHINGTON IRVING AND HIS FRIENDS.* Prices: Print, $15; Proof, $30; Artist's Proof, $50; or framed complete—Print, $20; Proof, $40; Artist's Proof, $100. This is NOT the cheap Lithograph called "Great Authors."

H. H. BANCROFT & CO.,
de16 Montgomery and Merchant streets.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

JUVENILE BOOKS, Picture Books, Primers, Sunday School Books, Books for Prizes, Cloth Picture Books, Games and Blocks for Children, Puzzles, Card Pictures, Fairy Albums, Books for Girls, Books for Amusements, Books for Boys.

H. H. BANCROFT & CO.,
de16 Montgomery and Merchant streets.

CHRISTMAS STATIONERY.

DESKS, PORTFOLIOS, Chess, Backgammon, Dominoes, Color Boxes, Cabinets, Scrap Books, Diaries 1866, Inkstands, Pocket Knives, Pencil Cases, Pocket Books, Papier Mache Goods.

H. H. BANCROFT & CO.,
de16 Montgomery and Merchant streets.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.

FIVE HUNDRED STYLES at the lowest prices.

H. H. BANCROFT & CO.,
de16 Montgomery and Merchant streets.

GIFT BOOKS.

AN ENDLESS VARIETY, at very low prices.

H. H. BANCROFT & CO.,
de16 Montgomery and Merchant streets.

FINE BOOKS FROM LONDON.

POETRY, SCIENCE and GENERAL LITERATURE, in elegant bindings, with Photographic Illustrations, and plain and colored steel engravings.

H. H. BANCROFT & CO.,
de16 Montgomery and Merchant streets.

BLOOD PURIFIER.

LE DOYEN'S

SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK,

IODINE ALTERATIVE.

The best Blood Purifier yet known. It expels all Mercurial and Constitutional Diseases, and gives Health and Strength.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
no19-1m SAN FRANCISCO.

GRAND *CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL* OF THE Trinity Mission Sunday School

AT PLATT'S MUSIC HALL.

THE TRINITY MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOL will hold their

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL,

AT PLATT'S MUSIC HALL, SATURDAY EVENING, *December 23d.*

The Children of the

PROTESTANT ORPHAN ASYLUM

Have accepted an invitation, and will unite with us on that occasion.

A Christmas Tree

Will be prepared expressly for them. Friends wishing to contribute to the ORPHANS' TREE, can do so by sending to the Hall on the day of the Festival, or at any time previous to the Superintendent of the Trinity Mission School.

The Exercises of the evening will consist of

SPEAKING AND SINGING,

AND

A VISIT FROM SANTA CLAUS!

The Hall will be splendidly decorated for this occasion by Thomas Blair, Esq.

A FULL BAND OF MUSIC

Will be in attendance. The Hall will be thrown open at four o'clock P. M., at which time the Band will be present. Exercises of the evening will commence at

EIGHT O'CLOCK PRECISELY.

SINGLE TICKETS, - - ONE DOLLAR.

To be had at the Hall during the day and evening of the Festival, and at all the principal Bookstores of the city.

de16 2t WM. G. BADGER, Superintendent.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO*

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Maurice J. Dooley, Plaintiff, *vs.* John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton, her husband · Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Aunie Moore, children of J. H. and Annie Moore; Helen R. Masterson Ord, and Pacificus Ord, her husband, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Aunie Moore, Helen R. Masterson Ord and Pacificus Ord, her husband:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

In and by said complaint, the plaintiff prays the following judgment and relief:

1. That the said defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, and that all adverse claims of the said defendants, or either of them, may be determined by a decree of this Court.

2. That plaintiff be adjudged to be the owner in fee simple, in possession of, and lawfully entitled to the possession of so much of said Lot 77 as is first described in the complaint.

3. That the defendants, and each and every of them, be adjudged and decreed to have no estate, right, title, or interest of, in or to said portion of said Lot 77, legal or equitable; and that they, and all persons claiming, or to claim under them subsequent to the commencement of this action, be barred, and perpetually restrained and enjoined from asserting or pretending to have any right, title, interest, or estate of, in or to the same, and from making any conveyance thereof—other than to plaintiff or his grantees; and for such other and further relief as shall be agreeable to equity—but without costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District in and for the County of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. By JAMES E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
de23-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDICIAL District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS B. VALENTINE, Plaintiff, *vs.* ERASTUS V. JOICE and ANDREW J. MOULDER, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Erastus V. Joice and Andrew J. Moulder, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within the county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought that the Defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, &c., to certain real estate particularly described in the complaint, and to obtain a decree that the plaintiff is owner in fee simple absolute thereof, that said defendants have no estate, right, title, or interest therein or to any part thereof, that they be forever debarred and perpetually enjoined from setting up any estate in or claim said real estate, adverse to plaintiff—besides costs of suit and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal of Court. Int. rev. stamp. } By Jas. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
B. S. BROOKS,
de23 3m Plaintiff's Attorney.

HOLIDAY GOODS, AND WHERE TO BUY THEM.

BOOKS.

H. H. Bancroft & Co., Montgomery and Merchant sts.
C. Beach, 34 Montgomery street.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

CLOTHING.

H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets.
Oak Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

DRY GOODS.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.

FURNITURE.

Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Peirce, 415, 417 and 419 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.

Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIQUORS.

V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.

M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.

Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

SEWING MACHINES.

The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

TOYS, ETC.

Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME IV., No. 5. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 30, 1865. TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

INIGOINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, December 30th, 1865.

POOR, tottering old December... limping to your grave in a dilapidated sort of a way and with never a crutch to help you along... how I do pity you!

I'd pity you still more if you'd wear a white cap and blow the snuff from off your chin, for all that you've got rheum in your eyes and rheumatism in your back, and are generally dirty and disagreeable.

At present, however, your rheum is better than your company... and either is bad enough. You are not even a respectable looking grandmother. Get you gone, for guests are coming, and we must tidy up for them a bit.

To-morrow is the threshold of the year, and January stands scraping his feet on the other side. No need for him to meet your wrinkled old face at the door.

But still December lingers. Her footsteps fall no faster on the floor for my abuse, nor does January hurry his coming for all my throwing wide the door to save him a pull at the bell.

O Time, Time! If there indeed were such a thing as taking you by the forelock, you'd travel mighty fast at times and stand stock still at others, if I had hold of you... or the scalp would come off.

By this time all know what they had in their stockings.

If I said I had holes in mine, perhaps you would infer that I hadn't a darned thing.

There you'd be wrong... as persons are very apt to be when they draw hasty inferences and count every word said or written in jest as meant in earnest.

The truth is I got much more than I expected. The truth would scarcely be complete if I did not add... "much more than I deserved."

Are we to set it down as one of the natural laws that the less we give the more we get? I am afraid in view of facts we cannot do otherwise. Last Christmas I was lavish... that is to say, for one of limited income and unlimited aspirations, I was extravagant. I gave much and got nothing.

This year I was actually so busy, that I would scarcely have had time to run out and buy presents... even had I anything to buy them with. And so many things have come to my door that I am rather afraid that Santa Claus has made a misdeal... that I have got some one else's hand, if the expression may be allowed me.

It is really very curious how things go in this world of ours. We reap where we do not sow, and very seldom reap where we do. One does not like to confess to such a creed, but I think the general experience will bear me out when I say that an ungrateful return may be counted on in almost all instances where we step outside the beaten path of our lives for the purpose of doing others good.

The reason of this is plain, if we look human nature squarely in the face, and set aside all the sentimentalities which deluge the world and mistily envelop it like a veil.

Very few minds are generous enough to confess to an obligation... or rather very few minds are generous enough to confess to an obligation without feeling themselves lowered in their own estimation by the confession.

At the very moment that you are giving a beggar a quarter, the chances are that he is nervously clutching his crutch and would like to rap you over the head with it... simply because he thinks it becomes necessary to thank you.

He is cursing in his own heart because you are not standing there on the corner with a crutch under *your* elbow while he is dropping two bits into *your* hat.

It is all very well to say that this is a misanthropic view of human nature, but I tell you it is a true one. I have proved it by actual experiment. Here, in this city, I can point out to you persons whom I have fed... yes, fed, and who developed themselves into bitter enemies the moment an occasion occurred.

If you incline to doubt that proof... do as I have done. Take the first beggar you meet... when he asks you for a bit for God's sake, drop a dollar into his hat or his hand... whichever is the cleanest... for Philosophy's.

(You see I do not want the experiment to be a very expensive one.)

And then spring the question on him, "That is more than you expected, is it not?"

"Ah yes, God bless ye."

"If I stood on the corner in your place you would feel quite as much satisfaction in giving me a dollar as I do in giving you one, would you not?"

"Sure, God bless ye."

"And you sometimes think you would like to change places, do you not—eh?"

(For he hesitates.)

"S-sometimes, God bless ye."

"Now tell me the truth, and perhaps you'll get another dollar. Do you not sometimes feel that a bit is nothing for a well-dressed person to give you, and that he might just as well give you more? And that while he is dressing well and spending his money on every side you have to stand here like a dog, begging for crumbs? And that you would like to give one of these well-dressed fellows a lesson in the pleasantness of your position?

(Your voice has become sympathetic, and he thinks you are his advocate and ally.)

"Ah, yes, your honor, God bless ye."

"Then you dirty, lazy dog, why the devil didn't you go to work and earn money when you were able to; and why don't you now keep yourself clean and decent when water doesn't cost anything, and soap and sand can be had for the asking?"

(Turning on your heel and leaving him.)

A faint prayer comes borne upon the breeze... but it is not for your salvation. And... pardon me... if familiar enough with the Oriental languages to know that in some of them prayers as well as everything else are to be read backwards, you would have known all along that every one of that beggar's G-d b—s yous (as well use blanks in one case as in the other) should have been construed into an out-and-out G-d d—n you.

Now-a-days, when I break over my rule and do man or woman a kindness, I beg of them not to construe it into a favor... not to consider that they owe me anything in return... but simply to avoid injuring me if it come in their power to do so, just as they might if they did not know me, and had no reason for bearing ill-will towards me.

I always take particular care to explain: "This is done for my pleasure... not for yours. You are not a party in the transaction at all. It someway happens that my pleasure in this one instance lies in pleasing you... and there let it end. I am selfish... wholly and utterly selfish... in this matter. I deserve no thanks... ask no thanks... and will be abundantly content if you never do me an injury."

And you would all be surprised if you knew how much happier I am under these circumstances, and how much better I get along.

In the first place, on finding myself in a position where I had to know and meet every one, I adopted the universal pleasing policy... afterwards I adopted an exclusive one. Neither answered. Now, in my mature days... the veal of my moral and material nature having slowly reddened, and fibred, and hardened into beef... I invariably start in to please myself. And the result is it works to a charm... and I have that happiness and pleasure of mind which passeth all understanding.

If it did not pass the understanding of most people, it wouldn't be worth much.

Perhaps I drop in at the back of the dress circle of a theatre. Some unmannerly, outlandish-looking cub, whom I know only by sight, begins to criticise my manner of speech, my manner of dress, or my manner of punctuation... ending up by calling me by my surname, while he asks me for the loan of my opera glass... alluding to the glass as "them."

The chances are even, whether he gets "them" in his hand or over his head. He runs those chances, and, as I slowly deliberate in my mind which way to deliver "them glasses," he remains in blissful ignorance of what is going on.

Receiving "them" either way he couldn't complain much.

But, to cut a long digression short, I am very much provoked with Dickens for introducing his "Simon Wegg" into *Our Mutual Friend*. For it is a character I have long known and studied, and of which I intended one day to avail myself.

My chief comfort in the volume lies in "Miss Jennie Wren," who so often throws herself back in her chair with: "I know your tricks, and I know your manners."

Right here an explanation... it has been asked, or you would not have it.

I was asked the other day, why I wrote so much about myself... and what the secret was that every one seemed interested in it.

I do not write about myself. On the contrary, I always create a young man with whom I endeavor to identify myself. Taking all of my acquaintance, I throw them into one common mortar... I pulverize them together, and from the compound attempt to mould a lay figure that can be thrust forward upon the world as a "young man."

So far my successes have been greater than my failures. The lay figure has been accepted eight times in ten, and young men have come to me and said that they recognized themselves... and me... in it.

I never recognize myself in what I write, and hence I never feel self-convicted of egotism, or whatever you choose to call it. I simply see myself standing on one side, holding up a glass to my fellows... and it amuses me much to see the strange duck and dive occasionally, as one, looking to see my reflection in the glass, starts at recognizing his own.

When we are all a little older... when I have solved all the questions that perplex and trouble me... look to see a book that shall make a stir in both hemispheres... one which shall lay the human heart bare... in which a young man does not dodge an experience because it may have been his own, nor throw a veil over it because it has been that of his best friend or worst enemy.

Isn't it queer how Christmas gifts are distributed? We generally get either something we do not want or more of something of which we already have too much.

Christmas is very apt to bring the poor man's wife a baby and the rich one's a fur cape. The rich man's wife needs nothing to keep her warm, but would give all the furs that ever were tippeted to feel the warm clasp of tiny arms around her neck. The poor man's wife stumbles over a cradle in every corner, and would willingly trade off a small portion of the stock for a warm cloak or shawl.

Some Christmas day I expect to find a tan-yard or a church in my stocking.. .or an elephant at my door.

Giving is by no means guided, in the majority of cases, by taste. To my fancy the gilt should be valuable for its rarity, the beauty of the workmanship, or for anything else rather than the material of which it is composed. Ponderous gold chains and bracelets and such things are not graceful gifts, for one might as well offer so many broad twenties to a friend ... .and such an offer would of course be extremely painful to a sensitive heart.

I do not think I could survive the infliction.

A book, a bit of ribbon, or, "perchance, a simple flower" can interpret the language of affection better than diamonds and great red rubies and white staring jewels.

At least this was what I remarked on Christmas morning when I presented Sweetbrier with one of those fresh bunches of violets, which may be procured in the market three for two bits. And I was pained to see, by the rather vacant and wandering expression of her eye, that she didn't see it.

But, while I think of it... and oddly enough the thought is suggested at just this moment... I wish to thank my "sincere friend" Anonyma, for what she sent me. Bless her heart, kind words and wishes are sometimes better even than violets. But the legend inscribed in one corner of the scroll puzzled me. Before next Christmas comes round, Anonyma will perhaps explain.

What would "C——" like for New Years?

For New Year's is pounding away at the door, and I've half a mind to get up and let him in. But, to tell the truth, I'm getting tired of holidays. Stores are shut up, and every one feels under such a necessity of being comfortable and jolly, that they appear awkward and constrained. And I hate the prospect of calls. If born with a call, I scarce think it could have been a New Year's call; and, on the whole, I think I'll go over the Bay, and try and put in a good day's duck shooting on the coming holiday, wind and weather permitting.

INIGO.

JOHN TWISTER'S CALIFORNIA NUGGET.

I GENERALLY take up my hunting quarters at the White Hart at Bastock. Do not be alarmed; I am not going to bore you with a story of a run, or the praise of my horses (good as they are,) for I know what it is to listen to men who fancy their favorite sport is the only one that is worth following.

The White Hart stands at the lower end of Bastock, at the foot of a gentle rise, leading to the turnpike. In the front of the inn is a row of low posts and chains, upon which I usually sit when the weather is fine, and smoke my matutinal cigar. The main street forms itself into a letter Y, one branch leading to the quiet old church, and the other to the busy market-place.

I was at my accustomed place one glorious April morning, and, although mentally abusing the blessed sun for destroying all chance of a good scenting-day, I could not be insensible to the tranquillizing influence of the balmy air and cheerful light as it played about the roofs and projecting gables of the quiet homes of Bastock. So peaceful was the time that it was difficult to imagine that human passions ever disturbed the indwellers of the place, or that other than Peace and Goodwill were the inmates. I had not then heard the story of Peter Lackpenny, a miserly old hunks, upon whom I had wasted a large amount of sympathy as I had seen him shuffling about Bastock in a gown of gray duffel, patched and dirty enough for a scarecrow. Peter had passed his days in Bastock, and had fomented all the quarrels in that otherwise peaceful place—at least so it was said at the White Hart. He belonged to one of the professions—I will not say which, because it may be supposed I give way to popular prejudice; but it was neither physic nor divinity; and, though he professed to have made nothing by his amiable pursuit, it turned out he had saved nearly £5000, which, by great retributive justice, was ultimately the death of him. Many years ago Peter had a sister who had married unfortunately, so far as worldly prosperity was concerned; but her troubles were soon over, as she died three years after her marriage, leaving a boy and a tender-hearted husband behind her, the latter of whom, it was said, so pined after his wife that he died too, and the care of the child, Johnny Twister, devolved upon his maternal uncle, Peter Lackpenny; and precious care he took of his nephew! He sent him to school, it is true, because some learning was necessary to enable the boy to get his own living. He clothed him, but his costume was very much after that of the ancient Britons, exhibiting rather more flesh than broadcloth, and he fed him, it was supposed, because Johnny continued to exist.

True, there were many soft-hearted people who fancied that they saw hunger always written in the boy's face, and kindly gave him stray lumps of pudding and odd slices of bread and butter; and no one recollects the lad refusing either. The only thing of an educational character of which Peter seems to have been prodigal was that preparation from the tree of knowledge called the rod, and of that little Johnny was known to have considerably more than was thought to be good for him. Morning, noon, and night was he undergoing "discipline," as Peter called it; and yet, strange to say, Johnny Twister grew up the greatest liar and ne'er do-weel in Bastock. Peter had whipped all the original Adam out of him, and driven in an evil spirit, for not a week passed as the lad grew up but some small roguery or dishonorable action was proved against him. At last matters became so bad that Peter turned his nephew out of door, declaring that he was a disgrace to his family, and the sooner he starved or drowned himself the better for Johnny and the county. There were some people weak enough to think that Peter was wrong—that, as he had sown the harvest, he ought to reap it, although it were only a crop of thistles. Peter was not ass enough for that, however; but, foreseeing that Johnny only promised labor in vain, left him to the winds of heaven. Johnny hung about Bastock for some time during the summer, lolling against sunny walls, or sleeping under the shady sides of them all day, and disappearing no one knew where at nightfall. How he lived was partly a mystery, but he really seemed to be getting flesh, when it came to be whispered about that numerous pieces of cold bacon and other viands were disappearing nightly in a very supernatural manner from the larders of Bastock. By one consent the finger of suspicion was pointed at Johnny Twister; and an inhuman old grocer, who had lost half a sucking-pig, had the cruelty to tell him so. Poor Johnny took this information so much to heart that he left his native village the same night, and I believe it was generally understood at the time that nobody was anxious for his return. But he did return; and I saw him on the evening of the very April morning to which I have referred.

I was at my accustomed seat, when a low, rakish-looking fellow, mounted on an unmistakable screw, rode up to the White Hart. It was not the first hostel he had visited in his ride—that was evident as his bleared eye and disordered dress gave indications of potations pottle deep. If his appearance had not betrayed his condition, the tipsy voice with which he summoned my respected host, Markwell, would have sufficiently attested it.

"Hollo, Markwell, old fell-ow!" he bawled out, so that all Bastock might have heard him had they been so minded. "Markwell, old fell-ow, where are you?"

The summons was obeyed, and I saw instantly that mine host recognized his visitor with surprise and displeasure.

"What, don't you know me, old cock?" said the new-comer. "Ring the ostler's bell, and we'll have a glass of brandy-and-water, and I'll let you know who I am." He prepared to dismount.

"You had better keep where you are," said Markwell, to my utter astonishment, "for I know you well enough. You had better ride on, for you get nothing in my house, Mr. Tw'ster, or anywhere else in Bastock, if I'm not much mistaken."

The tipsy man's face became almost black with passion, and the oaths he uttered were of such tremendous import that I tr mbled to hear them, and I have heard some swearing in my time. It was clear that Markwell was not to be frightened, and Mr. Twister, having exhausted himself, drove his spurs into the poor brute which carried him, and rode off shouting and gesticulating like a demon.

"You have lost a pleasant customer," said I. "Who is he?"

"His name is John Twister, sir," replied Markwell, "the nephew of the old man whose mean appearance attracted your attention the last season you were here. The old man died a year ago last January.

Mine host told me as much of Peter Lackpenny's history as I have narrated to you, and then went on with the subsequent adventures of Mr. John Twister.

Some three or four years after the sudden disappearance from Bastock of that worthy young gentleman, the gold discoveries in California were made known to Europe, and the effect upon the enterprising population of England is remembered by every one. Old Lackpenny heard of this new Eldorado, and the conviction that age had deprived him of the power of profiting by those discoveries nearly drove him out of his wits. He would talk of nothing but nuggets, placers, and gold-dust, until he fairly cried at the golden visions which he was too old to realize. It seemed, however, that Fortune had resolved that he should share in her golden favors, and by means the least anticipated by any one in Bastock. One morning old Lackpenny was surprised at receiving a letter bearing the London postmark, and in the handwriting of his disreputable nephew, John Twister. Never was missive more ungraciously received. It was tossed contemptuously upon the table unopened, and was railed at as containing another beggar's petition to be read and thrown into the fire, and narrowly escaped that late without the preliminary perusal. A storm, however, kept Lackpenny within doors, and more from listlessness than curiosity he broke the envelope. The letter, which at first he scarcely read with attention, suddenly appeared to interest him greatly. His face became flushed, and his keen, gray eyes were extended and fixed intently upon the paper in his hand. And no wonder, for the statement contained was of gold; gold in such abundance that even Peter's covetousness had hardly extended beyond it. He could scarcely believe his eyes, but there was the fact vouched for by an extract from a California newspaper. And John Twister, his scapegrace, abandoned nephew, had become a rich man; and not only had forgiven Peter all the past, but invited him to London to share some way—John did not say how—in the good fortune which had befallen him. The letter said, and the cutting from the newspaper confirmed it, that four adventurers at Angels' diggings had discovered a monster nugget of gold, valued at five thousand pounds. The lucky finders had proceeded to England with their treasure, and John Twister's letter told to his delighted uncle of their safe arrival, and that he (Johnny) was one. He requested his uncle to hasten on the receipt of the letter to London, vaguely hinting that there was business to be done by which the old man might be advantaged. In a minute Peter was decided; he saw not the rain streaming down the window-panes, neither heard he the wind roaring in his smokeless chimney, but, taking from a secret drawer in an old bureau a large, rusty, leather pocketbook, and without which he never went far from home, he wrapped himself in a faded blue camlet cloak, which had seen many years' service, and made the best of his way to the railroad. The old cloak let in the rain through its timeworn seams, and Peter took his place in a third-class carriage, shivering with cold, but rendered quite insensible to it by the mental exercise of building a golden castle, the foundation of which was Johnny Twister's letter. Arrived in London, he found his *now* excellent nephew waiting to receive him; but, had that worthy young man not acknowledged the uncle, Peter would scarcely have recognized Johnny. The diggings, perhaps, had done their work, and left traces on the nephew's face quite as marked as a long course of dissipation would have done. Peter generously saw in them the records only of hard fare, patient toil, and anxious watchings; and for the first time for five-and-twenty years he folded his sister's son to his bosom. Our space will not allow us to linger over this touching reconcilation, but we will at once introduce Peter to the other fortunate adventurers of California. They were men of the same stamp as John Twister, but were dressed in the red shirts and long water-boots which they had worn at the diggings. Peter received a hearty welcome, enhanced by a plain but plentiful repast which was awaiting his arrival. Some capital whiskey punch having been brewed by Johnny, the conversation became free and friendly, and it required but little circumlocution on Johnny's part to obtain the consent of his partners to show their treasure to the uncle, of whom they had heard him speak so frequently when the world lay, as it were, between them. One of the men locked the door, and, taking a chair, placed his back against the keyhole. The others, with some difficulty, dragged from beneath the bed a battered portmanteau, which, being unlocked and unstrapped, was opened, and displayed to the gaze of the gold-adoring Peter the monster nugget in all its auriferous beauty. Peter clasped his hands in wonder, and then gently stroked the insensate metal as though it were sensible of his caress. He tried to lift it, but his strength was not equal to the task; and he had never believed, until that moment, that there was any quantity of gold he could not have carried.

And then he listened, with mouth agape, to the wondrous story of the finding of the monster nugget. How the four diggers had worked and worked, until they almost despaired, when Johnny hit upon this "reef of gold;" how they released it from its native soil, and wrapped it in an old sugar-bag, and placed it in a secret part of the hole; how they feared that their mighty treasure might tempt some of the unscrupulous diggers to murder them for their wealth; and how they had hidden it in a wheelbarrow, under empty tubs and straw litter, and then buried it beneath the rude table in their tent until the time came to convey their precious charge to San Francisco; how they kept watch over it, day and night, for four days and four nights, until, arrived at San Francisco, they could speak without reserve of their unparalleled success to the wonder of all. They showed him where they had filed away a portion of the lump to assay the value of the gold, and gave him to keep—yes, to keep without charge—the melted produce.

The nugget being carefully replaced and the punch finished, Peter's companions retired to their separate rooms, the honor of guarding the nugget being confided to Johnny, as the original finder. When uncle and nephew were alone, Johnny locked the door, as his companion had done previously, and, to make themselves secure from observation, stuffed the keyhole with paper. Peter was somewhat puzzled by these proceedings until he reflected upon the value of the charge confided to his nephew's safe keeping; that worthy young man had, however, his own reasons for the precautions he had taken. Carefully collecting the cinders and waste coal from the fender, he built up the decaying fire, and seemed as careful of the fuel as his miserly relation could have been. After a pause he said:

"Uncle, since I last saw you I have thought much upon my past and future life, and I have come to the conclusion that you have been always right and I always wrong."

"Glad to hear it, my dear child; very glad," said Peter.

"Yes; and so am I to say it. I have arrived at the conclusion that, preach as they will, the only real happy man is a rich one, and I am resolved to be rich," said Johnny, emphatically slapping his knee.

"Well, you are rich, though not very rich," observed Peter.

"But I will be, uncle; I will be ten times as rich before another year is over my head."

"Dear me! How? how? asked Peter. "I shouldn't mind a partnership if you could make it clear."

"That's it, that's why I sent for you in London," said Johnny, in a suppressed tone. "You saw *that*," pointing to the portmanteau under the bed. Peter nodded his head rapidly. "It is worth six thousand pounds, and I found it; had I been alone it would have been mine, all mine, uncle Peter!"

"What a pity you had them with you! what a pity we hadn't been together!" sighed Peter, casting up his eyes to the ceiling.

"That's past wishing for now," said Johnny, in the same subdued voice as before; "but, if we can't secure *all* the prize, we may have the lion's share yet."

"How? how?" eagerly asked Peter, drawing his chair closer to his nephew.

"When the nugget was examined in San Francisco," whispered Johnny, "it was thought to contain a third at least of quartz, which made it worth about three thousand pounds. We, however, caused its value to be stated at what you saw in the piece of California newspaper I sent you. Since we have been home I was intrusted to get it assayed, and I am assured, from calculations made by the gold-dealer, that if the nugget were melted it would prove to be nearly all gold, and worth between five and six thousand pounds. Now, uncle Peter, though I found the gold, I need not find the value for the benefit of others, the more especially as my partners are rogues enough to deceive any one they can for their advantage; so much so that, believing the San Francisco value to be the true one, they would consent that you should believe it to be worth the greater sum."

"Me! Why me?" exclaimed Peter.

"Hush!" said the nephew, "speak low. Because they believe, from what I have said at odd times, that you might become the purchaser."

"Me! What do you mean? I've no money. Can scarce keep body and soul together."

"Uncle," said Johnny, rather sternly, "let the time be past for humbug between us. Let us speak as men who, having a common interest, have at least common confidence in each other. I know you have money at your command, and I have the means [Joheny pointed to the old portmanteau] to double the sum you may venture. That gold yonder is worth six thousand pounds: by purchasing it for £3,500 my greedy partners will believe they have done you, when, in reality, we shall be the gainers of two thousand ponnds at least."

Peter was startled at the boldness of this proposition, and for some time could not bring his mind to contemplate such an ebormous iuvestment. The worthy pair sat late into the night, however, and before they sought to sleep they had arranged a plan to accomplish their projected villainy.

We have no desire to record the lies and shifts employed to effect the bargain, but sure enough Peter Lackpenuy and the monster nuggct arrived together at Bastock on the morning of New Year's Eve, 185–. The treasure was concealed in a large packing-case, marked "Ironmongery," and the railway officials marvelled at the recklessness of Peter in travelling with such an additional weight of luggage. Nor were the good people of Bastock less surprised when they saw John Twister and his uncle walking down the street apparently the best friends in the world. Nor was their wonder lessened when, late in the evening, a bright light was seen shining through the window of Peter Lackpenny, and a cheerful volume of smoke wreathing from his chimney. There was a chorus of voices—strange voices, too—chanting the burden of some wild drinking-song, followed by roars of boisterous laughter that shook the old walls of Peter's dwelling, and mingled strangely with the church bells ringing in the advent of New Year's Day. Just before midnight a four-wheeled chaise was brought to the door, and Peter and his noisy visitors came out into the street. Their parting was as boisterous as their carouse, and ended at last in their forcing old Peter into the chaise to pay the toll of the turnpike-gate which stood at the end of the village.

In vain did Peter Lackpenny protest, and as vainly did he invoke the intercession of his nephew, who only laughed at him, and said the ride would do him good.

John Twister was the *last to leave the house* and mount the carriage.

Their shouts and laughter were still audible in the distance when a lurid light streamed from the half-closed door of Peter's house, followed by clouds of dense smoke that climbed up the wall and hung about the roof as though loth to depart. A crackling of wood, and more light and smoke, and the truth became evident. Peter's house was on fire. The old man returning from his compulsory ride was almost the first to discover his misfortune, and the few neighbors who had assembled to render assistance were terrified by his shricks and frantic appearance. His first impulse was to rush into the burning house, but the smoke and flame drove him back, and then kindly hands restrained him. After awhile he became calmer, and a ghastly smile stole into his face as he clapped his hands and cried, "Ah, that cannot burn! that cannot burn!" The neighbors thought him mad, and the more so when he strove to prevent their attempts to extinguish the fire.

"None enter here!" he cried. "Let it burn to the ground! I am master here, and will have my way. Let it burn!—let it burn!"

There was something terrible in the sight of the spare form of the old man attired in his long duffel gown, his arms cast into the air and his long white locks tinted by the lurid glare of the flames. The roof had fallen in some time; but from the centre of the dwelling there rose up at intervals long tongues of fire and columns of dark smoke that puzzled the bystanders.

It was daylight before the fire had exhausted itself, and Peter's home lay before him a mass of smoking rubbish. Yet the old man kept up his unceasing march backwards and forwards, and so continued throughout New Year's Day, rejecting the food his neighbors offered him, and only quenching his thirst with deep draughts of water. Every now and then, as the night advanced, he tried the heat of the embers, and at length, when the moon had risen, and all had left him to keep his strange watch as he pleased, he took a mattock from a shed which had escaped the fire, and began to rake aside the ashes which covered the spot whence the tongues of flame and the black smoke had issued so continuously. He continued this labor long after the villagers were asleep; and then many were awakened by shrieks and moans, made terrible by the stillness of the night. Some rose from their beds, and looked forth to learn the meaning of those cries; whilst others, more courageous or more compassionate, suspecting the truth, went forth and sought the wreck of Peter's home. There they found the wretched creature on his knees—now beating the ashes with his hands, now clutching his scanty locks, and shrieking or moaning by turns. On the spot he had cleared some molten metal glittered in the moonlight. It was not the gold Peter had purchased with the scrapings and plunderings of his life, but lead—worthless lead, which his treacherous nephew and his confederates had moulded and plated to resemble the precious lump found at Angels. The biter had been bitten. The wicked sower had gathered his harvest of hemlock, and the poison would destroy him. Yes; a year—only a year—he mourned his departed gold, and then he died.

No wonder mine host of the White Hart declined the custom of Johnny Twister.

TURKISH WOMEN.

THE Turkish women have now willingly adopted European amusements and fashions. Operas and balls please them far better than the solitary life to which they were formerly condemned. In Europe, however, there are also serious employments for the female sex, which render the wife the husband's assistant. The Oriental will not listen to anything of this sort, and believes she has fulfilled her duty when she annually presents society with a child, which she does not suckle herself. If a yonng Greek, Armenian or Levantine girl is educated in a convent, she learns to read and write a little; if she remains at home, she learns to speak French from her European governess. She gets on fastest in those things in which she receives no instruction, and will look out of the window for half the day, or practice positions before the mirror. The mother dreams away three-fourths of her time on the sofa, and leaves her children, who are always numerous, to the care of the servants. The lesson she incessantly repeats to her daughter is to look out for a husband. As there are far more girls than young men, the latter are treated by the ladies with that attention which, in Europe, falls to the share of the fairer sex. The richest toilette, the most provocative desire to please are employed, and even scandal is not shunned, if it compromise a man; the end justifies the means. Love-letters, rendezvous, secret betrothals, in case of need even an elopement, followed by the paternal blessing—all is permitted, but no *mesalliance*. In this land, where there is no nobility—no aristocracy of the mind or of wealth—a Castilian arrogance prevails. Everybody is vain of his personal appearance, so that a cloth-dealer would never give his daughter to a tailor, or a carpenter marry a shoemaker's daughter.

When the daughter has visited the theatres long enough, and shown herself sufficiently at the promenades, followed, at some distance, by her mother, and her object of marrying has been gained, she asks for a rich equipment, not in clothes and linen, but in silk dresses, jewelry, and above all, diamonds. No maid-servant will marry a shoeblack unless he lays, at least, a diamond breastpin on the altar of love. The most necessary things are neglected, but there is a lavish display of superfluities. When married, the young lady rises at a late hour, spends a good part of the day on the sofa, drinks many cups of tea, receives visits from time to time, forgets the little she has learned, does not write, read or work, and leaves all the household duties to her numerous servants, all monetary cares to her husband. The latter goes at daybreak to Galata, spends his day in the office, at Kaviar Khan, or on Change, and goes home at night. In winter, the couple, whether rich or not, visit the theatre, where they have a box, or at least a fourth of a box. On Sunday morning, church and a walk offer an excuse for displaying the richest toilette. The embassy balls, which unite all the fractions of society, are naturally attended. So soon as the first beams of May sun burst forth, everybody flies and settles down either on the quay of Therapia or at Blyuk-de-reh, and Yeni-Keni, on the shores of the Bosphorus, on the Gulf of Kani-Ki, or under the shady groves of the islands of Kalki and Prinkipo. The town house is entrusted to a poor family, who, in this way, get free lodgings, and a wooden house is hired for six months, generally at a very high price, in which the lady shuts herself up for the whole day. She dreams till evening on her eternal sofa, and then goes out in a dazzling toilette, to refresh herself in a coffee-house on the beach. As regards the husband, he goes every morning, in all weathers, in a kaik or steamer, to Galata. The trip takes two hours, and is either dangerous or uncomfortable. In a kaik you are exposed to the danger of being upset by every puff of wind! on the steamer, three to four hundred persons are packed together in the cabins, on deck, and on the paddle-boxes. At night, the husband returns home tired and hungry. Thus people live in summer on the Bosphorus, expensively and uncomfortably. Where the money comes from is an insoluble enigma with many families.

ARK-ÆOLOGICAL REMARKS.—While Noah was in the ark for forty days and nights it was quite dark, and Mrs. Noah and the rest of them not being able to comb their hair, presented an unusual object in the head-gear line, and she and the rest of the women were continually run by the rest of the crew. Mrs. Noah's unfailing reply was, "Wait till the water falls," and as such the style was known. When the ark struck ground she put her head out of the door (and such a head!) and exclaimed at the top of her voice: "Is this Are-a-rat?" And the impression was, and is to this day, that it was very much like it.

FACES ON A BATTLE-FIELD.

THE celebrated report of Dr. Chena on the mortality caused by war, contains some interesting information concerning the appearances presented by some who die a violent death on the field of battle. One surgeon says that, wandering over the battle-field of the Alma, on the third day after the fight, he observed with astonishment a number of Russian corpses whose attitude and expression of countenance were precisely those of life. Some did certainly present an aspect which showed that they had suffered severely just previous to dissolution, but these were few in number compared with those who wore a calm and resigned expression, as though they had passed away in the act of prayer. Others had a smile on their faces, and looked as if they were in the act of speaking; one in particular attracted his special attention: he was lying partly on his side, his knees were bent under him, his hands were clasped together and pointing upward, his head was thrown back, and he was apparently still praying—evidently he was in the act of doing so at the moment when death laid his hand upon him. Another medical man relates that after the battle of Inkermann, the faces of many of the dead still wore a smile; while others had a threatening expression. Some lay stretched on their backs as if friendly hands had prepared them for burial. Some were still resting on one knee, their hands grasping their muskets. In some instances, the cartridge remained between the teeth, or the musket was held in one hand, and the other was uplifted as though to ward off a blow, or appealing to Heaven. The faces of all were pale, as though cut in marble. As the wind swept across the battle-field it waved the hair, and gave the bodies such an appearance of life, that a spectator could hardly help thinking they were about to rise to continue the fight.

Another surgeon, describing the appearance of the corpses on the field of Magenta, says that they furnish indubitable proof that man may cease to exist without suffering the least pain. Those struck on the head generally lay with their faces on the ground, their limbs retaining the position they were in at the instant they were struck, and most of these still held their rifles; showing that when a ball entered the brain it causes such a contraction of the muscles that there is not time for the hand to loose its hold of the weapon before death. Another peculiarity observed in the case of those who were wounded in the brain, was, the suddenness with which they died even when suspected to be out of danger. During the battle of Solferino, a rifleman was wounded in the head by a ball which passed through the skull and buried itself in the brain. His wound was dressed, and he was stretched on straw, with his head resting on his knapsack, like his wounded comrades. He retained the full use of his faculties, and chatted about his wound, almost with indifference, as he filled his pipe and lay smoking it. Nevertheless, before he had finished it, death came upon him, and he was found in the same attitude, with his pipe still between his lips. He had never uttered a cry, or given any sign that he was suffering pain.

In cases where the ball had entered the heart, nearly the same appearances were presented as in the cases of those who had been struck in the brain; death was what we term instantaneous, but it was not quite so swift as in the former case; there was generally time for a movement in the act of dying. There was a Zouave who had been struck full in the breast; he was lying on his rifle, the bayonet was fixed, and pointing in such a way as showed that he was in the act of charging when struck. His head was uplifted, and his countenance still bore a threatening appearance, as if he had merely stumbled and fallen, and were in the act of rising again. Close by him lay an Austrian foot soldier, with clasped hands and upturned eyes, who had died in the act of praying. Another foot soldier had fallen dead as he was in the act of fighting; his fists were closed, one arm was in the act of warding off a blow, and the other was drawn back in the act of striking.

On another battle field several French soldiers lay in a line, with their bayonets pointing in the direction of the foe they were advancing against, when a storm of grape mowed them down. On the left bank of the river Tessin, several Austrian officers lay dead. Some of them were remarkable for the noble expression of their faces, the extreme neatness of their dress, and the cleanliness of their persons. Most of them had fair hair, and their countenances bore the stamp of calm resignation. The best opportunity of seeing the aspect of the masses who died on the field, was when they lay stretched beside the trenches which were destined to be their final resting-place. So far were their faces from presenting the livid appearance and the expression of despair which painters are in the habit of producing in pictures of battle-fields, that a spectator could hardly help calling to the burying parties to wait a little before covering them up; they were so like life.

THE editor of the Paris *Figaro* has lately met on the field of honor a Spanish gentleman, to whom the journalist's pleasantries about the Queen of Spain had proven offensive. This is a terrible state of things, when subjects have to take up their sovereign's newspaper quarrels, and the poor journalists have to give point to their jokes with the rapier.

THE MYSTERIOUS FACE.

I AM an old-fashioned old-boy, and when I was a child, I was an old-fashioned young boy; so of what fashion I really am, it is hard to conjectnre. I have tried to read Mr. Thackeray's works, but I do not think I quite understand them, not being literary, and feeling puzzled by satirical remarks, especially when I know beforehand that the author is a wit, and that I ought, therefore, to find a hidden meaning in every line; yet from what I have been able to make ont, I should say that I was a *fogy*. I do not belong to any club, though my means are comfortable; I live in London, and have often been asked whether I should like to join the Polynices or Artaxerxes. Well, I *should* like; and yet, you see, I could never exactly make up my mind, because I never have belonged to a club. No; there is a tavern I frequent, where the cook is most excellent, and where I dine daily at the same minute, in the same corner. *Once* that corner was usurped; I tried to dine at another table, in vain! I was unwell the next day, and had to take medicine; but the waiter, Charles, has been very careful ever since; and I believe, that, rather than allow me to be subjected again to similar inconvenience, the proprietor would feed a succession of beggars, *gratis*, in that place for the entire afternoon, to keep it for me, just as noblemen with younger sons at college, present octogenarians to their livings. Why must I dine in that particular corner? Because I have always done so. That unintelligible remark about noblemen's sons and livings is not mine, but my nephew Tom's; Tom, whom I have employed to write ont this account, from my dictation, insists on putting in his remarks, will "touch up" my narrative, as he calls it, and I do not quite like it; no more do I like his slapping me so hard on the back, and rubbing down the calves of my trousers when I have been standing for some time with my back to a large fire; and I do not know why I should let him and everybody play upon me, but I always have. There is also a cigar divan to which I go every morning at ten o'clock, and read the newspaper till half-past twelve, smoking during that time two cigars. One paper always lasts me the whole time, as I peruse every column; and yet, somehow, if any one in the course of the afternoon, asks me about the news, I find it has all slipped out of my head. No, Tom, I am not asleep all the time; if I were, my cigar would go out, which it does not—often. I remember my childhood; we always had roast beef and Yorkshire puddings on Saturdays, cold meat and fruit pie on Sundays. I can also call to my mind my boyhood and school-days, for never have I in after-life been able to discover such taffy as that sold at the dame's round the corner, or such open tarts as appertained to the pastry cook's higher up the street.

I was about eighteen when I first discovered that earth possessed a charm, not indeed equal to eating and drinking, but only secondary to those pleasures: the name of *woman* began to stir my heart; I indulged in reveries and poetical fancies; and often in the midst of the joys of some unusually piquant dish, have I thought how sweet it would be to see a fair form gracing the opposite seat, enhancing the flavor by her sympathy, and, when there was enough for both, participation.

When in the presence of ladies, however, I was bashful, embarrassed, awkward; I trod on their dresses, spilt scalding coffee down their backs, pulled all their music off the piano, split their fans, dropped and broke their smelling-bottles, and made myself generally disagreeable; so that I retired early from the field, and made up my mind to die an old bachelor. Still, I could not stifle a yearning towards beauty, which, after a while, took the settled form of a fancy for painting and sculpture; at least as far as those arts took the female face and form for their study. I never bought, but I pottered about sales and exhibitions, and spent hours daily in staring in at shop-windows, and turning over second-hand prints. The society of woman's pictures is certainly not so thrilling as direct communication with the real article; but then it is more comfortable—the bewitching smile in a painting never turns to a frown; the expression of the features fades not into a bored apathy immediately you are left alone with it. You have not got to tickle its vanity—you feel no jealousy when others gaze on it; on the contrary, the admiration of friends enhances your pleasure; and if you are poetically gifted, what charming scenes, tender and domestic—O, how far above reality?—may the imagination conjure up. Even I, who hate poetry—that is, I can't read it, can't make out what the writer is driving at—even I can fancy all sorts of things, and encounter all sorts of adventures while gazing at a good picture of a beautiful woman. I never came to understand anything about the art as an art, and it was some time before I picked up the picture-slang. For instance, one day a friend came up to me at a sale, and interrupted my musings over a painting by whispering:

"Are you thinking of bidding? Be warned, my dear fellow, and do not go high—quite a fake in; not a Titian! by no means a Titian!"

"Perhaps not," I replied, "but very pretty; I doubt whether Titian hereelf had a better leg and ankle." Of course I came to know better than that, but still I am not yet a first-rate amateur.

It was when I was about thirty that I was very much struck one May-day by a face in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. It was that of a full sized Judith, who was standing in a striking, if not strictly feminine attitude, with a bloody sword in one hand, a dripping head in the other, and her eyes turned up to heaven. That face fascinated me; I waited patiently till a seat opposite the picture was vacant, and then plumped myself down, and, heedless of the connoisseurs, country-cousins, and flirting couples, who trod on my toes, and hustled me on every side, there I sat and gazed my——(No, Tom, that is not so elegant; scratch it out)—gazed to satiety (that is better.)

I was fascinated. Day after day did I return to feast my eyes upon that picture; and the R. A. was making quite a nice little competency out of me in shillings, when I began to find myself lying awake at night, thinking of those upturned eyes, and, horrible symptom, my appetite showed signs of feebleness. Having no fancy to become a second Pig, Pig (What's his name, Tom?) Pigmealy'un, I left off my visits to Trafalgar-Square; and as Ovid tells us the best remedy for love is to multiply the objects of our admiration—proving thereby that Hahnemann was not the first homœopathist—I patronized the exhibition in Pall Mall, determined to find a rival for Judith.

In the first room there was nothing particular to arrest my attention; but the moment I entered the second, I was struck all of a heap by a Siren. No! yes! it was! The attitude was different, the expression was different, the dress was very different—indeed, the present lady only wore her hair, which was fortunately very long and plentiful, but still there was the identical nose, the very charming chin, the same bewitching mouth. It was a fate, then; for how could two artists have struck out the same idea by chance? I left the room confused, bewildered; and the waiter at Bob's that day looked astonished when I told him I was ready for the Siren; nor was his surprise mitigated when I ordered a pint of Judith. I now no longer attempted to resist my destiny, but gave myself up to rapt seraphic contemplation of the Ideal, (Ah, cabbage! Uncle has one of Bulwer Lytton's books in his hand. —Tom) visiting one or other of the exhibitions every day until they closed, and then I felt a void in my existence I had never known before. I grew melancholy and dyspeptic, and consulted a medical man, who prescribed complete change of scene; to obtain which I made up my mind to quit my native land, and take up my residence for a fortnight at Boulogne. I pass over the horrors, the perils, the miseries of the voyage, which lasted upwards of two fearful hours, and proceed to chronicle my extreme good fortune in discovering a boarding-house where the hostess was English, the guests English and Irish, the servants English, and O! the cookery English.

Here I took up my abode, and sought once more the distractions of society—that is, I played Pope Joan with the old ladies for counters at a penny the dozen; I walked on the pier, and saw the people bathing, and the packets come in; and I subscribed to the *Etablissement des Bains*, and sat in a corner on the ball-nights.

Plunged in the vortex of dissipation, the face which had so long haunted me began to fade from my remembrance, when one day, the third after my arrival, as I stood on the pier and watched the debarkation from the London packet, I saw a lady advancing alone along the plank leading from the vessel to the shore. Her veil was down, yet I could distinguish the outline of her features, and my heart throbbed with emotion. With a stately step she pursued her way to the custom-house door, and then, ere she entered, turned, and to see more clearly where her luggage was being carried to, raised the envious veil. It was she! the Judith! the Siren! the ideal of two artists and mine. I put the burning end of my cigar to the back of my hand to see whether I was awake or not, and an instantaneous blister proved the fact indisputably. Who shall describe my bewilderment? I felt like the ballet dancer in a ballet when the principal she-dancer bursts at unexpected moments out of cup-boards, linen-presses, laurel-bushes, flower-beds, and tombstones. Was it angelic? Was it diabolic? Was it coincidence?

I went home with an oppressive presentiment that something was going to happen to somebody somewhere, and mused till dinner.

We sat at meals in the order of our arrival, and got promotion when those above departed; and as I had hitherto been the last, I was surprised to see a clean napkin laid next to mine below me. We did not have clean napkins daily, but folded up our dirty ones, and stuck them through a ring with a number on it, which we invariably forgot; so the clean napkin attracted attention, and Mrs. Jones, the hostess, explained that we were to have an addition to our circle, a Mrs. Plantagenet, widow. My heart gave a bound in my bosom—what if it should be she! Pooh, nonsense; it was probably some dumpy old woman with a red nose, who took snuff, and next to whom it would be very unpleasant to sit. Be she whom she might, the stranger was late; the soup, the fish passed away, the *entremets* were handed around before the door opened, and—it was SHE! I thought I should have swooned, collapsed, died of apoplexy, of rush of blood to the heart, and believe that some or all of these calamities would have happened to me, had not a heaven-directed mouthful of oyster-pate gone down the wrong way.

"Have a glass of water?" said she in the most natural way in the world, as if we had known each other for months.

Could she have seen pictures of *me?* Was I her ideal, as she was mine?

"Anything going on here?" she asked, when I had somewhat recovered. "What's at the theatre?"

I replied that I had not been there, not understanding the language.

"O, you must learn it," she said; "it is soon done if you are plucky enough to talk, and don't mind being laughed at when you make mistakes."

"There is the Etablissement, where they dance."

"That is all right. I adore dancing: don't you?"

"Yes, a little: that is, I am rather clumsy at it."

"Oh, soon learn—practice in the evening, take lessons in the morning. Is the champagne good here?"

I hastened to order a bottle and offer her a glass. I had never got on so well with a lady before. I was like simple Simon (Query *Cymon?*—Tom) of antiquity, Love had polished me. When I sought my pillow that evening, two things astonished me: one was, the manner in which my destiny had taken my education in hand; the other that as a widow, she must have been some one else's destiny beforehand; but doubtless that was a forced match, an ill-assorted union. Bashful and unenterprising as I naturally was with the fair sex, my present advantages might have been lost from the mere want of being followed up, had not a series of minor events—lacking individually the same startling and supernatural character which distinguished those employed to bring us together, but still bearing the stamp of destiny when considered as a whole—combined to draw Mrs. Plantagenet and myself into closer intimacy. Thus, the morning after her arrival, I was smoking my after-breakfast cigar in the paved court at the back of the house, when the Venetian shutters of a window on the ground floor were opened, and she appeared, clad in a delightful fresh morning dress. She started, smiled, and bowed. I apologised for the cigar. It was the scent of all others I most preferred, which emboldened me to remain near the window. What a beautiful day it was! how she would enjoy a walk if she only had a companion. I offered to attend her; she demurred a little, and saw no harm—we were not known. In a quarter of an hour we were quite familiar. Had I a dancing-master yet? No! She herself would teach me a few steps. In two hours we were walking arm-in arm up to the Napoleon column; in two days we were dancing together at the Etablissement; in a week we called each other Leonara and Edward; in ten days, I was an engaged man.

In consequence, as she informed me, of a distressing lawsuit at the time pending, it was not convenient for Leonora to return to England just then; and as I had certain affairs to arrange, and certain relations (a word rhyming with expectations) whose advice it was desirable to ask, and, so far as it coincided with my own views, follow, it was decided that I should cross the Channel, settle everything, and return to Bliss; while Bliss remained at the boarding-house at Boulogne and occupied herself in looking out for comfortable lodgings in the upper town. It certainly saves a good deal of trouble to marry a widow.

By Leonora's advice I went straight from Boulogne to London, for though the voyage that way is of longer duration, you can go to bed and sleep all the time, or, at least, you can try to do so; so I took a berth on board the *Stumakpoomp*, and, in order to secure it, undressed and turned in before the vessel left the quay. The experiment was to some extent successful, for though the motion caused me to feel giddy, bewildered, and helpless, I was spared that horrible sensation of approaching dissolution, accompanied with tickling in the sides, which I had before experienced, whenever the packet shot rapidly down the side of some unusually big wave, and indeed, escaped all the worst symptoms of the malady.

After I had laid quiescent on my back for about three hours, two gentlemen came into the cabin, whom, from their long hair, beards, and general cut, I conjectured to be artists.

"Well, Jack, as it is raining cats and dogs on deck, and the saloon is full of temporary invalids drinking brandy-and-water, I suppose this is about the cosiest nook in the whole ship. Upper or lower?"

"You have the longest legs. Lower."

"All right; here goes:" and the taller of the two swung himself up into the berth immediately opposite mine, the other rolling into that underneath him.

"Jack!"

"Yes!"

"Can one smoke?"

"No!"

"What a bore!" And they plunged into general talk. They discussed politics, cookery, operas, preachers, everything; but their principal conversation was of paintings and painters; to all of which I listened in a dreamy way, passively, not paying attention, when suddenly a word caught my ear which startled me like an electric shock—"Judith."

It was at the end of something said by the under man, and the upper directly answered :

"O yes, I remember now ; she sat also for Blowser's Siren, didn't she?"

"That's her. Pity she is so extravagant. Over head and ears in debt. Can't put her foot in England, they say. I saw her yesterday on the pier."

"Speak to her?"

"Not I ; she had the prize in tow ; it might have spoiled sport. Besides, she tipped me a little frown.

"Ah ! and you say he is well off?"

"Very, they say. He won't be long so, poor beggar !"

"And he is really going to marry her?"

"Safe."

"What a consummate ass ! It is rather a bore though ; perhaps he won't let her sit."

"Not while his money lasts, perhaps; but that can't be long, in her hands ; and then he cannot be a very particular sort of chap to marry her at all."

Only Dante could describe my feelings; suffice it that on arriving in London I made searching inquiries into the antecedents of Mrs. Plantagenet, the result of which was to determine me to break off the match.

It is pleasant to have a wife who is a model of virtue, sobriety, industry, good humor ; but not one who is a model "Venus rising from the sea."

An enlightened British jury, however, saw the matter from a different point of view, and when the action was brought against me, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £500.—*Chambers's Journal.*

(For the Californian.)

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

THE chiming bells at break of day
Joined in a merry Christmas lay ;
The hills in sympathy profound
Took up the same exultant sound.
I heard the prayer of priestly men,
The people's answering, deep amen ;
And these were upward borne along
Upon the wings of choral song.
From men whose forms, low bending, show
The gathering weight of winters' snow ;
From maidens in their early prime
Warbling like birds in Summer-time ;
Through the clear air from far and near
I heard the songs of Christmas cheer.
And blending in the morning air,
The songs of praise, the priestly prayer,
The chimes, the tones the hills prolong,
Seemed all to sing this Christmas song :

Forever and forever, all our days,
We'll never cease to loudly sing in praise,
That Christ was born and walked before men's gaze.

Our words are poor to tell our bursting hearts,
And the sweet peace that from us ne'er departs ;
Our heart-throbs sing the joy thy name imparts.

To poor, to rich—all were alike to thee—
To each thou leftst this richest legacy—
Pure hope, pure faith and purest charity.

Oh ! never unforgiving unto men,
No suppliant e'er was bid to ask again ;
Who touched thy garment, she was pardoned then.

Despised and rejected and alone,
Thy gentleness despised, rejected none :
Though sinless thou, thou didst not cast a stone.

Thou livest still, though centuries have fled;
In conscience slain, when self hath self misled,
Thy healing truth still lifts us from the dead.

Forever and forever, all our days,
We ne'er shall cease to sing aloud in praise
That Christ was born, and he doth live always.

Within the city's gates, through all her bounds,
All tones seemed bearing on this Christmas lay—
From cottage low, where most his truth was known,
From mansion high, where loudest it was sung.
And walking onward from the city's gates,
I caught the closing accents of a prayer.
"This offering of joy and praise for him,—
Fulness of joy and all we can of praise—
Who taught us love was better aye than hate,
Who put winged sandals on our conscience' feet,
That we might turn the course of our bad thoughts,
And catch them in the cup of penitence,
Ere they should crystallize to wicked deeds."

The air was sweet with incense of men's joy,
The human reaching up to the Divine. PHILIP.

THE OPERA.—Madame Bishop's brief opera season closes to-night with her benefit. An excellent and varied bill is announced, and, doubtless, a full house will grace the occasion. There are whisperings of a new opera season at the Americau, with Brambilla and others, but the event is yet in embryo.

THE Misses' Laemleiu's Concert, on Wednesday evening last, was a success, and the attendance was a merited compliment to the talents of the young ladies.

A VILLAGE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

IN an article with this suggestive title, *Harper's Magazine* indulges in a little mischievous pleasantry over the "Hub :"

BOSTON AND NEW YORK CONTRASTED.

Boston is a good place to have the conceit taken out of you, and just as good a one to have it made chronic ; want of sympathy does the one, cliqueism the other. Most people there are bookish, few genial ; men are esteemed as lions more than as brothers ; and women as brilliant rather than lovable. "What does he know?" is the query regarding each new social candidate. "How did you like ——'s speech?" asked one of the auditors of his youthful friend. "I was thinking how much better I could do it myself," was the characteristic reply. You can find more fluent and suggestive talkers in Boston in a day than you can in New York in a month ; but among the latter there is a ready hospitality for your spontaneous self, while the former meets each idea with critical comment or argumentative challenge ; the one may wake up your mind, but the other is far more likely to refresh your heart. Intellect is idolized in Boston ; fellowship enjoyed in New York. Book-stores are the casinos, clubs the mental gymnasiums, reading the recreation of the genuine modern Athenian. You see scores of pale girls carrying home books from the public library ; you hear perpetual criticism ; a *bon mot* is a social victory, a literary dinner the fashionable desideratum—all of which is charming in its way. It promotes mental alacrity, it keeps people out of mischief, it leads to culture and to fame—but when exclusive, leads also to hardihood, to egotism, and to the abeyance of fresh, broad, and earnest social sympathies. It is not all of life ; it does not embrace the soulful, the appreciative, the responsive, so vast and dear, that lies beyond the sphere of the academic and the grasp of the knowing faculty ; yet it is complacently regarded as a universal test and triumph. The Boston Review is named for the American continent—the Boston Magazine for the Atlantic Ocean ! Boston is an admirable place for a young man to go away from ; it is also an admirable place to which to return—for a visit ; provided that one knows how to improve his time and opportunities.

The denizen of New York in his Sunday walk in Fifth Avenue encounters such pleasurable greetings that he is assured the sight of him is a satisfaction on the mere ground of companionship, as a human being, not because he can gratify curiosity, exchange criticisms, or is a member of the Mutual Admiration Society ; the social feeling there is normal, and irrespective of intellectual or financial distinction. Let him promenade Beacon street between churches and the salutation will be curt or curious, rarely warmed by the zest of fellowship. "When did you come? How long are you going to stay? What are you about?" says the Bostonian to the occasional visitor. "How are you? I'm delighted to see you. Come in to dinner?" says the Gothamite.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

Then arose the transcendentalists, led off by Margaret Fuller : the origin, progress, and influence wherof are described in her Memoirs. With much eloquence, and no little insight, there was vast affectation in many of those philosophers : truly were some of them described as expositors of ideas, those of which that were *true* were not *new*, and those which were *new* were not *true*. Half the apparent originality was verbal. Aphoristic language covered imitative thought ; a cant of philosophy concealed familiar convictions. In a word, the shrewdness which the Yankee trader applied to barter, the Yankee thinker applied to literature ; there was no spontaneous overflow, but a studied ingenuity ; his intellectual work was a mosaic composed of gems garnered from a wide and often a little explored range of lore. "Orphic sayings" were often a quaint remoulding of "proverbial philosophy ;" and the "Dial" measured the lifethrobs of society with no more accurate index than the town-clock, only with a mysterious picturesqueness singularly winsome to a class of minds to which simplicity of diction and integrity of thought are less impressive than oracular vagueness. Some of these aspirants for a new philosophy hunted for ideas with the sagacity wherewith their less thoughtful brethren "poke about for pence ;" and they made the most of their capital by cunning phraseology—seeing, or professing to see, so deeply and so far, that merely sensible mortals were baffled, and sometimes gained over into descrying something "very like a whale" in every cloud at which their oracular guides significantly gazed. "Margaret, this is poetry," said a transcendentalist to his companion, as Fanny Ellsler gave a miraculous twirl to her extended leg. "No, Waldo," was the reply, "it is religion." "Do you understand this?" asked an auditor of a transcendental lecturer of the most sagacious lawyer in Massachusetts. "No," he answered, "but my daughters do." There, indeed, was the true field wherein these mystic seeds of desultory and fantastic thought flourished ; the young were bewitched with the "Ideal," with "a Mission" and "Affinities ;" enchanted by "the depth of their own nature," disgusted with the material and conventional ; "there is hope," they felt, "in extravagance, there is none in routine ;" self-reliance was more grand than receptivity.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE *Nation* says : "Club Life of London, with Anecdotes of the Clubs, Coffee-houses, and Taverns during the Seventeenth, Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries," is the title of a new book by that industrious compiler, John Timbs, whose works, under his own name and various well-sounding pseudonyms, as "Horace Welby," etc., would almost fill a small library. Mr. Timbs is one of the best workmen of his class, and in his books of "Curiosities" and "Anecdotes" usually brings forward some interesting matter from recondite sources. The taste for reproducing and dwelling upon the life of the past which characterizes a period when original creative power is in abeyance in a nation, has caused the growth of a mob of compilers whose performances are of the most wishy-washy kind. Since Thackeray brought the eighteenth century into fashion, the literary and social characteristics of that period are the famous themes of these gentry. Dr Johnson wished he might never again hear of the Punic War. We should heartily rejoice if Goldsmith's "bloom-colored coat" should be buried in the same oblivion. It is continually turning up, along with Sir Joshua Reynolds' ear-trumpet, Dr. Johnson's tea-drinkings, Miss Burney's bashfulness, Garrick's love of saving a penny, and other scraps of worn-out anecdotes, referred to with an easy air of familiarity by writers of the Sala and Thornbury type to show their intimate acquaintance with the arcana of the past. The social and literary history of England is a mine which could hardly be exhausted by any number of genuine workers, so copious are the materials at command for its illustration. These this class of authors in question have no knowledge of. Evelyn and Pepys, Boswell and Burney, Walpole and Wraxall, form about the beginning and end of their stock in trade. It is impossible to take up an English magazine without meeting with a rehash of this old matter, destined to form a book served up under some taking title.

THE following characteristic anecdotes of the late Lord Palmerston have never, we believe, appeared in print before : On one occasion, when a vote of censure was proposed in Parliament upon his ministry, a friend asked him what the Government intended to do. "Well," he said, "there are three distinct propositions before the House. We shall take a few words from the first, add a few from the second, and transpose a few from the third, and then we shall have a resolution of our own which will be as clear—as mud." Again, at the time that the Schleswig-Holstein imbroglio was just beginning to bore the world, in the autumn of 1863, an eminent English diplomatist went to call upon the Premier to ask for information on the subject. After hearing his request, Lord Palmerston thought a while, and then answered in his short, jerky manner : "Yes, quite right to come to me. Very difficult question that of Schleswig-Holstein, and there never were but two people who really understood it—myself and ——. But then you see the misfortune is, that —— is dead, and that I have forgotten it."

AT the Students' Congress, now holding its sessions at Liége, the following characteristic letter in reply to an invitation to attend was read :

BRUSSELS, October 23d.

Your honorable invitation reached me just as I was starting for Guernsey. I regret that I cannot be present at your noble and affecting meeting. Your Students' Congress is taking a generous initiative. You are moving on with the tendencies of the age. It is well. By the fraternity of the student you announce the fraternity of the nations ; you are realizing to-day what we are dreaming of for to-morrow. Who should be the advance guard but you, young people? The union of peoples, the great aim, though far remote, of thinkers and philosophers, is now visible in you. I applaud your work of concord and of peace among men, which is already made between our children. I love in youth its resemblance to the future. One gate is open before us. On that gate is written : "Peace, light, liberty." Be the first to pass through it. You are worthy of the honor. It is the triumphal arch of progress. Yours, from the bottom of my heart,

V. HUGO."

The reading of this letter was received with loud applause.

MACMILLAN has already sold 50,000 copies of his cheap (five-shilling) and handsome "Globe" edition of Shakspeare.

A PRIZE FOR THE PRETTIEST MAIDEN.—The strangest legacies imaginable are left in England. Some time ago a reverend gentleman left a legacy to the town of Holsworthy, in Devon county, of £2 10s. to the prettiest maid of that place. Recently, a notice was posted on the church door, requesting those who considered themselves eligible to give in their names. There were six candidates, and, from the length of time the churchwardens were occupied in making this award, it would appear that they had a difficult task. It is stipulated that the maiden must be of good character, and noted for her regular attendance at church. A young lady named Jane Treble was pronounced by these churchwarden judges of beauty to be the one entitled to the prize. It is a good thing that all the parties are strict attendants at church, or the other five might be a little jealous of the happy possessor of acknowledged beauty.

THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN.

"NO, sir, no letters, sir! Breakfast on the table, sir!" and with a wave of his napkin that reminded me of the flourish a conjurer gives to the handkerchief under cover of which he has balanced a bowl of fish on a thin stick, the waiter revealed to my eyes not only fish, but ham, eggs, and a coffee-pot as well. This sight was sufficiently satisfactory, but the announcement of no letters was a very decided nuisance, for I was neither more nor less than a prisoner; a miserable captive in the hands of the Welsh, and was waiting for my ransom. The fact was, that after a walking-tour of some weeks, I had arrived in Bangor the previous evening, with my knapsack well stocked with ferns—common, as I afterwards discovered, to all parts of the United Kingdom—with several specimens of the British butterfly (*Papilio vulgaris*), with a book full of water-color sketches not greatly worth looking at, and with no money worth speaking of at all; for, in the confident expectation of finding a remittance awaiting me here, I had allowed my balance of cash to sink so low, that even if I had lost it, the fall to actual penury would have been anything but a severe one.

Under these circumstances, a day's delay in the arrival of the money was annoying, but still—it was certain to come the next day; Bangor was a place of considerable interest, and here was a fine opportunity for thoroughly doing it. So, breakfast over, I set to work at once, and really when you do regularly set to work upon a thing, it's surprising how soon you get it done. When you fling yourself heartily into the business, it's finished in no time, at least Bangor was: done from one end to the other and back again. The Docks, the Cathedral, the Menai Bridge, and the Tubular—the Tubular Bridge, the Menai, the Cathedral, and the Docks. And what on earth was I to do next? Luncheon! of course. So I returned to the hotel, and lunched. It was early in the season; I was almost the only person staying in the hotel, and hence enjoyed a great part of the waiter's attention. I asked the waiter whether there were any objects of interest in the neighborhood. The waiter, taking this opportunity of clearing himself from any suspicion I might have had that he was a native of the principality, informed me that he was born in London, that his place had been a well-known theatrical house-of-call not far from Drury Lane—to this connection he doubtless owed a habit he had of occasionally illuminating his conversation with quotations from Shakspeare—that he had only come to Bangor at the end of last season, and proposed leaving it at the end of this; and then, in answer to my question, mentioned Slate Quarries.

As I felt certain that I should have to tip somebody if I visited these excavations, I told the waiter I did not care for slate quarries. The waiter proceeded to speak of a model village close at hand. There would be no getting away from a model village, of course, without paying for my footing; so I affected a complete indifference for model villages, and, I fear, led the waiter to conclude that I had two or three of them on my own property at home. The waiter next hinted at a museum, and mentioned, in glowing terms, a mummy and a sword fish as being chief among the curiosities therein contained. Supposing that there was nothing to pay, the museum might have done, so I asked if there was any entrance fee. The waiter replied that there was, whereupon I told him that I could not visit the museum, as, in my opinion, all such establishments ought to be free, in order that the lower classes might improve their minds with mummies and sword-fishes at no expense to themselves. The waiter said that the charge was very small. I replied that it was not the sum but the principle to which I objected.

How I got through the rest of the day, I scarcely know. I fancy in the evening I smoked myself into a catamnose-state upon the pier, in the company of an old sailor, who, under the impression, apparently, that I was in the marines, gave me an account of a mermaid which he had seen in latitude—it really does not matter what; the reader may allow himself what latitude he likes—and at the conclusion asked me to stand something. As I thought that I had already stood enough in listening to his story, I gave him a cigar, and returned to the hotel, and I remember resolving, before I went to bed, that sooner than stay in Bangor for another day, I would dispose of my sketches to the highest bidder, and let my butterflies go for what they would fetch.

"Two letters for you, sir," said the waiter, as I entered the coffee-room next morning. The money at last, surely. No! upon my honor! One from Kitty, with any amount of love in it, but, of course, no money; and this—who on earth is this from? Oh, Merton. Pleasant, by Jove! Another day here now. No help for it. For I need scarcely say that any notions I may have had of the money value of my sketches had vanished with the morning light. So, just to spite the evil fortune that kept me prisoner, I ordered the most extravagant breakfast I could possibly think of, and ate it with the somewhat consoling reflection, that I was superior to circumstances. When one is anxiously expecting a particular letter which still does not arrive, how its absence detracts from the pleasure which other letters would at another time afford! There were love and friendship ready to my hand, and I turned but cold glances upon both. I protest I value Kitty's affection above—far above nuggets. I esteem one glance of her eye superior to the sparkle of diamonds, and untold gold could not repay me for the loss of a smile of hers; and yet I confess that that morning I occasionally skipped a sentence or so in those eight pages of crossed love—don't misunderstand me; it was the writing only that was crossed—and it was with more than my usual pleasure that I received the assurance that she was my own affectionate Kitty.

Where love obtained so cold a welcome, it may be supposed that friendship came but poorly off. I opened Merton's letter savagely, and mentally criticised the audience as I read: "How are you getting on?" [What a senseless question!] "Done many sketches? Take care how carry them in your knapsack. Pack them always in the middle—*in medio*, etc.; you know the rest." [Don't believe he does.] "Knew a man once"— [By Jove! he's going to tell a story!] "carried them next his back—perspired freely—came to unpack them at the end of his journey—sketches all spoiled—stained with perspiration. 'Ha!' said I, 'you use body-color, I see'—riled him awfully." [Very poor joke, it seems to me.] "We miss you at the cricket-matches." [He generally does miss people at cricket-matches.] "Played the Biddlestone last week, and what do you think?" [Why, that you got a tremendous thrashing.] "They beat us in one innings." [Said so.] "Mr. Jenkins asked for you; told him that you had been all over Wales. 'All over weals!' said he, mistaking my meaning. 'Has any one been dropping on him, sir?' Too good a joke to spoil by an explanation." [Well, I can't see it.] "Left him in his error, and he was much concerned, but hopeful that change of air might remove all traces of your misfortune." [Very kind of Jenkins.] "Dined at Sir Nicholas's on Monday night—met Hawkins there and his niece—and what do you think?" [What do I think, again: idiotic phrase.] "Hawkins's niece has been through the Devil's Kitchen!"

This was such an astounding piece of news, that I dropped the letter. What on earth, or under earth, does he mean? "The Devil's Kitchen?" I pronounced the words so audibly that a very meek-looking clergyman, the only person besides myself in the room, who was about to seat himself at the table next mine, started violently, worked himself to the furthest corner of the room by a succession of shudders, and having ordered coffee, eggs, and a muffin, sat down and stared at me in a mournful manner over the top of the *Record*.

Been through the Devil's Kitchen! Hawkins's niece! I remembered the girl distinctly—tall, black-eyed, good-looking girl, but forward; and always struck me as remarkably forward. There was some story about her having run away from school with the dancing-master; knew for certain that she had been engaged five times in four years; greatly feared that she'd make some absurd match some day; indeed, should not have been much surprised to hear that she'd run—but, upon my life, gone through the —— I couldn't understand it; and I turned to the letter again, a course which, if I had only taken it before, would have rendered this injurious soliloquy unnecessary. The Devil's Kitchen, Merton informed me, was the name given to a chasm high up in the mountains which separates the Pass of Llanberris from the Pass of Nant Frangon; and through this chasm, according to Merton, whose authority, I suppose, was Hawkins's niece, it is possible for a clever mountaineer to make his way from one Pass to the other. He added that the Welsh called the place Twll Du. Here, then, was a way of passing a day, instead of sauntering it over in Bangor. I could only be about ten miles from the scene of action. I would walk there, get through the Kitchen and back again, and return to Bangor in time for dinner. I would start at once. It might, however, be advisable to procure some directions as to the locality a little more definite than Merton's.

"Waiter!"

"Sir."

"Where's the Devil's Kitchen?"

"Beg pardon, sir."

"Where is the Devil's Kitchen?"

"Well, really, sir—'pon my word, sir—might 'azard a conjecture, but—unmentionable to hears polite, sir."

The menial evidently thought I was joking; so I assumed a stern expression of countenance, and explained that, as I was given to understand, there was a chasm in the mountains not far from here, which was called the Devil's Kitchen; and that, as I wished to visit it, if he could give me no information about the place himself, he had better go below, and make inquiries.

"Certainly, sir," said the waiter. "Most unpleasant name, sir. Shakspeare says, 'What's in a'"—

"Will you go at once," said I, interrupting him, "and inquire the exact locality of the"—

"Devil's Kitchen, sir; yes sir," said the waiter, interrupting me in my turn, and going off promptly on his mission.

"Stay, though," I called out; "perhaps they might know it better by its Welsh name—the Welsh call it Twll-Du."

"Now, do they though, sir?" said the waiter, turning re fleetively. "Tool Jew! Well, I should very much like to know what led 'em to take that line; what they think they mean by that in the habstract."

As my face, however, showed no desire to speculate on the subject, he turned once more, and went hastily. He soon returned with full particulars. I was first of all to go to the Falls of the Ogwen, about ten miles from Bangor; and when there, instead of turning to the left, with the road along the bank of Llyn Ogwen, I was to take a footpath in front, and walk for half a mile till I came to Llyn Idwal. Then looking across the lake, I should see in the side of the mountain a black cleft. This was the Devil's Kitchen, or the Black Hole, as the guides called it. But perhaps I would like a guide.

Certainly not.

Would I not have a car to the Falls of the Ogwen?

No; I intended to walk.

At what time would I wish a car to meet me there in the evening?

At no time; I meant to walk back.

Perhaps I would excuse the waiter's remarking that hover fatigue was not calculated to—

"Fill that brandy flask."

"Yes, sir. Pale or brown?—Pale! certainly, sir."

Should I consider it a liberty in the waiter, just returned with the brandy, if he were to call to my recollection the case of the young Hoxford gentleman, who, overtook by a fog at the summit of an 'eaven-kissing 'ill, as Shakspeare says, lost his way and his footing, and was found at the precipice, with both his eyes egstracted by the birds, and his face cut into—

"Sandwiches."

"Certainly, sir. 'Am or beef?—'Am! yes, sir"

So I set off, victualled for my voyage, and happy to turn my back upon my place of captivity even for a few hours. It was a delightful morning, with a bright sun, a fresh wind, and flying clouds that might turn into rain or might not—that probably would be everything by turns, but nothing long. I was in good walking trim, and as I was without the knapsack that had hung at my back daily for the last month, till it had grown to seem one of the fardels of my walk through life, I felt lighter than human as I marched along. Away I went, leaving Bangor and my bill behind me; the town changed into the country—the luxuriant fields and hedgerows, trees and crops of grass, and gentle undulations. Gradually the undulations became less and less gentle, the road was forced to twist and turn, in order to take advantage of the ground, the grass became thinner, the trees stumpier. Far below me on one side dashed a noisy brook; far above me on the other some wild-looking sheep were feeding; then a bend in the road, the Pass opened fairly before me, mountains on the right hand and on the left, and at the end the semicircle of mountains in whose lap is Llyn Idwal, and somewhere in whose recesses is the Devil's Kitchen, gone through by Hawkins's niece. The road, a fine broad road, ascended terrace-like, gradually but surely, so that, after a time, I seemed to be walking about half-way between the top of the mountain and the foot. Voices of invisible children high above me on my left; bark of an invisible dog a long way below me on my right; a flock of sheep crossing the road at a full gallop, and taking the walls on either hand like Irish hunters; a temperance public house; a Welshwoman, with an enormously thick waist, and ankles to match; a shepherd, in apparently hopeless pursuit of the sheep; and, now, as I get near the head of the Pass, a sound of falling water, a slight curve of the road, and here are the Falls of Ogwen, and the road turning to the left along the shore of the lake. I leave the road, strike the footpath, and follow it as directed, till I come to a stop upon the shore of a gloomy black-waved mere, which looks with its savage surroundings, like a place "where no one comes or hath come since the making of the world." There it lies "among the tumbled fragments of the hills," the gaunt mountains with their heads muffled in clouds hemming it in, the whole scene an awful solitude, an intense silence. I stand half-appalled by the heaven abandoned look of everything about me: and as my eyes wander from one point of desolation to another, they perceive, high up in the mountain, on the further side of the lake, a black cleft. There it is, the Twll-Du of the Welsh, the Black Hole of the guides, the Devil's Kitchen of Hawkins's niece. Weather appropriate to the place set in at once. A melancholy wind passed moaning by, working the black water into waves; the mountains drew their clouds still further down, as if preparing for dirty weather; and the rain came on with a rush. There was nothing to be done but wait; so I sat down underneath a rock, put up my umbrella, lighted a pipe, and reflected that, although the owner of the Kitchen had to my mind an indisputable right to the surrounding property, yet the whole affair looked as if it had been for centuries in some infernal Court of Chancery, such a scene was it of wreck and ruin. There is something particularly weird and unearthly about Llyn Idwal. I can better fancy one of "the Table Round" looking after a dragon, or hunting up an enchanter upon the shores of Idwal, than anywhere else I know. The place has a strange look of unreality about it: the lake looks a legendary lake; and the mists upon the mountains seem like the mists of antiquity, which, having al-

lowed themselves to be rolled back for a moment, in order to give us a peep into the past, are again creeping gradually over the scene, and hiding it from our view. Turning for a moment to look the way I had come, I could see Carnedd Dafydd, rising at the head of Llyn Ogwen, with little dashes of sunshine like smiles here and there about him; and although he had one cloud upon his head, and another generally about his chest, yet he took the rough with the smooth like a man, and looked, on the whole, a good-humored well-to-do mountain; but Llyn Idwal's mountains hugged their clouds about them, refusing to be comforted; and even when the rain stopped, as it did after three-quarters of an hour's sharp practice, they only looked as if they had found that weeping brought no relief to them, and that theirs was an anguish too deep for tears.

However, the rain was over at last, and it was time for me to begin my work. The first thing to do was to get to the other side of the lake, and this I found, took some little time, inasmuch as the shore of the lake had a habit of running to marsh at every possible opportunity, which compelled the traveller to make much wider circuit than, uninfluenced by bog, he would have done; and as the circuit obliged him to take his way among the rocks at the base of the mountain, it struck me when at length I gained the opposite side, and was ready to begin my ascent, that Hawkins's niece must, for a lady, be a very fair walker. If walking round the lake takes some time, climbing up the mountain takes still longer. Great rocks lie tumbled everywhere around, and you have to clamber over them, or between them, as you can, hands and feet all at work—"Dear me!" I thought, "Hawkins's niece must be remarkably active"—and then you come to what is still worse, loose stones, that give way beneath your feet, troubling you far more than the large firm rocks did—"Hang it!" I muttered, "Hawkins's niece must have considerable powers of endurance"—then come the big rocks again, scattered about among the loose stones, and as you work along, the crags grow decidedly bigger, and the rubble seems to yield more, till at last you stand, hot and panting, at the mouth of the Devil's Kitchen. "Confound it! what excellent wind Hawkins's niece must have!" I gasped as I sat down for a few minutes, and stared into a narrow passage between two walls of rock, which go up more roughly, of course, but quite as perpendicularly, as the walls of a house for nearly one hundred yards. The passage is some five yards wide, has no roof but the sky, and as regards the floor is merely paved with—well, perhaps with good intentions, but intentious certainly unfulfilled, for heaps of great stones appear to have been shot into it, and there left. In fact the chasm is the bed of a torrent which must once have dashed with tremendous force through it, since rocks so huge that one would think nothing less than the Deluge could have stirred them, are piled up and jammed together in awful confusion. The river, however, which made this bed, disdains to lie in it in these degenerate days, and is at present represented by a comparatively small stream, whose voice, like that of many a noisy demagogue accustomed to thunder and bluster at Westminster, would attract no attention but for the place in which it speaks, and the extent of whose doing is to brawl along, irritibly splashing everything near it, but never moving a stone. As I sat for a short time to recover breath at the entrance of this cheerful place, I could not but confess that the name was very appropriate, particularly as close by me, in the very mouth of the Kitchen, lay a poor lost sheep, that could have fallen over the rocks but a few hours before, while high above his prey some large bird was making great circles in the air, as watchful as the Devil, and as silent as Death.

Leaving the hapless mutton to its fate, I resumed my work, and entered the Kitchen; and although the rocks inside the chasm were heaped together in more utter confusion than those on the side of the mountain, just as a stream when its waters have wider room, yet I met with nothing so difficult as to prevent a lady possessed of great activity and good ankles from surmounting it, till I had clambered on for about sixty yards, when I was brought to a sudden stand-still. The obstacle was a large flat rock inclined a little from you, extending entirely from one side of the chasm to the other, but not reaching to the ground—that is to say to the stones upon which you are standing—by at least five feet; so that you find yourself in front of a cavern, the top of which is formed by this rock like a very steep roof of a house. How ever did Hawkins's niece pass this? I thought. The roof looked impossible; so I put up my umbrella, and entered the cavern, through which the stream was rushing as if Diabolus had determined to clean his Kitchen in the same way that Hercules cleaned the Augean stable. Down came the water through the sides and through the top, knocking the umbrella almost out of my hand, stunning me with the roar, and driving me out in a very short time wet through, and under the impression that I had heard some one at the entrance of the Kitchen shouting and calling me by name.

Dismissing this uncomfortable idea at once, I next examined the rock, which looked as wet and slippery, and about as easy to climb up as would a roof of a church after a heavy shower.

"Well," I thought, "I'd give something to see Hawkins's niece get up that; it's impossible." So I dashed into the cave again, groped round it, examined it as well as I could for the water, and came out wetter, if possible, than ever, and more than ever convinced that Hawkins's niece never went that way, or that if she did, she must have had the assistance of the Genius Loci. This conviction left me but one conclusion—Hawkins's niece must have gone over the rock; and this conclusion left me but one course—I must go the same way that Hawkins's niece did. So fastening my umbrella to my button-hole, and muttering between my clenched teeth that if there was one woman I detested more than another, it was Hawkins's niece; and that if I broke my neck, my blood—or rather my fracture—would be on her head, I managed by means of my finger-nails and toes, to place myself in such a position against the right-hand wall as to be able to throw myself forward upon the wet rock, and hook my fingers in a crack in the stone. That done, I pulled my body up till I could hook on in a fresh place, and from that to another, till I grasped the top of the rock, and rose to my feet triumphant.

"Victoria!" I shouted as I turned to look back at the rock; "but is it possible that Hawkins's niece climbed over that?" A comparatively easy bit succeeded this, and I with singing cheered the way; but after clambering on for five minutes longer, as I merged from a partially subterranean passage, the song of triumph died upon my lips, and I cried: "What on earth did Hawkins's niece do now?" I was in a blind alley, a thorough *cul de sac*. The walls met and joined without becoming a jot less rigidly perpendicular; straight up, black and wet, they rose to the very top of the mountain; and over a huge rock which lay across the chasm, more than two hundred feet above me, the water streamed in a skeleton cataract. In fact, the Kitchen ended in an immense shower-bath. Impassable as this looked, I was determined not to miss any hole or passage by means of which Hawkins's niece might have overcome the difficulty, so, putting up my umbrella once more, I crept under the waterfall; but the rock, though slightly hollowed out by the water, was rock impenetrable; the bare wall drove me back; the stream battered my unhappy umbrella this way and that; and at last, feeling myself completely beaten, hating Hawkins's niece above all other women, with my boots and pockets filled with water, and with the pleasant prospect of having to get down that exeeedingly nasty place that I had got up, I turned, and then began my retreat. Foiled and dispirited as I was, I could but take notice of the awful beauty of the place in which I stood. The black precipices on three sides of me; the chasm bridged over by the rock no human hand had ever placed there; the strip of bright blue sky above, and the sunlight—like Divine mercy faithful to the end—sparkling on the stream, as it turned and flung itself into the everlasting gloom. Looking down through the mouth of the place, I could see the sun shining upon the grassy mountains far away, and on the rocky ones nearer at hand—all of them, however rugged, appearing tame compared with the Nature-in-ruins sort of den in which I was, where the sunbeams never penetrated, nor—nor Hawkins's niece either, for the matter of that.

"I don't believe a word of it," I cried out, as I picked my way back along this road of ruin. "Merton must have misunderstood her. She can't have got through here to the Pass of Llanberris; it's absurd. But if she did tell him so, why, either I've got into the wrong place—intending to get into the Kitchen, have by some mistake penetrated to the scullery or the coal-cellar; and it looks uncommonly like it—or else Hawkins's niece, finding herself in the Devil's Kitchen, thought she would try her hand at the cooking proper to the place, and so cooked her account. For does any reasonable creature, can any one not a lunatic believe that Hawkins's niece——"

But here I came to the nasty bit, to get down which required all my attention. However, the *descensus Averni* is proverbially *facilis*, and I was sufficiently reckless after my disappointment to prevent my "thinking too precisely on the event;" so that, in a short time, I found myself at the mouth of the cavern again, with no further accident than the breaking of two ribs—of my umbrella, and the fracture of my watch-glass. After that, as there was no Eurydice behind me to make my head turn round, nor any place precipitons enough to do that for me either, I was soon ontside the Devil's Kitchen. One draught from the Infernal river, the oblivious properties of which—supposing it to be owu brother to Lethe—I endeavored to counteract by a strong infusion of brandy, and I descended the mountain, passed the gloomy tarn, the very picture, in its blackness and silence, of a lake in Hades, and gained the high-road. But with regard to my walk back to Bangor, either the water I had drunk was Lethe-water after all, or perhaps I had overdone the counteractive, who knows?—at any rate, I recollect very little of it except that it seemed a terrible length, and that, when I came in sight of the hotel, I found the waiter standing on the steps with his napkin thrown over his left shoulder, after the fashion of Hamlet's cloak, and with all the look of a man mentally addressing a grave-digger.

—"Glad to see you back, sir," said he. "Almost thought you'd come to a huntimely end, sir. Dinner, sir? certainly, sir. Letter for you by the hafternoon mail, sir."

A letter for me! Here! Where is it?—Hurrah! The money at last. "Dear T.—I enclose you a ten pound note, which I hope will reach you safely. We are glad to hear that you have enjoyed your tour in"—[Ah, yes! etc.] "Agnes hopes that you have not forgotten her ferns, and that they will be of those kinds only to be found in mountain"—[Just so, I've got them.] A very sad thing"—[Here! what's this? Hallo]—"a very sad thing has happened here to a family we know well. You remember Mr. Hawkins's niece, a tall, good-looking girl, with black eyes? Well, we have just heard this morning—it really seems quite dreadful to write it—that she has run away with Sir Nicholas Hackles's man-cook, a Frenchman. If this be true——"

True! Of course, it's true. Run away with the French cook—Nick's French cook! There's the result of visiting the Devil's Kitchen!

AN IRON MINE.

A LADY, now travelling in Sweden, describes her visit to an iron mine in Stockholm: In the morning drove on a few miles further to Demora. The country has the same external appearance of all mining regions, tresselwork, machinery, ore and debris; but the openings into the mines, deep rents from the surface, are unlike any I have seen elsewhere. I shall only describe the one through which we descended, though there are many. We were lowered from an opening perhaps 100 feet across, in a bucket, slowly, 500 feet, in five minutes and ten seconds. Clinging to the walls of rock by iron hooks and pullies, were platforms, upon which men stood delving with pick and chisel into the ledge of ore. Buckets were see-sawing, lowering workmen and bringing up utensils unseen by agents. The click of the hammer came up from the depths below, accompanied by shrill signal cries, and now the reverbrated crash and roar of a blast, make us to feel that the very foundations of the earth are giving way. It seemed as we were dropping upon a race of Lilliputians, so like specks appeared the busy throng; but when brought to their level, found the workmen a sturdy set, with complexion, if half concealed by a coat of smut, as fair as that of the fairest damsel. They stood with astonished gaze, as miners always do, to see women in their midst.

The cold air, that made us draw our shawls closer as we deseended, was aeeounted for. We stood upon a pavement of ice, last year's deposit and of years before. Miniature glaciers clung to overshadowed creviees of rock. It seemed as if we stood in the midst of a ruin of a vast eathedral; above, the blue dome of heaven capped the seemingly narrow opening. The walls were chiselled so that they had the appearance of being vaulted. Vas pillars separated chamber from chamber; rents through these at various heights opening into other passages, were as windows. The sun's rays struck aslant upon isolated columns covered with drooping maidens' hair, fern and moss. We only looked into the dark chambers, which led in all directions, hundreds of feet—400 men are employed in the mines from 5 A.M. till 8 P.M., for 31 cents per day; 150 children, boys and girls, are kept at work breaking the ore into small fragments, for five cents per day each. The rock contains 70-100 ore. It is not smelted at the mines, but at Osterby and other forges near by. It is said that the excellenee of this iron over any other is owing to its being smelted with chareoal. Certain restrietions by law fetter the operations of miners. Only a certain quantity of ore is permitted to be taken out yearly. The amount of timber that may be cut is stated, and the export of unsmelted ore positively forbidden.

At Bautzen, in Saxony, on the 28th of October, justice was obliged to descend to a hideous hand-to-hand combat with a criminal about to be guillotined. The papers recount that he mounted the scaffold very tranquilly, but then commeneed a furious struggle with the executioners. Four men in vain attempted to subdue the efforts of the condemned, who was a person of slender frame and no great apparent strength. He bit and struck them, and repeatedly cried out, "Help! I am innocent! Save me! You are murderers! I want to speak to the director of the prison again!" At last one of the assistants caught the condemned by the hair, and, pulling his head violently back, rendered him helpless. He was bound to the plank, still protesting his innocence, and declaring that human justice was assassination. The fall of the knife put an end to the revolting scene, which could scarcely have impressed the spectators with the dignity and awfulness of justice.

Havard College is laboriously cataloguing the names and deeds of its students who fell and served in the war. The proper way to make a book for all this is for the various first-class colleges to combine and publish a joint book upon their contributions to the cause.

A critic says of Walt. Whitman's last that "it exhibits the effort of an essentially prosaic mind to lift itself by a prolonged muscular strain into poetry."

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

WHITE & BAUER, *News Dealers, No.* 413 *Washington street, are General Agents for* THE CALIFORNIAN *in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

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☞ *All letters relating to the Business, Editorial or other Departments of the paper should be addressed to the Publishers of* THE CALIFORNIAN, *No.* 532 *Merchant street, San Francisco.*

A. A. STICKNEY,
J. P. BOGARDUS, } *Publishers.*
WM. J. BINGHAM.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1865.

WITH the close of this year, FRANCIS BRET HARTE retires from THE CALIFORNIAN.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON.—The Christmas evergreens of last week are still fresh, and make a cheerful umbrage in drawing rooms and parlors; the shops and bazaars seem to be as closely thronged with customers as ever, and New Year's day will apparently lack nothing to make it as joyous as the holiday of the past week. The old year dies peacefully and resignedly, and but that his last moments are somewhat distracted by the blare of a peculiar kind of tin toy-trumpet—a diabolical instrument lately introduced among the youth of this city—he seems to make a Christian end.

PIANO SCHOOL AND NEW MUSIC HALL.—In connection with the Miel Institute at South Park, a piano school, on the European plan of instruction, will be commenced under the directorship of Mr. Gustave A. Scott, in the January term. The pupils will be taught in classes, which experience proves insures a more thorough training, and incites ambition and emulation. At the termination of the rainy season, a fine music hall will be erected adjoining the Institute, especially adapted for the instruction of classes, and for the giving of private subscription concerts by the pupils, somewhat similar to the Chickering Hall, Boston. It will also be used for private social gatherings, soirees, etc.

THE Sumner Guards' party realized what have been its sanguine expectations of three weeks. The ladies were beautiful, by nature and adornment, and the gentlemen—the military ones—were regular Cincinnati in their way; young doctors, lawyers, etc., deserting their professional plows and organizing themselves into an army to skirmish with "dull care," and put sorrow to ignominious flight. The "Sumner Guard March," composed by Dr. Wm. J. Younger, a high private of the Company, was played by a full band, and brought down the house. The hall was beautifully decorated, supper was good, and the whole affair has grouped itself among the pleasant memories of this festive week.

MAP OF THE STATE OF NEVADA.—We acknowledge the receipt, from the publisher, Warren Holt, 305 Montgomery street, of a fine map of this new State, just issued from the lithographic press of Grafton T. Brown, 543 Clay street. The map appears to have been compiled with great care, as, in addition to the usual features of State maps, the mining districts, trails, and even ranches, are distinctly located on it.

THE Miel Institute, South Park, is announced to re-open on the 2d of January, under the joint supervision of Miss Florence James and Professor Miel. The Professor will give attention to the French class. Miss James is a daughter of the late G. P. R. James, the novelist, and has been principal assistant at the Miel Institute for several terms back. This school, in the coming term, will introduce new features of instruction, which are noted in another paragraph.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT'S GRAND BALL.—It will be seen, by a notice in our advertising columns that this ball has been postponed for a couple of weeks, in order that the committee may perfect all the arrangements necessary to make this ball the most successful one ever produced in this State. "So mote it be," as Dow, Jr., used to say.

MISS LAMMOND'S California Collegiate Institute for young ladies, on Silver street, near Third, an educational institute of which we have had occasion heretofore to speak in high terms, will commence its next term on Wednesday, January 2d. It is a school of instruction worthy of public confidence and patronage.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—We acknowledge the receipt of the following works from A. Roman & Co: "Ambrose's Letters on the Rebellion," "Atkinson's Great Schools of England," "Our Mutual Friend," (complete.) Headley's "Gen. Sheridan," "Golden Hair," Headley's "Vice-Admiral Farragut." Notice next week.

TAILINGS.*

SECOND NOTICE.

BY "BRET," THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED REVIEWER.

IT is with considerable satisfaction that we again recur to this truly admirable collection of the poetry of our Golden State. It is a work eminently Californian—and having said that, what more need be said? Freed from the enfeebling restraints which an older and more cultivated civilization throws around its bards; following no blind precedent of grammatical, metrical or rhythmical construction, our poets in this volume may be truly said to have made "a law with themselves." We believe, with the Sacramento *Union*, that the natural advantages of California are provocative of the grandest poesy, and that the Sierras of our State as surely tend to the creation of poets as the Alps of Switzerland do the propogation of *cretins* and idiots. If the compiler of *Outcroppings* had, instead of following Eastern precedent, looked through nature and the interior press, he would have spared himself the just designation of a "pitiful ass," which the *Sunday Mercury*, with a singular precision of epithet, so truly applies to him. We may remark, incidentally, that the notices of the interior press and the few city papers which reflect the provincial tone, are, with but one exception, unanimous in these flattering notices. The *Sunday Mercury* says: "In looking over this work we cannot help reflecting the words of the Grecian poet, *Parturient montes nascitur non fit.* It is a magnificent monument of human labor and skill, as enduring as the pyramids of the Eternal City; its editor is unquestionably a genius, while the compiler of *Outcroppings* is a d—n fool!" The Gold Hill *News* characteristically but playfully remarks: "No hog-wash or purp-stuff here—the real Helicon, unmixed with slumgullion." The single exception to the tenor of these notices we find in the columns of the *Fiddletown Skirmisher:* "A degrading and dastardly attempt," says that journal, "to rob H. J. Sedilia, so long a contributor to our columns, of his just claims to immortality, has been made by the publishers of *Tailings.* Without him the work is bosh!"

As we turn to the pages of the *Tailings* we find the following gem, which may be justly considered superior to Tennyson's "Eagle:"

THE JAYHAWK.

He grasps the swag with hooking hand,
He sees the stage come overland,
Serene in ambush doth he stand.

The toiling team below him crawls,
He looketh from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

He falleth on the good and just,
Their heads he grindeth in the dust,
And then he busteth in their crust!

Among the fugitive pieces, readers of the *Bulletin* will recognize the following stanzas addressed to "A Fashionable Church" by an Honest Miner. We give the two first verses:

As I gaze on yon church with its porches so grand,
And its towers so tall and so steep,
I think of the earthquake that one day will shake
Its walls to a moldering heap,
And weep
For the harvest these wretches shall reap.

O yes, you may build your disgusting old fane,
And say to your heart, it is well;
But I look below its foundations and know
That underneath that there is hell—
And smell
The sulphurous odors that dwell.

But we cannot consistently admire the line which seems to have been superadded, in its present grammatical inaccuracy:

And yell
With delight when the whole shanty fell.

After inveighing against pride and vanity, the poet concludes somewhat vaguely:

And one-half the world will be damned if they don't,
And the other half damned if they do—
And you,
Proud palace of error, adieu!

The influence of Tennyson on the provincial mind is beautifully and tenderly shewn in the following:

ONE HORSE FLAT.

Pard'ner, leave me here a moment; leave me here and go before;
Leave me here, and while you're absent I'll prospect a little more.

'Tis the place and there's the pine tree where of old the squirrels sat,
Dreary gleams the white quartz tailings lying over One Horse Flat.

One Horse Flat, that in the distance overlooks the Stanislow,
And the Chinese on the river kicking up a bloody row.

O, my claim too long forgotten! O my tunnel, mine no more!
O, the empty, empty ditches, and the rock devoid of ore

In the Spring there comes a blossom on the nose of every Pike,
In the Spring a young man fancies he is sure to make a strike.

In the Spring he lightly gambles, drawing on his future means,
In the Spring he holds two aces, and he bucks agin three queens.

Bill took up the dice and shook 'em with a sweet seraphic smile,
Shook the dice and threw four sixes, and of course raked down the pile.

But he dealt the keards more deftly than was fit in one so young,
And my eyes on all his motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My festive William, speak and speak the truth to me:
How it is when I've two aces, that thou always dost have three?"

Then he turned, his whole cheek flushing—he was taken by surprise—
With a quiet imprecation in regard to his own eyes.

Saying: "I have bid the bower, Pard'ner—I would do thee wrong,
And my boots the king and ten-spot have been holding all along."

Many an evening in our cabin did we sit with flaring dips,
And the spirits mixed together, that we tasted with our lips.

Many an evening with a neighbor did we turn the festive Jack,
Lightly dealt ourselves the bowers from the bottom of the pack.

But why continue the old, old story of misplaced confidence and violated trust. The poet was deceived by his partner, and, in a single game of cut-throat euchre, lost the whole of his claim. Stung by disappointment, he announces his intention to go to Washoe, which is beautifully described as being an

"Oasis of sage brush lying in a field of alkali,"

and affiliate with some Digger squaw:

"I will take some dusky savage for my partner, and I'll eat
The succulent grasshopper, and the luscious locust meat."

But we find ourselves beguiled beyond our usual space. Let our readers purchase the volume and judge for themselves. Agents are now engaged in selling the work in connection with Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Price, one set of "Tailings" and one bottle of the syrup, $1 50. A rare chance for investment.

* *Tailings: being Rejections of California Verse.*

DRAMATIC.

THE week has not been a very startling one in a dramatic way. Christmas brought full houses to all the theatres, the Buislays, in particular, opening the Metropolitan to a rush, which left late comers a very small chance for seeing the wonderful leaps that were performed in the vicinity of the ceiling. As gymnasts, we question whether the Buislays have their equals in the world, and are quite confident that they have no superior. It is a pity that their break-neck balloon feat could not be performed within doors, for it would draw immensely. Their Niagara leap would make Blondin open his eyes; and their performance on what may, indeed, be termed *l' eschelle perilleuse* is better than that of the Hanlons, excellent as those artists are. The tableaux also are very good, though the terribly long "waits" between scenes are too heavy a weight for the patience of any audience. Of the pantomimes we cannot speak so favorably. To put it mildly, they are bores, and might be omitted to the benefit of the programme. They are badly put upon the stage and badly acted. In the "trick pantomimes," which are rumored as in preparation for next week, we trust that this branch of the business will redeem itself.

Miss Charlotte Crampton made her appearance at Maguire's Opera House, on Christmas evening, to an excellent audience. The play was *Lucretia Borgia*, Miss Crampton appearing as the amiable Duchess. It is evident, without telling, that the lady is an old actress, for she is faithful to all the traditions of the stage, her gestures and intonations all being of the stage eminently stagey. Her conception of the character of "Lucretia Borgia" is not a good one. In the scene where "Gennaro" is brought before the "Duke," to answer for the mutilation of the Borgian name upon the facade of the palace, her demeanor is more that of a waiting-maid detected in winking at Buttons than that of the calm, self-possessed "Duchess," who could smile and smile, and murder while she smiled. Never a stammer on "Borgia's" lips when once her resolve was taken, never a moment of hesitation, for she was equal to all emergencies, and her excuses were not faltered forth. At times there was a tendency to declamation and attitudinizing, wholly distinct from the workings of passion, and decidedly at variance with the strong but subtle deviltry of that Italian lady's character. But we greatly prefer Miss Crampton feminine to Miss Crampton masculine. The gaberdine of "Shylock" does not become her, neither do the robes of "Hamlet." We should admire the ambition which prompts a lady to attempt characters so entirely out of the feminine *role*, did it not savor of audacity. A woman's conception of the length and breadth of a man's love, a man's hate, or a man's revenge, must necessarily be amusing, and in this view Mrs. Crampton's "Shylock" and "Hamlet" are studies. But without endorsing Mr. Bandman very emphatically, we must say that we rather prefer his rendition of the two *roles* mentioned. To make *Hamlet*, as performed on Thursday evening, complete, carefully preserving the nuities, Boniface should have been cast as "Ophelia." There would then have been little or nothing wanting. By all means we counsel Miss Crampton to abide by the habits and habiliments of her sex, for all beyond, especially in characters which are masculine in their weaknesses as well as in their strength, is dangerous ground. Last evening Miss Crampton was announced as "Marguerite of Burgundy" in *La Tour de Nesle.* This afternoon *The Lady of Lyons* will be given. *Richard III.* in the evening—Miss Crampton as "Richard." If there be not a full house, it will argue a very small degree of curiosity on the part of our population, for to see that character essayed by a woman should well repay the lover of art for walking ten miles. *The French Spy* is in rehearsal for production on Monday night.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELIST.

THE HAUNTED MAN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY—BY CH-R-S D-C-K-N-S.

CONDENSED BY "BRET."

PART I.

THE FIRST PHANTOM.

DON'T tell me that it wasn't a knocker. I had seen it often enough, and I ought to know. So ought the three o'clock beer, in dirty high-lows, swinging himself over the railing, or executing a demoniacal jig upon the door-step; so ought the butcher, although butchers as a general thing are scornful of such trifles; so ought the postman, to whom knockers of the most extravagant description were merely human weaknesses, that were to be pitied and used. And so ought, for the matter of that, &c., &c., &c.

But then it was *such* a knocker. A wild, extravagant and utterly incomprehensible knocker. A knocker so mysterious and suspicious that Policeman X. 37, first coming upon it, felt inclined to take it instantly in custody, but compromised with his professional instincts by sharply and sternly noting it with an eye that admitted of no nonsense, but confidently expected to detect its secret yet. An ugly knocker; a knocker with a hard, human face, that was a type of the harder human face within. A human face that held between its teeth a brazen rod. So hereafter, in the mysterious future should be held, &c., &c.

But if the knocker had a fierce human aspect in the glare of day, you should have seen it at night, when it peered out of the gathering shadows and suggested an ambushed figure; when the light of the street lamps fell upon it, and wrought a play of sinister expression in its hard outlines; when it seemed to wink meaningly at a shrouded figure who, as the night fell darkly, crept up the steps and passed into the mysterious house; when the swinging-door disclosed a black passage into which the figure seemed to lose itself and become a part of the mysterious gloom; when the night grew boisterous and the fierce wind made furious charges at the knocker, as if to wrench it off and carry it away in triumph. Such a night as this.

It was a wild and pitiless wind. A wind that had commenced life as a gentle country zephyr, but wandering through manufacturing towns had become demoralized, and reaching the city had plunged into extravagant dissipation and wild excesses. A roystering wind that indulged in Bacchanalian shouts on the street corners, that knocked off the hats from the heads of helpless passengers, and then fulfilled its duties by speeding away, like all young prodigals—to sea.

He sat alone in a gloomy library listening to the wind that roared in the chimney. Around him novels and story-books were strewn thickly; in his lap he held one with its pages freshly cut, and turned the leaves wearily until his eyes rested upon a portrait in its frontispiece. And as the wind howled the more fiercely, and the darkness without fell blacker, a strange and fateful likeness to that portrait appeared above his chair and leaned upon his shoulder. The Haunted Man gazed at the portrait and sighed. The figure gazed at the portrait and sighed too.

"Here again?" said the Haunted Man.

"Here again," it repeated in a low voice.

"Another novel?"

"Another novel."

"The old story?"

"The old story."

"I see a child," said the Haunted Man, gazing from the pages of the book into the fire—"a most unnatural child, a model infant. It is prematurely old and philosophic. It dies in poverty to slow music. It dies surrounded by luxury to slow music. It dies with an accompaniment of golden water and rattling carts to slow music. Previous to its decease it makes a will; it repeats the Lord's prayer, it kisses the 'boofer lady.' That child——"

"Is mine," said the phantom.

"I see a good woman, undersized. I see several charming women, but they are all undersized. They are more or less imbecile and idiotic, but always fascinating and undersized. They wear coquettish caps and aprons. I observe that feminine virtue is invariably below the medium height, and that it is always babyish and infantine. These women——"

"Are mine."

"I see a haughty, proud, and wicked lady. She is tall and queenly. I remark that all proud and wicked women are tall and queenly. That woman——"

"Is mine," said the phantom, wringing its hands.

"I see several things continually impeuding. I observe that whenever an accident, a murder, or death is about to happen, there is something in the furniture, in the locality, in the atmosphere that foreshadows and suggests it years in advance. I cannot say that in real life I have noticed it—the perception of this surprising fact belongs——"

"To me!" said the phantom. The Haunted Man continued, in a despairing tone:

"I see the influence of this in the magazines and daily papers: I see weak imitators rise up and enfeeble the world with senseless formula. I am getting tired of it. It won't do, CHARLES! it won't do!" and the Haunted Man buried his head in his hands and groaned. The figure looked down upon him sternly: the portrait in the frontispiece frowned as he gazed.

"Wretched man," said the phantom, "and how have these things affected you."

"Once I laughed and cried, but then I was younger. Now, I would forget them if I could."

"Have then your wish. And take this with you, man whom I renounce. From this day henceforth you shall live with those whom I displace. Without forgetting me, 'twill be your lot to walk through life as if we had not met. But first you shall survey these scenes that henceforth must be yours. At one to-night, prepare to meet the phantom I have raised. Farewell!"

The sound of its voice seemed to fade away with the dying wind, and the Haunted Man was alone. But the firelight flickered gayly, and the light danced on the walls, making grotesque figures of the furniture.

"Ha, ha!" said the Haunted Man, rubbing his hands gleefully; "now for a whiskey punch and a cigar."

BOOK II.

THE SECOND PHANTOM.

ONE! The stroke of the far off bell had hardly died before the front door closed with a reverberating clang. Steps were heard along the passage; the library door swung open of itself, and the Knocker—yes, the Knocker—slowly strode into the room. The Haunted Man rubbed his eyes—no! there could be no mistake about it—it was the Knocker's face, mounted on a misty, almost imperceptible body. The brazen rod was transferred from its mouth to its right hand, where it was held like a ghostly truncheon.

"It's a cold evening," said the Haunted Man.

"It is," said the Goblin, in a hard, metallic voice.

"It must be pretty cold out there," said the Haunted Man, with vague politeness. "Do you ever—will you—take some hot brandy and water?"

"No," said the Goblin.

"Perhaps you'd like it cold, by way of change?" continued the Haunted Man, correcting himself, as he remembered the peculiar temperature with which the Goblin was probably familiar.

"Time flies," said the Goblin coldly. We have no leisure for idle talk. Come!" He moved his ghostly truncheon toward the window, and laid his hand upon the other's arm. At his touch the body of the Haunted Man seemed to become as thin and incorporeal as that of the Goblin himself, and together they glided out of the window into the black and blowy night.

In the rapidity of their flight the senses of the Haunted Man seemed to leave him. At length they stopped suddenly.

"What do you see?" asked the Goblin.

"I see a battlemented medieval castle. Gallant men in mail ride over the drawbridge, and kiss their gauntleted fingers to fair ladies, who wave their lily hands in return. I see fight and fray and tournament. I hear roaring heralds bawling the charms of delicate women, and shamelessly proclaiming their lovers. Stay. I see a Jewess about to leap from a battlement. I see knightly deeds, violence, rapine, and a good deal of blood. I've seen pretty much the same at Astley's."

"Look again."

"I see purple moors, glens, masculine women, bare-legged men, priggish book worms, more violence, physical excellence, and blood. Always blood—and the superiority of physical attainments."

"And how do you feel now?" said the Goblin.

The Haunted Man shrugged his shoulders. "None the better for being carried back and asked to sympathize with a barbarous age."

The Goblin smiled and clutched his arm: they again sped rapidly through the black night, and again halted.

"What do you see?' said the Goblin.

"I see a barrack room, with a mess table, and a group of intoxicated Celtic officers telling funny stories, and giving challenges to duel. I see a young Irish gentleman capable of performing prodigies of valor. I learn incidentally that the acme of all heroism is the cornetcy of a dragoon regiment. I hear a good deal of French! No, thank you," said the Haunted Man hurriedly, as he stayed the waving hand of the Goblin; "I would rather *not* go to the Peninsula, and don't care to have a private interview with Napoleon."

Again the Goblin flew away with the unfortunate man, and from a strange roaring below them, he judged they were above the ocean. A ship hove in sight, and the Goblin stayed its flight. "Look," he said, squeezing his companion's arm.

The Haunted Man yawned, "Don't you think, CHARLES, you're rather running this thing into the ground? Of course, it's very moral and instructive, and all that. But ain't there a little too much pantomime about it? Come now!"

"Look!" repeated the Goblin, pinching his arm malevolently. The Haunted Man groaned.

"Oh, of course, I see Her Majesty's ship *Arethusa*. Of course, I am familiar with her stern First Lieutenant, her eccentric Captain, her one fascinating and several mischievous midshipmen. Of course, I know it's a splendid thing to see all this, and not to be sea-sick. Oh, there the young gentlemen are going to play a trick on the Purser. For God's sake, let us go," and the unhappy man absolutely dragged the Goblin away with him.

When they next halted, it was at the edge of a broad and boundless prairie, in the middle of an oak opening.

"I see," said the Haunted Man, without waiting for his cue, but mechanically, and as if he were repeating a lesson which the Goblin had taught him, "I see the Noble Savage. He is very fine to look at! But I observe under his war paint, feathers and picturesque blanket—dirt, disease, and an unsymmetrical contour. I observe beneath his inflated rhetoric deceit and hypocrisy. Beneath his physical hardihood, cruelty, malice and revenge. The Noble Savage is a humbug. I remarked the same to Mr. Catlin."

"Come," said the phantom.

The Haunted Man sighed, and took out his watch. "Couldn't we do the rest of this another time?"

"My hour is almost spent, irreverent being, but there is yet a chance for your reformation. Come!"

Again they sped through the night, and again halted. The sound of delicious but melancholy music fell upon their ears.

"I see," said the Haunted Man, with something of interest in his manner; "I see an old moss-covered manse beside a sluggish, flowing river. I see weird shapes: witches, Puritans, clergymen, little children, judges, mesmerized maidens, moving to the sound of melody that thrills me with its sweetness and purity. But, although carried along its calm and evenly-flowing current, the shapes are strange and frightful: an eating lichen gnaws at the heart of each; not only the clergyman, but witch, maiden, judge, and Puritan, all wear Scarlet Letters of some kind burned upon their hearts. I am fascinated and thrilled, but I feel a morbid sensitiveness creeping over me. I—I beg your pardon." The Goblin was yawning frightfully. "Well, perhaps, we had better go."

"One more, and the last," said the Goblin. They were moving home. Streaks of red were beginning to appear in the eastern sky. Along the banks of the blackly flowing river; by moorland and stagnant fens, by low houses, clustering close to the water's edge, like strange mollusks, crawled upon the beach to dry; by misty black barges, the more misty and indistinct seen through its mysterious veil, the river fog was slowly rising. So rolled away and rose from the heart of the Haunted Man, etc., etc.

They stopped before a quaint mansion of red brick. The Goblin waved its hand without speaking.

"I see," said the Haunted Man, "a gay drawing room. I see my old friends of the club, of the college, of society, even as they lived and moved. I see the gallant and unselfish men, whom I have loved, and the snobs whom I have hated. I see strangely mingling with them, and now and then blending with their forms, our old friends Dick Steele, Addison, and Congreve. I observe, though, that these gentlemen have a habit of getting too much in the way. The royal standard of Queen Anne, not in itself a beautiful ornament, is rather too prominent in the picture. The long, drawn galleries of black oak, the formal furniture, the old portraits are picturesque, but depressing. The house is damp. I enjoy myself better here on the lawn, where they are getting up a Vanity Fair. See, the bell rings, the curtain is rising, the puppets are brought out for a new play. Let me see."

The Haunted Man was pressing forward in his eagerness, but the hand of the Goblin stayed him, and pointing to his feet, he saw between him and the rising curtain, a new-made grave. And bending above the grave in passionate grief, the Haunted Man beheld the phantom of the previous night.

* * * * * * *

The Haunted Man started, and—woke. The bright sunshine streamed into the room. The air was sparkling with frost. He ran joyously to the window and opened it. A small boy saluted him with "Merry Christmas." The Haunted Man instantly gave him a Bank of England note. "How much like Tiny Tim, Tom and Bobby that boy looked—bless my soul, what a genius this Dickens has!"

A knock at the door, and Boots entered.

"Consider your salary doubled instantly. Have you read *David Copperfield*?"

"Yezzur."

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The man instantly burst into a torrent of tears, and then into a roar of laughter.

"Enough! Here are five thousand pounds. Open a porter-house, and call it 'Our Mutual Friend.' Huzza! I feel so happy!" And the Haunted Man danced about the room.

And so, bathed in the light of that blessed sun, and yet glowing with the warmth of a good action, the Haunted Man, haunted no longer, save by those shapes which make the dreams of children beautiful, reseated himself in his chair, and finished *Our Mutual Friend*.

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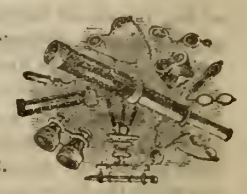
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BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

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OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOOD

—AT—

LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,

mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

CALEB M. SICKLER,

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Stoves and Tin Ware,

422 *KEARNEY STREET*

BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE,

SAN FRANCISCO

AGENCY FOR STEWART'S STOVES.

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T. RODGERS JOHNSON,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

se30 3m

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour, thereafter until 11.30 P. M

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,

415 *WASHINGTON STREET,*

nearly opposite the Post Office,

SAN FRANCIS

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

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CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole Agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

de17-3m

ITEMS FOR THE LADIES.

LADIES BECOMING "HOTSPURS."

A CORRESPONDENT of a Dundee paper thus remonstrates: "A doctor's hack or a cab horse used to be considered the most miserable of the equine race; but I think, judging from the tone of some letters which have lately appeared in your paper from correspondents of the gentler sex, *ladies' horses* most often share that unenviable distinction with them. Not long since a letter appeared from a lady, asking for information as to the most effectual instrument of punishment in the shape of a spur, and several answers have appeared, all recommending active treatment. One says that *spurs are generally worn by ladies*, and that the prancing and curvetting, so much admired in Rotten Row, are caused by the sting of the spur being applied to one side, and the light but severe whips, made by modern ingenuity for ladies' use, to the other. Then, again, rowel spurs, three-eighths of an inch in length, sharp and thin in their points, and box spurs, with a single prong three-quarters of an inch long, are recommended as effectual, which, no doubt, they are. I only pity the animal with a lady hard of heart and pitiless of heel seated on his back with such instruments of torture at command. Another fair correspondent advises the spur to be kept well into the horse's side, and a sharp bit with a short rein, to be held tight at the same time, to produce the much-desired prancing. Now this is simply wanton cruelty, such as a man would be ashamed of advocating. How, then, can ladies find pleasure in practicing, and advising others to practice, such painful treatment upon their dumb slaves?"

BRIDE'S PREROGATIVE.

SOME years ago, a ludicrous incident happened at Vienna. The emperor was interrupted in the midst of a cabinet council by a message from the empress, who, it was said, wanted him immediately. On going to her majesty's apartments, she threw herself before him in an imploring attitude, and begged him that she might be allowed the extraordinary *privilege of putting on her own stockings*. The high dames of the court, it seems, whose duty it was to perform that function, insisted upon discharging it, though, as their imperial mistress represented, "they tickled her" when doing so in a way that she could not endure. The young princess, whom fortune had raised to be the partner of the Kaiser's throne, had been brought up in a simple and sensible manner, and really could not see why the hands God had given them should be less useful to imperial and royal personages than to any other people. The emperor yielded, doubtless to the consternation of the ladies of the bedchamber, who saw in this innovation a precedent fraught with danger to the most hallowed institutions of the monarchy.

WHAT EXTREMES OF RIBBON MEAN.

"THEY say" that one of the latest fashions with the ladies is wearing long ends of narrow ribbon around the neck. Few of the uninitiated know the significance of the same. When they wear the ends hanging in front, it means that the lady is married; over the right shoulder, that she is engaged; down the back, that she has a "feller" coming to see her, but she isn't engaged; over the left shoulder, it means, "Fellers, come follow me." If she does not wear any, it means that she is engaged, and don't wish to have anything to do with "any other feller."

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ, while collecting insects along the shores of Lake Sebago, in Maine, observed a couple of catfish, which, at his approach, left the shore suddenly, and returned to the deeper water. Examining the place which the fishes had left, he discovered a *nest* among the water-plants, with a number of little tadpoles. In a few moments the two fishes returned anxiously toward the nest, and came within six or eight feet of where Professor Agassiz stood. They were evidently not in search of food, and he became convinced that they were seeking the protection of their young. Large stones, thrown repeatedly into the middle of the nest after the fishes had returned to it, only frightened them away for a brief period, and they returned to the spot within ten or fifteen minutes. This was repeated four or five times, with the same result. This negatives the assertion made by some naturalists—that no fishes are known to take any care of their offspring.

BULWER says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men, with ten thousand dollars a year, suffer more from want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is that the richer man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day, and does not run in debt, is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, but it is as true as the gospel. There are thousands with princely incomes who never know a moment's peace, because they live above their means. There is really more happiness in the world among working people than among these who are called rich.

[For the Californian.]

ABSENCE.

I MISS thee when the evening hour
Comes with its sober shade of twilight gray;
And when the stars of heaven assert their power,
'Tis for thy presence that I watch and pray.

'Tis then I miss thee: ah! but ask me when
I do not pine for thee; thy spirit gleams
Along my daily path where'er I stray,
And through the misty shadow of my dreams.

Such a sweet pleading measure hath thy voice,
I muse upon it like remembered chords;
E'en as lute music makes the heart rejoice,
So comes the haunting witchery of thy words.

And like the swells of some cathedral tone,
Which ever through the arches plaintive go,
So the sad spirit of my heart alone,
In search of thee, is wand'ring to and fro.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18, 1865. L. S. D. L.

WEDLOCK, AFTER DEATH.

IN Bombay, recently, occurred the following strange ceremony—the principals being a living woman and a dead man, of the Canmattee caste. The relation that had existed between the living and the dead was of a left-handed nature. They had lived together for many years as man and wife, when, after suffering from a febrile attack for only four days, the man died: "Agreeably to the peculiar custom of their caste, it was imperative, ere the corpse could be removed for interment, that the sacred rites of matrimony should be performed. The sad intelligence was soon communicated to the neighboring residents, and the loud and vehement hammering of tom-toms had the desired effect of collecting a host of friends and acquaintances, and a fluctuating stream of passers-by to the spot. A *gooroo*, or priest, being summoned, and the necessary preparations for the celebration of the nuptials being hurriedly completed, the ceremony commenced. The inanimate 'form divine' was placed against the outer wall of the verandah of the house, in a sitting posture, attired like a bridegroom, and the face and hands were besmeared with liquid turmeric. The woman, also, was clothed like a bride, and adorned with the usual tinsel ornaments over the face, which, as well as the arms and the drapery, were daubed over with yellow. She sat opposite the dead, now addressing it in light and unmeaning words—as is customarily done on such occasions—and then chewing nits of dry cocoanuts and squirting it on the face. And thus the ceremony proceeded and continued for three or four hours. At length, as the sun was nearing the horizon, the nuptial ceremony was brought to a close, and the preparations for the interment commenced. The dead was divested of its bridal attire, then bathed, and finally laid upon a bier and covered with a cloth of silk. The face was next rubbed over with some red powder, and in the mouth were placed some betel leaves. The widowed bride then looked her last at the shrouded form, when, amid agonizing shrieks and deafening tom-toming, the bier was lifted up and the funeral cortege proceeded in the direction of Sion. One man—a near relative of the deceased, I presume—preceded the corpse, throwing, at intervals, a handful of *pice* to the right and to the left, which were being being eagerly picked up by a troop of little urchins."

A RUSSIAN paper describes a recent Mohammedan execution at Batum, in Asia, which the French journals characterize as "truly patriarchal" in its simplicity. The murderer was brought into the market-place, and made to kneel with his head on the block, while his kinsmen appealed to the relatives of his victim for the mercy which, according to the Turkish law, they have the power to extend at the last moment. All consented to the pardon but the grandmother of the murdered man, and she failed to find among her kindred any who would be the criminal's executioner. At last a stranger in the crowd consented to assume the office for twenty piastres. Advancing to the condemned, he encouraged him with the hope that when the grandmother saw the naked knife displayed she would relent, and then, seizing him by the hair, and crying, "Look, old woman!" struck off his head at a blow.

JOAN OF ARC.—A society of French antiquarians are striving to prove that Joan of Arc was not burned at all, but was married, had children, and died quietly at Metz. They have published one extract from the *Mercure Galant*, of October, 1686, edited by Vize. We hear read that one Father Viguier, of the Oratory, discovered at Metz, and had transcribed before a notary public, a manuscript, which states that in 1436, Joan came to Metz, where her two brothers met her, and at once recognized her, though they thought she had been burned long ago. By-and-bye, she marries Mons. des Amoises, chevalier; and Father Vignier is lucky enough to find the very marriage contract, dated 1436. The Society "Du Banquet Joanne d'Arc" means to publish all its discoveries as soon as it has discovered one little missing link.

HOW TO BREATHE.—There is one rule to be observed in taking exercise by walking—the very best form in which it can be taken by the young and able bodied of all ages—and that is, never to allow the action of respiration to be carried on through the mouth. The nasal passages are clearly the medium through which respiration was, by our Creator, designed to be carried on. "God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life" previous to his becoming a living creature. The difference in the exhaustion of strength by a long walk with the mouth firmly closed, and respiration carried on through the nostrils instead of through the mouth, is inconceivable to those who have never tried the experiment. Indeed, this mischievous and really unnatural habit of carrying on the work of inspiration and expiration through the mouth, instead of through the nasal passages, is the true origin of almost all the diseases of the throat and lungs, as bronchitis, congestion, asthma, and even consumption itself. That excessive perspiration to which some individuals are so liable in their sleep, which is so weakening to the body, is solely the effect of such persons sleeping with their mouths unclosed. And the same unpleasant and exhaustive results arise to the animal system from walking with the mouth open, instead of, when not engaged in conversation, preserving the lips in a state of firm, but quiet compression. As the heat and velocity of the blood through the lungs depend almost entirely upon the quantity of the atmospheric air inhaled with each inspiration, and it is unavoidable that it should be taken in, in volume, by the mouth, while it can only be supplied in moderate quantities, and just in sufficient proportion to serve the purpose of a healthy respiratory action, while supplied through the nostrils, it is clear that the body must be much lighter and cooler, and the breathing much freer and easier, when the latter course rather than the former is the one adopted. Children ought never to be allowed to stand or walk with their mouths open; for, besides the vacant appearance it gives to the countenance, it is the certain precursor of coughs, colds, and sore throats.—*Methodist.*

BLAISDELL'S grand moving panorama of a tour through Ireland will open for public exhibition, at Maguire's Academy of Music, on Monday night next. Those who have seen portions of this work speak of it in the highest terms. The scenes are from drawings made on the spot by W. H. Bartlett, whose delineations of European and American scenery have made his name famous on both continents. The panorama occupies 11,000 square feet of canvas and has been produced at the expense of $6,000. The scenery of the "Gem of the Sea" is celebrated the world over for its variety and beauty, and famed in song and story. A list of the principal scenes is published in our advertising columns. Madame Blaisdell, the talented Miss Clara, and the Swiss Bell Rings will give variety to the entertainment by vocal and instrumental music. Mr Warwick will give a descriptive lecture.

SAMPSON LOW, SON & MARSTON are not to be outdone. They have caught the magazine fever. "Praying for a fair wind of popular favor, the *Argosy* will start on the first day of December, in this year of grace 1865, freighted with contributions from some of the first writers of the day." So the firm named announced, and doubtless their literary craft is by this time fairly under way.

IF your blood is corrupt, disordered or vitiated, you are liable to be seized at any moment with a fit of sickness. It may appear in the form of pimples, blotches or sores, or it may suddenly prostrate you. One thing is certain: You cannot have health unless your blood is pure. To remove all impure matters from the blood, Adams' Blood Purifier is admitted to be the best preparation yet introduced to the public. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and will harm no one. Its effects are immediate and lasting. It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, produces a healthy action of the liver and kidneys, and restores the patient to perfect health and strength.

DANGER AHEAD; BE WARNED IN TIME.—Have you a slight cough? If so, do not neglect it, thinking it of no consequence. Consumption begins in this way, therefore, be warned in time, and use the only remedy that will at once relieve you of that pain in the chest, and stop that hacking cough. Newell's Pulmonary Syrup never fails to give speedy and permanent relief. Don't be afraid of using it freely; it contains no nauseating or deleterious drug.

For sale by all Druggists: Redington & Co., Sole Agents, 416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

THE MASQUERADE.—The next local sensation will be the Grand Masquerade Ball, at Maguire's Academy of Music, under the management of the "Alemannians," a social society of this city. The ball will be given on the evening of the 13th January next.

MESSRS. WM. H. FINCH & CO., 133 Montgomery street, the appointed agents for Weed's celebrated ladies' shoes, have the best stock of ladies' fine shoes in this city. Their show window is something worth looking at, and is a very fair "onetropping" of the stock within.

THOSE wanting fancy dresses for masquerades, parties, or theatrical entertainments, will find the address of E. Campioni, costumer for Signorita Brambilla during the late opera season, in our advertising columns.

"IMPORTANT."—It is very important to those who go out to purchase, to know where they can find the article they require of a good quality and at a fair and reasonable price. To those who want anything in *fine and staple Dry Goods*, MOSGROVE & BLAKELY offer inducements equal to any house in San Francisco.

Their DRESS GOODS are *fashionable, well assorted, and tastefully selected.* They are now showing a large lot of HOYLE'S genuine ENGLISH CALICOS, for *Dresses*, and *Shirting* of a very superior quality.

They are fast becoming celebrated for the quality of their IRISH LINEN GOODS, of which they have always a large assortment from the best manufacturers in Belfast, Ireland.

Their store is in Colton's Building, 222 Third street, near Howard.

TO POOR WRITERS.—If you would learn to write a good hand, try the Babbittonian—the new system of instruction in penmanship. It is the cheapest and best. Purchase the forms, which will be the only instruction you need, and practice will make you an excellent penman. Call on Warren Holt, Room No. 2, Mead House, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, and learn particulars. Read the following:

The Babbittonian system of Penmanship appears to me really to possess all the advantages which it claims in the above printed summary.

REV. P. V. VEEDER,
Principal of City College, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 13, 1865.

The elements and principles of the Babbittonian Penmanship seem to me valuable for their practicability and simplicity. I do not hesitate to add my testimony in favor of this system as one of the best in use. J. C. PELTON,
Superintendent Public Schools.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
Department of Public Instruction,
San Francisco, Oct. 16, 1865.

To Whom it May Concern: I have carefully examined the Babbittonian system of Penmanship, and take pleasure in recommending it to teachers and others interested, as one which possesses many merits. Its cheapness is one of its more evident merits.

JOHN SWETT, Supt. Pub. Instruction.

ASTROLOGY.—The occult sciences of the middle ages, magic, alchemy, necromancy, and star reading, are not lost to the world. The invisible and secret powers of astrography are still possessed by the chosen student in the mysteries of nature who can interpret the influence of the stars and predict by their occultations the bidden events of the future.

In affairs of Past, Present or Future, be they of Business, Matrimony, Love, or sickness, go and consult the naturally gifted Astrologer, Professor Coheu, 530 California street. Thousands have been benefitted by his knowledge. He has held over 18,000 consultations during the last five years. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 P. M. to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart. Sickness treated and cured through a science unknown to others.

ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—With the details of the dreadful disasters of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *Yosemite* fresh in memory, it is not needful that we should urge on the public the importance of guarding as fully as possible not only against the recurrence of such startling calamities, but also as far as they can against the consequences that arise from them. Accidents are terribly frequent in this new State of ours. Hardly a day passes but we have to record some loss of life, or terrible mangling that leaves the victim with hardly a wish to live. Stringent legislation is demanded to protect travellers from carelessness and criminal negligence of public carriers. It is with great interest that we have watched the rapid growth of Accident Insurance Companies, and we are happy to know that the New York Accidental Insurance Company, established by some of the wealthiest capitalists of the East, have placed their agency in the hands of Bigelow & Brother, Insurance Agents, of this city. We advise every one to take out a policy. The premium is very small—the price of a good cigar only per day—while the benefits are great; $25 per week, if disabled, or $5,000 in case of death. Who would not give $2 50 to be insured for a trip to Washoe, or 25 cents for a trip to Sacramento City? That's all it costs. We predict a large business for the agency in this city. The Company have complied with the State law, and are fully prepared to issue policies, or travelling tickets, at once.—*S. F. Call.*

THE LATEST NEWS!—Haskell & Co. are selling cheaper than the cheapest; 6 pounds Crushed Sugar for $1; 9 pounds Brown Sugar for $1; 3½ pounds Green Coffee, $1; 5 pounds Currants, $1; 4 pounds New Raisins, $1; New Citron, 40 cents per pound; 8 pounds Canary seed for $1; 10 pounds Soda Crackers, $1; 8 pounds Santa Clara Butter Crackers, $1; good Oolong Tea, 75 cents; Japan Teas, 75 to 90 cents, our Mandarin Oolong of the new crop, $1; the best Comet Tea, $1 10, or $1 per pound by the box; Mandarin Mixture (green and black,) 1; at the Mammoth Tea Store, fronting on Market and Sutter streets, below the Market. ☞ Goods delivered promptly. Open Evenings until after the Holidays.

FOR THE VERY BEST PHOTOGRAPHS, go to Bradley & Rulofson (Vance's old stand.) First premium for best the card pictures, and large photographs.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Very few persons, even among physicians, would have been willing upon any terms to have been in the condition of the writer of the following letter on the 14th of February last. I will anticipate somewhat his report of the facts, by saying that on the 15th August, 1865, he made me a visit, "the very picture of health." Time, which tries and proves all things, has sufficiently tested this case, and shown that neither relapse or collapse having followed, the cure is perfect, and can be cited among the scores of similar cases, the result of my improved mode of treating disease without medicine.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.
August 27, 1865.

Sacramento, April 30, 1865.

Dr. G. M. Bourne—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I now let you know of my good health. Looking back on what I have passed through, it seems as if I was lifted from the grave, and I think it my duty to acknowledge to you and the world the benefit I derived from water treatment as administered by you in your celebrated baths. It was in August, 1864, when disease developed itself with a severe cough. I then took medicines getting worse, with chills, fevers, loss of strength, and was pronounced consumptive. This set me to thinking, and finally I determined to leave my business and go to the Sandwich Islands, having been informed that I could not be cured here. I went to San Francisco, and while waiting for a ship, called upon Dr. Bourne, who stated that a trip to the Sandwich Islands would probably result disastrously, was wholly unnecessary, as I could then be speedily cured at his establishment. I placed myself under his treatment, and in one week was so much improved that I thought I could risk returning home and to my duty as Engineer on the Central Pacific Railroad. The doctor objected; but I thought I knew better, and returned to my duty. In about two weeks my cough returned, and I kept getting worse, and, contrary to Dr. Bourne's injunction never to take medicine again, committed that folly, and soon was so completely run down that I could scarcely walk; so, as a last resort, I concluded once more to try the Water Cure. I went to San Francisco—few of my friends expected me to return; in fact, I thought my return doubtful. On arriving at Dr. Bourne's establishment (February 14, 1865,) I was not able to get into the bath without assistance, but in a few days I began to gain. I remained with him only six weeks, when I left, "a wiser and a better man," without the aid of medicine. I have now been at work several weeks, and find that I am gaining every day, and at present bid fair to be stouter than ever before. Persons visiting the Doctor's establishment will find it just what it should be, in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Departments, and I cannot say too much in praise of the Doctor's kind attention to his patients.

This letter I write for the benefit of the afflicted, to be used as the Doctor decides, and should it be the means of directing any one to his care and treatment who (as they assuredly will) find relief, I will be paid for my trouble. Your obedient servant,

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.

San Francisco, August 25, 1865.

Advised by the undersigned, Mr. James Campbell, of the Central Pacific Railroad (who was then in a most deplorable state of ill health,) placed himself under the care of Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Physician. Some six months or more afterward he visited this city, when I accidentally met him at Dr. Bourne's establishment, and, I am happy to say, restored to the enjoyment of good health and in fine spirits. JOHN SULLIVAN.

☞ Dr. Bourne treats all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs—which includes diptheria, bronchitis, incipient consumption, pleurisy, croup, etc.—with the greatest success. Great relief is afforded in advanced stages of consumption. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc., etc., are also cured quickly, pleasantly, and economically. No medicine whatever.

TOYS.—Toys can be purchased of Feldbush & Co., 307 California street, at 25 per cent. below the usual rates. Call and examine stock and prices.

DRY GOODS!

NEW GOODS FOR THE

HOLIDAYS!

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.

Have received by late Steamer from Europe,

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

ELEGANT DRESS GOODS

SUITABLE FOR

Holiday Presents!

All of which they will exhibit

AT THEIR RETAIL STORE,

And will offer them all

AT PRICES THAT WILL

DEFY COMPETITION!!

DRESS GOODS.

SILKS, in rich Moire Antique, Brocade, Plaid, Plain and Chine, in all the most Fashionable colors, Black Silk of manufacture of "Bonnet," "Bischuff and Tonson," from $1 00 to $8 00 per yard.

PIM'S super. Irish Poplins and Tahinets in all colors.

MERINOS, in all the most beautiful colors, at 75c, $1 00, $1 25, $1 50, $1 75 per yard.

EMPRESS CLOTHS and OTTOMAN CLOTHS, in Plain, Striped and Chine, manufactured expressly to order.

MOURNING GOODS.

In Bombazines, Cashmeres, Merinos, Tamise, Poplins, Empress and Ottoman Cloths, Silks, Alpacas, Prints, Ginghams, etc.

SHAWLS.

Super. Broche Long and Square Shawls, from $10 to $150, in all colors and new designs.

FINE FRENCH CAMEL'S HAIR SHAWLS, in Long and Square, from $50 to $400, all in new and elegant designs. Plaid Wool do., in long and square.

CLOAKS.

500 Beautiful stylish Garments direct from Paris, comprising the richest ever brought to this city.

HOSIERY.

For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, of every description.

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES.

CHANTILLY VEILS, all prices and new designs.

CAMBRAY VEILS, from $2 50 to $5 00.

CHANTILLY LACES, all widths.

ELEGANT CHANTILLY FLOUNCES.

DENTELES de Valencienne et Applique.

APPLIQUE and Point de Venise Collars at $2 00, $2 50, $3 00, $5 00, &c., &c.

POINT D'ALENCON and Point Duchesse Sleeves and Collars.

DENTELLES de Guipre, all widths and patterns.

A Beautiful Assortment of Linen Sets,

PLAIN AND EMBROIDERED.

Embroidery Bands, Edgings, Insertions, Jaconet, and Dimity Bands.

KID GLOVES.

2000 doz. Alexander's best, at $1 25 per pair.

ALSO,

AT REDUCED PRICES,

COTTON SHEETING and SHIRTING, of all the best brands.

4,000 DRESSES DE LAINE, best quality, at $3 00 per dress.

10,000 EMPRESS CLOTH DRESSES, from $3 00 to $10 00 per dress.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

de 1m NO. 9. LICK HOUSE.

MANY OF THE DISEASES which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. BENTON, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

TRIMMINGS.—MRS. NORCROSS, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and militar at the shortest notice; also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. MRS. D. NORCROSS' goods, for elegance and taste, are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

DR. C. W. MOORE'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

Pine street, near Montgomery.

Grand Masquerade Ball!

BY THE

ALEMANNIA,

AT MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 13, 1866.

On which occasion the parquette will be floored over level with the stage, and the whole covered with canvas. Prizes will be given to the best Lady and Gentlemen Masks, to be awarded by a committee selected from the audience.

A splendid band of music has been engaged, and no expense will be spared to make this the most brilliant affair of the season. Tickets to be had of the committee:

L. Hecht, Jr., 417 Sacramento street.
L. Schwarzschild, 320 Battery street.
A. Wangenheim, S.E. cor. California and Sansome.
C. Colman, S.W. corner Washington & Montgomery. S. H. Stern. de23-4t

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1866. 1866. 1866.

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

LAMOTT,

THE LEADER AND INTRODUCER OF

FASHIONS,

HAS OPENED HIS MAMMOTH HAT AND CAP ESTABLISHMENT at

227 Montgomery street, near Pine, Russ Block,

Where can be found the greatest variety of Hats and Caps for Gents', Youths' and Children's wear ever offered on this coast.

He outshines them all, and defies competition in the Hat Business.

His Factory at the East makes all his Goods expressly for his California market, which is something that has never been done before. Give him a call at

227 MONTGOMERY STREET.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. dc3-3m

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LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

jy2 SAN FRANCISCO

STRAIN'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES.

A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in use. For sale by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents. Corner of Pine and Sansome sts. jo10-6

NEW YORK ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 141 Broadway, New York,

FOR INSURING AGAINST

Accidents of All Kinds!

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - $250,000

THE BUSINESS OF THIS COMPANY is the insuring against accidents of all kinds, whether by travelling or otherwise.

Tuis Company issues two classes of policies: one to secure the payment of a fixed sum to the event of death caused by an accident of any description; the other securing a weekly allowance in case of injury causing total disablement, and a fixed sum in case of death arising as above.

Annual Premium on $2,500.....$7 50
Annual Premium on 5,000.....15 00
Annual Premium on 10,000.....30 00
(Without compensation.)
Annual Premium on $2,500, with $12 50 per week compensation.....12 50
Annual Premium on $5,000 with $25 per week compensation.....25 00
Annual Premium on $10,000, with $50 00 per week compensation.....50 00

Other amounts at corresponding rates.
No policy to exceed $10,000.

GENERAL ACCIDENTS

Include the Traveling Risk, and also all forms of Dislocations, Broken Bones, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Gunshot Wounds, Burns and Scalds, Bites of Dogs, Assaults by Burglars, Robbers or Murderers—the Action of Lightning or Sunstroke, the Effects of Explosions, Floods, and Suffocations by Drowning or Choking; where such Accidental Injury is the cause of death within three months of the happening of the injury, or of total disability to follow his usual avocations

INDUCEMENTS.

☞The rates of premiums are very low.
The plan is so simple that any one can comprehend all its workings.

No Medical Examination is Required.

Any who have been rejected by Life Companies, in consequence of hereditary or other diseases, can effect insurance in this Company at a very small cost.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS!

REMEMBER THE WASHOE, YOSEMITE, THE GOLDEN GATE AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

Persons about to visit Europe or New York can obtain Insurance against the Risks of the Voyage.

PREMIUM—Two Dollars per One Thousand Dollars.

GENERAL ACCIDENT TICKETS (Including the Travelling Risk)
ISSUED BY ALL AGENTS. $5,000 for 24 hours, 25c.
Weekly Compensation, $25.

Four days.....$1
Eight Days.....2
Twelve Days.....3
Twenty Days.....1
Thirty Days.....5

Covering $5,000 against death, with $25 per week in case of disability by reason of accident, by the

NEW YORK ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
141 Broadway, N. Y.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS,
NORTHWEST CORNER MONTGOMERY AND SACRAMENTO STREETS,
de16-3m San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

DEC. 30, - - - GOLDEN AGE,
Captain E. S. Farnsworth.

From Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Steamers of this line will be despatched on the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month. When these dates fall on Sunday, the steamer will leave on Saturday preceding.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

HEREAFTER, 15TH OF EVERY MONTH.

MONDAY, JANUARY 15, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,

VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

AMERICA.

ON MONDAY, - - - - JANUARY 15TH,

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely.

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

SANTIAGO,
2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

NEW MUSIC.

THE "WEARING OF THE GREEN," as sung in the popular drama of *ARRAH NA POGUE*, just published (oc28) by M. GRGIO 'AY Clay street.

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California

OCCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Building, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRENT, Secretary.
S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary.
mb25-3m

CHOLERA! CHOLERA!

CHOLERA IS COMING!

ALREADY HAS IT APPEARED IN THE EASTERN CITIES? Insure your Life in the

BEST AND CHEAPEST LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD,

The Connecticut Mutual Life

INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,

AGENTS,

Office Northwest corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco, California.

no26-1m

PATENT APPLIED FOR.

HUNT'S

California Street Pavement.

THIS PAVEMENT IS A NEW AND NOVEL IDEA, being a combination of Redwood, Asphaltum and Gravel. The Pavement consists of Redwood blocks, six inches in diameter, turned round from the top, half-way down; these blocks are laid upon either a board or gravel surface, the blocks laid so as to break joints; the openings around the blocks are then filled in with a composition of asphaltum and gravel, and the whole surface of the pavement covered with a coat of the same composition, thus making a complete asphaltum roadway. The asphaltum, confined by the redwood blocks in this manner, cannot crack, and as every one knows, will last for a long period. The redwood, being firmly secured by the asphaltum, *cannot split*, and the inventor claims that the redwood and asphaltum, so combined, will make a pavement that for evenness, cleanliness, durability and noiselessness, has not yet been equalled.

A sample of this pavement has been prepared and can be seen by those interested, in front of the Windmill and Horsepower Manufactory of E. O. HUNT,
de2 1m 28 Second street, San Francisco.

SCHOOL FURNITURE.

RANKIN'S PATENT SCHOOL DESK;
Liquid Slating for Blackboard;
ARITHMETICAL FRAME;
Babbitonian System of Writing—the Best System known.

W. HOLT,
de9-3m 305 Montgomery street, Room No 2.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived by thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!
W. D. FARRAND.

WE ARE NOT GIVING AWAY!

AT 506 MARKET STREET,

Extending Through to No. 7 Sutter street,

HOGS' SPARE RIBS, 5 cents per pound;
Hogs' Kidneys, 6 cents per pound;
Pigs' Feet, 5 cents per pound;
Lean Meat for Sausages, 7 cents per pound;
Rib Roast, 12½ cents per pound;
Pork Chops, 15 cents per pound;
Pigs' Tenderloins, 15 cents per pound.

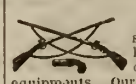
The above are cut from fat grain-fed hogs, killed at our pork-house every day, and are better and cheaper than at any other place in this city.

Mutton! Mutton! Mutton!

From 4 to 7 cents per pound—KILLED EVERY DAY, from sheep fed on our own ranches in the country, and, for that reason, we are enabled to sell the best Mutton for about HALF THE PRICE charged by any other butchers in San Francisco.

WILSON & STEVENS,
se30-6 No. 506 Market St., and No. 7 Sutter St.

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, ETC.



WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

☞ New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style. WILSON & EVANS,
No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco,

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House.

Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

WARD'S SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of

GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

S. W. H. WARD & SON,
NEW YORK, 387 Broadway. } 323 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Ca
je30-3m

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - $10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - 11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - - 2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, - $75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

No. 414 California street, - - - San Francisco,

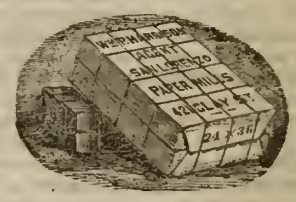
Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
au19-3m



NEW TYPE.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF *FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.*

MAPS! MAPS! MAPS!

NEW MAPS OF MEXICO, JUST OUT;

NEW MAPS OF IRELAND;

CHART OF OUR FALLEN HEROES.

Maps of every description constantly on hand.

W. HOLT,
dec9-3m 305 Montgomery street.

ADAMS'

BLOOD PURIFIER!

FOR DISEASES HAVING THEIR ORIGIN FROM THE IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD AND DERANGEMENT OF THE SYSTEM.

This Blood Purifier is a concentrated compound of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Wild Cherry, Dandelion, with Iodide of Potass, and several other of the most efficacious remedies known in the vegetable world, and will exert an immediate effect on the system, and if persisted in for a reasonable length of time, will eradicate all latent poison from the blood.

IT CONTAINS NO MERCURY OR MINERAL POISON.

Prepared only by

SAMUEL ADAMS,

AT THE UNITED STATES DRUG STORE,

SAN FRANCISCO

Corner of Bush and Powell streets.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN THE STATE.

no18-3m

CHARLES BERNARD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FAMILY CHARTRES COFFEE AND SPICES OF ALL KINDS,

No. 707 Sansome-st., cor. of Gold,

Between Jackson and Pacific.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED BY THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, FOR THE BEST COFFEE AND SPICES.

THE PROPRIETOR having introduced Steam Power in his Manufactory, has now increased facilities to supply the trade and the public in general. All articles from his establishment are guaranteed to be sure and unadulterated The public are respectfully invited to call and convince themselves. Country orders promptly attended to.

oc14 3m

TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that

Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,

and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of those new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the severe drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

The following certificate from the State Assayer, furnished after an analysis of the EXTRACT, speaks for itself:

A. ENQUOIS—Dear Sir: I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would be injurious to clothing.

Very respectfully, B B. THAYER.

FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

San Francisco, Cal.

THE OBJECT OF THIS INSTITUTION IS TO IMPART a sound practical education at the lowest possible cost, thereby placing its advantages within the reach of all. The Course of Instruction, besides the usual English Branches, comprises Mathematics, Book Keeping, Ancient and Modern Languages, so that boys, whether destined for Mechanical, Commercial or Professional Pursuits, can select such studies as will best fit them for their future avocation.

TERMS.

Board and Tuition per session, (of 10 to 11 months) $175
Washing, Mending of Linen, etc., for same period, 25

No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

In case of withdrawal, (except for sickness or parents leaving the country,) the party will forfeit a quarter session, or the remaining portion of the half term.

The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance with a deposit for current expenses, books, etc. *No Student will be received without such deposit.*

For further information, application may be made to any of the Catholic Clergymen of the State, or to

jy1 REV. P. I GREY, President

DR. C. W. MOORE'S

Medical and Surgical Institute,

COMMERCIAL STREET,

A few doors below Kearny, - - - San Francisco.

ATTENDING AND RESIDING PHYSICIAN,

C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

Late Surgeon U. S. A., Quarantine Physician at New Orleans and Boston, Lecturer on Morbid Anatomy and Diseases of Women and Children, Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc., etc.

FOR THE CURE OF DISEASES,

WHETHER ACUTE OR CHRONIC,

No. 641 Commercial street,

A few doors below Kearny, where he can be consulted at all hours.

Especial attention paid to all Diseases of the UTERINE and SEXUAL ORGANS, SECONDARY and HEREDITARY AFFLICTIONS in their manifold form,

NERVOUS AFFICTIONS, ETC.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS, of whatever nature, performed scientifically, and the patient boarded at the Institute.

TO THE LADIES.—Private apartments, with female nurses, for those who desire them. CONSULTATIONS FREE.

Parties in the Country may consult the Doctor by letter, and receive, in return, a full description of their disease and its means of cure. All communications strictly confidential. C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

se16-3m 641 Commercial street, San Francisco.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

GREAT AMERICAN

PRIZE CONCERT!

AT

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE,

Chicago, Illinois, - - February 22d, 1866.

20,000 VALUABLE GIFTS WORTH $96,800

PRESENTED TO THE TICKET HOLDERS.

100,000 *TICKETS ONLY WILL BE SOLD.*

1 Gift of $10,000 cash	$10,000
1 Gift of $5,000 cash	5,000
50 Gifts, 50 English Patent Lever Gold Watches, valued at $400 each	20,000
100 Gifts, 100 Amer. Silver Lever Watches valued at $100 each	10,000
48 Gifts 48 Silver Lever Watches valued at $50 each	2,400
5,000 Gifts, 5,000 Turkey Morocco, gold clasp Albums, valued at $5 each	25,000
4,800 Gifts, 4,800 gold clasp Albums, valued at $3 each	14,400
10,000 Gifts, 10,000 cash at $1 each	10,000

All the above Goods are genuine, as represented, and are listed at a fair valuation.

Each ticket is registered before being sent out.

Parties will be notified by mail of the result of the drawing.

40,000 Tickets already sold. Send in your orders if you wish to secure them.

Tickets ONE DOLLAR each in Greenbacks, or 11 for $10, sent by mail to any address upon receipt of price and Postoffice stamp.

BRIGGS, LEMON & CO.,

no11-3m 141 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,

a28 44 Liedesdorff street, San Francisco.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.—IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT of the Second Township, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to S. B. THOMPSON, greeting:

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 13th day of February, A. D 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to answer unto the complaint of CHARLES M. PECK, who claims to recover from you the sum of two hundred and fifty-three dollars, and interest on one hundred and seventy-five dollars of said sum at two per cent. per month from June 22d, 1865, and on seventy-eight dollars of said sum at the same rate from April 20th, 1865, due on two promissory notes made by you, dated February 17th, 1865, and June 22d, 1865, the same claimed to be recovered in United States gold and silver coin, as per copies of said notes on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you, for the said amount and interest due, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of the city and county of San Francisco greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof. Given under my hand this 6th day of November, A. D. 1865.

Alias U. S. Revenue stamp, 50c., cancelled. H. J. WELLS, (SEAL.) Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco. Office, No. 623 Merchant street.

no11 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, *vs.* FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. no11-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Maurice J. Dooley, Plaintiff, *vs.* John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton, her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, children of J. H. and Annie Moore; Helen R. Masterson Ord, and Pacificus Ord, her husband, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, Helen R. Masterson Ord and Pacificus Ord, her husband:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

In and by said complaint, the plaintiff prays the following judgment and relief:

1. That the said defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, and that all adverse claims of the said defendants, or either of them, may be determined by a decree of this Court.

2. That plaintiff be adjudged to be the owner in fee simple, in possession of, and lawfully entitled to the possession of so much of said Lot 77 as is first described in the complaint.

3. That the defendants, and each and every of them, be adjudged and decreed to have no estate, right, title, or interest of, in or to said portion of said Lot 77, legal or equitable; and that they, and all persons claiming, or to claim under them subsequent to the commencement of this action, be barred, and perpetually restrained and enjoined from asserting or pretending to have any right, title, interest, or estate of, in or to the same, and from making any conveyance thereof—other than to plaintiff or his grantees; and for such other and further relief as shall be agreeable to equity—but without costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District in and for the County of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAMES E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
de23-3m

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That I, BRIDGET STANNAH, wife of WILLIAM STANNAH, intend to make application to the Twelfth District Court of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, on the

23d day of December, A. D. 1865, *at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day,*

or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the court room of said Court, in said city and county, for an order of said Court permitting her to carry on business in her own name and on her own account—the nature of the business to be carried on by virtue of such order being that of keeping a boarding and lodging house, and purchasing lots and houses to be used and occupied in that business, and erecting houses therefor. That for this purpose I am desirous of availing myself of the benefit of An Act to authorize married women to transact business in their own name as sole traders, approved April 12th, 1852, and of the acts amendatory thereof.

BRIDGET STANNAH.

W. C. BURNETT, Attorney for petitioner—Office, 636 Clay street. nov25

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de2

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SATURDAY, DEC. 30TH,
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AT HALF PRICES,
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THE LADY OF LYONS!

This Evening, December 30,

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And Every Member of the Popular Company,
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BEAUTIES AND ANTIQUITIES
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GREEN ISLE OF THE WEST,
IN
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Killiney Bay,
Carrickfergus Castle,
Belfast Lough,
Carrick-a-Ried,
Giant's Causeway,
Londonderry,
A Pattern in Connemara,
Seven Churches of Glenconnoise, on the Shannon;
The River Shannon,
Limerick,
Castle of Limerick,
Old Baal's Bridge, Limerick;
Rock of Cashel,
Cormac's Chapel, (Interior view, Day and Night Scene;)
Holy Cross Abbey,
Quay of Waterford,
Glengariff and Glengariff Inn,
Innisfallen, Lakes Killarney;
Kilkenny Castle,
Ross Castle, Lakes Killarney;
Upper Lake Killarney,
Lower Lake Killarney,
Cove of Cork and River;
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THURSDAY EVENING.....JAN. 18TH.
By order of the Executive Committee.

THE SECOND ANNUAL
Ball of the Fire Department,
Will be given at
UNION HALL,
ON THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 18.

No care or expense will be spared to make it the grandest and most fashionable Ball of the season.

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Com Selim Woodworth,	" R F Perkins,
Maj-Gen L H Allen,	" Wm J Shaw
Chas de Cazotte,	R H Sinton,
Louis McLane,	Wm. Alvord,
J Whitney, Jr,	J H Baird,
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☞ The number of Tickets to be sold is limited; they are not transferable, and none will be sold at the door. Ladies' invitations can be procured, free of charge, on application.

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ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,
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COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,
For Boarding and Day Pupils,
Nos. 64, 66, 68 and 70 Silver street.

THE NEXT TERM of this Institute will commence Wednesday, Jan. 3d. Catalogues may be obtained by addressing (de30) MISS M. LAMMOND, Principal.

THE MIEL INSTITUTE,
54, 55 and 56 South Park.

THIS FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOL, for Young Ladies, will reopen on the 2d of January, under the direction of MISS FLORENCE JAMES. PROF MIEL will continue to take charge of the French classes. Apply at 55 South Park. de30

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED have purchased the Eating House known as "Richards'" Restaurant, situate on Clay street, one door below Montgomery. The restaurant will be repaired and refitted throughout, and will be opened to the public on Wednesday morning, Dec. 27th.

C. H. BRICKWEDEL,
de23 H. F. HEGELER.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME IV., No. 6.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 6, 1866.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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INIGOINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, January 6th, 1866.

THREE sixes at the first throw! See them there in the date line at the head of this column.

How brusquely the new year bursts in on one! There is a sort of a

"Whose pin here since I'se pin gone?"

air about its entrance, and we can easily fancy that the brass band is close at our heels.

It is sixes that we are making now, but before we get very perfect in them we will have to be crooking sevens. To tell the truth, things have been at sixes and sevens for some five years past, and I look to see them equally so for five years to come.

A friend of mine is growling and grumbling over holidays. He says the stores are closed, and there is no place to go to and nothing to do.

He is not the only one who objects to the stores being closed. The Fourteenth Regiment go with him in a body. So much opposed are they to the movement that they opened several of them the other evening and carried off the contents.

The flag of this famous regiment is now paraded in a famous jewelry establishment. How gladly the members would follow it. Gold watches, diamond brooches, coral necklaces, silver spoons—how perfectly at home the gallant boys would make themselves if they were permitted to rally beneath that banner which they have borne so often amid the smoke of burning hayricks and the dust of confused hen-roosts. Never before in all military annals were privates known so willing to devote themselves to the public good... or the public goods.

All is fish that comes to their net. Door-knockers, cooking-ranges, church-steeples, sets of false teeth, circular saws—they gather them in, they gather them in.

In the swoop of the Fourteenth regiment, I recognize the law of compensation. Our city has stood aloof from the shock of battle; while the crimson tide was sweeping over the villages and hamlets of other States, incarnadining every hearthstone, never a threshold here was wet with blood.

Is it not fair then that we should be made to suffer the first inflictions of peace, and have all the major generals and minor particulars that cannot be trusted elsewhere landed upon our shores?

My grumbling friend declares that during all those three holidays—Thanksgiving. Christmas and New Years—he has been miserable. That he has found nothing to be grateful for.

Is he ignorant that on these three most blessed days of the year no *Flag* was published? Does he not in this circumstance alone recognize something to be thankful for?

Let no one imagine from this that I am not an admirer of the *Flag*. It has been my friend from the beginning, and I have no doubt will continue to be to the end... the bitter end. The bitter end being its own end, I trust that end is not very far distant.

The *Flag* has now waved for something more than two years.

Yes... I may say that for something more than two years it has waived all the principles of well-conducted journalism, and I have no doubt it will go on until it sinks beneath these waives.

It was reported last week that some one was on the point of buying it out. Naturally enough the reported offer came from Stoekton, for who but a "demnition maniac" would think of doing such a thing?

I am rather sorry that the negotiations have fallen through, for with one daily conduеted by lunatics and all the others by idiots the readiug public would have a decidedly lively and amusing time of it.

A friend at my elbow remarks that he fears I am not a staunch supporter of the *Flag*.

Bless its dear heart, I am. Talk of heroism and all that! I would willingly bear it into the hottest fire that ever was opened by mortal batteries and plant it there... yes, and I think I'd have very few compunctions about leaving it there for a little while. If the *Flag* staff went along with the *Flag* so much the better.

In making this acknowledgement to a journal which has always abused me, I am actuated by the better feelings of my nature. Its deportment towards me is one of the few consistencies that has justified its career. It has stuck to me closer than a brother, never losing an opportunity of getting in a dig at me... and I am proud to say it has never said a word iu my praise. I hope it never will.

The Custom House is rejoieing in a Millerennium.

Nearly all the old *employés* have been swept away to make room for soldiers who have been through the war. I question whether there was ever a cleaner sweep made by any new broom in office.

The new appointees, having all lost arms, legs or something else in their country's serviee, it is perhaps only fair that the old incumbents should lose their heads.

I rather like the idea of appointing persons without arms to public offices... even without fingers such functionaries would be jewels, but when you get them without arms!—I chuckle over it.

And the wooden-legged candidates... they ran well for office in this case, but I don't think they can walk off with many of the public monies.

In general, I think General Miller is right. And when we become accustomed to his customs he will probably prove to be the original jolly Miller we read about.

Speaking of costumes:

I notice that some correspondent of a country paper speaks of "the palmy days of the Menken."

What does he mean?

We all recollect her in what might be called her leafy days ... when she figured before us with very little more of relief to her sweet figure than that which drapes a fig... aud it is worthy of remark that, if the popular verdict may be believed, the multitude had about as lief see her in that costume as any other.

Does not that bard—who is known to his French friends as "the Divine Williams"—does not that bard declare that "one touch of nature makes all Men kin?"

Menken is now, according to latest accounts, living in the bosom of her family, having purchased a country seat, which she calls "The Lair."

Lord Carmel has bestowed upon her the *soubriquet* of "The Bengal Tiger."

Pity he had not baptized her as "The Lion," for, aside from the fact that she has crossed the roaring main, of late, and been extensively lionized, "apt alliteration's artful aid" could be called in to say of her when she rides abroad,

The Lady Lion leaves her lonely lair.

But the "palmy days" which were under discussion in the beginning of this outcropping are probably meant as a simple allusion to the days when half our population blistered their palms in applauding, while the other half clasped their palms over their eyes and said—again drawing on the Divine Williams—

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer clout,
Without our special wonder?

In the bitterness of my heart last week I said I would make no New Year calls.

For I had been for a number of weeks in a weak and listless condition, both mentally and physically... I'm subject to be that way.., iu truth my mind seemed totally unfit for the practical realities of existence... as it most generally is... when I happened to strike the northern eminence of Telegraph Hill... the same emiuence where "The Expiring Catfish," "Pretty Little Girl in our Alley," and "Rip Sal, Set 'em up Agin" were first impressed upon my fancy, when a being rare, etherial... too etherial for earth, in fact, though on it... and transcendantly beautiful, appeared to me and presented me with a Jews'-harp, a bull fiddle, a trombone and a mouth-organ... telling me if I could play ou them all at once I could win all her money right there, and surprise the natives on that northern eminence of Telegraph Hill—

No... I've got it all mixed, but if you will turn to the ninth page of the CALIFORNIAN, last column, long metre... you will find an adventure so very much like mine that I have persuaded the editor to copy it out and save me further trouble.

To cut a long story short, this lovely being advised me to go home, soak my feet in hot water, wrap a wet towel or two around my head, and see if I didn't feel better in the morniug. All of which I did with a happy result.

And this is the way I came to make my New Year calls.

I have "called" with only an ace high, but this time I had a pair... a buggy and pair, iu fact.

A number of ladies were complaining that they only heard the same thing said over and over again all the day through... that may be, but it was certainly said iu a great many different ways:

I wish you a happy New Year.
I wish you a nappy yew hear.
I wish you a yappy hew near.
I 'ish 'ou a wappy near ear.

But the changes are too infinite and I have not time to ring them all.

Pale sherry seems to bo the favorite beverage. Is it called pale sherry because young men are expected to drink a pailful of it before they get around and stand up under the load?

Were I the mistress of a mansion I think that, as the afternoon waned, I'd remove the sherries from the table and give my callers a "lay out" of Napa soda.

The brief report has come over the wires: "Artemus Ward is dead. His wife died at Worcester, Mass., a few days since from the effects of inhaling coal gas."

That this is our friend, the celebrated showman, I cannot for a moment believe. Notwithstanding the suspicions which his Babes in the Wood may have giveu rise to, he had no wife at last dates, and not being of a remarkably sentimental turn of mind it is not probable that he would provide himself with one at such short notice.

Nor is it at all likely that he would marry a woman who could be suffocated by coal gas.

No, no, I am confident that Artemus will speak many a piece yet, and not employ any other medium than his own sweet mouth and manner.

If not in England—he contemplated a visit thither to see what the publishers meant by publishing cheap editions of his book—he is in all likelihood at this moment in New York, presiding at the dinners which are given to Mr. Linen.

Our city seems destined to become famous for its exports of Linen.

How pleasant it is to think that our late fellow-townsman is breakfasting with Bryant, lunching with Longfellow, supping with Stoddard—perhaps dining with Dickens.

Bryant is white-haired, you know, and how he must have stared when Mr. Linen, at the lunch table, began to talk to him about his "frosty pow," and all that.

My own idea is that, seeing Linen around, the *literati* will be very apt to cauvass the merits of muzzlin'

INIGO.

TWO DAYS OF BATTLE.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

THE Confederates had been waiting two months for McClellan's advance. Emboldened by his delay they had gathered the whole of their available strength from remote Tennessee, from the Mississippi, and from the coast, until, confident and powerful, they crossed Meadow Bridge on the 26th of June, 1862, and drove in our right wing at Mechaniesville. The Reserves of Gen. McCall were stationed here; they made a wavering resistance—wherein four companies of Bucktails were captured bodily—and fell back at nightfall upon Porter's Corps, at Gaines' Mill. Fitz John Porter commanded the brigades of Gens Sykes and Morrell—the former made up solely of regulars. He appeared to have been ignorant of the strength of the attacking party, and he telegraphed to McClellan early on Thursday evening that he required no reinforcements, and that he could hold his ground. The next morning he was attacked in front and flank; Stewart's cavalry fell on his right and turned it at Old Church. He formed at noon in new line of battle, from Gaines' House, along the mill road to New Coal Harbor; but stubbornly persisted in the belief that he could not be beaten. By three o'clock he had been driven back two miles, and all his energies were unavailing to recover a foot of ground. He hurled lancers and cavalry upon the masses of Jackson and the Hills, but the butternut infantry formed impenetrable squares, hemmed in with rods of steel, and as the horsemen galloped around them, searching for pervious points, they were swept from their saddles with volleys of musketry. He directed the terrible fire of his artillery upon them, but though the gray footmen fell in heaps, they steadily advanced, closing up the gaps, and their lines were like long stretches of blaze and ball. Their fire never slackened nor abated. They loaded and moved forward, column on column, like so many immortals that could not be vanquished. The scene from the balloon, as Lowe informed me, was awful beyond all comparison—of puffing shells and shrieking shrapnel, with volleys that shattered the hills and filled the air with deathly whispers. Infantry, artillery, and horse turned the Federal right from time to time, and to preserve their order of battle the whole line fell back toward Grape Vine Bridge. At five o'clock Slocum's Division of volunteers crossed the creek from the south side, and made a desperate dash upon the solid columns of the Confederates. At the same time Toombs' Georgia Brigade charged Smith's redoubt from the south side, and there was a probability of the whole of both armies engaging before dark.

My fever of body had so much relinquished to my fever of mind that at three o'clock I called for my horse and determined to cross the bridge, that I might witness the battle.

It was with difficult, that I could make my way along the narrow corduroy, for hundreds of wounded were limping from the field to the safe side, and ammunition wagons were passing the other way, driven by reckless drivers who should have been blown up momentarily. Before I had reached the north side of the creek, an immense throng of panic-stricken people came surging down the slippery bridge. A few carried muskets, but I saw several wantonly throw their pieces into the flood, and as the mass were unarmed. I inferred that they had made similar dispositions. Fear, anguish, cowardice, despair, disgust, were the predominant expressions of the upturned faces. The gaunt trees, towering from the current, cast a solemn shadow upon the moving throng, and as the evening dimness was falling around them, it almost seemed that they were engulfed in some cataract. I reined my horse close to the side of a team, that I might not be borne backward by the crowd; but some of the lawless fugitives seized him by the bridle, and others attempted to pull me from the saddle.

"Gi' up that hoss!" said one, "what business you got wi' a hoss?"

"That's my critter, and I am in for a ride; so you get off!" said another.

I spurred my pony vigorously with the left foot, and with the right struck the man at the bridle under the chin. The thick column parted left and right, and though a howl of hate pursued me, I kept straight to the bank, cleared the swamp, and took the military route parallel with the creek, toward the nearest eminence. At every step of the way I met wounded persons. A horseman rode past me leaning over his pommel, with blood streaming from his mouth and hanging in gouts from his saturated beard. The day had been intensely hot, and black boys were besetting the wounded with buckets of cool lemonade. It was a common occurrence for the couples that carried the wounded on stretchers to stop on the way, purchase a glass of the beverage, and drink it. Sometimes the blankets on the stretchers were closely folded, and then I knew that the man within was dead. A little fellow, who used his sword for a cane, stopped me on the road, and said:

"See yer! This is the ball that jes' fell out o' my boot."

He handed me a lump of lead as big as my thumb, and pointed to a rent in his pantaloons, whence the drops rolled down his boots.

"I wouldn't part with that for suthin' handsome," he said; "it'll be nice to hev to hum."

As I cantered away he shouted after me:

"Be sure you spell my name right! it's Smith, with an 'E'—S-M-I-T-H-E."

In one place I met five drunken men escorting a wounded Sergeant; the latter had been shot in the jaw, and when he attempted to speak the blood choked his articulation.

"You le' go him, parduer," said one of the staggering brutes, "he's not your Sergeant. Go 'way!"

"Now, Sergeant," said the other idiotically, "I'll see you all right, Sergeant. Come, Bill, fetch him over to the corn-crib and we'll give him a drink."

Here the first speaker struck the second, and the sergeant in wrath knocked them both down. All this time the enemy's cannon were booming close at hand.

I came to an officer of rank, whose shoulder emblem I could not distinguish, riding upon a limping field horse. Four men held him to his seat, and a fifth led the animal. The officer was evidently wounded, though he did not seem to be bleeding, and the dust of battle had settled upon his blanched, stiffening face, like grave-mould upon a corpse. He was swaying in the saddle, and his hair—for he was bare-headed—shook across his white eyeballs. He reminded me of the famous Cid whose body was sent forth to scare the Saracens.

A mile, or more, from Grape Vine Bridge, on a hill top, lay a frame farm-house, with cherry trees encircling it, and along the declivity of the hill were some cabins, corn-sheds and corn-bins. The house was now a surgeon's headquarters, and the wounded lay in the yard and lane, under the shade, waiting their turns to be hacked and maimed. I caught a glimpse through the door of the butchers and their victim; some curious people were peeping through the windows at the operation. As the procession of freshly wounded went by, the poor fellows, lying on their backs, looked mutely at me, and their great eyes smote my heart.

Something has been written in the course of the war upon straggling from the ranks, during battle. But I have seen nothing that conveys an adequate idea of the number of cowards and idlers that so stroll off. In this instance, I met squads, companies, almost regiments of them. Some came boldly along the road; others skulked in woods, and made long detours to escape detection; a few were composedly playing cards, or heating their coffee, or discussing the order and consequence of the fight. The rolling drums, the constant clatter of file and volley-firing—nothing could remind them of the requirements of the time and their own infamy. Their appreciation of duty and honor seemed to be forgotten; neither hate, ambition, nor patriotism could force them back; but when the columns of mounted provosts charged upon them, they sullenly resumed their muskets and returned to the field. At the foot of the hill to which I have referred the ammunition wagons lay in long lines, with the horses' heads turned from the fight. A little beyond stood the ambulances; and between both setts of vehicles, fatigue parties were going and returning to and from the field. At the top of the next hill sat many of the Federal batteries, and I was admonished by the shriek of shells that passed over my head and burst far behind me, that I was again to look upon carnage and share the perils of the soldier.

The question at once occurred to me: Can I stand fire? Having for some months penned daily paragraphs relative to death, courage and victory, I was surprised to find that those words were now unusually significant. "Death" was a syllable to me before; it was a whole dictionary now. "Courage" was natural to every man a week ago; it was rarer than genius to-day. "Victory" was the first word in the lexicon of youth yesterday noon; "discretion" and "safety" were at present of infinitely more consequence. I resolved, notwithstanding these qualms, to venture to the hill-top; but at every step flitting projectiles took my breath. The music of the battle-field, I have often thought, should be introduced in opera. Not the drum, the bugle, or the fife, though these are thrilling after their fashion; but the music of modern ordnance and projectile, the beautiful whistle of the minie ball, the howl of shell that makes unearthly havoc with the air, the whiz-z-z of solid shot, the chirp of bullets, the scream of grape and canister, the yell of immense conical cylinders that fall like red hot stoves and spout burning coals.

All these passed over, beside, beneath, before, behind me. I seemed to be an invulnerable something at whom some cunning juggler was tossing steel, with an intent to impinge upon, not to strike him. I rode like one with his life in his hand, and, so far as I remember, seemed to think of nothing. No fear, *per se;* no regret; no adventure; only expectancy. It was the expectancy of a shot, a choking, a loud cry, a stiffening, a dead, dull, tumble, a quiver, and —— blindness. But with this was mingled a sort of enjoyment, like that of the daring gamester who has played his soul and is waiting for the decision of the cards. I felt all his suspense, more than his hope; and withal, there was excitement in the play. Now a whistling ball seemed to pass just under my ear, and before I commenced to congratulate myself upon the escape, a shell, with a showery and revolving fuse, appeared to tak the top off my head. Then my heart expanded and contracted, and somehow I found myself conning rhymes. At each clipping ball—for I could hear them coming—a sort of coldness and paleness rose to the very roots of my hair, and was then replaced by a hot flush. I caught myself laughing, syllabically, and shrugging my shoulders, fitfully. Once, the rhyme that came to my lips—for I am sure there was no mind in the iteration—was the simple nursery prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

and I continued to say "down to sleep," "down to sleep," "down to sleep," till I discovered myself, when I ceased. Then a shell, apparently just in range, dashed toward me, and the words spasmodically leaped up: "Now's your time. This is your billet." With the same insane pertinacity I continued to repeat "Now's your time, now's your time," and "billet, billet, billet," till at last I came up to the nearest battery, where I could look over the crest of the hill; and, as if I had looked into the crater of a volcano, or down the fabled abyss into hell, the whole grand horror of a battle burst upon my sight. For a moment I could neither feel nor think. I scarcely beheld, or beholding did not understand or perceive. Only the roar of guns, the blaze that flashed along a zig-zag line and was straightway smothered with smoke, the creek lying glassily beneath me, the gathering twilight and the brownish blue of woods! I only knew that some thousands of fiends were playing with fire and tossing brands at heaven—that some pleasant slopes, dells and highlands were lit as if the conflagration of universes had commenced. There is a passage of Holy Writ that come to my mind as I write, which explains the sensation of the time better than I can do:

"He opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit.

"And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth."—*Revelations, ix.* 2, 3.

In a few moments, when I was able to compose myself, the veil of cloud blew away or dissolved, and I could see fragments of the long columns of infantry. Then from the far end of the lines puffed smoke, and from man to man the puff ran down each line, enveloping the columns again, and that they were alternately visible and invisible. At points between the masses of infantry lay field pieces, throbbing with rapid deliveries, and emitting volumes of white steam. Now and then the firing slackened for a short time, when I could remark the Federal line, fringed with bayonets, stretching from the low meadow on the left up the slope, over the ridge, up and down the crest, until its right disappeared in the gloaming of wood and distance. Standards flapped here and there above the column, and I knew from the fact that the line became momentarily more distinct, that the Federals were falling stubbornly back. At times a battery would dash a hundred yards forward, unlimber, and fire a score of times, and directly would return two hundred yards and blaze again. I saw a regiment of lancers gather at the foot of a protecting swell of field; the bugle rang thrice, the red pennons went upward like so many song birds, the mass turned the crest and disappeared, then the whole artillery belched and bellowed. In twenty minutes a broken, straggling, feeble group of horsemen returned; the red pennons still fluttered, but I knew that they were redder for the blood that dyed them. Finally, the Federal infantry fell back to the foot of the hill on which I stood; all the batteries were clustering around me, and suddenly a column of men shot up from the long sweep of the abandoned hill, with batteries on the left and right. Their muskets were turned toward us—a crash and a whiff of smoke swept from flank to flank, and the air around me rained buck, slug, bullet and ball!

The incidents that now occurred in rapid succession were so thrilling and absorbing that my solicitude was lost in their grandeur. I sat like one dumb, with my soul in my eyes and my ears stunned, watching the terrible column of Confederates. Each party was now straining every energy—the one for victory, the other against annihilation. The darkness was closing in, and neither cared to prolong the contest after night. The Confederates, therefore, aimed to finish their success with the rout or capture of the Federals, and the Federals aimed to maintain their ground till nightfall. The musketry was close, accurate and uninterrupted. Every second marked by a discharge—the one firing, the other replying promptly. No attempt was now made to remove the wounded; the coolness of the fight had gone by, and we witnessed only its fury. The stragglers seemed to appreciate the desperate emergency and came voluntarily back to relieve their comrades. The cavalry was massed, and collected for another grand charge. Like a black shadow gliding up the darkening hill-side, they precipitated themselves upon the columns; the musketry ceased for the time, and shrieks, steel-strokes, the crack of carbines and revolvers succeeded. Shattered, humiliated, sullen, the horse wheeled and returned. Then the guns thundered again, and by the blaze of the pieces, the clods and turf were revealed, fitfully strewn with men and horses.

The vicinity of my position now exhibited traces of the battle. A caisson burst close by and I heard the howl of

dying wretches, as the fires flashed like meteors. A solid shot struck a field carriage not thirty yards from my feet, and one of the flying spliuters spitted a gunner as if he had been pierced by an arrow. An artilleryman was standing with folded arms so near that I could have reached to touch him; a whistle and a thumping shock, and he fell beneath my nag's head. I wonder, as I calmly recall these episodes now, how I escaped the death that played about me, chilled me, thrilled me—but spared me!

"They are fixing bayonets for a charge. My God! See them come down the hill."

In the gathering darkness, through the thick smoke, I saw or seemed to see the interminable column roll steadily downward. I fancy that I beheld great gaps cut in their ranks but closing solidly up, like the imperishable Gorgon. I may have heard some of this next day, and so confounded the testimonies of eye and ear. But I knew that there was a charge, and that the drivers were ordered to stand by their saddles, to run off the guns at any moment. The descent and bottom below me, were now all ablaze, and directly, above the din of cannon, rifle, and pistol, I heard a great cheer, as of some salvation achieved.

"The rebels are repulsed! We have saved the guns!"

A cheer greeted this announcement from the battery-men around me. They reloaded, rammed, swabbed and fired, with naked arms, and drops of sweat furrowed the powder stains upon their faces. The horses stood motionless, quivering not half so much as the pieces. The grisly officers held to their match-strings, smothering the excitement of the time. All at once there was a running hither and thither, a pause in the thunder, a quick consultation:

"S'death! They have flanked us again." In an instant I seemed overwhelmed with men. For a moment I thought the enemy had surrounded us.

"It's all up," said one, "I shall cross the river."

I wheeled my horse, fell in with the stream of fugitives, and was borne swiftly through field and lane, and trampled fence to the swampy margin of the Chickahominy. At every step the shell fell in and among the fugitives, adding to their panic. I saw officers who had forgotten their regiments or had been deserted by them, wending with the mass. The wounded fell and were trodden upon. Personal exhibitions of valor and determination there were; but the main body had lost heart, and were weary and hungry.

As we approached the bridge there was confusion and altercation ahead. The people were borne back upon me. Curses and threats ensued.

"It is the Provost-guard," said a fugitive, "driving back the boys"

"Go back!" called a voice ahead. "I'll blow you to h—l if you don't go back! Not a man shall cross the bridge without orders!"

The stragglers were variously affected by this intelligence. Some cursed and threatened; some of the wounded blubbered as they leaned languidly upon the shoulders of their comrades. Others stoically threw themselves on the ground and tried to sleep. One man called aloud that the "boys" were stronger than the Provosts and that therefore the "boys" ought to "go in and win."

"Where's the man that wants to mutiny?" said the voice ahead; "let me see him!"

The man slipped away, for the Provost officer spoke as though he meant all he said.

"Nobody wants to mutiny!" cried others.

"Three cheers for the Union."

The wounded and well threw up their hats together, and made a sickly hurrah. The grim officer relented, and he shouted stentoriously that he would take the responsibility of passing the wounded. These gathered themselves up and pushed through the throng: but many skulkers plead injuries, and so escaped. When I attempted to follow, on horseback, hands were laid upon me, and I was refused exit. In that hour of terror and sadness, there were yet jests and loud laughter. However keenly I felt these things, I had learned that modesty amounted to little in the army; so I pushed my nag steadily forward and scattered the camp vernacular, in the shape of imprecations, left and right.

"Colonel," I called to the officer in command, as the line of bayonets edged me in, "may I pass out? I am a civilian."

"No!" said the Colonel, wrathfully. "This is no place for a civilian."

"That is why I want to get away."

"Pass out!"

I followed the winding of the woods to Woodbury's Bridge—the next above Grapevine Bridge. The approaches were clogged with wagons and field-pieces, and I understood that some panic-stricken people had pulled up some of the timbers to prevent a fancied pursuit. Along the sides of the bridge many of the wounded were washing their wounds in the water, and the cries of the teamsters echoed weirdly through the trees that grew in the river. At nine o'clock we got under way—horsemen, batteries, ambulances, ammunition teams, infantry, and finally some great siege 32's that had been hauled from Gaines' House. One of these pieces broke down the timbers again, and my impression is that it was cast into the current. When we emerged from the swamp timber, the hills before us were found brilliantly illuminated with burning camps. I made toward headquarters, in one of Trest's fields; but all the tents save one had been taken down, and lines of white covered wagons stretched southward until they were lost in the shadows. The tent of Gen. McClellan alone remained, and beneath an arbor of pine boughs, close at hand, he sat, with his Corps Commanders and Aides, holding a council of war. A ruddy fire lit up the historical group, and I thought at the time, as I have said a hundred times since, that the consultation might be selected for a grand national painting. The crisis, the hour, the adjuncts, the renowned participants, peculiarly fit it for pictorial commemoration.

The young commander sat in a chair, in full uniform, uncovered. Heintzelman was kneeling upon a fagot, earnestly speaking. De Joinville sat apart, by the fire, examining a map. Fitz John Porter was standing back of McClellan, leaning upon his chair. Keyes, Franklin, and Sumner were listening attentively. Some sentries paced to and fro, to keep out vulgar curiosity. Suddenly, there was a nodding of heads, as of some policy decided; they threw themselves upon their steeds, and galloped off toward Michie's.

As I reined at Michie's porch, at ten o'clock, the bridges behind me were blown up, with a flare that seemed a blazing of the Northern Lights. The family were sitting upon the porch, and Mrs. Michie was greatly alarmed with the idea that a battle would be fought around her house next day.

O'Hanlon, of Meagher's staff, had taken the fever and sent anxiously for me, to compare our symptoms.

I bade the good people adieu before I went to bed, and gave the man "Pat" a dollar to stand by my horse while I slept, and to awake me at any disturbance, that I might be ready to scamper. The man "Pat," I am bound to say, woke me up thrice by the exclamation of:

"Sure, your honor, there's—well—to pay in the yard! I think ye and the Doctor had better ride off."

On each of those occasions, I found that the man "Pat" had been lonesome, and wanted somebody to speak to.

What a sleep was mine that night! I forgot my fever. But another and a hotter fever burned my temples—the fearful excitement of the time! Whither were we to go, cut off from the York, beaten before Richmond—perhaps, even now surrounded—and to be butchered to-morrow, till the clouds should rain blood? We were to retreat one hundred miles down the hostile Peninsula—a battle at every rod, a grave at every footstep? Then I remembered the wounded heaped at Gaines's Mill, and how they were groaning without remedy, ebbing at every pulse, counting the flashing drops, calling for water, for mercy, for death. So I found heart; for I was not buried yet. And somehow I felt that fate was to take me, as the great poet took Dante, through other and greater horrors. *N. Y. Citizen.*

A writer once remarked that a moment of horror is experienced when a misgiving comes over you that your servant has clandestinely assisted you in wearing out your tooth brush. A lady of Boston had a moment of horror recently, which she has not yet entirely recovered from. During her absence the past summer she left the house in charge of a very faithful attendant, who had been with her for years, and who, to all appearances, most faithfully performed her duty. Everything was in order when she returned, and her best hat and her velvet cloak remained as she left them. Recently the lady had occasion to visit a photograph room, and while looking over some pictures, her eye was attracted by one which had a familiar appearance. She puzzled her brain to think who it could be and was about giving it up when her little girl glanced at it, and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, that's our Jenny." Close inspection revealed the fact that Miss Jenny could not resist the temptation to send her photograph home to the old country, arrayed in as much costliness as the circumstances would permit, for there was no doubting that Madame's velvet cloak and dress hat had taken an airing during her absence.

Jules Janin breaks into rapturous applause of Victor Hugo's new book of poems, "The Songs of the Streets and Woods." Of the poet he says: "He sings; he talks; he intoxicates himself with the limpid wave; he kneels at the feet of oaks strengthened by storms; he knows what the willows ponder, and what the ripe wheat-fields say. It is truly song, but also plaint and prayer, and the accent of the street where everything passes, and the murmur of the forest speaking without mystery to the clouds."

An Impudent Actor. — Reeve was in the habit of taking great liberties with his audience. He would interpolate dreadfully; nay, when he forgot his own part he would coolly improvise his share of the dialogue, without the slightest reference to his brothers. On one occasion he was acting the lover to Mrs. Fitzwilliams, who was a plump little actress, in a scene where she holds out her hand to Reeve with this speech: "Can you refuse anything to your *Pauline?*" Reeve, looking at the plump hand, cried out: "*Paw Lean? Paw Fat!* I call it."

The Pneumatic Despatch.—The formal opening of the first portion of the tube which is soon to connect the General Postoffice with the terminus of the London and North-western Railway took place recently. Four wagons with goods passed from Euston-square to Holborn, and its arrival at the company's premises at the latter place was watched by the gentlemen present. Afterwards a number of them were conveyed in the wagons to the Euston terminus, thus testing the capabilities of the service, although the journey was a little uncomfortable, the wagons not being fitted for passenger traffic. Tarpaulin coverings were obtained for one or two of the carriages, but the greater number of the excursionists had to fit themselves as best they could among the bags of shingle, taking care to keep their heads well below the edge of the carriages, lest, as an American gentleman present was credited with saying, "they might get their hair brushed by machinery." The first sensation at starting, and still more upon arriving, was certainly not agreeable. For about a quarter of a minute in each case there was a pressure upon the ears, suggestive of diving-bell experience, a suction like that with which one is drawn under a wave, and a cold draught of wind upon the eyes, having almost the effect of falling water; but once fairly within the tube, these sensations were got rid of, or left behind, and the motion had little more positive discomfort about it than would be attendant on riding on a "lorry" over the worst ballasted line in England. It was a curious sensation to be flying along through the earth, feet foremost, in utter darkness, for the best part of ten minutes, which, in such a place, seemed half an hour, knowing that to the right and left of you there were gas-pipes, drains, cellars, roots of trees, and all the intricate fibres of the London subsoilway; that nearer again to you was an arch which you might touch at your peril, and that of all of these you could see absolutely nothing. The conventional horrors of rats and catacombs troubled one little, seeming out of place beside this latest effort of human invention or audacity. But one reminiscence connected with an earlier stage in the history of this very pneumatic despatch did certainly present itself at awkward moments. The incident was as follows:

Various experiments having been tried with the tube and its powers of suction, one of the officials at last determined to see what would happen in case the train struck fast in any point on its journey. A carriage was accordingly "scotched," or fastened in such a way that it could not move, and then the power of the engine was exerted to the utmost. The carriage in question was intended for passengers, and furnished accordingly. By and by one of the cushions, the others, and finally all the moveables which the carriage contained, were whirled through the tube and delivered at the other end, the force exerted being such that even the nails keeping down the carpet were extracted.—*Liverpool Paper.*

A cocoanut plantation has altogether a singular appearance. The trees, being of one age, are of a uniform height and thickness of trunk, and spread of top; they are planted in horizontal lines of equal distances, and, growing up straight and perpendicular, present a series of long, tall, thin, gray columns, rounded over by green feathery foliage. The trees at maturity attain a height of forty feet, unbroken by leaf or branch, and rarely reclining more than two or three degrees from the perpendicular. The tops have a spread of about twenty five feet in diameter, and as the trees are seldom planted further apart than thirty feet, their foliage forms nearly an unbroken canopy, shading the ground below. The nuts grow in clusters between the roots of the leaves and branches at the top in all conditions of ripeness. If not picked when ripe, they drop; and, even with careful picking, many nuts are lost by dropping and being broken on the ground. Indeed, in a large plantation, the noise of the falling nuts and the dead old branches strangely breaks the silence that reigns all round. The force with which they fall is considerable—sufficient, if they alight on the head, to kill a man of ordinary thick skull, and I have thought it remarkable—at least, I have never heard of a single case. This is especially remarkable among native villages, which are thickly crowed with cocoanut trees, under the shade of which the huts repose, and the little black children play from morning till night.

"Sir," said a pompous personage, who undertook to bully an editor, "do you know that I take your paper?" "I've no doubt you do take it," replied the man of the quill, "for several of my honest subscribers have been complaining lately about their papers being missing in the morning."

"Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the Pit?" "Because they didn't want him in the Family Circle!"

A physician, in company with others of the profession, thus boasted: "I was the first to discover the Asiatic cholera, and communicate it to the public"

Mirabeau compared the French to children who sow and the next day scratch open the ground to see if the seeds have sprouted.

THE CLOSED STAIRCASE.

I WAS walking up and down the cloistered court of St. Oswald's, with my friend Bryce, one evening early in the Lent Term of 185—. It was only my second term of residence, and as Bryce was on the point of taking his degree, I regarded him with a considerable amount of respect, not to say awe; for he it was who had allowed me to rub off my freshness upon him, and saved me, by many a timely hint, from several of the errors and gaucheries incidental to the uninitiated in undergraduate life. I had fagged for him at school, and the mutual friendship once begun there, and interrupted for a space of three years by his residence in the University, had now sprung up again more warmly than ever. And now, meeting again after the vacation, which he had spent in hard reading in his college-rooms, there was the usual comparing of notes on every conceivable subject, slipping by imperceptible graduations from skating to politics, from politics to theology, and thence round again (taking in the origin of evil, and the intermediate state of existence by the way,) to the chances that so-and-so had of obtaining the vacant university scholarship. At last it seemed as if we had pretty well exhausted everything "conversationable;" the current of our talk flowed in a shallower and still shallower stream, and we were on the point of separating for the night, when a casual question of mine altered the whole course of affairs, and kept us out of our respective beds for a considerable period longer. It arose thus: from the court, at regular intervals, staircases opened, each one leading to three or four different sets of rooms, all with their occupants, as there was never a set of rooms vacant for any length of time in college. But in one part of the court, at the south corner, where, in the natural course of things, one would have expected to see a staircase likewise, there was simply a door, shut close. Passing it for perhaps the hundredth time in our circuit of the court, I carelessly kicked against it, noticed that it was fast, and had no handle, keyhole, or other means of opening; and turning to Bryce, asked whether a sham door was supposed to be either useful or ornamental by the intelligent architect of the court. To which he replied with rather a meaning smile:

"Decidedly useful in this case, if tradition is to be believed."

"What," said I, "is there some special and peculiar vintage of old port, reserved for the most solemn carouses of most ancient fellows, to which admission is gained by a secret spring, known only to the hereditary and inviolable butler?"

"No," said he, laughing. "Bottles, if any be behind the door, must deserve the soubriquet we give to empty ones, as we roll them into the corner of the room at supper time—'dead men.' However, if you choose to hear the story as it was told me by my old tutor, who was a junior fellow of St. Oswald's when the events causing that door to be closed took place" (here he gave it another kick, which made me cold to my toes,) "and if you will do me the justice to believe that I am not practicing on your ingenuous innocence, I am entirely at your service."

Of course, I gladly assented, and though I felt so sleepy five minutes since, at that moment I could have warranted to keep awake for a week. Bryce started off with the story, which I give in his own words, as far as I can remember them."

"I think I came up here better initiated than most men in the lore of the university, owing to old Johnson, who spent at least half the time when he ought to have been polishing up my Greek Iambics in reciting thrilling tales of his own undergraduate life; striking, undoubtedly, most of them were, and much better fun than composing a dialogue (a long way) after Sophocles; none of them have, however, retained so firm a hold on my mind as the one connected with, or rather sealed by that door. It appears that one of his most intimate friends, named Marsden, moved into those rooms only a short time before his degree, having previously 'kept' in the town. The college was not so full then as now; many other colleges, which have now sunk into comparative insignificance by the side of St. Oswald's, were then competitors with it in point of numbers; and he chose these rooms as being in a quiet and retired corner of the court, where he might adventure that often repeated but generally unsuccessful experiment of making up for three years' laziness by three months reading. He had got comfortably settled in the rooms, and had begun carefully to parcel out the day, as is the custom of reading-men, into slabs of study, meals, and exercise. One evening, it was the 15th of November, 179—(he had every reason to recollect the date,) he was returning home rather later than usual, having been detained at his coach's rooms over an unusually refractory and hysterical Greek chorus, when he noticed in ascending the stairs to his rooms an unusual illumination in the sitting-room. Not being sure whether he might not have left his candle burning, or whether his bed-maker, who was not averse to brandy, had fallen a victim to spontaneous combustion, and was an unwilling holocaust on his hearth, he hurried up and in, when a most remarkable sight presented itself. The room was brilliantly lighted by wax candles, fixed in sconces against the wall, and in massive candelabra, evidently old college plate, which were set on the table; the table itself extended from end to end of the apartment, and on each side were seated young men in the dress of the end of the seventeenth or early part of the eighteenth century, carousing much after the manner of their descendants of the nineteenth. The post of chairman was occupied by a remarkably handsome young fellow, somewhat older apparently than the rest, and with a countenance which bore unmistakable traces of dissolute living, and who seemed every now and then troubled by some unpleasant thought which clouded his brow, though he was the life of the party, and seemed to be continually firing off fresh witticisms to keep them going. But still his mind was evidently not there; he kept glancing at the door, as though expecting some one to enter; and now Marsden noticed for the first time that the seat on the right hand of the host was vacant. No sooner had he noticed this (for he stood at his door spell-bound, but with every faculty, save that of speech, at its extremest tension.) than the seat was filled, and filled by a fair young man, whose boyish and innocent cast of features strangely contrasted with that of the head of the table. Over the face of this latter, as the youth entered, there seemed to pass a malicious smile, as he lifted his glass, and pledged the newcomer. While this was going on, Marsden was not conscious of hearing any sound, nay, by a sort of double sense, while kept alive to the quasi-reality of the scene before him, he could see, as in a shadowy background, his own books, surmounted by his own bust of Plato, which looked far more ghost-like than the ghostly banqueters.

"And now the drinking seemed to become fierce; the youth on the right hand, who at first refused wine, was yielding to the polite entreaties of his next neighbor (who again and again motioned to the servants to replenish his glass) and was gradually becoming flushed and heated. The whole company appeared to get disorderly, healths were drunk with great rapidity, and all the well-known accompaniments of undergraduate suppers in their most advanced stage seemed to be taking place; and just at this time Marsden noticed that the countenances of all the others, with the exception of the fair guest, were such as would stamp them as belonging to what we should call the 'worst set;' and their expression was not improved by intoxication. At least, all seemed to be either asleep or maudlin, save the host and his next neighbor, who doubtless from the lateness of his arrival, together with his abstemiousness at first, had thus held out. But now he too seemed rapidly becoming like the rest, when on a sudden the host rose, went to a small cabinet (for the servant had quitted the room) and took thence a small bottle labelled 'Tokay.' Filling a glass, he handed it to his friend, who drank it off with a sort of foolish half-tipsy smile; but in one instant the smile changed to an expression of pain, then to one of horror, and then, as he caught the eye of the host fixed on him in malicious triumph, to one of indescribable hate. Making a violent effort to rise from his chair, and a fruitless one to clinch his fist and strike his foe, his whole frame relaxed, and fell forward; and at the same moment there was a hideous groan, and the whole sight—supper, guests, poisoner, and poisoned—vanished, and the room was in utter darkness.

"Marsden awoke to find himself in his bed, diligently attended by his old bed maker, who was giving him and herself alternate spoonfuls of brandy and water.

"The state of insensibility in which she had found him, required, alas! no explanation from him in her eyes, as it was not a very uncommon experience of hers to discover her 'young gentlemen,' one or more of them, prone on the floor, rather than on the beds, of their appartments, on her arrival in the early mornings, and had she sought for or expected any account, Marsden was by no means in a humor to give one. At first, indeed, he made up his mind to tell nobody, and of course, ten minutes afterward, when his friend Johnson came into his rooms he detailed his strange vision of the preceding night at length. Sad to say, Johnson's countenance expressed the belief that Marsden had returned for one night at least to the somewhat reckless orgies which had adorned his early residence, and was suffering in consequence thereof, and his only comment on the story was: 'My dear fellow, if you will go on getting drunk up to the threshhold of your degree you will most undoubtedly be plucked.' So Marsden said no more, and merely contenting himself with writing a brief abstract of that scene which he himself knew not how to account for, he did the most sensible thing under the circumstances, and tried to forget all about it. A month rolled by, the term waned, all but a few steady readers were departing, or had departed, to their home for Christmas. The fifteenth of December was just closing in, gloomy and damp, and Marsden settled, with a wearied sigh at the vanity of life, such as is not uncommon at two-and-twenty, to his books. Wonderful to relate, he got interested, and several hours flew by without relaxing his attention. However, on looking at his watch and seeing it close on midnight, he was drowsily determining on going to bed, when on a sudden his whole room seemed to be illuminated. He was at the time standing at an upright desk for reading in one corner of his room, and instantly faced about. To his horror and astonishment, he beheld the same scene already described, of the supper and the poisoning, re-enacted in every particular. * * *

"'We shall get you better soon, old boy,' said Johnson to him, as he bent over him about a fortnight after the above date; 'but you have succeeded in reading yourself into a brain-fever, and may consider yourself lucky that you have escaped with no worse consequences than temporary baldness and the appetite of an ostrich.'

"Marsden replied by two questions:

"'What day of the month is it? and when can I be moved?'

"'It is the second of January, and in about a fortnight's time we may get you away from here.'

"To Johnson's surprise, and almost alarm, Marsden sprang up, or rather half sprang up, in bed, and, seizing him by the arm, said:

"'If you don't get me away in less than a fortnight you may spare yourselves the trouble, for the undertakers will do the job more satisfactorily.'

"Johnson endeavored to quiet him, thinking, not unreasonably, that the fever had not yet left him, and indeed he was worse for some hours afterwards. But later in the evening, he repeated the story he had told to my old tutor six weeks before; and Johnson sensibly informed the doctor, when he called, of his friend's dread of a repetition of the same scenes on the corresponding day of January, if he were suffered to remain so long; and with considerable risk to Marsden, happily unattended with bad results, he was moved out on the fourteenth of that month.

"The rooms have never since been occupied."

"Well," said I, as Bryce paused here, "had no one the courage to brave the spectral symposium?"

"Yes," said he; "the next night, Johnson made a point of sitting up in the rooms, but he unfortunately had taken so much in the way of gentle stimulants to nerve him for the expected terrors, that he awoke, after a somewhat uncomfortable slumber, at four o'clock in the morning of the 16th, to find himself in profound darkness, and with a violent cold in the head."

"But," said I, again, "was no explanation ever offered of the extraordinary scene of which Marsden was witness?"

"Only this," replied Bryce. "Some weeks afterward, when he was slowly recruiting his health at his father's house at Leicestershire, he found among a bundle of old papers in a disused room, a strange confession of an ancestor of his, whom he had heard of as a wild, fast liver, who had suddenly sobered down, gone abroad, and turned monk, but of whose history but little was known. The manuscript contained a very ordinary account of love and jealousy, induced by a handsome young rival in the affections of a certain young lady, ending with an obscure vow of vengeance against him. Then came a blank, and afterward these singular words:

"'November 16, 169- :—Good God! am I to go through that horrible evening again? Not a soul but myself knows or suspects that I had anything to do with his death—they put it down to excessive drinking and excitement; and here I am forced by some frightful fate to commit the same ghastly crime in spirit as each fifteenth day of the month comes round! Forgive me, O God!—but I know it cannot be. I must carry about a living hell within me till I die!' Here the MS. ceased abruptly. Whether its contents were intended to be made known by the unhappy man (who before the end of the year had quitted England forever,) or to be left in obscurity, it is impossible to say. At any rate, the narrative was not found till the time I mention, and I need hardly say, materially retarded Marsden's recovery. He was never able to ascertain whether the vision had appeared to others before his time, or whether, as a descendant of the murderer, he had been specially favored in the matter. Nobody else ever repeated the experiment which failed in Johnson's case, for the story came to the Master's ears, and the rooms occupied by Marsden were not particularly convenient or particularly wanted, and as he had a great dislike, as he said, to addling the brains of undergraduate members of the college by any additional distraction, he caused the door you see at the bottom of the staircase to be fixed firmly in its place; and it hasn't as far as I am aware, occurred to any succeeding college authorities to have it opened since. But I do not despair of a *seance* being held there yet, as there are one or two of the junior fellows who believe in that sort of thing—and in nothing else. 'But come,' concluded Bryce, 'I ought to have been in bed hours ago; so if my fire has not hopelessly subsided, we will contrive a small jug of 'Bishop' before we turn in.'"

SQUARZA—The concoctor of the popular punches which bear his name—sent to the *Alta*, *Bulletin*, *Call* and *Flag* newspaper offices a half dozen bottles each of his wondrous brewings on New Year's Day. The result was evidenced in the unusual sprightliness of their next day's issues. Elegant acknowledgements of the favor appear in the columns of all our cotemporaries.

THE crowning gift of beauty is a fair, unbleached, clear, rose blush to the complexion and skin. This is attained by all the ladies who use that charming toilet enamel, Davidson's Circassian Bloom.

"ROSES BLOOM IN SUMMER"—As sung by Charles Lascelles, has just been published by Mr. Gray, 613 Clay street.

PHILOSOPHICAL PUZZLES.

THERE is a science, or rather a family of sciences, which can boast a greater antiquity than almost any other. Its great age does not in the least entail decrepitude, for it, in fact, gives this ancient father of knowledge a patriarchal authority over all the younger sciences, without at all making him suffer any of those infirmities of age which his twenty-five centuries of life might be expected to confer. This ancient learning is called Logic, a name of great power, and, alas! often taken in vain. In fact, its fame is so extensive, that persons whose knowledge is limited to the name only, are constantly invoking it with an almost superstitious feeling. The blacksmith whose political convictions are strong (not to say wordy,) when debating in the senate of a tap-room, uses the name of logic with much effect either for the conclusive settlement of the question in the manner he upholds, or to the destruction of the notions of his opponent. And many a parliamentary debater, or newspaper writer, calls aloud on the same name for a similar purpose, and it is indeed even just possible with the same simple veneration for what he knows not.

But, great as is the antiquity, and vast as are the dominions of this science, the general popular interest in, and recognition of, its principles are small; and this is the case because it has one great fault, which is sometimes the fault of age—it is not amusing. It is a very dignified science. Logic does not deal either in pleasing experiments or interesting discoveries. All the other sciences—with the exception, perhaps, of pure mathematics—have some amusing side in their character, or are capable of having amusement extracted from them by appropriate literary means. Thus, chemistry (properly seasoned) furnishes quite lively subjects of interest, as does geology also. So do astronomy, optics, and many other onomies and ics, which, accordingly, deservedly occupy their permanent though humble positions among the subjects of general literature. But from the syllogism in comprehension, or from the integral calculus, it is not easy to obtain interesting matter for light reading; and little more amusement can be furnished by taking the opposite tack, and poking fun at such respectable branches of knowledge.

There was a day, however, when philosophy was a young science, and it in that far time had, to a slight extent, the playful habits of youth, when it would in rare moments forget its usual occupation of arranging and fathoming the universe, and with ponderous humor, by the mouth of a disciple, give forth some puzzle of a more amusing character than the great problems of existence and knowledge, the discovery of whose solution formed its principal business, and to which desirable end it is still busily engaged.

Thus the celebrated and well-known puzzle of Achilles and the tortoise was invented by Zeno of Elea some centuries before Christ, and furnishes a good example of this philosophical play. This problem is as follows: If Achilles and a tortoise were to run a race, and Achilles were to run ten times as fast as the tortoise, if the latter had the start, Achilles would never overtake the tortoise, as can be thus shown: Suppose them at the starting of Achilles to be separated by a space of a thousand feet, when Achilles has run this thousand, the tortoise would have run a hundred, and when Achilles had run this hundred, the tortoise would have run ten, and so on forever. This sophism has been considered insoluble by many philosophers, and among others by Dr. Thomas Brown, since it actually leads to an absurd conclusion by a sound argument. The fallacy lies in the concealed assumption that what is infinitely divisible is also infinite.

Among other famous ancient dialectic problems are the following dilemmas, which are framed with wonderful ingenuity, the acuteness displayed in their construction being probably unsurpassed. The first is called Syllogismus Crocodilus, and may be thus stated: An infant, while playing on the bank of a river, was seized by a crocodile. The mother, hearing its cries, rushed to its assistance, and by her tearful entreaties obtained a promise from the crocodile (who was obviously of the highest intelligence) that he would give it her back if she would tell him truly what would happen to it. On this, the mother (perhaps rashly) asserted, "*You will not give it back.*" The crocodile answers to this: "If you have spoken truly, I cannot give back the child without destroying the truth of your assertion; if you have spoken falsely, I cannot give back the child, because you have not fulfilled the agreement; therefore, I cannot give it back whether you have spoken truly or falsely." The mother retorted: "If I have spoken truly, you must give back the child, by virtue of your agreement; if I have spoken falsely, that can only be when you have given back the child: so that, whether I have spoken truly or falsely, the child must be given back." History is silent as to the issue of this remarkable dispute.

Of a similar nature is the other example above mentioned, which is even more acutely stated. A young man named Euathless received lessons in rhetoric from Protagoras, it being agreed that a certain fee should be paid if the pupil were successful in the first cause he pleaded. Euathless, however, neglected to undertake any cause, and Protagoras, in order to obtain his fee, was compelled to sue him. Euathless defended himself in the court, and it was consequently the young man's first suit. The master argued thus: "If I be successful in this cause, O Euathless, you will be compelled to pay by virtue of the sentence of these righteous judges; and should I even be unsuccessful, you will then have to pay me in fulfilment of your original contract." To this the apt pupil replied: "If I be successful, O master, I shall be free by the sentence of these righteous judges; and even if I be unsuccessful, I shall be free by virtue of the contract." The story states that such convincing arguments thus diametrically opposed completely staggered the judges, who, being quite unable to decide, postponed the judgment *sine die*. [The famous legal case of the Bridge, which was decided by his Excellency Sancho Panza, Governor of the island of Barataria, might be cited as companion-example to the above; but is it not written in the books of the "Adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha."]

We, being guided by other lights, and looking on things with juster notions than in the early days of knowledge, can smile at the seemingly trifling schemes of philosophy, which were serious enough when first propounded. Just as, in laughing at the stiff expression and angular contortions of the pre-Raphaelite paintings, we forget that they represent what was believed to be the truth in art of those days, and see only the odd caricatures of humanity which they form. At a time when methods of observation and experiment were nearly unknown, or held in serene contempt, it is not strange that the early notions of the nature of things should be somewhat queer, and in this sense they certainly have a ludicrous side. Thus, Thales of Miletus, who lived about 640 B. C., from reasons only known to himself, taught and believed that the earth was a living being, and that all things were formed from water. This latter notion was contradicted by another famous philosopher and successor, Anaximenes, also of Miletus, who taught that all things were formed from air, which was the primal and universal element. Another celebrated philosopher, Heraclitus of Ephesus, in delightful unanimity with the preceding, believed that fire was the life of all things. The last furthermore taught that the sun was a mere meteor, not exceeding twelve feet in size, and was of necessity extinguished and rekindled afresh each day. Zeno Elea, above referred to, was, as may be imagined from the example of his powers which has been given, a most acute and bold reasoner, which talents, however, were employed on somewhat destructive principles. His argument for the non-existence of space affords an example. He asks: Wherein is space? For if all that exists must be in space, then must that space itself be in some other space: and so on *ad infinitum;* but this is absurd; therefore space itself cannot exist, as it cannot be in some other space. In a dispute with Protagoras, Zeno inquired whether a grain of corn, or the ten-thousandth part of a grain, falling to the ground would make any sound, and was told it would not. He then inquired whether a measure of corn would, and was told it would. He then retorted, that since a measure was composed of a certain definite number of grains, it followed, that either a grain makes a noise in falling, or the measure does not.

It is a sad fact that impatient spirits, after a long course of serious teaching or exercise, are apt to find an improper pleasure in modified profanity, especially as the latter has, to a great extent, the dangerous quality of being at first sight rather entertaining.

A celebrated instance of ingenious fallacy is that propounded as a just argument by Diodorus Chronos, who, by this fallacy, claimed to prove the impossibility of motion. He argues thus: All that a body does, must be done either in the place where it is, or else in the place where it is not. Now, it cannot move in the place where it is, and much less can it move in the place where it is not. Consequently, it cannot move at all, and therefore motion is impossible. It is related that the inventor of this sophism on one occasion dislocated his shoulder, and was compelled to send for a surgeon to set it. The leech assured the philosopher that the shoulder could not possibly be put out at all, since it could not be put out in the place in which it was, nor either in the place in which it was not.

The inverting argument of the lying Cretans is well known; but the reader will excuse its quotation for the sake of illustration, and for the chance of its being new to some out of the many. St. Paul says (Titus i., 12, 13): "One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said: The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies. This witness is true." The Cretans being always liars; the prophet was a Cretan, therefore he was a liar, and lied when he said they were always liars. Consequently the Cretans are not always liars. Again, since he was a Cretan, he was not always a liar. Therefore, the Cretans are always liars, and so on *ad infinitum.*

Another good instance is that quoted by a recent American writer, who shows, by a perfectly just argument, that the much-abused maxim, "All rules have their exceptions," is really self-contradictory. If all rules have exceptions, this maxim is itself a rule, and therefore must also have its exceptions. Consequently, the proverb at the same time affirms that all rules have their exceptions, and that some rules do not, which is an obvious case of proverbial suicide.

With regard to more trivial instances of logical profanity, I must quote one which is frequently employed in private life with much exasperating effect, and is also found by cross-examining counsel a serviceable mode of confounding a witness, and simultaneously throwing dust in the eyes of a jury. This process has, moreover, the pleasant, compact, logical name of *fallacia heterozeteos.* It consists in desiring to have either a direct negative or affirmative answer to a question, which, being done, a question respecting any desired improbability can then be asked, as, for instance: "Have you cut off your tail yet?" If the answer be yes, it is of course an admission that the examinee once had a tail; while, if the reply be no, it is assumed to be an admission that he still possesses that unusual personal ornament. A somewhat similar process is involved in the inquiry of a man: "How long he has left off beating his father?" It will be seen what a wide field of vexation a skillful use of this process can command. As an example, in strong contrast to the foregoing, the following problem may be cited as an interesting but somewhat hopeless subject of inquiry—namely, What is the effect of an irresistible force striking an immovable body?

It may be observed with regard to the foregoing illustrations, that they start from the borders of serious argument, and, descending by degrees, they travel first through ingenious and then trivial quibbles. Continuing the descent, we should finally arrive in the extensive region of jokes (but before arriving at that stage of debasement, it is better to quit the subject.) In fact, it has been justly observed, that jests generally are merely examples of faulty reasoning, and consequently have their place in the classification of logical fallacies. They preserve just so much of the appearance of just argument as to please by appealing to the mind, while the absurdity or incongruity of the conclusion produces a ludicrous effect, which the implied irreverence may have its share in intensifying. Thus, puns can generally be identified with the fallacy which logicians call ambiguous middle; while that conversational luxury which the outer world call "chaff," can be named by the more dignified terms of *ignoratio elenchi* and illicit processes.

The many and various kinds of popular and feminine arguments, which are frequently found so mystifying and unanswerable, from the amount of dust which they throw into the eyes of their less ready victims, might be probably dissected and classified with unspeakable advantage to the latter. But it is to be feared that in the domestic regions where they prevail, such formal warfare would be contemptuously scouted; and abject submission is probably a safer mode of meeting their attacks.

SLEEP WITH THE WHOLE FAMILY.—Recently, an athletic young farmer in the town of Waynesburg, took a fair girl "all bathed in blushes," from her parents, and started for the first town across the Pennsylvania line, to be married, where the ceremony could be performed without a licence. The happy pair were accompanied by a sister of the girl, a tall, gaunt, sharp-featured female of some thirty-seven summers. The pair crossed the line, were married, and returned to Wellsville to pass the night. People at the hotel where the wedding party stopped, observed that they conducted themselves in a rather singular manner. The husband would take his sister-in-law, the tall female aforesaid, into one corner of the parlor, and talk earnestly to her, gesticulating wildly all the time. Then the tall female would "put her foot down," and talk to him in an angry and excited manner. Then the husband would take his fair young bride into a corner; but he would no sooner commence talking to her, than the gaunt sister would rush in between them and angrily join the conversation. The people at the hotel ascertained what this meant about nine o'clock that evening. There was an uproar in the room which had been assigned to the newly married couple. Female shrieks and masculine "swears" startled the people in the hotel, and they rushed to the spot. The gaunt female was pressing against the door of the room, and the newly married, most undressed, was barring her out with all his might. Occasionally she would kick the door far enough open to disclose the stalwart husband, in his gentleman Greek slave apparel. It appears that the tall female insisted upon occupying the same bed with the newly wedded pair; that her sister was favorably disposed to the arrangement, and that the husband had agreed to it before the wedding took place, and now indignantly repudiated the contract.

"Won't you go away now, Susan?" said the newly married man, softening his voice.

"No," said she, "I won't; so there!"

"Don't you budge an inch!" cried the married sister, inside.

"Now—now, Maria," said the young man to his wife, in a piteous tone, "don't go to cuttin' up in this way; now don't."

"I'll cut up as much as I wanter!" she sharply replied.

"Well," roared the desperate man, throwing the door wide open and stalking out among the crowd, "jest you two wimmin put on your duds and go right straight home, and bring back the old man and woman, and your grandfather, who is nigh on to a hundred; bring 'em all here, and I'll marry the whole caboodle of 'em, and we'll all sleep together."

GOOD NIGHT.

[A SPANISH AIR.]

GOOD NIGHT! I have to say good night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good night unto that fragile hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good night to fond, up-lifted eyes,
Good night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there—
The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say good night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars, aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my adieus. Till then, good night!
You wish the time were now. And I.
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago,—
What, both these snowy hands! ah, then,
I'll have to say good night again!

[*T. B. Aldrich.*

THE TESTAMENT.

AT an early hour of the day, while morning, indeed, was yet struggling with the night for mastery, Horace Morand entered the house of his uncle, and, with the confidence of a privileged relative, proceeded directly to the sleeping apartment of which the old man had been an involuntary tenant for some weeks back. An aged nurse was seated on a sofa in the chamber, half slumbering through long fatigue. The windows were yet closed: but on the table stood a single light, which showed, through the half-open curtains of the bed, the wan figure of the elder Morand, or what had been that person, for the body was now a piece of inanimate matter. The old man had sunk into his last sleep some hours before.

The noise which Horace Morand made on entering aroused the nurse. She rose, and with a melancholy air said: "Good morning, Mr. Horace. You come to see your uncle once more. Look at him He smiles as if he but slumbered pleasantly; but his eyes will reopen no more." "Console yourself, my good Margaret," returned the young man. "You have watched long, and have need of rest; go and take it, and I will remain with my uncle." "But, sir," said the nurse, "I was desired"—— "Go for a little while to rest," replied the youth, interrupting her; "go, my good Margaret, fear nothing; I will not quit the room." And, as he spoke, he pushed the attendant, with gentle violence, from the chamber. He then sat down on the sofa, and, glancing for a moment at his deceased relative he drew the curtains together, as if unwilling to have any witness of his reflections.

"At last he is gone," said the young man, "and I am rich!"

This opening reflection was followed after a time by occasional glances at the bed. Finally, Horace Morand rose, and drawing open the curtains to the shortest extent possible, he introduced his hand to the head of the bed, and brought it out again, bearing a bunch of keys. Closing the curtains anew, the young man went hurriedly to an escritoire in the room, and applying a key, as if the objects were things familiar to him, opened the repository in question. There was gold in it; there were family jewels; there were title-deeds, and other such papers. These were not what the seeker wanted; but he ultimately found the article in demand. It was a *will*. Stirring up the fire, the youth sat down by it with the precious document in his eager hands, and read thus:

"I nominate and appoint my nephew, Horace Morand, my general legatee."

"Excellent!" cried the heir, with a degree of joy which he thought it unnecessary to conceal: "I, then, am the inheritor, as the law and the rules of society indicate. By my faith, it was fit time!" As he spoke, Horace, who for two years had dreaded that his uncle would forget family ties in the love borne to strangers, drew one hand across his now cheerful brow, and read on.

"I give and devise twenty thousand francs to Garot and his wife Margaret, who have served me for thirty years with devoted fidelity." "Twenty thousand francs to these people!" was the passing thought of the young heir. "Why," said he, "they are rich enough already with what they have picked up during these same thirty years. Never mind. It is an old man's folly. I will pay this, since I can't help myself." The reading was continued.

"To Pierre, my man-servant, I give ten thousand francs. I leave ten thousand francs, also, to M. Martin notary; and it is my wish that the sum should be devoted to the dowering of his daughter Eugenie, my godchild."

"Ten thousand francs to Pierre!" thought the young man—"to an old rascal who ought rather to be turned to the door without his wages! Ten thousand francs to M. Martin, an old notary, who has a beautiful villa at Ville d'Avray, and wealth enough of his own! Ah, this is no dower, my worthy uncle, but a remembrance to Madame Martin. Scandal is sometimes right. I won't pay a penny of this. I will see M. Martin, and tell him what a disgrace it would be in him to take money in this shape, and what the world—or at least the scandal-loving part of it—might say of him." The reading was continued.

"I bequeath to Victoire Dubois, daughter of my brave friend, who died for his country, forty thousand francs, and request that M. Martin will endeavor to have her well married, and give her the said sum as a dowry." The reader of the will sat silent for a time, with a gloomy brow. "To a young workman at Paris," continued the testament, when the reading was resumed, "by name Gustave, whom my nephew Horace knows well, and in whom I am much interested, I give the sum of one hundred thousand francs."

"Give to this stranger lad a hundred thousand francs! Never—he shall never have a fraction of this sum." Horace Morand threw down the will as he spoke, and rose hastily. He took several turns through the apartment, and then, though the morning was a cold one of November, he threw up the window, and gazed abroad. Before him lay an immense park, filled with stately trees, and, beyond them, a wide range of fertile plains, verdant in spite of the season, and spotted with numerous flocks and herds, the best in all Normandy. Through the country rolled the beautiful waters of the Seine. "All this is mine," said the young man; "I am the natural inheritor of it—the only relative of its late possessor. Why should I give away any part of my rights to dower another man's daughter, and pension a young tradesman, for an old man's freak? This will robs me. Without any such document, the law, as it should do, would give me all. No: I will not yield up my family rights in this way." The new heir wrought himself up by these sophistries to a dark frame of mind. He forgot that vast wealth would remain to him after all, and that his own conduct as a nephew had long been scandalously bad, though, during two past years, self-interest had made him seemingly attentive to his uncle, and regardful of his advices. All this the young man forgot, and he showed that he forgot it by an act of a kind scarcely to be characterized in proper language. After moving about for a time in increasing excitement and passion, he suddenly seized the will and threw it into the flames.

He was watching its expiring ashes when a knock came to the hall door. Horace hastened to close the escritoire, and replace the keys, after which he himself went to the door to receive the visitor. This was M. Martin, the notary alluded to in the will, and who, informed by the message of the late death, had come to behold his friend Morand once more, and to take counsel relative to the deceased's affairs. The notary was a man almost as old as the defunct, and his manner was peculiarly affecting as he knelt down at his entrance before the bed, and took the hand of M. Morand, kissing it respectfully and tearfully. He then turned to Horace, and, with the ease of a man of business, passed to necessary affairs.

"I am sorry," said he, at the outset, with candid firmness, "to see you alone here, Mr. Horace. Such a thing is somewhat contrary to forms, where third parties are interested." "Third parties!" said the other sharply. Yes, *third* parties," replied Martin. "You will find a *will*, Mr. Horace." "Possibly enough," said the young man. "It is certain, sir," answered the notary. "My late friend told me of its existence yesterday, some hours before his death. The document will be discovered in that escritoire (here the notary pointed to it,) and it is your duty, Mr. Horace, as my late friend's instructions make it also mine, to search for this valuable document without delay. It is proper, likewise, that all the servants of the house, who may be interested, should be present at this search." "Certainly; do what you conceive to be necessary," replied the nephew, in an easy, natural manner. And accordingly, all the domestics then present in the house were assembled to aid in the proposed examination. The search was most minute, but fruitless. At the close, the old notary sent away all the servants, and, on being alone with Horace, said to him calmly, "It is impossible that a will should not exist. Your uncle some time since assured me that he would make it, and yesterday he told me that he had fulfilled his intent."

"Can you suspect my honesty?" answered Horace. "I know nothing of all this."

"I found you here alone," said the notary, preserving an air of cold firmness; "but I wish to impugn no one's good faith. Listen to me, however. Your youth has been a dissipated one, nay, as your uncle thought, a vicious one. You know that your conduct drove you from your uncle's house. He intended to disinherit you. I interposed, and reminded him that you were the son of an only brother whom he loved, and of a sister-in-law to whom he had promised to watch over your welfare. I succeeded in reconciling you with your uncle. Since that time, now two years ago, you have been well conducted, or seemingly so. Heaven only knows if your reformation was sincere—your uncle never believed it."

"Did my uncle do me that injustice?" cried Horace.

"He had the belief to which I refer," continued M. Martin; "and it was with difficulty that I extracted from him a promise, some time back, to appoint you his general legatee, a promise which, as I have said, he informed me of his having fulfilled." After a brief pause, the notary proceeded: "But, supposing no will were found, you would be heir-at law and would come into possession of all, as the nearest relative, what would you then do?" "Do!" exclaimed the youth; "what should I do but enjoy the fortune left to me?" "True," said the notary, "but your uncle often expressed his resolution to provide for certain persons, his domestics, for example, and to leave them with the means of comfortably enjoying life after his own decease." "If he had really had this desire," returned Horace, coldly, "he would have taken the means to assure its fulfilment." "It is necessary, moreover," pursued the notary, without heeding this remark, "that I should disclose a secret to you, Mr. Horace. Your uncle had a child, though never married." "You calumniate my uncle, sir," said the nephew; "I do not believe him capable of having so erred." "The case, nevertheless, is as I say," continued M. Martin; and you yourself know the child, now an apprentice in Paris. An honest, well behaved boy poor Gustave is; and your uncle not only meant to establish him in life, but also proposed to disinherit yourself, and leave all to this boy, at the time when you incurred his deserved displeasure."

"All this is absurd, sir," said the young heir; "pass on to other matters, if you have more to say, and let us have done with this useless talk."

"The will!—the will! young man," returned the notary; "I know there is a will!"

"Perhaps, sir," said Horace, sneeringly, "you expected some little token to come your own way!"

The aged notary seemed for a moment to have some little difficulty in restraining himself. But he commanded his temper, and proceeded earnestly to address the heir. "You know well, that, for my own part, I have a fortune sufficient for all my wants; but, in pity to these faithful old servants, conduct yourself generously and honorably, young man, and respect also the blood of your uncle. Assign some small portion of this rich heritage to these domestics, and to your uncle's son. Be humane, be just. Do not make me repent of having revived in your uncle's breast the affection of a relative, and having prevented your disinheritance. Let the boy have a slight share of the vast heritage of his father. Gustave, I know, would have compassioned you, had circumstances been reversed. Come, Mr. Horace," continued the old notary, with earnest and kind tones, and even with tears in his eyes —"come, let us search again for this will. Perhaps you may help me to find it. Come, Mr. Horace!"

The young heir assumed the appearance of a desire to satisfy the notary, notwithstanding the shade of suspicion implied in his words and manner. Again the parties turned to the escritoire, where M. Martin said the document should be; but the search was, of course, fruitless. "You see, sir," said Horace, "that the thing which we seek does not exist. You must have misunderstood my uncle, or else he himself must have been incapable, when he last spoke to you, of just thought or comprehension."

"No, young man, no," replied the notary. "Oh think, reflect! I know youth is rash. Think well, sir. Are you certain there is no will?"

"I only yield, M. Martin, to the evidence before me, and so must you," answered the young man coldly; and, as he spoke, he turned away, with the air of one who has already condescended too far, and will continue his forbearance no more

"Well, well!" said M. Martin, in severe and altered tones, "I *must* do my duty." He then went to the door, and called on the servants. All of them speedily appeared at his summons; and, while Horace Morand looked on with a cheek now grown pale in spite of himself, through a sense of alarm inspired by the notary's change of manner, the following words fell from the lips of the latter individual: "I have called you all hither to learn that, two years ago, M. Morand deposited a *will* in my hands. By that will, he disinherited his nephew, M. Horace Morand; and, with the exception of legacies to servants and others, devised his whole fortune to a young man, Gustave ——, whom he named general legatee. Authority was formally given to me to produce this will, and see it fulfilled, in the event of no later one being found to exist at the testator's decease. Such being the case, I produce this will as instructed; and my care must now be to see it executed, and to do justice to Gustave and all others concerned."

The whole force of a thunderbolt could not have prostrated a human being so completely as this disclosure did the profligate, who now saw himself stripped of a splendid fortune by his own villanous act. At a period subsequent to these events, M. Martin and the generous boy Gustave bestowed a settlement on Horace Morand, in such a way as to secure to him the necessaries of life; but it was only after he had been brought to confess, in abject terms, the story of his guilt, and to describe the whole train of feelings under which he had acted. These the reader has had pictured forth to him here, and in such a way, we hope, as to have interested him in some degree, as well as to have impressed him strongly with a sense of the value of the maxim, "Honesty is the best policy."

TOPHAM, AND OTHER STRONG MEN.

THOMAS TOPHAM, "the Strong Man," as he was usually called, was born in London about the year 1710. He was bred to the trade of a carpenter, and, although his stature never exceeded five feet ten, soon became remarkable for the extraordinary vigor of his muscular powers. His passion for athletic exercises led to his deserting his regular trade, and adopting that of an innkeeper. At his house of the "Red Lion," on the City Road, he gave the first public display of his astonishing powers, by pulling against a horse, with his feet placed on a low wall for support. He next tried his strength against two horses, but received a lasting injury in one of his legs, though to a certain extent successful in the accomplishment of the proposed feat. These exertions were made by way of rivalling those of a German performer who went to England, and drew against two horses with success. But the German executed the feat, not by sheer strength, as in Topham's case, but by a skilfully arranged piece of mechanism, which disseminated the strain through the lower part of the trunk. Other performances of the German, such as his allowing stones to be broken on his body, and the like, were managed in a similar way, by artifice more than strength.

Topham trusted only to his unaided muscular powers, and by their means he effected the following very wonderful tasks. With his fingers, he rolled up a very large and strong pewter dish. Thrusting the bowl of a very thick tobacco pipe under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces with the tendons of his ham. He broke a similar bowl between his first and second finger, by pressing them together sideways. A table, six feet long, with half a hundredweight fastened to the end of it, was lifted by him with his teeth, and held for a considerable time in a horizontal position. He struck an iron poker, a yard long and three inches thick, against his bare left arm, between the elbow and wrist, till the instrument was bent so as to form a right angle. Taking another poker of the same kind, he held the ends of it in his hands, and placing the middle against the back of his neck, made both ends meet before him, after which he pulled it almost straight again. He broke a rope two inches in circumference, though he was obliged to exert four times the strength requisite for the purpose, in consequence of the awkward way in which he applied his powers to the task. He lifted a stone roller, weighing eight hundred pounds, by means of a chain fastened to it, using his hands only, and standing on a frame above the roller. But, perhaps, of all Topham's feats, the most surprising was his lifting of three hogsheads of water, weighing in all one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six pounds, in the presence of multitudes of spectators assembled to witness the exertion.

The attention which Topham devoted to athletic exhibitions, and the habits to which these exhibitions naturally led, had the effect to withdraw his mind from serious business, and he became a bankrupt. After this event he travelled over the country, and gave regular displays of his muscular strength in the majority of the provincial towns. The famous William Hutton of Birmingham, when resident in his native Derby, witnessed Topham's feats, and has not disdained to give an admiring record of them in his writings. Hutton's statement is characterized by his wonted clearness and accuracy. "Topham, being obliging enough to allow his person to be examined, was found to be extremely muscular; what were hollows under the arms and hams of others, were filled up with ligaments in him." After mentioning that Topham was above thirty years of age, and had a slight limp in consequence of the fracture of his leg, caused by drawing against the horses, the writer proceeds: "The performances of this wonderful person, in whom was united the strength of twelve men, consisted in rolling up a pewter dish of seven pounds, as a man rolls up a sheet of paper; holding a pewter quart at arm's length, and squeezing the sides together like an eggshell; lifting two hundredweight with his little finger, and moving it gently over his head. The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their power of gravitation. He also broke a rope, fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty hundredweight."

Hutton mentions other feats, similar to those previously enumerated here, and continues thus:

"Weakness and feeling seemed fled together. Being a master of music, he entertained the company with 'Mad Tom.' I heard him also a sing a solo to the organ in St. Werburgh's church, then the only one in Derby; but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, seemed scarcely human. Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The hostler at the Virgin's Inn, where he resided, having given him some cause of displeasure, Topham took one of the kitchen spits from the mantel-piece, and bent it round the man's neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not choose to tuck the ends in the hostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laughter of the company till he condescended to untie the cravat. Had he not abounded in good nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter-shelves, for he could instantly double up both." His strength not being particularly apparent at first sight, his ordinary and non-professional displays excited the more astonishment. One day two strangers of powerful make and quarrelsome temper, entered his tavern, and, after evincing much insolence, would fight with the quiet and patient landlord. He was at length obliged to seize them respectively by the nape of the neck, when, in spite of the most violent struggles, he coolly butted their heads together, till they asked pardon of all present in abject terms. In like manner, on the occasion of a race-exhibition, being annoyed, along with others, by a carter who would force his wagon into the scene of the sport, Topham took hold of the back of the vehicle, and dragged it back, horse, man, and all, till the way was sufficiently cleared; the carter, in the meanwhile, striving to push his horse forward, yet not daring to lay a finger on the man who was giving this terrible proof of strength.

Annoyed, like Sampson, by a wife of uncongenial dispositions, Topham fell into distresses, and died in the prime of his age.

Topham appears to have been one of the strongest men of whom we have authentic accounts. Yet very striking things are told of the men of antiquity, of which some must be true. Regarding various individuals who filled the throne of the Cæsars, in particular, wonderful stories are told; and these are the more likely to be correct, as the Roman soldiery put their favorites into the imperial chair chiefly for personal and physical qualities. Maximin, the emperor, was so strong in body, that he drew loaded wagons with ease. He struck out the teeth of a horse with his fist, and by a kick broke its thigh. He crumbled stones between his fingers, and cleft young but stout trees with his hands. Caius Marius, another of those nominated to the empire by the soldiers, is said to have stayed with his fourth finger a cart drawn by horses, and to have drawn it backward in the same way. With single fingers of his two hands, acting against one another, he could break strong cords twisted together. The Emperor Aurelian is stated by a credible author, Flavius Vopiscus, to have been of great stature, and of such marvellous strength, that he slew, in one engagement with the Sarmatians, no less than forty-nine men. Similar feats are told of other members of the imperial line, and, from the way in which these sovereigns were selected, many of these anecdotes are entitled to belief.

Froissart, a writer of undeniable honesty, speaks of a companion-knight to the Earl of Foix, one Orlando Burg, who, being hurried for fuel one cold day, went down a long flight of steps, and, finding asses loaded with wood in the court, seized the largest of them, burden and all, and never stopped till he had laid ass and all from his shoulders on the fire—a position, however, not long kept by the ass at least, as may be believed. In the French "Bibliotheque des Gens de Cour," we are told of a man named Barsabas, who was a soldier of Louis XIV.'s guards, and who, on one occasion, when the king's heavy coach of state stuck so fast in the road that all the oxen and horses that could be yoked to it were unable to pull it out, applied his single strength to it from below, and lifted it out of the place. A man was about to fight with Barsabas, and when the two were holding out their hands, the strong fellow seized the fist of the other, and by a gentle squeeze, utterly disabled him from using the limb. Barsabas could snap horse shoes in two as easily as wafers. He went in one day to a village farrier's, and said he wished for horse-shoes. Several were shown to him, and he broke them to pieces one by one with his fingers, saying they were uselessly brittle. The farrier stared, but proposed to make stronger ones. While beginning the task, Barsabas took up the large anvil and held it under his cloak. When the anvil was sought for, he set it down, on which the farrier, seeing such miraculous feats, ran off with the exclamation, that the devil in person was in his smithy.

Barsabas, the French work tells us, once met his match, however. He went into a rope-shop in Flanders, his native region, and sought to purchase some strong ropes. Several being presented to him, he snapped them like pack-thread, and said "they were very bad." "I will give you better ones," said the woman who was selling the articles, "if you have money to pay for them." Barsabas immediately produced several crown pieces. The woman took them up and broke two or three of them as easily as Barsabas had snapped the ropes. "Your crowns are as bad as my ropes," said the woman, smiling. The astonished visitor made inquiries, and found a solution of the mystery of the woman's strength in the fact that she was his own sister! They had not met from infancy, and had both left the place of their nativity.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—Keep the law of duty ever before you; let it be your never-failing pillar of light. Be brave, and on the square with your conscience to the last. Your success in life may not be equal to your hopes or your deserts; it is not in man to insure success. The best and wisest of us may fail in the struggle; but we may have our consolation even then. To gain the world's applause, and snatch its fleeting spoils, is not man's sole and proper business here. Immortality smiles forth on the scene, and beckons him ever onward in the race for those eternal honors, which the world can neither give nor take away; the prize which all may strive for, and no one strive in vain.

GERMAN ARISTOCRACY.

THE German aristocracy is the only aristocracy of its kind in Europe. Other aristocracies have a great political and social influence, and govern their countrymen, and teach them the fashions. In other countries there is a love of titles and of high-sounding names, of crosses and decorations, of precedence and of patronage. But there are points in the German nobility that are not found in even the most aristocratic of other countries. In the first place, the nobility is opposed politically to the people, to all popular aspirations, to budgets, constitutions, and all other such contrivances of revolutionary spirits, and the nobles are still politically supreme. There is much kicking against the pricks in some parts of Northern Germany; the lower part of the nation is much inclined to throw off the yoke if it only knew how, but at this moment the nobility still rules. There, and there alone in Europe, a reactionary nobility is in possession of the reins of government.

In Spain the grandees are very awful and big grandees, but they either reside on their estates and sulk, or they take part, and not a very prominent part, in politics. In France the old noblesse have no political power whatever, and the old social superiority is gradually fading away. In Italy the aristocracy is everywhere so far at the head of the national movement that aristocrats who stand aloof from it are simply left out in the cold. Even in Austria the nobility, as a whole, takes its tones principally from the great magnates of Hungary and Bohemia, who have the feelings of provincial grandees, and not of those aliens from the mass of the people. In North Germany alone the political life of the nation is determined by the existence of a nobility that has no sympathy with its inferiors, and is thoroughly convinced that it is its inherent, indisputable privilege to lead the vulgarly born as if they were sheep.

Socially, too, the aristocracy hangs round the neck of Germany like an old man of the sea. Germans are literally throttled by their nobility. They cannot speak, or think, or move without showing that they feel the difference between them and not being a Von. They are so accustomed from their cradle to the notion of a superior caste which has sacred rights over them, that they cannot, through their whole lives, emancipate themselves from the bondage to which they are subjected. Nor does royalty do much to help them. Every now and then there is a sovereign who does not merge himself in the aristocracy. The House of Coburg has made itself conspicuous by its desire to seek in its popular sympathies a support against the claims of the petty aristocracy in its provinces.

The late King of Prussia had a vague notion of honoring intellect as much as birth, and of setting the notabilities of literature and science against the notabilities of noble society. His poor, wandering head was full of Egyptian antiquities, and Roman topography, and Jernsalem bishoprics, and of a vast amount of literary and ecclesiastical moonshine, and he naturally was pleased to think that people who were somewhat like him were as good as his marshals and his chamberlains. But all the opposition of German royalty to German aristocracy has hitherto been transient and ineffective. The kings and the nobles feel alike, think alike, believe alike, and it would be difficult for either to get on without the other, and the aristocracy keeps its hand on Germany simply because it is a caste. It has no virtues to attract, no splendid qualities to dazzle, no elegance, or refinement, or courtesy to charm its inferiors. It does nothing except puff itself, and swagger, and curse, and treat the vulgar like dogs. It is not only by far the most powerful, it is also by far the least gallant, the least intelligent, the least dignified, the least well-bred aristocracy in Europe. But its demerits give it its strength. If it were better than it is it would hate its present self; it would feel more deeply, think more deeply, behave more courteously. But, because it is gross, it is compact. It coheres as a caste, which could not be a caste if it did not cohere, and the great mass of Germans accept it because the inveterate force of habit has persuaded them that such a caste must exist.

THE CHOLERA IN PARIS.—"Spiridion," the usually lively correspondent of the Boston *Evening Gazette*, in a recent letter, says: Paris has lost all its gaiety. We are a city of mourners and affrighted people. Our only songs are requiems. Our spectacles are funerals. Our conversation bulletins of the cholera and specifics against that dreaded malady. Every body who could leave Paris has fled, and we, who are rivetted here, are busily engaged taking care of our health. Talk to us of pleasure; we reply pills. Tell us about beauty; we answer rice (judge how frightened we are!) Suggest the theatres; we respond laudanum. Ask us the news; we give Velpeau's suggestions on curing cholera. Baron de Rothschild has fallen immensely in our estimation—we place above him the meanest apothecary. Ought not I to throw down my pen and be silent for once (for the first time in fifteen years!) seeing my oaten pipe is not pitched to your tunes? A thousand dead have been carried from among us—can I from this house of mourning rise to your present humor? It is not easy.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1866.

THE CALIFORNIAN is now under the editorial control of its founder—CHARLES HENRY WEBB—who is also one of the proprietors.

THE OUTSIDE LANDS.

THE controversy about the Outside Lands is maintained by two classes of persons—the "ins" and the "outs." Those who are *in* possession want to retain "all they've got," while those who are *out* argue in favor of a division. The ins contend that the city, by passing the Van Ness Ordinance, established a precedent and indicated a policy in favor of giving her lands to actual settlers—to those in possession. The outs—those who at present possess none of the Outside Lands—say the decree of confirmation is to the city in trust for the use and benefit of *all* the inhabitants of the city and county of San Francisco, and that therefore, so far as these lands are concerned, the rights of each and every inhabitant of the city are coequal and coextensive. The Supervisors, in the plan recommended by them to the Legislature for the settlement of this question, have chosen neutral ground—they do not adopt the extreme views of either party to the controversy, but, while recognizing certain equities in favor of the settlers, they at the same time maintain the rights of the city. Should the Legislature adopt the plan recommended, it will insure the city sufficient lands for

First—Streets.
Second—A public park.
Third—A cemetery.
Fourth—Land for school and engine houses.
Fifth—Land for charitable purposes.

Besides these reservations, the percentage proposed to be charged for lands to be granted to actual settlers will constitute a fund of, it is supposed, from $100,000 to $200,000 all of which is to be expended upon the Outside Lands for the following purposes:

First—The construction of *free* roads to the Ocean beach.

Second—The improvement of the grounds reserved for a public park.

Third—Paying for land taken for public uses.

By its provisions, no claimant is allowed to hold more than fifty acres, and, as a condition precedent to the city's issuing grants, claimants are required to quit claim and peaceably deliver to the city possession of all over the maximum quantity, and to pay at the rate of thirty per cent. of the appraised value of said lands for the fifty acres which may be allotted to them. For ten acres, ten per cent.; twenty acres, fifteen per cent.; thirty acres, twenty per cent.; forty acres, twenty-five per cent.; and fifty acres, thirty per cent. of its appraised value—irrespective of the value of improvements, and all taxes paid on the lands claimed since 1860, for municipal purposes, to count as a part of the amount assessed and payable to the city. It is thought that this plan will be substantially adopted by the San Francisco delegation in the Legislature, and, if it be, there is scarcely a doubt but that it will become a law this session. It is desirable for all—both settlers and the city—to have the title to these lands finally quieted and settled. Once settled, the city can tax the lands in question for the support of the Government—State and Municipal; and the owners will find in the security which a perfect title affords inducements to improve and make them valuable.

Were the pretentious demands of the squatters upon those lands to be granted, the city would not be left a place wherein to bury her indigent dead. As it is, a man must be worth a small fortune at the time of his death to insure his remains decent burial. The poor may with justice ask to be spared on earth until they themselves become rich enough to afford a grave, or until the city can afford a last resting place at a reasonable charge. Even the man of moderate means cannot afford burial to himself in justice to the family he may be compelled to leave behind him. Yet every foot of land enclosed in those cemeteries belongs to this city—that is, to the people of San Francisco; and the fair proportion of each, were a division made, would certainly be more than equivalent to a spot sufficient for a grave.

MILLER RIGHT.—Collector General Miller has removed a score or more of inspectors, watchmen and clerks from the Custom House, to give the situations to those who were in active service during the war. Quite a number of the new appointees have undergone amputations, or been disabled by wounds.

CROWDING THE CONDEMNED.

THE passing of sentence of death on a human being is the most solemn and responsible duty which public justice entrusts to its ministers. The fatal mandate should be pronounced with a seriousness befitting the occasion, and with a deep sense of its awful significance to the prisoner at the bar. No feeling of self-importance, no desire to make the bench a scene for theatrical display, should be allowed to mingle with those solemn emotions which the announcement of the legal fiat of death is calculated to awaken in every reflecting mind. The Judge who, under such circumstances, can think of his own personal dignity, and study how he can best perform his part so as to impress the audience with a sense of his importance, has a poor conception of the true dignity of his station.

The ancient and approved form of passing sentence of death was as follows:

"You, A. B., shall be taken from the place where you are, and be carried to the place whence you came, and from thence [naming the time] to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck, until you be dead; and the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

This was all that was formerly said in sentencing a prisoner to death, except in treason, and for that offence certain atrocious barbarities were described in the sentence, which the humanity of later times has happily rendered obsolete. It is difficult to see why this formula is not preferable to those long and circumstantial harangues which modern innovation seems bent on introducing in its place. It is concise, solemn, and to the point. What useful purpose is answered by informing the prisoner that he was tried by twelve good and lawful men, that he was defended by able and zealous counsel, and that after an impartial trial he was convicted? It is not necessary that a sentence of death should be framed on the model of a decree in chancery—reciting every step in the progress of the case until final judgment. Why tell the prisoner that he was convicted, when the very best evidence of it is that he stands at the bar awaiting his doom? All this verbiage is useless. It only keeps the Judge a little longer before the public gaze, and lengthens out the spectacle in which he acts so conspicuous a part.

As it is not necessary to inform the prisoner, with tedious prolixity, of the steps that have preceded his conviction, still less is it necessary to enter into minute details respecting those which are to follow it. We observe in the death sentence lately pronounced upon a prisoner found guilty of murder in the first degree, one of two expressions for which we are not aware that any precedent can be found, and which we hope are not destined to become a precedent in the Courts of this State. The prisoner was told that after sentence he was to be taken to prison, and there kept in close confinement until the day of execution, and was then to "be hanged by the neck *on a proper gallows to be provided for the purpose*," until he should suffer death. These patibulary directions contribute nothing to the force or dignity of the judicial sentence. They make us exclaim with Hamlet: "Pah! it smells of mortality." They call up unpleasant suggestions of barbarous and bygone times, when the horrid details of punishments diabolically cruel were duly announced to the prisoner on whom they were soon to be inflicted. But the Judges of those days had this excuse, that these details were a necessary portion of the sentence, and their absence would have rendered it illegal. But no such justification now exists for minutely picturing to the criminal the means and appliances by which his death is to be accomplished. Sentence of death is just as legal without any allusion to the "proper gallows to be provided for the purpose" as with it. In the dispensations of Providence, it sometimes becomes necessary to perform a harsh duty, but the truly humane man, who has learned

"Never to blend his pleasure or his pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels,"

will never prolong or aggravate the pain he is called on to inflict.

It is a matter to be regretted that in any portion of the administration of justice, a step should be taken in a backward direction—away from the humanity of the present wards the cruelty of the past. We trust that in future it may be found consistent with a conscientious discharge of judicial duty to omit in the death-sentence all farther allusion to the "proper gallows to be provided for that purpose," and to leave to the Sheriff, without this suggestion, the preparation of the necessary arrangements for accomplishing the last act of human justice.

WE MAY BE HAPPY YET!—A very interesting account of how a first poem was written is published in another column. One reason for publishing it, aside from a desire to gratify an exacting contributor, is the explanation it offers why the authoress was left out from a recent collection of California poems, which has caused much controversy. Would it have been fair to ring in a real harp against the hypothetical lutes of the other bards? to pit a poet supernaturally aided against others who had only their own imagination to back them? It would manifestly be quite as unfair as it were to pit a game cock with steel spurs against one not artificially "fixed." However, we hope the Harp will be unlike that one which is familiar to all in connection with mention of Tara's walls.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW Year's evening was a brilliant one for the theatres, bringing them such audiences as are seldom seen in this rather theatre-worn community. With the young men it seemed to be

Call all day
Till twilight gray,
And go out with the girls in the evening.

The staid married man took his wife upon one arm and the "young person" of the family upon the other, and went forth to his reserved seat: Augustus, throwing all thought of expense to the winds, treated Laura Matilda to a sight of the show, and Bill took Sally under his lee and sallied forth. Finding one place of amusement filled, pleasure-seekers would drift around to another, and so it was that all got overflowing audiences.

Maguire's Opera House carried off the honors, being packed after a fashion somewhat strange to its walls since the departure of the Keans. Every nook and corner in the building was filled to an extent which compelled late comers to crop out on the staircase and look at the ceiling over the heads of those who occupied the higher flights. The attraction of the evening was *The French Spy*, Charlotte Crampton appearing as the heroine. Miss Crampton acted the character well, her pantomime being very good, indeed, and the immense audience seemed "immensely" pleased. The piece has been continued to very good houses until last evening. Aside from its spectacular display, the piece, as every one knows, is dependant for success upon what may emphatically be termed a "leg part." This fell to Miss Crampton, and naturally enough her extremities were forced to pale their ineffectual fires in comparison with the splendor of the fiery and untamed proportions that whilom were displayed upon the same boards. But Miss Crampton's pantomime is graceful and natural, and it is only physically that her predecessor has the advantage. She dresses the character like Mme. Celeste, with the exception of wearing gaiter boots instead of sandals—an innovation at which an Arab boy would be very apt to kick in travelling over the desert—but probably the lady had insufficient time to complete her wardrobe. On Friday evening, the Eureka Benevolent Association had a benefit, Mr. Baudmann again appearing as 'Hamlet." This afternoon, *The French Spy* will be given.

This evening, George C. Boniface, who leaves on the next steamer, takes a farewell benefit. The bill presented for the occasion is an ample and excellent one, comprising three melodramatic pieces—*Black-Eyed Susan*, *The Dumb Girl of Genoa*, and *A Glance at New York*. Mr. Boniface has made many friends among us, and we look to see a full house at his benefit. On Monday evening—being the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans—the McMahon Grenadier Guards announce a benefit. Mr. Boniface and Mr. Aldrich have both volunteered for the occasion; it will be the last appearance of these gentlemen in California, Mr. Aldrich also taking his departure on the next steamer, to enter upon an eastern engagement. *Kathleen Mavourneen* will be produced with the full strength of the company.

Mr. Setchell returned from Sacramento on Tuesday, Harry Jackson having gone up to fill his place—whether he will or not remains to be seen. In Sacramento—which in the early placer days was golden ground—Mr. Setchell has won golden opinions from all sorts of Sacramentans. On Tuesday evening he will commence a farewell engagement at Maguire's Opera House, appearing as "Sir John Falstaff," in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Mr. Setchell took this same character in New Orleans a few years ago, winning encomiums from the rather fastidious critics of the Crescent City. On Thursday the new farce of the *The April Fool* and *The Census*. *Apropos* of the first mentioned piece, it is about as funny as anything well can be, and, if there be anything in merit, cannot fail to make a hit. One word for Mr. Setchell. Coming to this city unheralded and unpuffed in advance, he at once won upon his audiences, and made one of the most genuine successes that has been made in this country. In the first place, Nature has been bountiful for him in his line of business, cutting him out in face and figure for a comedian. People are disposed to laugh at the first glimpse of his mobile countenance. Withal, he himself is a wit and humorist of no common calibre, and this is a decided advantage to the comedian. It is difficult to understand or interpret the humor of others without having a trick that way oneself. It may also be said of Mr. Setchell that he is never vulgar, and here he rises above Burton, with whom he is so often compared, who was not unfrequently broad to indecency. Those familiar with Burton's style will exonerate Setchell from the favorite accusation of imitation, for the "Captain Cuttle" of the latter is, in reality, as different from that of the former as a sketch of that individual drawn by Gustave Doré would be from one executed by Hogarth. Certain resemblances may exist without imitation. "The Dutch Governor," one of Mr. Setchell's best characters, was never played by the Momus of Chambers street. It may also be said for Mr. Setchell that his *repertoire* is extensive and varied, and that while he plays very many characters so well as to be beyond

comparison with any other comedian that we know of, he plays nothing badly. We rejoice at Mr. Setchell's return, and regret that he is so soon to leave us.

It was a shrewd business talent that prompted the head and front of the Blaisdell Bell-ringer troupe to avail himself of the run of *Arrah na-Pogue* and the excitement relative to that Isle popularly called "Emerald," by getting up an exhibition which, while comparatively inexpensive, would possess the very essential element of popularity. We have the result in "The Hibernicon"—a word for which the philological enthusiast will search all known dictionaries in vain—now on exhibition at the Academy of Music, and drawing excellent houses. Translated into the vernacular, "Hibernicon" means Panorama of Irish Scenery. The paintings, though not conceived upon that gigantic scale sometimes attempted, are very well executed. the perspective being particularly well managed. The scenes selected for illustration are ones possessed of historical interest, and the accompanying "lecture" is sufficiently descriptive to serve as a finger-post to all. The mechanism of Mr. Warwick's delivery is rather monotonous, and we fancy that auditors sometimes think that an automaton could be invented to be worked by the same crank that rotates the canvas, which would fit Mr. Warwick's place very comfortably. A few practical encounters with the common French phrases of the day would improve his pronunciation of them somewhat. The *Bulletin*, which is given to gushing of late, says that the painter has "vitalized the canvas"—it probably means that it moves, which is a fact. The rest of the entertainment, consisting of bell-ringing, harp solos, etc., is very good, though we are forced to put in a slight protest against one feature. It is just possible to have too much "Little Clara," and probably there are very few in the audience who do not at times wish to change the Little for Less Clara. A matinee is given this afternoon.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

EASTERN exchanges by the last steamer bring us the first Message of President Johnson, in full. It is simple, compact, and forcible in style, and its tone throughout is one to inspire confidence in the Administration. It is rather to be regretted that the President thought it necessary to declare in one of the opening sentences of the Message, that there is "cast upon him a heavier weight of cares than ever devolved upon any of his predecessors," for, aside from the thought that this inference might, with better taste, have been left for others to draw, it will naturally occur to the reflective mind that however weighty his cares may be those of his immediate predecessor were certainly no less so. But this lapse is to be forgiven in the frank appeal for support and confidence which is made its corrollary, and for which the statement furnishes a very sufficient plea.

The Message is a diplomatic one. It was thought that President Johnson would err on the score of rashness, but his Message displays a prudence and reticence for which all were not prepared. Regarding our claims against Great Britain, for damages committed upon our commerce by the pirates which she launched, while expressing the opinion that the justification which she offers will not avail her before the proposed tribunal of nations, he at the same time does not advise that we assume a belligerent attitude—hinting that arbitration is preferable to battle. As to the Monroe Doctrine the Message is noncommittal, but there is nothing to indicate that a war with France will very soon be waged on Maximilian's account. Reconstruction and reduction of the national debt will occupy the energies of the Administration rather than plans for the conduct of a foreign war. We do not doubt that President Johnson's Message will be accepted, on all sides, as an earnest of his competence to the onerous position into which he was so suddenly and unexpectedly thrust.

THE KEARNY STREET IMPROVEMENT. — The Commissioners announce that they expect to complete the widening of Kearny street during the present year. The amount awarded for the property taken will be tendered to each owner, who can place his claim in litigation, if dissatisfied; but, after the render of such award, the committee have the legal power to remove his buildings, so that nothing can interfere to prevent their pushing the work to rapid completion. Kearny street, when widened, will take the first rank as a thoroughfare and business street, and the increase in the value of property situated along its line, and the corresponding advance of rents, is a strong argument in favor of property owners lending their assistance to the furtherance of the work by accepting the amounts awarded. It is not conjectured that much difficulty in the way of litigation will be encountered.

FILED IN ANSWER.—In another column the lover of statistics and details will find a lively bit of reading—the reply of the Connecticut Mutual Insurance Company to the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, Bigelow & Bro., agents of the former company—have produced a literary work only second to the editorials of our morning and evening journals. We have a high esteem for the Connecticut Mutual, founded upon its merit and the statement that the income of the Company is $3,000,000 a year.

THE sailing of the *Ajax* for Honolulu has been postponed until Saturday, January 13th.

BIG BONES.

IF the *Mountain Post* may be credited, some very tall gentlemen used to dwell in those "diggings" before the present generation of men went thither to dig. What enormous tunnels the giants of those days must have drilled through mountains, and what sport apple-picking must have been for them. It is easy to believe that the fossil remains of quadrupeds "twice as large as an Asiatic elephant," found by their sides, are those of the horses whereon those big first-cousins of ours were accustomed to ride:

"On Meagher's Bar, opposite Nevada, have been discovered fossils that unmistakably prove that this part of the world was at one time inhabited by a race of human beings who stood, in maturity, from ten to twelve feet high; and by a species of quadrupeds at least twice as large as the Asiatic elephant. They are imbedded about eighteen feet, in what might be termed a close diluvial deposit, and in which the configuration of the country indicates was once the eddy of a river. As an evidence of the former, we now have before us the jawbone—anatomically termed the inferior maxillary—of a biped, which is almost double the size of an ordinary human jawbone. From point to point of the condyles—the upper projections, where the junction is made with the corresponding parts above—this fossil measures five inches. It is in a most perfect state of preservation, so perfect, indeed, that had it been of ordinary size one would have supposed that its owner had not made his or her exit from this "vale of tears" over fifteen or twenty years ago. The enamel of the teeth still remains bright and uninjured by the action of fire, water or air. Not a tooth is lost. They comprise six grinders or molars (the usual number) and ten others, being sixteen in all. They have been much worn by the labor of mastication, which fact proves that this American Goliah did not cease to use them until they had prepared for his stomach the food of many years, perhaps not until the other functions of his physical organization had weakened from old age, when the utility of the teeth ceased, though decay has not marked them by a single perforation. The fact is also a good conjectural argument that this being belonged to a race similar in their habits to the existing tribes of natives, who even in their old age are notable for the fine state of their teeth. The jawbone is the only portion of the remains we have seen, but ribs and other bones were found near the spot, which undoubtedly belong to the same individual, as they are all of the proportionate size. It has been estimated by members of the medical fraternity here, that the height of this biped could not have been less than ten and a half, and might have reached twelve feet!"

BULL FIGHTING.

WITHOUT going into a very extended argument as to whether or not bull-fighting is a Christian amusement, we will at once assume that it can scarcely, even by the most polite periphrasis, be called a parlor sport. In Spain, where the pastime originated, it was varied in the good old days of the Inquisition. Thus, one day the populace would be entertained by a spirited combat between man and bull, and the next day the complaisant authorities would roast a few heretics in the market place for the popular delectation. Spain is generally recognized as a Christian country, but we question whether or not the highest type of civilization is found there, and we are not prepared as yet to engraft the exciting, but scarcely æsthetic sport of bull-fighting upon our regular holiday amusements. It is holly, and not hides, with which we deck our Christmas walls, and plum puddings, rather than blood pudding, is the conventional New Year's dish. Had the introduction of such sports been attempted by degrees—had they commenced, for instance, with badger-baiting—we might have taken kindly to the larger game at last, but dragging in a full-grown bull by the horns is a trifle too much for our philosophy, and we respectfully demand to have the ring closed.

We bear no ill will towards our municipal police, and we rather like the Willows. But we would prefer to see the former stirred up on all sides by sharp sticks and the latter closed, rather than that it should go abroad to the world that San Francisco, while giving liberally to the Sanitary Fund with one hand is baiting a bull with the other. The Bellows we provoke by the latter action are not at all akin to the one we won by the former charitable course. The well known and enterprising manager, Sheridan Corbyn, is said to be the proprietor of these beefy barbarisms. We cannot forbear suggesting to this gentleman that Sheridan's famous ride was not accomplished upon the back of a baited bull, and that many another hobby can be found for riding into fame and fortune.

WE should be pleased to hear from the author of *In Articulo Mortis* frequently. He will recognize the reason of a slight change in his article, in the fact that very many readers are lost in Latin.

IS THIS HAPPINESS?—Fifty-one cases of "drunk" were called before the Police Judge on the morning after New Years. Really, that number of persons must have a very queer idea of what a "Happy New Year" means!

THE HARP THAT ONCE, ETC.

[WE seldom copy from the columns of cotemporaries which manifest unkind feeling towards us, but in the present instance we depart from our rule. The experience chronicled is truly a remarkable one, and it is our desire to bring it before the scientific and analytical minds to which THE CALIFORNIAN has access. We regret we have not space to print the "first poem," but the other portion of the article we reproduce entire, *verbatim et literatim*—credit and all:]

[Written for the American Flag.]

MY FIRST POEM.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

MR. EDITOR: You have solicited of me the publication of "My First Poem"—and as its general tone and sentiment must appear to the reader somewhat mystical, I will give in a brief note, its peculiar history. I had been for a number of weeks in a most unusual weak and listless condition, both mentally and physically, with no energy or concentration of thought on anything pertaining to the general routine of life—I was afflicted with no disease, but seemingly a general debilitated condition of the entire system—in truth, my mind seemed totally unfit for the practical realities of existence, during which time, I occasionally, in what appeared a most extraordinary and impressive dream, held converse with a being, rare, etherial, and transcendantly beautiful, whose appearance I described, not long since, in a poem entitled 'The Vision of a Poetess," contributed to the San Francisco *Sunday Mercury*. She came to me often, usually in the night, but on this occasion the interview occurred on a Northern eminence of "Telegraph Hill," where my poem of "The Eagle," "The Sunday Morning Prayer," and "Luella," were first impressed on my fancy. I had seen this lovely being so often that her presence no longer surprised me. I knew not the object of her visitations, nor little cared, so long as her presence brought to my morbid spirit such intense delight. On this occasion she came not in her usual dress of snowy white, but enrobed in a most queenly garment of purple, studded and embroidered with gold; on her head was a crown, burning with a million flashing diamonds, reflecting in their brilliancy all the varied hues of nature, the resemblance of which I have never discovered in the most noted places where our rarest jewels are obtained; in her hand was a harp of gold, on which she discoursed most eloquent music; and from the tones was revealed a power, thrilling, intense and electric—a power varied as the hues of her coronet, beyond imitation, and not hitherto remotely approached by the most noted "Queen of Song" of which we have knowledge.

I seemed to have become oblivious to all external realities for a time; until at last the melody died away, or became absorbed in the voices of the night, when I grasped to my soul the harp that she placed at my feet, bore it silently and tremblingly to my chamber; where in a thrill of doubtful extasy I struck its chords, the vibration of which was an imperfect echo of her own sweet and thrilling words. Have I proved myself worthy of this sacred and beautiful gift? I will wait for an answer from those of California who have given me support and encouragement; from those, whose tokens of appreciation have to come me from the Atlantic coast—and from those, perchance, who have translated some of my productions into the different languages, some of which I propose to read at the entertainment soon to be given in different portions of the State.

HOME AGAIN.—A charming little poem entitled "The Buried Heart" appears in the *Bulletin* of Thursday evening. Poor little waif, after having been borne around the world upon the waves of newspaperdom—for it has been copied into several English journals—it has at last come back to the doors from which it first set out upon its travels. As it has finally found its way into the columns of the *Bulletin*, and was long since shorn of its date and credit marks, we do not deem it improper to state that the poem was originally published in the columns of THE CALIFORNIAN, over the signature of "Dennar Stewart." The author is a young lady residing in Illinois, so that the poem can scarcely be included in the next collection of "California verse." But there are many, whose works are bound in blue and gold, who would be happy to call it their's—and probably will if they get a chance.

THE new Swimming Baths, on Third street opposite South Park, will open to-day. The swimming tank is fifty feet in breadth, by one hundred and sixty in length, and connects with sixty-six dressing-rooms. The water will be kept at blood heat, and at a uniform depth of eight feet; so that persons preferring to commit suicide by comfortably drowning themselves in warm water rather than in cold will have a chance. The advantages that this warm drowning possesses over the fashionable method of taking cold poison, are too numerous to mention. If any repent the rash act before its consummation, a small life-boat which is always kept floating in the reservoir will afford them an opportunity of letting themselves comfortably out.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Very few persons, even among physicians, would have been willing upon any terms to have been in the condition of the writer of the following letter on the 14th of February last. I will anticipate somewhat his report of the facts, by saying that on the 15th August, 1865, he made me a visit, "the very picture of health." Time, which tries and proves all things, has sufficiently tested this case, and shown that neither relapse or collapse having followed, the cure is perfect, and can be cited among the scores of similar cases, the result of my improved mode of treating disease without medicine.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.
August 27, 1865.

Sacramento, April 30, 1865.

Dr. G. M. Bourne—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I now let you know of my good health. Looking back on what I have passed through, it seems as if I was lifted from the grave, and I think it my duty to acknowledge to you and the world the benefit I derived from water treatment as administered by you in your celebrated baths. It was in August, 1864, when disease developed itself with a severe cough. I then took medicines getting worse, with chills, fevers, loss of strength, and was pronounced consumptive. This set me to thinking, and finally I determined to leave my business and go to the Sandwich Islands, having been informed that I could not be cured here. I went to San Francisco, and while waiting for a ship, called upon Dr. Bourne, who stated that a trip to the Sandwich Islands would probably result disastrously, was wholly unnecessary, as I could then be speedily cured at his establishment. I placed myself under his treatment, and in one week was so much improved that I thought I could risk returning home and to my duty as Engineer on the Central Pacific Railroad. The doctor objected; but I thought I knew better, and returned to my duty. In about two weeks my cough returned, and I kept getting worse, and, contrary to Dr. Bourne's injunction never to take medicine again, committed that folly, and soon was so completely run down that I could scarcely walk; so, as a last resort. I concluded once more to try the Water Cure. I went to San Francisco—few of my friends expected me to return; in fact, I thought my return doubtful. On arriving at Dr. Bourne's establishment (February 14, 1865,) I was not able to get into the bath without assistance, but in a few days I began to gain. I remained with him only six weeks, when I left, "a wiser and a better man," without the aid of medicine. I have now been at work several weeks, and find that I am gaining every day, and at present bid fair to be stouter than ever before. Persons visiting the Doctor's establishment will find it just what it should be, in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Departments, and I cannot say too much in praise of the Doctor's kind attention to his patients.

This letter I write for the benefit of the afflicted, to be used as the Doctor decides, and should it be the means of directing any one to his care and treatment who (as they assuredly will) find relief, I will be paid for my trouble. Your obedient servant,

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.

San Francisco, August 25, 1865.

Advised by the undersigned, Mr. James Campbell, of the Central Pacific Railroad (who was then in a most deplorable state of ill health,) placed himself under the care of Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Physician. Some six months or more afterward he visited this city, when I accidentally met him at Dr. Bourne's establishment, and, I am happy to say, restored to the enjoyment of good health and in fine spirits. JOHN SULLIVAN.

☞ Dr. Bourne treats all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs—which includes diptheria, bronchitis, incipient consumption, pleurisy, croup, etc.—with the greatest success. Great relief is afforded in advanced stages of consumption. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc., etc., are also cured quickly, pleasantly, and economically. No medicine whatever.

ASTROLOGY.—The occult sciences of the middle ages, magic, alchemy, necromancy, and star reading, are not lost to the world. The invisible and secret powers of astrography are still possessed by the chosen student in the mysteries of nature who can interpret the influence of the stars and predict by their occultations the hidden events of the future.

In affairs of Past, Present or Future, he they of Business, Matrimony, Love, or sickness, go and consult the naturally gifted Astrologer, Professor Coben, 530 California street. Thousands have been benefitted by his knowledge. He has held over 18,000 consultations during the last five years. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 P. M. to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart. Sickness treated and cured through a science unknown to others.

DR. C. W. MOORE'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

TOYS.—Toys can be purchased of Feldbush & Co., 307 California street, at 25 per cent. below the usual rates. Call and examine stock and prices.

ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—With the details of the dreadful disasters of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *Yosemite* fresh in memory, it is not needful that we should urge on the public the importance of guarding as fully as possible not only against the recurrence of such startling calamities, but also as far as they can against the consequences that arise from them. Accidents are terribly frequent in this new State of ours. Hardly a day passes but we have to record some loss of life, or terrible mangling that leaves the victim with hardly a wish to live. Stringent legislation is demanded to protect travellers from carelessness and criminal negligence of public carriers. It is with great interest that we have watched the rapid growth of Accident Insurance Companies, and we are happy to know that the New York Accidental Insurance Company, established by some of the wealthiest capitalists of the East, have placed their agency in the hands of Bigelow & Brother, Insurance Agents, of this city. We advise every one to take out a policy. The premium is very small—the price of a good cigar only per day—while the benefits are great; $25 per week, if disabled, or $5,000 in case of death. Who would not give $2 50 to be insured for a trip to Washoe, or 25 cents for a trip to Sacramento City? That's all it costs. We predict a large business for the agency in this city. The Company have complied with the State law, and are fully prepared to issue policies, or travelling tickets, at once.—*S. F. Call*

TO POOR WRITERS.—If you would learn to write a good hand, try the Babbittonian—the new system of instruction in penmanship. It is the cheapest and best. Purchase the forms, which will be the only instruction you need, and practice will make you an excellent penman. Call on Warren Holt, Room No. 2, Mead House, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, and learn particulars. Read the following:

The Babbittonian system of Penmanship appears to me really to possess all the advantages which it claims in the above printed summary.

REV. P. V. VEEDER,
Principal of City College, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 13, 1865.

The elements and principles of the Babbittonian Penmanship seem to me valuable for their practicability and simplicity. I do not hesitate to add my testimony in favor of this system as one of the best in use. J. C. PELTON,
Superintendent Public Schools.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
Department of Public Instruction,
San Francisco, Oct. 16, 1865.

To Whom it May Concern: I have carefully examined the Babbittonian system of Penmanship, and take pleasure in recommending it to teachers and others interested, as one which possesses many merits. Its cheapness is one of its more evident merits.

JOHN SWETT, Supt. Pub. Instruction.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

MANY OF THE DISEASES which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. BENTON, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

TRIMMINGS.—Mrs. NORCROSS, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and militar at the shortest notice; also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. D. Norcross' goods, for elegance and taste, are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's

---

"IMPORTANT."—It is very important to those who go out to purchase, to know where they can find the article they require of a good quality and at a fair and reasonable price. To those who want anything in *fine and staple Dry Goods*, MOSGROVE & BLAKELY offer inducements equal to any house in San Francisco.

Their DRESS GOODS are *fashionable, well assorted, and tastefully selected.* They are now showing a large lot of HOYLE'S genuine ENGLISH CALICOS, for *Dresses*, and *Shirting* of a very superior quality.

They are fast becoming celebrated for the quality of their IRISH LINEN GOODS, of which they have always a large assortment from the best manufacturers in Belfast, Ireland.

Their store is in Colton's Building, 222 Third street, near Howard.

FOR THE VERY BEST PHOTOGRAPHS, go to Bradley & Rulofson (Vance's old stand.) First premium for best the card pictures, and large photographs.

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS.

WE BEG LEAVE TO ANNOUNCE that we have opened a first class

Boot and Shoe Store.

At No. 133 Montgomery street,
OPPOSITE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street. Boots, Shoes, etc
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street. Boots, Shoes, etc
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street. Boots, Shoes, etc.

Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.
Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.
Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.

NEW YORK, July 1st, 1865.

I do hereby appoint Mr. WM. H. FINCH & CO., from this date, my sole Agents in California for the sale of goods manufactured by me. WM. WEED.
de30-3m No. 86 Bowery, New York city.

1886. 1866. 1866.

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

LAMOTT,

THE LEADER AND INTRODUCER OF *FASHIONS,*

HAS OPENED HIS MAMMOTH HAT AND CAP ESTABLISHMENT at

227 Montgomery street, near Pine, Russ Block,

Where can be found the greatest variety of Hats and Caps for Gents', Youths' and Children's wear ever offered on this coast.

He outshines them all, and defies competition in the Hat Business.

His Factory at the East makes all his Goods expressly for his California market, which is something that has never been done before. Give him a call at

227 MONTGOMERY STREET.

STEAM COMMUNICATION

WITH THE

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE CALIFORNIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY will despatch their magnificent new steamship

AJAX,
Two Thousand Tons Burthen,
CHRISTOPHER GODFREY, . . . Commander,
FOR HONOLULU,
ON SATURDAY, ... JANUARY 6, 1866,
AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.

The establishment of this Line of Steamers affords a most favorable opportunity for invalids and pleasure seekers to enjoy the salubrious climate of the Hawaiian Group.

The attention of Merchants is especially invited to this new enterprise.

Bills of Lading will be furnished at the office, and to others signed.

For Freight or Passage, having unequalled accommodations, apply at the office of the California Steam Navigation Company.

se23-16 tf JOHN BENSLEY, President pro tem.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Pine street, near Montgomery.

Grand Masquerade Ball!

BY THE

ALEMANNIA,

AT MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 13, 1866.

On which occasion the parquette will be floored over level with the stage, and the whole covered with canvas. Prizes will be given to the best Lady and Gentlemen Masks, to be awarded by a committee selected from the audience.

A splendid band of music has been engaged, and no expense will be spared to make this the most brilliant affair of the season. Tickets to be had of the committee:

L. Hecht, Jr., 417 Sacramento street.
L. Schwarzschild, 320 Battery street.
A. Wungenheim, S. E. cor. California and Sansome.
C. Colman, S. W. corner Washington & Montgomery. S. H. Stern. de23-4t

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DR. C. W. MOORE'S
Medical and Surgical Institute,

COMMERCIAL STREET,

A few doors below Kearny, - . - San Francisco.

ATTENDING AND RESIDING PHYSICIAN,

C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

Late Surgeon U. S. A., Quarantine Physician at New Orleans and Boston, Lecturer on Morbid Anatomy and Diseases of Women and Children, Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc., etc.

FOR THE CURE OF DISEASES,
WHETHER ACUTE OR CHRONIC,
No. 641 Commercial street,

A few doors below Kearny, where he can be consulted at all hours.

Especial attention paid to all Diseases of the UTERINE and SEXUAL ORGANS, SECONDARY and HEREDITARY AFFLICTIONS in their manifold form,

NERVOUS AFFICTIONS, ETC.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS, of whatever nature, performed scientifically, and the patient boarded at the Institute.

TO THE LADIES.—Private apartments, with female nurses, for those who desire them. CONSULTATIONS FREE.

Parties in the Country may consult the Doctor by letter, and receive, in return, a full description of their disease and its means of cure. All communications strictly confidential. C. W. MOORE, M. D.,
se16 3m 641 Commercial street, San Francisco.

RUPTURE.

RADICAL CURE OF Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and impossessing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

A. FOLLEAU, 624 Washington street,
Between Montgomery and Kearny.
Manufactory, 232 Sutter street. de3

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3 3m

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LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

j12 SAN FRANCISCO

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO
To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House, 8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage,
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage.
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50.
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

THE MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

CASH ASSETS, JULY 1, 1865,

$13,500,000!

Income for current year, all cash	$3,500,000
Paid claims by death,	6,500,000
Surplus accumulated 1864,	1,770,090

All the surplus belongs to the assured, and is equitably divided among them annually.

The Dividends of THE MUTUAL LIFE are simply the RESTITUTION OF SURPLUS PREMIUMS to Policy Holders in the proportion overpaid by each.

Hon. Elizur Wright, Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, in a letter commendatory of this new plan of dividing surplus, (by the "Mutual Life") July 11, 1862, says: "This method of applying its own experience is an element of popularity and stability which can hardly fail to make the LEADING Life Assurance Association of this Continent also the MODEL one of the World."

Dividends can be applied IMMEDIATELY towards payment of premiums, or added to policy, at option.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

Persons desiring to insure are requested to obtain a circular recently issued by the Company, entitled "Facts and Comparisons, showing the immense advantage of the Cash over the Note system, and by which it will be shown that in the Cash system less money is required in a term of years than in the Note plan.

Applications by mail or otherwise promptly attended to, and persons wishing to be called upon by an Agent of this Company will please send their address to the office of the General Agent.

The entire business of the Company for the States of California and Oregon is now under the charge and supervision of

H. S. HOMANS, General Agent,
No. 609 Clay street.

W. K. VAN ALEN, Local Agent.
SOLICITORS—S. T. KING and J. G. KNAPP. oc14 3m

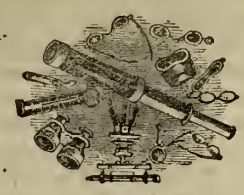
HILL'S HAIR DYE.

This Dye is superior to anything now in use, being easily applied, and imparting a natural brown or black color to the hair. For Sale by

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

ELEGANT HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

USEFUL, ORNAMENTAL, AND INSTRUCTIVE.



FINE GOLD SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES,

SETS OF IVORY
TABLE CUTLERY,

Stereoscopic Views of California;
(OVER ONE THOUSAND NEW VIEWS.)
Richly Mounted Opera Glasses

For sale by

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
317 *and* 319 *Montgomery street.*

CATALOGUES with Price List, FREE. de9 1m

CLOTHING MADE FROM CALIFORNIA CLOTH,

For Wholesale and Retail Trade,

ALSO, MADE TO ORDER,

AT QUINCY HALL,

NOS. 545, 547, 549,

Washington Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

se30 3m

PREMIUM FURNITURE!

AT THE LATE FAIR OF THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
J. PEIRCE,
415, 417, *and* 419 *California street,*
SAN FRANCISCO,

Was awarded the
FIRST AND ONLY PREMIUM
FOR
Furniture,
AND THE
FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM
FOR THE
BEST UPHOLSTERY.

The attention of the public is respectfully called to this; also to the FACT that we have the LARGEST and FINEST stock on the PACIFIC COAST: Comprising a full assortment of FURNITURE AND BEDDING; all of which is offered at rates GUARANTEED to be less than those of any other house in the city.

Nearly 15,000 cases of Goods packed suitable for home and distant markets, to which the

ATTENTION OF THE TRADE IS INVITED.

A full assortment of Cabinet Makers', Hardware, and Upholsterers' materials ALWAYS ON HAND.

J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,
de16 3m SAN FRANCISCO.

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus	$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco	$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus	$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco	$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure
BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President,
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary. mh25 3m

CHOLERA! CHOLERA!

CHOLERA IS COMING!

ALREADY HAS IT APPEARED IN THE EASTERN CITIES? Insure your Life in the
BEST AND CHEAPEST LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD,
The Connecticut Mutual Life
INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
AGENTS,
Office Northwest corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco, California.
no26 1m

PATENT APPLIED FOR.

HUNT'S
California Street Pavement.

THIS PAVEMENT IS A NEW AND NOVEL IDEA, being a combination of Redwood, Asphaltum and Gravel. The Pavement consists of Redwood blocks, six inches in diameter, turned round from the top, half way down; these blocks are laid upon either a board or gravel surface, the blocks laid so as to break joints; the openings around the blocks are then filled in with a composition of asphaltum and gravel, and the whole surface of the pavement covered with a coat of the same composition, thus making a complete asphaltum roadway. The asphaltum, confined by the redwood blocks in this manner, cannot crack, and as every one knows, will last for a long period. The redwood, being firmly secured by the asphaltum, *cannot split*, and the inventor claims that the redwood and asphaltum, so combined, will make a pavement that for evenness, cleanliness, durability and noiseless ness, has not yet been equalled.

A sample of this pavement has been prepared and can be seen by those interested, in front of the Windmill and Horsepower Manufactory of E. O. HUNT,
de2 1m 28 Second street, San Fraucisco.

SCHOOL FURNITURE.

RANKIN'S PATENT SCHOOL DESK;
Liquid Slating for Blackboard;
ARITHMETICAL FRAME;
Babbitonian System of Writing—the Best System known.

W. HOLT,
de9 3m 305 Montgomery street, Room No 2.

NEW YORK ACCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 141 Broadway, New York,
FOR INSURING AGAINST
Accidents of All Kinds!

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - $250,000

THE BUSINESS OF THIS COMPANY is the insuring against accidents of all kinds, whether by travelling or otherwise.

This Company issues two classes of policies: one to secure the payment of a fixed sum to the event of death caused by an accident of any description; the other securing a weekly allowance in case of injury causing total disablement, and a fixed sum in case of death arising as above.

Annual Premium on $2,500	$7 50
Annual Premium on 5,000	15 00
Annual Premium on 10,000 (Without compensation.)	30 00
Annual Premium on $2,500, with $12 50 per week compensation	12 50
Annual Premium on $5,000 with $25 per week compensation	25 00
Annual Premium on $10,000, with $50 00 per week compensation	50 00

Other amounts at corresponding rates.
No policy to exceed $10,000.

GENERAL ACCIDENTS

Include the Traveling Risk, and also all forms of Dislocations, Broken Bones, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Gunshot Wounds, Burns and Scalds, Bites of Dogs, Assaults by Burglars, Robbers or Murderers—the Action of Lightning or Sunstroke, the Effects of Explosions, Floods, and Suffocations by Drowning or Choking; where such Accidental Injury is the cause of death within three months of the happening of the injury, or of total disability to follow his usual avocations.

INDUCEMENTS.

The rates of premiums are very low.
The plan is so simple that any one can comprehend all its workings.

No Medical Examination is Required.

Any who have been rejected by Life Companies, in consequence of hereditary or other diseases, can effect insurance in this Company at a very small cost.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS!

REMEMBER THE WASHOE, YOSEMITE, THE GOLDEN GATE AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

Persons about to visit Europe or New York can obtain Insurance against the Risks of the Voyage.

PREMIUM—Two Dollars per One Thousand Dollars.

GENERAL ACCIDENT TICKETS (Including the Travelling Risk)
ISSUED BY ALL AGENTS. $5,000 for 24 hours, 25c.
Weekly Compensation, $25.

Four days	$1
Eight Days	2
Twelve Days	3
Twenty Days	4
Thirty Days	5

Covering $5,000 against death, with $25 per week in case of disability by reason of accident, by the

NEW YORK ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
141 Broadway, N. Y.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS,
NORTHWEST CORNER MONTGOMERY AND SACRAMENTO STREETS,
de16 3m San Francisco.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,
HEREAFTER, 15TH OF EVERY MONTH.

MONDAY, JANUARY 15, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,
VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship
AMERICA.

ON MONDAY, - - - - JANUARY 15TH,
From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely.
Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship
SANTIAGO,
2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

JANUARY 10th, - - , - CONSTITUTION
From Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M., punctually,
FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Steamers of this line will be despatched on the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month. When these dates fall on Sunday, the steamer will leave on Saturday preceding.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
Jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

NEW MUSIC.

THE "WEARING OF THE GREEN," as sung in the popular drama of *ARRAH NA POGUE*, just published by (oc28) M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

"NOT guilty the verdict! Miss Harris set free!
She is kissed by her counsel! huzzaed by the crowd!"
I threw down the paper—"My stars! Can it be
That Justice approves of the dagger and shroud?

"Has the arrow of Cupid been changed for the knife,
The pistol ball, halter, and death-dealing bowl?
And woman henceforth put an end to the life
Of him who'll not give her his body and soul?"

I was horrified—shocked—at the frailty of man:
And, leaning half carelessly back in my chair,
I folded the newspaper into a fan,
And waved off the heat of the summer night air.

"What a lucky dog I am!" ran through my mind
As I pulled at my pipe and gazed at the smoke;
"I'm at peace with the world and the rest of mankind,
And women amuse me by way of a joke."

So, resting my head on the back of the chair,
I sat at the window and gazed at the sky;
The moon and a cluster of stars were all there,
But were now and then veiled by a cloud passing by.

The wreaths from my pipe and the beams of the moon
Commingled together, befogging my brain;
The breeze filled the room with a musical tune,
And my senses gave way to the soothing refrain.

In a minute thereafter there stood by my side
A bevy of ladies, each armed to the teeth,
Each dressed in the elegant robe of a bride,
Her head being crowned with a wreath.

There was Mary, whose voice I so often had praised—
She was loading a pistol with powder and shot;
While Sarah, whose eyes had me more than half crazed,
Held tight in her hand a stout rope with a knot.

There was Katie, to whom I had said once or twice,
"Sweet Katie, you'll make a most excellent wife!"
She held firm in her hand, with the gripe of a vice,
A villainous, blood-thirsty, sharp-pointed knife.

There was Frances and Georgia, and one or two more,
Each of whom I had said was a dear little soul:
They objected to seeing me writhe in my gore,
When the deed could be decently done with the bowl.

Behind them came Bridgot. Ye gods! did I think,
When I said that I loved every steak that she cooked,
That I went so close to the marital brink
That I for her lover should one day be booked?

She was armed with a poker and a large water pail—
The latter being filled with a liquid quite hot—
"Oh, heavens!" I groaned, with a piteous wail:
"I'm first to be poisoned, next scalded, then shot!"

Like Brutus I covered my face from the sight:
A moment—and then came a deafening crash!
I was shot. Was that all? No, a knife, gleaming bright,
Opened my side with a horrible gash!

I was gasping my last, when there deluged my face
The water from cold-hearted Bridget's great pail;
It revived me, and wildly I leaped from the place,
Like a felon broke loose from his iron-bound jail.

I awoke. Through the window came dashes of rain;
The thunder was dying away with a moan:
And my pipe, which had caused in my side all the pain,
Burned a hole through my clothes almost reaching the bone!

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

[UNDER the above head we find the following amusing article in the columns of *The Nation*. It abounds with dry humor and drollery, and we imagine that few can read it without a laugh:]

THE bloodlessness of turnips is a fact undoubtedly established by science; but the kindred assumption, that diplomatic correspondence must be dry and juiceless, is one on which we have learned to look with misgiving, especially since we read Mr. Seward's report on Mexican affairs for 1865. It is a large volume of state papers, to which the student of contemporary history may turn for instruction concerning the French conquest of Mexico, and the foundation of Archduke Maximilian's imperial rocking-chair upon the volcanic rules of the republic; but the report has also a lighter character, which opens upon the reader with the charm of surprise when he comes to the account given to Mr. Seward, by the Mexican Minister, of the dinner which the latter received last year from distinguished citizens of New York, in compliment to his personal and official qualities.

Señor Romero had cause (as what public man who has ever been reported has not cause?) to be dissatisfied with the newspaper histories of the dinner and its eloquence, and he prepared in Spanish a faithful relation of the whole affair, which he caused to be exactly done into English, and which he then sent to Mr. Seward. The relation embraces a narrative not only of the dinner in question, but also of a previous dinner given by Señor Romero to the eminent gentlemen who afterwards returned his compliment. In both cases, full reports of the speeches are given, with brief notices of the character and position of the guests, and a statement of the places which they relatively occupied at the time, while the whole is concluded with a copy of the bill of fare, diplomatically subscribed Delmonico." An exalted restaurateur is thus made to fill that high station in public affairs to which his talents entitle him, and his bill of fare assumes the dignity of a state paper. It is, of course, not possible to say that if Mr Delmonico could have foreseen the distinction he was to achieve in Mexican affairs he would not have subscribed his bill of fare, addressing it to some personified general public, "I have the honor, sir, to renew to you the assurance of my distinguished consideration—DELMONICO;" but we rejoice that the choice was not offered him of language alien to the national spirit, and that his name appears signed with a republican simplicity, "*Fruits et Dessert*"—DELMONICO." We imagine that this fortunate accident must have consoled Mexican patriots fighting against the government forced upon their country, while it gave all Spanish-America a pledge that the representation of the principle of Spanish-American liberty was worthily entrusted in this country to a man who could dine at such a democratic restaurateur's. We hope it has also not been without effect in Europe. We figure to ourselves the dismay of courts not accustomed to the publication of bills of fare among state papers when they came to that august signature, "*Fruits et Dessert*—DELMONICO," and tried to evolve a meaning from the appearance of the bill among our public documents, and we suppose that the Emperor of the French, who, while in this country, had scarcely the means of making acquaintance with those costly birds, must have been greatly disturbed by the words "canvas-back ducks" among the *rotis*. That imperial Machiavelli would suspect a more dangerous game than that which plainly appears to us under the name given, and, remembering Mr. Pickwick's declaration of love disguised in the phrase, "Chops and tomato sauce," would shudder at the menace with which these canvas-back ducks might be stuffed.

But it is not in the reproduction of Mr. Delmonico's bill of fare that Señor Romero is most ingenious, that Mr. Seward is most amusing. The one eminent statesman furnishes to the other, in the biographical notices of his guests which we have already mentioned, a great deal that is useful for Spanish-Americans to know, and even more entertaining for us to read. Perhaps, also, there is instruction in all this; and the Secretary of State has, while he diverted, wished to teach us by what slight shades of misconception the alien mind produces a ludicrous image of that which is gravest and awfullest in our esteem. The French, who love to call Shakspeare the Divine Williams, and who always spoke of a certain English Statesman as Sir Peel, have produced the same sort of flavorous absurdity which Señor Romero carries to such delightful excess in his relation. It is not a mistake, but something much droller than a mistake, when he describes Mr. Bancroft as enjoying "a well-deserved reputation as a literary man," and Mr. H. E. Pierrepont as a "protector of the fine arts," and belonging "to one of the oldest and most respectable Huguenot families." Hon. George Folsom is a "distinguished member of the Ethnological Society of New York, *and consequently* a noted philologist; Mr. J. W. Hammersley is "of an ancient and notable family in this city," and though not a politician (because, singularly enough, of his "independent position,") "his heart is entirely American, and he considers that the absolute independence of this continent from the old is (as he eloquently expresses it) a principle filtered in the veins of every true son of Washington by the milk that he has drawn from his mother's breast, a password and countersign, and a terrible monition to Europe!" It is on Mr. Bryant, however, that Señor Romero expends the wealth of his peculiar powers of characterization, and we cannot forbear presenting to our readers the reflex of our reverend poet in the admiring Spanish-American mind:

"Mr. William Cullen Bryant is a most respectable elderly person, great poet, eminent literary man, and one of the first editors of the press of this city. As a poet he has been a perfect prodigy of precocity and lengthened genius, to be compared only with Lope de Vega and Voltaire. When he was only nine years old he published his first verses, and at thirteen a regular poem, in connection with other beautiful compositions, was issued to the eyes of the world. He is now over seventy years of age, and has just given light to a new poem that has called forth the eulogy of the press, and in which his robust mental faculties have not deteriorated in the slightest degree. By the refined taste displayed in his compositions, he is considered as a poet of the most classical taste that this nation has hitherto produced. To the golden crown that girdles his venerable head may be added the respectability which Mr. Bryant enjoys for his knowledge, his well-tried probity, and his constancy in defending the most disinterested political opinions. In regard to these, Mr. Bryant belongs to the extreme portion of the Republican party, being, consequently, an abolitionist. Septuagenary as he is, he still preserves the moral and physical vigor of youth, and is ready to defend any cause that has for a foundation liberty and justice; he has also the necessary activity to be even now chief editor of the New York *Evening Post*."

It is, of course, not possible to know what may have been the Spanish of which Señor Romero says the foregoing is "a correct translation in the English language;" but we assure him that the English is very funny, and that it reads like the English of a Spaniard who had acquired fluency in our tongue from perusal of the newspapers. Señor Romero could scarcely have understood this, however, and it is difficult to comprehend why the Secretary of State, to whom all this was unofficially addressed, should have caused it to be printed in a public document. Señor Romero would have been amply protected from the mischief likely to attend his erroneously reported remarks by the publication of the remarks alone; and the condition of Republican Mexico is such that she can ill afford to have her representative laughed at to serve the end we have hinted. If the Secretary of State merely wished to make fun, why, there are the reports of our own ambassadors abroad, which are sometimes infinitely amusing.

DEATH OF MRS. GASKELL.

THE death of Mrs. Gaskell, that occurred at her home near Manchester, England, will be even more widely noted with sorrow in America than in Great Britain. Her books probably had wider sale and reading here than there. And she had not only warm personal friends among us, but the interest and sympathy which she so largely manifested toward the Union during the war, have endeared her to many who before knew her simply as a successful author. Her very last book, just finished before her death, is dedicated to her "northern friends" in general, and Mr. Charles Eliot Norton and wife of Cambridge, in particular; and her paper in *Fraser's Magazine*, on the death of Robert Gould Shaw, testifies to the strength of her interest and the genuineness of her sympathy with us.

As a novelist, Mrs. Gaskell has a wide popularity. She received for her first story, *Mary Barton*, published in 1848 when she was 28 years old, one hundred pounds, and its success was so marked that a few days after its publication she was offered one thousand pounds if she would write another. *Mary Barton* was followed by *Moorland Cottage* (a Christmas story) in 1850. *Ruth* was published in 1853, and *North and South* in 1855. The more recent publications are *Lizzie Leigh*, *Cranford*, *Life of Charlotte Bronte*, *Sylvia's Lovers*, and *Round the Sofa*.

In some respects, Mrs. Gaskell has no superior among her cotemporary sister novelists. She is not so romantic as Miss Mulock, and though not as forcible as the author of the Eliot novels, she writes in better taste. She is more healthy than Charlotte Bronte, though neither so intense nor so fascinating, and she excels her in the delineation and discrimination of character. Charlotte Bronte's heroines are, with the exception of those in *Shirley*, abnormal creations, the products of a brain prematurely developed. Mrs. Gaskell's heroines are ordinary, every-day women, and still they are not commonplace. In the simplicity of her style, quiet tone of narrative, and in the peculiar flavor of her humor, as well as in the revelation of character by means of dialogue, she resembles Jane Austin; while she possesses other qualities which render her more attractive to readers generally. She has more sentiment and imagination, a wider range of vision, and she gives us what Miss Austin never does—exquisite descriptions of natural scenery—and many scenes of tender pathos.

Mrs. Gaskell has also considerable dramatic power, as shown in the "Strike" in *North and South*, and in the resistance to the press gang in *Sylvia's Lovers;* but though often thrilling, she is never sensational. If we can judge of her character from her writings, we should say she was a remarkably well-balanced person, whose creative faculty, strong as it was, did not tyrannize over her judgment. It is rare to see the creative and the critical faculty combined, yet, judging from the artistic finish of these novels, it is evident Mrs. Gaskell possessed both in no mean degree. A strong flavor of reality and truthfulness pervade her stories. As we read, the conviction steals over us, that it is a real experience the author is relating, and not the fancies of a fertile brain. In a letter to a friend, written after the publication of *Sylvia's Lovers*, she said that, when contemplating a new story, she thought it all out in her mind before putting pen to paper. Then it became real to her, and she could not alter in any way the course of the narrative. In this lay the secret of her power. It proves, also, that she had true genius—that her creations were not mere puppets of her will, dependent upon the whim or fancy of the moment, but inspirations—genuine conceptions, over which, when once created, she had no power. Whether she writes of life in the mills, as in *Mary Barton*, or of society in a little village, made up principally of old maids and widows, as in *Cranford;* or lays the scenes of her story among the discontented Yorkshire operatives, as in *North and South*, or amid the primitive inhabitants of a seaport town in the last century, as in *Sylvia's Lovers*, she everywhere develops the same faculty of faithful representation, merging her own personality into scenes and characters widely different, and thus imparting to them that reality which alone gives zest and power to fiction.

Of her several publications, *North and South* and *Sylvia's Lovers* are the most powerfully written, with the exception of *Wives and Daughters*, now being published in numbers in the *Cornhill Magazine*. In the delineation of fine shades of character, in the varied and pleasant interest of the narrative, and in its artistic finish, we consider *Wives and Daughters* her greatest effort, and it is matter of gratification and congratulation that this most attractive story has not been left uncompleted by her death.

But successful as Mrs. Gaskell has been as a novelist, she has been equally so as a biographer. Few memoirs exceed in interest that of Charlotte Bronte by her. Not only is the character of Miss Bronte herself most graphically portrayed, and those of her father and sisters, but their life in the gloomy old parsonage, surrounded by its black moors, is sketched with photographic distinctness. Most biographers are content to give to the public what Carlyle styles "a mere bead roll of facts." Not so Mrs. Gaskell. Under her touch the dry facts become living, breathing realities, full of significance and replete with instruction. She was about fifty years old; and her private life has been conspicuous for personal sympathy and kindly endeavor among the poor families of the neighboring manufacturing populations.

IF your blood is corrupt, disordered or vitiated, you are liable to be seized at any moment with a fit of sickness. It may appear in the form of pimples, blotches or sores, or it may suddenly prostrate you. One thing is certain: You cannot have health unless your blood is pure. To remove all impure matters from the blood, Adams' Blood Purifier is admitted to be the best preparation yet introduced to the public. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and will harm no one. Its effects are immediate and lasting. It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, produces a healthy action of the liver and kidneys, and restores the patient to perfect health and strength.

RAINY SEASON AT HAND.—Which is always accompanied with Coughs, Colds, Influenza, and kindred affections of the throat and lungs. If you would be speedily relieved of these serious and annoying difficulties, use Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

For sale by all Druggists: Redington & Co., Sole Agents, 416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

SECOND REPLY.

—

THE

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL

VERSUS

The Mutual Life of New York.

IN JULY LAST the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York published an attack upon the Connecticut Mutual, which contained many invidious comparisons and flagrant misrepresentations. This assault was promptly repelled by an exposition of facts, substantiated by the Massachusetts Insurance Reports. The Mutual Life now rejoin with a DENIAL of nearly all the facts set forth in our first reply. Correcting none of the exploded errors of their former articles, they are now even more extravagant than before, apparently betraying greater eagerness for victory than for truth.

We have some reluctance to prosecute a controversy with those capable of such transparent insincerity and such wilful perversion of facts. We will nevertheless characterize this last manifesto as it deserves, and disentangle some of its sophistries. *It is untruthful in statement; it is uncandid and unjust in inferences; it is evasive and fallacious in argument; its audacity would be amusing if its depravity were not too shocking; it is strange indeed that so respectable a company as the Mutual Life should compromise its reputation for integrity by endorsing such unfairness as must lead to humiliating exposure.*

In our former reply we stated and demonstrated the following propositions, fundamental and conclusive, respecting the comparative standing of the Connecticut Mutual and all other companies in the country, to wit:

I.—It has the LARGEST number insured.
II.—It has the LARGEST amount insured.
III.—It has the LARGEST surplus.
IV.—It has the LARGEST divisible surplus.
V.—It has the LARGEST business.
VI.—It has the LARGEST income.
VII.—It has had, through its whole history, the smallest average expenses.
VIII.—It obtains the highest rates of interest on its investments.

These facts, demonstrated by statistics from the Massachusetts Insurance Reports, establish the Connecticut Mutual as the Great Life Insurance Company of America, and the one in which investment is the Safest, the Cheapest, and the Best. The only way in which its title to this position and character can be disputed is, as we stated, to assail the Massachusetts Insurance Reports. These Reports, written by the Hon. Elizur Wright of Boston, an accomplished Actuary, appointed by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for that purpose, are universally esteemed as the most reliable authority on American Companies, as well as an invaluable contribution to both the history and science of Life Insurance.

The Mutual Life, in their rejoinder, not daring to assail these Reports, ignore their existence. While pretending to "take direct issue with the Connecticut Mutual on all the 'fundamental and conclusive' propositions save one," they do not even allude to the Reports upon which these propositions are founded; nor do they sustain their denial of even one of the propositions. In fact their denials are but pretended ones, well calculated, if not intended to deceive the cursory reader into the belief that the positions we had taken were untenable. Yet, notwithstanding this pretended denial of facts which we had drawn from the Reports of the Massachusetts Commissioners, and the apparent appeal from their authority, the Actuary of the Mutual Life, in an article published since the one now under consideration, has spoken of Prof. Wright, the author of these Reports, as "the highest official authority in this country." We shall therefore be justified, even by our opponents, if we continue to appeal to the Massachusetts Reports, and insist that their decision is final.

Reaffirming our fundamental and conclusive propositions, we proceed to submit some additional proof of their validity, and to disentangle some of the sophistries and fallacies in which they are involved, in the recent remarkable manifesto of the Mutual Life.

I. THE LARGEST NUMBER INSURED.—The Mutual Life state the number of their policies in force August 1, 1865, to be.....20,888
Connecticut Mutual records show (same date).....28,475

At the date of the last Massachusetts Report, the number of policies in the Connecticut Mutual exceed the number in the Mutual Life by 4,596; August 1, 1865, the excess was 7,865; a gain upon that company of more than 3,000 policies per year.

II. THE LARGEST AMOUNT INSURED.—The Mutual Life state their amount insured August 1, 1865, to be.....$72,764,534 52
Connecticut Mutual records show (same date).....78,361,972 00

The gain of the Connecticut Mutual upon the Mutual Life in the amount insured during this year has been over $7,000,000.

We give the amount insured as indicative of the amount of business the company has done. The Mutual Life suggests that assets are a better "test of merit and standing." We esteem the surplus of assets over all liabilities to be a still better test, though by no means the only one.

III. THE LARGEST SURPLUS.—According to the last Massachusetts Report, the surplus of the Connecticut Mutual exceeds that of the Mutual Life by $162,163 69, although the Connecticut Mutual had paid during the year a dividend of 50 per cent., while the Mutual Life had paid none. The only way in which the Mutual Life is able to establish even a pretense that the surplus of the Connecticut Mutual is less than their own is by arbitrarily and unfairly deducting from it a reservation of $641,500 for dividends not yet declared. And not content with this sharp practice, they compare the rapidity of accumulation of the two companies for a period in which the Connecticut Mutual has made a distribution, while the Mutual Life had made none.

IV. THE LARGEST DIVISIBLE SURPLUS.—In estimating the divisible surplus, we reserved 15 per cent. above the value of the policies. When the unsettled financial condition of the country is taken into account, this "reserve" will not be deemed excessive. As we treated both companies alike in this respect, the Mutual Life would seem to have little cause of complaint. This datum gives the Connecticut Mutual, November 1, 1864, more than twice the divisible surplus of the Mutual Life, although this company had paid one dividend since the last distribution of the Mutual Life.

V. THE LARGEST BUSINESS.—The net increase in number of policies and amount insured for the year ending November 1, 1864, was about twice as great in the Connecticut Mutual as in the Mutual Life, (see Massachusetts Insurance Reports—1864 and 1865.)
Conn. Mutual, net inc.....6,875 Policies, insuring $18,988,561 00
Mutual Life, net inc.....2,969 Policies, insuring 9,527,779 10

These figures representing the growth of the business of the two companies, have not been disputed; though the Mutual Life seek to obscure their significance by claiming that the cash receipts are a better "test" of the amount of business done than the business itself!

We may be permitted to offer the following as a pertinent illustration of this logic; The cash receipts of the Mutual Life on a single payment policy of $10,000, age 40, are $1,242 50. The cash receipts of the Connecticut Mutual on twenty-six life policies for $10,000 each, same age, are $4,100 Of course, therefore, by their logic, one policy for $10,000 in the Mutual Life constitutes a larger business than twenty-six policies, insuring $260,000, in the Connecticut Mutual!

VI. THE LARGEST INCOME.—According to the last Massachusetts Insurance Report, the income of the Connecticut Mutual for the year ending November 1, 1865, exceeds that of the Mutual Life by $182,054 41. The incomes for the year ending February 1, 1865, are:
Mutual Life see Annual statement of Co.).....$2,849,866 50
Conn. Mutual (see Annual Statement of Co.)..... 2,938,562 52

VII. THE SMALLEST AVERAGE EXPENSES.—During the first four years of the history of the Connecticut Mutual, and also during the years 1861 and 1864, the expenses of this Company were a trifle in excess of those of the Mutual Life; DURING ALL THE OTHER YEARS of its existence its expenses have been

LESS THAN THOSE OF THAT COMPANY.

The General Average of the Connecticut Mutual is 829 (or about four-fifths) of that of the Mutual Life. The Mutual Life evade the "direct issue" on this "fundamental and conclusive position," by substituting for the general average the ratio for a single year; and though their year's ratio is exceptionally in their favor, they are not satisfied to state it correctly.

VIII. THE HIGHEST RATE OF INTEREST ON INVESTMENTS.—The Mutual Life do not attempt to take issue with the Connecticut Mutual on this peculiarly "fundamental and conclusive position," but endeavor to destroy its force by intimating that high rates are obtained at the expense of security. The fact that up to the date of the last report

NOT ONE DOLLAR HAD EVER BEEN LOST ON INVESTMENTS BY THE CONNECTICUT MUTUAL,

is a sufficient reply to the insinuation. The investments of this Company have been made with remarkable prudence and skill, as their safety and productiveness sufficiently attest.

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Having thus reaffirmed and re-established the eight fundamental propositions of our reply to the first attack of the Mutual Life, and exposed the evasions and sophistries with which that Company have struggled to avoid the logical consequences, we now proceed to exhibit some of the miscellaneous representations which are scattered through their last remarkable production:

NOTE PLAN.

The false position of the Mutual Life in regard to the Note system, is the source of many grave errors. It perverts their statements respecting assets, surplus, divisible surplus receipts, expenses, amount of business, dividends, cost of insurance, and almost every other topic connected with the subject.

The surplus premium, when paid in cash, must be invested, and in due time returned to the insured as dividend, being temporarily held in trust by the company. Premium notes are of the same character as any other investment of this surplus premium, except that they draw a rather low rate of interest, and it is utterly impossible to lose anything by means of them. In whatever manner the SURPLUS premium is invested, it can only be used in payment of dividends. Premium Notes, therefore, being the safest possible investment, and entirely available in payment of dividends, constitute legitimate assets—as perfectly so as the cash receipts for surplus premiums.

Aside from the inconvenience attending the payment of money, it makes little difference to the insured whether he pays the surplus premium in an interest bearing note or in cash. If he pays it in cash, it is afterwards returned to him as dividend, he meanwhile losing the interest on it; if he pays it in note, instead of LOSING the interest on the money, he PAYS the interest on a note of equal amount, and has the USE of the money, the note being returned as dividend. The insured pays, and the company receive, the SAME VALUE in either case.

It is only by disguising this

OBVIOUS FACT

that the cost of Insurance can be made to appear greater on the Note Plan than on the Cash Plan.

—

DIVIDENDS.

The dividends of the Mutual Life, while they were on the percentage plan (previous to the last distribution,) averaged less than 40 per cent. The first, 1848, originally declared at 52 per cent., was investigated at the instance of a policy holder, and, being found excessive, was "adjusted" at 35 per cent.; this dividend was payable only at DEATH; the second, 1852, was "33⅓" per cent., payable at DEATH, or in (slow) reduction of future premiums; the third, 1858, was "40" per cent., payable only at DEATH; the fourth, 1863, (not a percentage dividend,) was payable at death or in reduction of future premiums; it was larger than any preceding one in consequence of the forfeiture of Southern policies at the outbreak of the rebellion, leaving, as is well known, a large amount of money, (consisting of the entire "reserve" and all the dividends for these policies,) to be divided among the remaining members. The dividend was, therefore, an exceptional one, and cannot be repeated except under similar circumstances; though its ratio to the real participating premiums

Has been Largely Overstated

in the documents of that company. It will be observed that the MUTUAL LIFE HAVE CHANGED THEIR METHOD OF DISTRIBUTION, or rather, APPORTIONMENT, as that company have

NEVER MADE A REAL DISTRIBUTION,

at each successive dividend period. How long that company will maintain the policy now announced, their extraordinary vacillation hitherto gives as no means of forming a reliable opinion.

The dividends of the Connecticut Mutual have been, in all cases,

Available to diminish Current Premiums,

AND HAVE AVERAGED OVER FIFTY PER CENT.

The surplus of the Connecticut Mutual, at the present rate of increase, will, at the end of this fiscal year, exceed $3,500,000 The surplus, January 1, 1865, was $2,646,333 13, an amount sufficient, if distributed, to cancel all the premium notes, leaving a

SURPLUS OVER ALL LIABILITES OF OVER $400,000 IN CASH;

and if the present value of the interest which the insured would pay on the notes in the ordinary mode of settlement were included in the above calculations, the surplus of the company, after the cancellation of the notes would be about three-quarters of a million of dollars, or enough to pay a still further dividend in cash of more than THIRTY-FIVE per cent. on the premiums of the year 1861.

The "cash dividends" of the Mutual Life are said to be available to diminish the SECOND cash premium, "or sooner than in any other company."

The "Note Dividends" of the Connecticut Mutual, are

AVAILABLE TO DIMINISH THE FIRST CASH PREMIUM,

or one year sooner than in the Mutual Life. The "Note Dividends" of the Connecticut Mutual, let it be observed, are precisely as effectual to diminish the CASH premiums as the so-called "cash dividends" of the Mutual Life, and they have as real a cash value.

We have no desire to disparage the method of ascertaining and distributing surplus, lately adopted by the Mutual Life, and with which the name of their eminent Actuary is so honorably connected. If it shall be shown, by experience, to be PRACTICABLE, it may in due time be generally adopted. We do, however, question the reliability of the application of the method in the tabular statements of the cost of insurance in the Mutual Life, published by that Company as "undeniable figures," "which may be relied upon as certain," since they are based upon the supposition that the investments of the Company, including unemployed capital, will yield seven per cent. interest, (more than that Company has usually obtained,) no allowance whatever being made for the expenses of conducting the business, other than the profits arising from forfeited policies and other miscellaneous sources. We quote from an article in the "Wall Street Underwriter," by the able Actuary of the Mutual Life, in which he refers to the same tables:

"It is manifest, since the conditions are as favorable as possible, that the over-payments (dividends) are the MAXIMA which can be anticipated."

"We have thus seen that on all the 'fundamental and conclusive' policies" of the Connecticut Mutual the Mutual Life fails to make a successful assault; and, further, that the "undeniable facts and figures" of that Company can NOT be "relied on as certain."

A Mutual Life Insurance Company receives and invests money, and (on the average) returns it to the policy-holder, with the accumulated interest, less the expense of conducting business, and the Company in which the

Average Expenses are the LOWEST, and the Rate of Interest obtained on Investments is the HIGHEST,

(other things being equal,) affords Life Insurance at the

LEAST COST.

THAT COMPANY IS THE

Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co.

OF HARTFORD.

The accumulated capital is nearly TEN MILLION DOLLARS. It has paid since its organization over FOUR MILLION DOLLARS to the families and creditors of deceased members, and has refunded over THREE MILLION DOLLARS to policy holders in dividends or surplus premiums. Its present surplus is over THREE MILLION DOLLARS, from which the annexed dividend will be declared on the 1st of February next.

The number of policies issued during the year (1861) was 7,533. Its annual income is over $3,000,000 per year—its receipts for interest alone being over half a million, which more than paid its losses for the year ending November last.

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It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House.

Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

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Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge.

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Proprietor.

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Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865,	11.522,500
Annual Income,	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law,	$75,000

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No premium on Sewing Machines awarded.

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In competition, New England, (single thread,) Wilcox & Gibbs, (single thread,) and Grover & Baker.

First Premium to Grover & Baker.

THE FLORENCE has taken the only First Premium awarded to any First-Class Machine over any other Double Thread Machine at the Fairs held on the Pacific Coast in 1865.

SAMUEL HILL,

AGENT FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,

111 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

no4 10t

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

CLOSING OUT SALE

—OF—

Fine Clothing,

TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

$100,000 *WORTH OF FINE CLOTHING TO BE SOLD,* AT PRICES THAT WILL SUIT THE BUYER.

If you want Clothing that will prove what it is represented to be, call on

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, and Corner of Sansome and Washington streets,

San Francisco.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & C

my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

STRAIN'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES.

A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in use. For sale by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents.

je10-½ Corner of Pine and Sansome street

R. H. McDONALD. J. C. SPENCER

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

Importing and Wholesale DRUGGISTS,

CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO,

AND

SACRAMENTO CITY.

WE MOST RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of DRUGGISTS, DENTISTS, PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS, MERCHANTS, MILL-MEN, ASSAYERS, BREWERS, SODA WATER MANUFACTURERS, AND OTHERS,

To our well-assorted stock of articles in their line:

Drugs and Medicines,	Herbs and Fluid Extracts,
Paints and Oils,	Corks, every variety,
Dental Goods,	Acids, Marble Dust,
Elastic Stockings,	Plaster, Blue Stone,
Trusses and Supporters,	Sal Ammoniac,
Druggists' Glassware,	Copperas,
Leeches,	Irish Moss,
Surgical Instruments,	Retorts and Crucibles,

Together with a Complete Assortment of Drugs.

Our senior partner is now residing at the East, giving his personal attention to the purchasing and shipping of supplies. We are thereby enabled to furnish goods of the First Quality at very Low Prices We will not be undersold by any house in California.

We would respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our stock before dealing elsewhere. Goods shipped to any part of the coast.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
San Francisco and Sacramento City.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO.

IMPORTERS OF

Dental and Surgical Instruments,

Teeth, Gold Foil, Forceps of all kinds, Dental Cases, all sizes, with and without Instruments · Vulcanizers, and all materials for doing Vulcanite work · Burrs, Drills and Excavators; Anatomical Preparations. In short, EVERYTHING USED BY THE DENTAL PROFESSION

☞ Our Stock was never better than at present.

BOOKS.

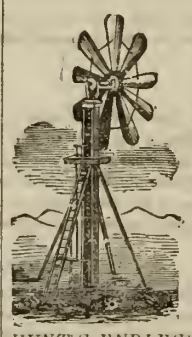
We have constantly on hand all the *STANDARD WORKS ON DENTISTRY.*

Are Agents for the "DENTAL COSMOS," published in Philadelphia, which is the best monthly work on Dentistry published.

The Dental Profession can rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner, and with dispatch.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Corner Sansome and Pine streets, San Francisco,
oc28 and Sacramento City.

HUNT'S IMPROVED WIND-MILL.



THIS WIND-MILL IS RAPIDLY taking the place of all other Mills on the Pacific Coast. These Mills are so simple in their construction that, when once built, they can be put in order by almost any person; and when once in order they will run for years without repairs.

Prices, from $50 to $1,000.

ROUND AND SQUARE WATER TANKS BUILT TO ORDER.

HUNT'S PUMPS

Are admitted to be the best in the Market for Wind Mills, being built expressly for that purpose. They can be set and taken apart with a common wrench, and are easily repaired.

HUNT'S ENDLESS CHAIN

HORSE-POWER

FOR SAWING WOOD.

Also, the

SELF-REGULATING HORSE-POWER

Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will make them.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

☞ For further Particulars see small circulars. ☜

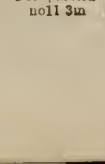
E. O. HUNT,
No. 28 Second street, and 108 and 112 Jessie street,
jy29-3m San Francisco.

NEW DANCING ACADEMY,

CONGRESS HALL,

ON BUSH STREET, ADJOINING THE RUSS HOUSE.

MR. AND MRS. COGILL AND SONS



Will continue teaching all the Fashionable Dances. Department, etc., at the above New, Splendid and Spacious Hall.

REGULAR CLASSES—Mondays and Wednesdays. Ladies at 2 P. M; Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2 P. M.

Private Lessons given separately, or to Classes, in Ball Room and Stage Dances.

SOIREES on Friday Evenings.

CONGRESS HALL TO RENT

The elegantly furnished Hall, and other convenient rooms, for Balls, Private Parties, Weddings, etc. The Hall is 60 by 66; also, large Dining Room. For particulars, apply at the Academy.

no11 3m

OVERSTOCKED! AND MUST SELL

Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO

UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.

BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOOD

—AT—

LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,

mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

CALEB M. SICKLER,

DEALER IN

Stoves and Tin Ware,

422 *KEARNEY STREET*

BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE,

SAN FRANCISCO

AGENCY FOR STEWART'S STOVES.

se23 3m

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,
se30 3m San Francisco.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,

415 WASHINGTON STREET,

nearly opposite the Post Office,

SAN FRANCIS

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole Agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

de17-3m

FIRE DEPARTMENT BALL.

POSTPONEMENT.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the Fire Department Ball, in accordance with the request of many friends, and in order to perfect every arrangement deemed necessary for the success of said Ball. have POSTPONED the same until

THURSDAY EVENING.....JAN. 18TH.

By order of the Executive Committee.

THE SECOND ANNUAL

Ball of the Fire Department,

Will be given at

UNION HALL,

ON THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 18th

No care or expense will be spared to make it the grandest and most fashionable Ball of the season.

MANAGERS.

Governor F F Low,	Hon Ogden Hoffman,
Maj-Gen H. W. Halleck,	" Milton S Latham,
" I McDowell,	" S H Dwinelle,
" J F Miller,	" Thos B Shannon,
Col R C Drum,	" Frank Soule,
Com Selim Woodworth,	" R F Perkins,
Maj-Gen L H Allen,	" Wm J Shaw
Chas de Cazotte,	R H Sinton,
Louis McLane,	Wm. Alvord,
J Whitney, Jr,	J H Baird,
I W Raymond,	Wm F Babcock,
Chas B Polhemus,	Henry Bigelow,
Eugene L Sullivan,	A Austin,
J Mora Moss,	S C Hastings,
R B Swain,	Camilo Martin,
E W Burr,	Maj A D Grimwood,
S P Dewey,	Abel Guy,
James Lick,	Wm B Johnston,
Nicholas Larco,	Geo W Gibbs,
Leland Stanford,	Hall McAllister,
Joseph P Hodge,	Henry B Platt,
B F Lowe,	M Livingston,
James Bowman,	Samuel M Wilson,
D O Mills,	Francisco Sanjurjo,
Lafayette Maynard,	Lewis Leland,
F L A Pioche,	Louis Scellier,
Jos G Eastland,	Alpheus Bull,
Ira P Rankin,	John S Henning,
Henry Carlton, Jr,	A Seligman,
John B Felton,	Michael Skelly,
Samuel Brannan,	A Coleman,
R H Magill,	Wm H Tillinghast,
Geo C Boardman,	Joseph Austin,
David Seannell,	John H Gardiner,
R B Woodward,	Wm P Tuaffe,
O Livermore,	W H L Barnes,
A L Tubbs,	Henry Voorman,
Marcus D Bornek,	Dr A J Bowie,
W Lane Booker,	Edward S Spenr,
Eugene Casserly,	Wm. McKibben,
Oliver Eldridge,	Michael Castle,
H M Newhall,	John Parrott,
Joseph A Donohoe,	Wm C Talbot,
Wm C Ralston,	Erwin Davis,
Wm M Lent,	Fred'k MacCrellish,
James Otis,	H H Haight,
R. J. Vanderwater,	Maj John Stratman,
Caleb T Fay,	James H Cutter,
Martin R Roberts,	Henry Barriolhet,
James R Bolton,	John A. McGlynn,
W E Barron,	W W Haney,
S R Harris,	John J Kelly,
Morris Speyer,	Chas. R Peters,
Alfred Barstow,	Claus Spreckles,
R C Ferguson,	David Stern,
Geo H Howard,	G J Byrne,
Elie Lazard,	F W Macondray,
Edward J. Pringle,	John O Earl,
John H Saunders,	Emanuel Berri,
Jos W Winans,	Fred'k Billings,
James Bell,	E T Pease,
E W Leonard,	Louis Cohn,
S. J. Hensley,	Thos Tobin,
Geo B Gammans,	H Heyneman,
S H Parker,	Horace W. Carpenter,
Col Wm Harney,	M M Heuston,
A H Titcomb,	Wm G Badger,
M C Hillyer,	Louis Schloss,
Frank McCoppin,	Henry G Langley,
John Hewston, Jr,	A J Houghtaling,
J C L. Wadsworth,	W W Stow,
Joseph Pierce,	W B Farwell,
C F Mebius,	John T Doyle,
Chas Walcott Brooks,	Warren R Payne,
Albert Miller,	Dr Joseph Haine,
J G Kittie,	Robert Cushing,
Jonathan Hunt,	Peter Donohue,
John Middleton,	James L Fink,
C Adolphe Low,	T McCarthy.

☞ The number of Tickets to be sold is limited; they are not transferable, and none will be sold at the door. Ladies' invitations can be procured, free of charge, on application.

TICKETS (including Supper) TEN DOLLARS.

PIANO SCHOOL,

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,

At the South Park Institute.

MISS FLORENCE JAMES, PRINCIPAL.

IN CONNECTION with this popular and excellent Young Ladies' Seminary there will open, about January 31, 1866, a Piano School, on the European Plan—for first beginners as well as for advanced players. The great advantage on this plan will be a reduction of about one-half the usual price, and a thorough training, both theoretical and practical. The Musical Department will be under the directorship of Mr. GUSTAVE A. SCOTT, Organist of Cavalry Church, whose long experience in Teaching both in private and in classes, will secure to pupils a rapid advancement in the study of Music.

The Music Rooms are comfortable and convenient, and the Pianos used from the best manufacturers.

For particulars, call at the Institute, Nos. 55 and 56 South Park. de30-1m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.—IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT of the Second Township, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to S. B. THOMPSON, greeting:

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 13th day of February, A. D 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to answer unto the complaint of CHARLES M. PECK, who claims to recover from you the sum of two hundred and fifty-three dollars, and interest on one hundred and seventy-five dollars of said sum at two per cent. per month from June 22d, 1865, and on seventy-eight dollars of said sum at the same rate from April 20th, 1865, due on two promissory notes made by you, dated February 17th, 1865, and June 22d, 1865, the same claimed to be recovered in United States gold and silver coin, as per copies of said notes on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you, for the said amount and interest due, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of the city and county of San Francisco greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof. Given under my hand this 6th day of November, A. D. 1865.

Alias
U. S. Revenue stamp, 50c., cancelled.

H. J. WELLS, (SEAL.)
Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco. Office, No. 623 Merchant street.

no11 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. no11-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Maurice J. Dooley, Plaintiff, vs. John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton, her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, children of J. H. and Annie Moore; Helen R. Masterson Ord, and Pacificus Ord, her husband, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, Helen R. Masterson Ord and Pacificus Ord, her husband:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

In and by said complaint, the plaintiff prays the following judgment and relief:

1. That the said defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, and that all adverse claims of the said defendants, or either of them, may be determined by a decree of this Court.

2. That plaintiff be adjudged to be the owner in fee simple, in possession of, and lawfully entitled to the possession of so much of said Lot 77 as is first described in the complaint.

3. That the defendants, and each and every of them, be adjudged and decreed to have no estate, right, title, or interest of, in or to said portion of said Lot 77, legal or equitable; and that they, and all persons claiming, or to claim under them subsequent to the commencement of this action, be barred, and perpetually restrained and enjoined from asserting or pretending to have any right, title, interest, or estate of, in or to the same, and from making any conveyance thereof—other than to plaintiff or his grantees; and for such other and further relief as shall be agreeable to equity—but without costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District in and for the County of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAMES C. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
de23-3m

E. CAMPIONI,

COSTUMER,

No. 710 Washington street,

(A few doors above Kearney,)

SAN FRANCISCO.

THEATRICAL AND MASQUERADE COSTUMES MADE TO ORDER.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.
de30-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDICIAL District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS B. VALENTINE, Plaintiff, vs. ERASTUS V. JOICE and ANDREW J. MOULDER, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Erastus V. Joice and Andrew J. Moulder, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within the county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought that the Defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, &c., to certain real estate particularly described in the complaint, and to obtain a decree that the plaintiff is owner in fee simple absolute thereof, that said defendants have no estate, right, title, or interest therein or to any part thereof, that they be forever debarred and perpetually enjoined from setting up any estate in or claim said real estate, adverse to plaintiff—besides costs of suit and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal of Court. Int. rev. stamp. de23 3m

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
B. S. BROOKS,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner *From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from* Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
San Francisco

fe11-6m

GREAT AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT!

AT

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE,

Chicago, Illinois, - - February 22d, 1866.

20,000 VALUABLE GIFTS WORTH $96,800

PRESENTED TO THE TICKET HOLDERS.

20,000 *TICKETS ONLY WILL BE SOLD.*

1 Gift of $10,000 cash	$10,000
1 Gift of $5,000 cash	5,000
50 Gifts, 50 English Patent Lever Gold Watches, valued at $400 each	20,000
100 Gifts, 100 Amer. Silver Lever Watches valued at $100 each	10,000
48 Gifts 48 Silver Lever Watches valued at $50 each	2,400
5,000 Gifts, 5,000 Turkey Morocco, gold clasp Albums, valued at $5 each	25,000
4,800 Gifts, 4,800 gold clasp Albums, valued at $3 each	14,400
10,000 Gifts, 10,000 cash at $1 each	10,000

All the above Goods are genuine, as represented, and are listed at a fair valuation.

Each ticket is registered before being sent out.

Parties will be notified by mail of the result of the drawing.

40,000 Tickets already sold. Send in your orders if you wish to secure them.

Tickets ONE DOLLAR each in Greenbacks, or 11 for $10, sent by mail to any address upon receipt of price and Postoffice stamp.

BRIGGS, LEMON & CO.,
no11-3m 141 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
a28 dorff street, San Francisco.

ADAMS'

BLOOD PURIFIER!

FOR DISEASES HAVING THEIR ORIGIN FROM THE IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD AND DERANGEMENT OF THE SYSTEM.

This Blood Purifier is a concentrated compound of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Wild Cherry, Dandelion, with Iodide of Potass, and several other of the most efficacious remedies known in the vegetable world, and will exert an immediate effect on the system, and if persisted in for a reasonable length of time, will eradicate all latent poison from the blood.

IT CONTAINS NO MERCURY OR MINERAL POISON.

Prepared only by

SAMUEL ADAMS,
AT THE UNITED STATES DRUG STORE,
SAN FRANCISCO
Corner of Bush and Powell streets.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN THE STATE.

no18-3m

CHARLES BERNARD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FAMILY CHARTRES COFFEE AND SPICES OF ALL KINDS,

No. 707 Sansome-st., cor. of Gold,

Between Jackson and Pacific.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED BY THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, FOR THE BEST COFFEE AND SPICES.

THE PROPRIETOR having introduced Steam Power in his Manufactory, has now increased facilities to supply the trade and the public in general. All articles from his establishment are guaranteed to be sure and unadulterated. The public are respectfully invited to call and convince themselves. Country orders promptly attended to.
oc14 3m

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING ADDED

MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. no5-3m

CALIFORNIA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,

For Boarding and Day Pupils,

Nos. 64, 66, 68 and 70 Silver street.

THE NEXT TERM of this Institute will commence Wednesday, Jan. 3d. Catalogues may be obtained by addressing (dc30) MISS M. LAMMOND, Principal.

THE MIEL INSTITUTE,

54, 55 and 56 South Park.

THIS FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOL, for Young Ladies, will reopen on the 2d of January, under the direction of MISS FLORENCE JAMES. PROF MIEL will continue to take charge of the French classes. Apply at 55 South Park. dc20

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
SATURDAY, JAN. 6TH,
AT HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,

GRAND MATINEE:

Miss Charlotte Crampton,

In the Grand Military Speetacular Drama entitled

THE FRENCH SPY!

This Evening, January 6th,

Benefit of G. C. Boniface!

On which occasion,

BLACK-EYED SUSAN;

The Dumb Girl of Genoa,

AND

A GLANCE AT NEW YORK,

Will be produced.

MONDAY NIGHT, JAN. 8TH,

BENEFIT OF THE

McMahon Grenadier Guards!

On which occasiou, will be produced

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

TUESDAY NIGHT, JAN. 9TH,

DAN SETCHEL,

As - - SIR JOHN FALSTAFF!

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - - 50
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - - $5 and $10
Doors open at 7; performance to commeuce at 8 o'clock.

CHOICE NEW BOOKS.

A. ROMAN & CO.

Have recently received over

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY CASES

OF

Standard Books,

ON EVERY BRANCH OF LITERATURE.

Our Stock is now very large and complete, embracing all the recent Publications of the day, together with all the Standard Authors on

Miscellaneous Literature, History, Biography, Travels, Fiction, Poetry, etc., etc.

Also, a LARGE ASSORTMENT of

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED BOOKS!

CHOICE EDITIONS OF FAVORITE AUTHORS, IN FINE BINDINGS,

SUITABLE FOR PRESENTATION BOOKS FOR THE

Approaching Holidays!

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TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that

Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,

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If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

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simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

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OF THAT FAR-FAMED

GREEN ISLE OF THE WEST,

IN

THREE PARTS AND FORTY SCENES,

EMBRACING

Dublin Bay,
Killiney Hill,
Killiney Bay,
Carrickfergus Castle,
Belfast Lough,
Carrick-a-Ried,
Giant's Causeway,
Londonderry,
A Pattern in Connemara,
Seven Churches of Glencohnoise, on the Shannon;
The River Shannon,
Limerick,
Castle of Limerick,
Old Baal's Bridge, Limerick;
Rock of Cashel,
Cormac's Chapel, (Interior view, Day and Night Scene;)
Holy Cross Abbey,
Quay of Waterford,
Glengariff and Glengariff Inn,
Innisfallen, Lakes Killarney;
Kilkenny Castle,
Ross Castle, Lakes Killarney;
Upper Lake Killarney,
Lower Lake Killarney,
Cove of Cork and River;
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Dress Circle and Parquette.....75 cents.
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ja6-1m

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se23c16-tf JOHN BENSLEY, President pro tem.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

MONDAY EVENING.....JAN. 8TH

ANNIVERSARY OF

The Battle of New Orleans.

BENEFIT OF THE

McMAHON GRENADIER GUARD!!

For which occasion

GEORGE C. BONIFACE

AND

LOUIS ALDRICH

Have kindly volunteered, and will appear for the last time in California.

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D. C. ANDERSON, J. H. RUBY,
C. RICHARDS, L. R. RENEUX,
FRED. WOODHULL,
MRS. SOPHIE EDWIN,

And a host of other popular Actors and Actresses will appear. For the last time in California, the celebrated drama entitled

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN;
OR, THE DARK HOUR BEFORE DAY.

HOW IS THAT?

Men, Women and Children

GO ON FROM DAY TO DAY, FAILING IN VITALITY, PAINED, CRIPPLED BOTH IN MIND AND BODY, SOLELY FROM DELAY IN RAISING UP THE BLOOD AND CONSTITUTION ABOVE THE EFFECTS OR POWER OF DISEASE.

TAKE THAT GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

LE DOYEN'S

SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK,

IODINE ALTERATIVE.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
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☞ AT LEAST TWO-THIRDS OF THE Diseases with which the human family are afflicted, are brought on by the want of attention to the condition of the Blood. Whenever the Blood becomes impure, no matter from what cause, the effects of such impurity are immediately felt, either in one way or another; and unless measures are at once taken to remove such impuritics, the whole system becomes affected, and a long fit of sickness and sometimes death is the result. Dr. Samuel Adams, a well-known Chemist of San Francisco, has discovered certain herbs and roots, mostly of California growth, which he has combined with Sarsaparilla and Iodide of Potas, and succeeded in producing a Medicine that, while it is entirely harmless in every particular, will in a short time completely eradicate from the Blood all impurities, of whatever nature, and will restore the patient to perfect ROBUST HEALTH. The preparation is called "ADAMS' BLOOD PURIFIER," and is for sale at wholesale at the

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Corner of Bush and Powell streets, San Francisco,

AND BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN THE STATE.

ja6-1m

THE RUSS HOUSE BOWLING SALOON, corner of Pine and Montgomery streets, has reopened under the management of Ferdinand Shrader. There are Eight Alleys—six for Americans and two for Germans. The finest Wines and Liquors can be had at the bar. All lovers of the health-invigorating game of ten pins are invited to pay a visit to the saloon.—*Dramatic Chronicle.*

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NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED have purchased the Eating House known as "Richards'" Restaurant, situate on Clay street, one door below Montgomery. The restaurant will be repaired and refitted throughout, and will be opened to the public on Wednesday morning, Dec. 27th.

C. H. BRICKWEDELL,
de23 H. F. HEGELER.

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME IV., No 7.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 13, 1866.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
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- The Religion of Flowers. — By "Iris."
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- Sunday Amusements.
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- Editorial Paragraphs.

AMUSEMENTS:
- Theatrical Events and Announcements.

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- McArone on Vaccinations.
- The Poet Husband.
- Tom Sayor's Funeral.
- Life's Value—A Story of Brittany.
- Seville.
- The Angel of Patience.
- False Hair.
- Caught at Last.
- The Magic Stove—A Lottery Tale.

POETRY:
- The Erl King.
- Up-Hill.

[For the Californian.]

THE RED SEA OVER.

THE sea that was one has been severed in twain,
And frightful the chasm that yawns in the main!
Loving waves that an hour ago played side by side,
In the bosom of far-sundered surges now ride.

Where the sheen of the heavens lay all the day long,
And the voice of the waters rose ever in song,
The sheen gathers blackness—the music, a roar—
And the waters are cloven from shore to shore!

A gorge is revealed as in mountains of prey,
Where the sea-shell and sea-flower shall fall to decay.
A dreadful abyss! where the light of the waves
Shall wander and perish in dismalest caves.

And yet—look again! let the sea-flower decay!
And gladly, ye waves, lose awhile the bright ray.
For the cleft in those depths is a path to be trod,
A way of release to the people of God!

A furrow it is, in the plain of the sea,
From whose thrice-blessed bosom shall spring Liberty!
An outlet of peril to one guilty land,
An inlet of weal to the welcoming strand.

And then,—shall it stay when its mission is done?
The waters once sundered be never as one?
The wonder abide when its errand is o'er,
And two hostile seas still be found in one shore?

No, no! Scarce begun is the song of the free,
And the last footworn captive passed through the Red Sea,
Ere its waters return with a frenzy as wild
As the mother's who flies to her long-lost child!

And they who pursue and would drag them back
To chains and to darkness, the lash and the rack,
They sink, as a stone, in the terrible surge,
And their last dying wails are their only dirge!

CHARLES RUSSELL CLARKE.

INIGOINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, January 13th, 1866.

THIS week has been prolific of accidents among the theatrical profession.

First, there was one of the Buislays, who made an ascension from Hayes Park on Sunday last.

(By the way, when Tom Hayes was imprisoned in Alcatraz a while ago, might not that fortification then have been called Hayes' Park?)

But *revenons a nos* Buislays. A good many went out to see the æronaut on Sunday... he went out to sea also, the wind blowing his balloon beyond the Golden Gate.

Buislay, with great presence of mind, dropped himself down into the water, presenting the phenomena of a Falling Star.

He arose a wiser and a wetter man.

I trust he will profit by this salt and solemn warning, and not balloon it any more on Sundays. For, aside from the human law which he wilfully breaks, is he not flying directly in the face of Heaven?

The next accident was one which befell Setchell while playing the Fat Knight.

Right here I would suggest to him that it would have been better had he saved the fat night for his benefit.

But about the accident. He has an India rubber stomach... not "for the fray," but for the part. You would think that Mark Twain had an India rubber stomach, too, if you could see the way he astonishes our landlady and his fellow boarders at dinner occasionally... but this of Setchell's is of another kind.

It blows up like a balloon... in fact, it was blown up with him at the time of the Yosemite explosion.

Well, the chambermaid seeing the stomach on his dressing table the other morning, mistook it for a pin-cushion, and stuck all the loose pins that were lying around into it.

Imagine the consequence. He came on as Falstaff on Tuesday evening, and a fairer front was never seen. Protuberance and exuberance were joined together, and he could not see his own toes... he thought that no one could take the wind out of his sails.

But see the sequel. He grew lean by degrees; the bubble reputation, which he had sought at the Chinaman's mouth who blew him up, was pricked. The air escaped from him like steam from a series of pipes... for the moment he was a Calliope.

Imagine his feelings as he found himself gradually flattening out. Wind on the stomach is not usually what people desire, but in this instance he would have given a bonus for a supply. He perspired and turned pale, and all appearances indicated that he had no stomach to go on with the piece.

Fortunately an exit came, and he had a chance to go off the stage and bolster himself up with pillows and pulu matrasses.

But he is very tender on that point yet. Attempt to be jocose with him thereauent, and he immediately becomes bellycose.

He has quarrelled with several intimate friends because they alluded triflingly to the affair. That abominable abdomen seems destined to stand on record as *telerrima causa belli*, so far as he is concerned.

You will observe that in playing Captain Cuttle he no longer says: "Over'aul your dixionary, and when found, stick a pin in it." For unpleasant reminiscences are awakened at once.

Art being under discussion, I should have expressed my pleasure at the hit which "Podgers" says Mark Twain has made at the East in "Jim Smiley and his Jumping Frog." But he deserves it all. For he's a good fellow, and his sketch "is good"... better than any of their funny fellows can do.

And... it has been reported Frank Soulé is not an Outcropper.

Notice him when you see him again, and see if he hasn't outcropped everybody. All his whiskers are gone.

He is no longer pearded like the bard.

He met with a dye-saster. His barber insisted on trying some nostrum of his on a whisker that showed a suspicion of gray, and it turned them all of so many colors that you would have thought he had a rainbow on his chin.

He carries his whiskers around in his pocket now-a-days, and shows them to his friends with a mournful hair.

While among the poets I wish to ask the laureate of the newly enfranchised race... J. Madison Bell... what he means in his fine poem in the *Flag*, by saying of Tell:

"When once upon his Alpine brow,
He stood reclining on his bow?"

Does he mean to tell us that Tell was standing on his head and falling back upon the conviction that he was making a graceful bow?

INIGO.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S condensed weatherist furnishes the following: "We have had a season of weather lately—in fact there has been hail up, not only in the Sub-Treasury, but elsewhere. A friend whose room adjoins that of a veritable house raiser, says that, waking in the night, he heard the congealed dew-drops beating against his window, while his neighbor was snowering furiously. This is the only report we have heard of snow on this side the bay; and it is but fair to state that our informant was half-seas-over."

MONOPOLIZING GRAVES.

PUBLIC sentiment, in the flush of the mining mania, received a severe shock on learning that a "Lone Mountain Mining Company" had been incorporated, and that preparations were in progress for an active development of the quartz ledge which had been discovered in that silent city of the dead.

What! cried the indignant voice of citizens yet in the flesh, is it purposed to tunnel the tombs of early settlers? to sink shafts through the marble vaults where we have put our loved ones to rest? to drift among the dead and establish lower levels under the crumbling coffins of those who are unable to even lift their hands in remonstrance against the invasion of their rights? No! And the tunneling came to an end speedily, while the spades at this very day stand resting in the shafts.

If the thought that the dead might be disturbed in their last resting place so troubled our sensitive citizens, what vexation must it cause them to know positively that if one of them died to-morrow he would be debarred a grave, unless he died possessed of a greater amount of wealth than falls to the fortune of more than two men in ten taking the whole population through? Yet this is notoriously a fact! The burying-places are in the hands of the most outrageous and heartless monopolies that ever existed, and the poor man clamors in vain for a grave at their hands. Even the man of moderate means cannot contemplate decent interment for any of his family in event of bereavement, without feeling that in caring for the dead he is guilty of injustice to the living, impoverishing those who remain. Is land so dear that a few feet of earth must be sold so high, or is dying such a luxury that it must be taxed at such a rate?

It seems hard that a man should be compelled to come, hat in hand, to one of these cemetery companies, and ask humbly for a reduction of their terms, to enable him to bury the wife or child whom Providence has removed, and upon whom he can only bestow this one last affectionate care. It seems harder still that the modestly preferred request should be refused. But, incredible as the statement may seem, it is asserted as a fact. We are informed that, a short time since, one of our most prominent citizens went to one of the monopolies, in company with a well-known attorney, to intercede for or petition in behalf of a poor family, bereft of its head, for a *cheap* grave. The deceased, though poor, was of the utmost respectability, so it must not be inferred that any objection could be made to the request upon the ground that social equality must be preserved in the abode of the dead, and that plebeians could not be admitted. But the gentlemen scarcely obtained an audience: their petition was entirely disregarded. Yet that very land of right belongs to the city, and the deceased would be entitled, were it divided and his share allotted to him, to much more than sufficient for a grave.

For the credit of humanity, men may well refuse to believe such a story, but, unfortunately, it is too well authenticated to even admit of doubt. Is there no remedy in such a case? Owing to the probable malfeasance of a former city attorney, this same cemetery company obtained, years ago, a disclaimer on the part of the city, as well as a decree against it. But that such a monstrous monopoly will be permitted to exist we cannot believe. Graves, at best, are not very desirable residences, and there is a hideousness in the grasping avarice which would sell them to us at a greater price than comfortably furnished cottages. If we remember rightly, it was but an obolus, according to the heathen mythology, that Charon received for ferrying the shades of the departed across the Styx, but one of our dead is compelled to ride over a turnpike road, to be deposited in a few feet of earth, at a cost which would pay the grisly boatman of the ancients double ferriage fees for half the heroes who fell before the walls of Troy. It is fortunate, indeed, that in their outside graspings, these charnel companies cannot reach beyond the grave, for, otherwise, we should look to see them establish a toll-gate at the entrance of Elysium. What shall be done with these men who jump "God's half acre," as the Saxons called the bury-ground, and, with unholy speculation in their eyes, follow the dead until the earth, which they weigh out to the mourners as though it were grains of gold, falls like the mantle of mercy, and covers the remains from further extortion?

UP-HILL.

DOES the road wind up hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come.

[*Christina Rosetti.*

LIFE'S VALUE.

A STORY OF BRITTANY.

THE scene of the following story opens in an apartment in an ancient castle in Brittany. The young proprietor is about to quit the abode of his forefathers, to pursue schemes of ambition at court, or in the great world. The family, consisting of the mother and two sisters, with the hero of the piece, are met together on this interesting occasion. But we let the young gentleman relate what passed at the interview.

The time at length came when I should depart; and Joseph, opening the door gently, informed us that the *chaise de poste* was ready. This announcement was startling to my mother and sisters, who, in an agony of feeling, threw their arms around me.

"It is not yet too late!" they exclaimed, with tears; "renounce this intended journey. Oh, do not leave us!"

"My dearest mother," I replied, "at twenty years of age, and the inheritor of a noble name, I must make myself known in my native land. I must open a path to fame, either in the army or at court."

"And when you are gone," said my poor mother, "what will become of me?"

"You will hear with pride and pleasure of your son's success!"

"And should I hear of his death in battle?"

"Well; of what use is life at my age," I replied, "but to gain honor and glory! Think rather of the time when I shall return a colonel—perhaps a marshal of France."

"And then?" said my mother.

"Why, then, honor and respect will follow my steps wherever I go."

"And then?"—pursued she.

"Then, I will marry my cousin Henrietta; we shall find noble husbands for my sisters; and we will all live together in peace and happiness in these ancient halls of my ancestors."

"And why not commence this life of happiness from this moment?" said my mother. "Where is there a wider or fairer domain in Brittany than yours? Who claims a nobler name in the province? In the midst of your faithful vassals, are you not sufficiently honored and beloved? Leave us not, my son!—leave not your friends, your sisters, your aged mother, whom you may never again behold! Go not to waste, in the pursuit of vain glory, or to shorten, by sorrows and disappointments, those youthful days that pass so rapidly. Life is a treasure, my beloved Bernard: and where can you enjoy it more than under the lovely sky of Brittany?" As my mother spoke, she led me to a window, and pointed out the noble avenues of the ancient park, where the stately chestnuts were mingled with lilacs and woodbines, whose fragrant blossoms perfumed the air. Before the door stood the aged gardener and his family, whose saddened looks seemed so say: "Desert us not, our noble master—desert not those you are bound to protect!" Hortensia, my eldest sister, twined her arms round my neck, while Amelia, the youngest, taking up a volume of La Fontaine, pointed to an engraving, and with sobs placed the book in my hands. It was the fable of the "Two Pigeons." I started up, and extricating myself from their embraces, again exclaimed, "I *must* win honor and glory!—let me go, let me go!"—and I rushed into the courtyard.

As I was about to ascend the carriage, a female figure appeared at the hall door. It was my cousin Henrietta. She wept not, spoke not; but, pale as marble, appeared sinking to the earth. She held a handkerchief in her hand, with which she waved me a last farewell, and then fell senseless. I rushed to her, raised her in my arms, and uttered the tenderest vows of love and constancy. But when I saw the color revisit her cheek, leaving her to the anxious care of my mother and sisters, I hastened back to the carriage, without even turning my head. One look more at Henrietta, and I felt I could not have left her. In a few minutes after, the *chaise de poste* was rolling along the high road to Sedan.

For some time, my thoughts were entirely filled with my beloved Henrietta, my weeping sisters, my dear mother, and all the happiness I felt I was leaving. But as the ancient turrets of Roche Bernard receded from my view, these saddening images seemed to vanish also, and were succeeded by the brilliant visions of glory and ambition. What airy castles rose before me as I leaned back in the rumbling vehicle! Riches—honors—dignities—nothing did I refuse to myself as the just reward of my merit; and the scale ascending as I advanced on my journey, I was a duke, governor of a province, and Maréchal of France, by the time I reached the inn at which I was to repose for the night. The voice of my servant, simply addressing me as *Monsieur le Chevalier*, forced me, unwillingly, to abdicate my newly created dignity.

The next day, and for several succeeding ones, I indulged in the same intoxicating dreams, my journey being of some length. I was repairing to Sedan, to the residence of the Duke of C——, an old and tried friend of my father's, and the protector of the family. He had promised to take me to Paris, and introduce me at the court of Versailles. He hoped, also, to obtain for me a company in a regiment of dragoons, by the influence of his sister, the Marchioness of F——, a young and beautiful woman, whom public opinion pointed out as the probable successor of Madame de Pompadour.

I reached Sedan at so late an hour that I could not think of presenting myself at the ducal chateau, and therefore installed myself for the night at the *Arms of France*, the best inn the town afforded, and the rendezvous of all the officers of the garrison. Sedan was then a fortified town; the very streets had a warlike appearance, and the citizens a martial air, that seemed to say to a stranger, "We are compatriots of the great Turenne!"

I supped at a table-d'hote, and took the opportunity of inquiring my way to the chateau, where I intended going in the morning."

"Any one will point it out to you," was the answer; "it is well known to the whole country. In that chateau expired one of our most celebrated men, and bravest warriors, Marechal Fabert."

And hereupon, as was natural amongst so many military heroes, the conversation fell upon the career of the marechal. They spoke of his many gallant exploits, and of his singular modesty, which made him refuse the titles of nobility, and the ribbons of several orders, offered to him by Louis XIV. Above all, they expatiated upon his extraordinary good fortune, which had enabled him, without the aid of family interest, he being the son of an obscure printer, to raise himself from a common soldier to the rank of Marechal of France. It had appeared so extraordinary and unprecedented an elevation, that even during the life of Fabert, popular rumor had not been backward in attributing it to supernatural causes. It was currently reported that he dealt in magic, and it was even affirmed he had made a compact with Satan.

Our landlord, who, to the ignorance of a native of Champagne added the credulity of a peasant of Brittany, gravely assured us, that a few moments before Fabert expired, a black man, unknown to any one in the chateau, had entered the chamber and carried off the marechal's soul, which, indeed, of right appertained to him, he having purchased it long before. Mine host also went on to state, that from that period to the present time, upon each anniversary of Fabert's death, the black man was seen at midnight bearing a lighted torch in his hand. The recital enlivened our dessert, and we quaffed several bumpers of champagne to the familiar demon of the deceased marechal, hoping he might also take us under his protection, and give us similar triumphs to the battles of Collioure and Marfee.

The next morning, at an early hour, I repaired to the chateau of the Duke de C——. It was an immense and gloomy Gothic pile, which would not, perhaps, at another time, have made much impression upon me, but I must confess that I now gazed upon it with a singular feeling of interest, as I called to mind the landlord's story.

The domestic who ushered me in told me his master was not yet visible. I gave my name, and was then left alone in an ancient hall, adorned with the trophies of the chase, and hung round with family portraits. I waited a considerable time, but no one appeared. "Is this brilliant career of glory to commence by the antechamber?" exclaimed I, beginning to conceive the impatience of a discontented place-hunter. I had gone three times the round of the grim portraits, and had sedulously counted all the beams in the lofty ceiling, when I heard a slight noise in the wainscot, and found it proceeded from a half-closed door, moved by the wind. I pushed it gently open, and saw a small room, tastefully furnished, and from which a glass door opened into a magnificent park. I advanced, in order to enjoy the view from the window, when another object met my sight. Stretched on a sofa, whose back was turned to the door by which I entered, was a man, who, not observing me, rose hastily and rushed to the window. I then perceived that his face was bathed in tears, and that despair was marked in every feature. He remained for a moment motionless, his face buried in his hands, then with rapid steps began to pace the apartment. As soon as his eye fell upon me, he stopped and shuddered, while I, distressed at my intrusion, muttered some words in apology, and was about to withdraw.

"Who are you?—what brings you here?" he exclaimed, in a loud voice, and seizing my arm with violence.

"I am the Chevalier de Bernard, and I come——"

"I know, I know," he said, hastily; and taking my hand warmly, he made me sit down by him, and inquired with much interest about my family; spoke of my father, whom he appeared to have known so well, that I could not doubt my being in the presence of the master of the chateau.

"You are Monsieur de C——?" said I.

He rose, and replied, in an agitated tone, "I was once; but I am nothing—nothing now. Hush!—do not speak—do not ask me any questions!"

"Permit me, at least," I ventured to say, "to assure you, that if the most devoted friendship can in any way lighten the affliction of which I have been an involuntary witness——"

"You are right," he replied, abruptly; "though you cannot change my doom, yet you may receive my last wishes. That is the only service you can render me."

He closed the door carefully, and returned to his seat at my side, where I waited in trembling anxiety for the result. There was something awfully solemn in the tone of his voice, and an expression in his countenance I had never seen before. His face was deadly pale, while lightnings seemed to flash from his large dark eyes, and his features, worn by suffering, were frequently convulsed by a demoniac smile.

"What I am about to relate to you," he said at length, in a hollow tone, "will confound your reason. You will doubt—you will perhaps utterly disbelieve. Even I almost doubt at times still—at least I wish to do so; but the proof, the fatal proof, is too strong. Alas! are there not in all that surrounds us, in our very organization itself, mysteries whose existence we are compelled to acknowledge without any powers of comprehending them?" He paused for a moment, as if to recollect his ideas, pressed his hand to his brow, and continued—

"In this castle I first drew breath; and being a younger son, upon the elder born was of course to devolve all the wealth and honors of our house, while I had nothing to look forward to but the cloak and band of an abbé. With a heart burning with ambition, and a head filled with dreams of glory, the prospect of this obscure lot made me wretched, and I resolved, by some means or other, to raise myself above it. Life was distasteful to me; I lived but in the future; and yet what a gloomy future appeared to my aching sight!

I thus attained my thirtieth year, and I was still nothing—nothing; while I daily heard of colossal reputations, whose fame reached even this remote province. 'I will try the career of letters!' I exclaimed; 'let me win fame in any way, for fame alone is happiness.'

The only confidant of my chagrin was an aged negro, who had been in the chateau even before my birth. Indeed, he was so old, that no one remembered his coming; and it was said he had been present at the death of Marechal Fabert."

Here an involuntary start of surprise, which I could not repress, made my companion pause. "Go on," I said. "'tis nothing;" but, notwithstanding, I thought of the black man described by the old landlord.

"One day," continued Monsieur de C——, "I gave way before Yago (so the old negro was called) to the despair of my soul, at the shameful obscurity in which I dragged on my days. 'I would give *ten years of my life*,' I exclaimed, 'to become a celebrated author!'

'Ten years,' said Yago, coldly; 'it is paying dear for such a trifle. However, I accept your offer. The ten years are mine. Keep your promise; you will find me true to my word.'

I will not attempt to depict my astonishment at this speech. However, after a moment's reflection, I naturally concluded that age had enfeebled his intellects; and with a smile of pity I left the room, and in a few days after the chateau. I arrived in Paris, and soon found myself in the most distinguished literary society of the metropolis. Encouraged by their approval, I published several works. My success exceeded my most flattering dreams. The journals of Paris, of France, of even foreign nations, rung with my name; yourself, even yesterday, young man, acknowledged the power of my genius."

"How!" I exclaimed, with astonishment; "you are not, then, the Duke of C—— ?"

"No," he replied, coldly.

"What favored son of genius, then, stands before me?" said I: "Marmoutel? D'Alembert? Voltaire?"

The unknown, with a smile of contempt, continued his recital.

"The literary fame I enjoyed, unbounded as it was, could not satisfy a soul like mine. I longed for nobler triumphs, and could not help exclaiming to Yago, who had followed me to Paris, 'Oh, there is no real glory but that which is gained on the battle-field! What is a philosopher—a poet?—nothing! Speak to me of a *hero!* What are the poet's bays compared to the laurel wreath of a conqueror? To purchase that, I would willingly give ten years more of my *life*

'I agree to the bargain,' said Yago. 'They are mine also. Do not forget.'"

At this part of the narrative, the unknown paused, for he observed the astonishment expressed in my countenance.

"I told you," he said, "you would not believe. You think it a dream, as I, a'as! did once. But the honors I won, the triumphs I gained—squadrons led to meet the fire of the enemy—fortresses carried by skill—standards seized by my bravery—victories that were echoed through the world: these were not dreams—no! that glory was real, and that glory was mine!"

He paced the room with rapid strides, and his cheeks flushed with the vehemence of his discourse, while I muttered to myself, "Who, then, is this renowned warrier?—Coigny? Richelieu?—perhaps Maréchal Saxe himself."

The fever of enthusiasm passed away, and the unknown sunk again into despondency.

"Yago spoke truly," he continued, in a low and mournful tone. "I was soon wearied with the vain incense of military fame, and perceiving there was but one thing real and substantial in the world, I purchased, by five years more of my existence, the riches I coveted. Yes, young man, it is true, though incredible—I saw my wealth increase beyond my most sanguine desires. Lands, forests, castles, all were mine; even this morning I thought myself—but no matter; you will soon be convinced of the truth—oh, how soon!"

He approached the clock on the chimney, and looked at it with a terrified gaze, then continued, rapidly:

"This morning, on awaking at daybreak, I felt a degree of exhaustion throughout my whole frame that alarmed me. I rang my bell, and Yago answered the summons. 'What is the matter?' I exclaimed: 'I am faint.' 'It is but the course of nature,' he answered, calmly. 'Master, the hour approaches—it is come.' 'What hour?' I cried, in surprise. 'Do you not divine it?' said Yago. 'Heaven allotted as your portion sixty years of existence. You had lived thirty of them when I first became your slave.'

'Yago,' I cried, 'you are jesting with me!'

'No, master, no; in five years of life you have expended twenty-five to purchase glory. They became my property, and will be added to the term of my existence.'

'That, then,' I cried,' was the price I paid for your services!'

'Others have paid dearer,' he answered, boldly; 'for instance, Fabert, whom I served also.'

'Tis false, 'tis false!' I exclaimed, vehemently.

'You will find it true, my master,' said the black; 'you have but half an hour to live.'

'Oh, say not so, Yago; you are deceiving me!'

'Calculate yourself,' he answered; 'thirty-five years that you have actually lived, and twenty-five lost. The account is square. It is my turn now; every one their own, is but justice.'

He turned to go, but feeling myself gradually sinking, I exclaimed in despair: 'Oh Yago, Yago! give me but a few hours more!'

'They would be deducted from mine,' said he; 'and I know the *value of life* better than you did. What treasure is equal to two hours of existence?'

A dark cloud seemed to pass before my eyes, and the chill of death was in my veins. With a last effort, I gasped out, 'Take back the wealth for which I have paid so dear. Give me but four hours more of life, and I resign my lands, my castles, my gold—all, all!"

'You have been a kind master,' said he, after a pause; 'I wish to do something in gratitude.' I felt my courage revive, and ventured to say, 'Four hours are almost nothing: Yago, Yago, Yago, grant me some more in addition, and I resign the literary fame that placed my name so high in the world!'

'Four hours of life for such a bagatelle as that!' said the negro, with disdain; 'but for *your* sake I will not refuse your last request.'

'Oh! say not my last,' said I, emboldened by his compliance; 'give me the twelve hours complete—and let the fame of my battles and victories be forever effaced from the memory of mankind. One day, Yago—one day, and I am willing to resign all else.'

'You arouse my good nature,' he said; 'but I will not refuse. I give you till sunset. Farewell—with the last beam of day I come to fetch you'—And left me," continued the unknown, in the accents of despair; "and this is the last day I have to remain on earth." He rushed to the window, and pointed to the park. "I shall never again behold that lovely sky, that verdant lawn, that silvery stream, nor ever again breathe the balmy air of spring. Fool—fool that I was; the blessings that God lavishes upon all were mine also, and I despised them! Now I know their inestimable value; and I might have enjoyed them for twenty-five years longer; and in a few hours I must lose them forever! I have squandered my life for a vain chimera—a sterile fame, that has perished even before myself. Look!" he cried, pointing to a group of peasants, who, on their return to labor, filled the air with their joyous songs; "what would I not give to share their labors and poverty? But I have nothing now to hope for—not even labor and poverty." A bright sunbeam at this moment fell upon his pale and distorted features; he grasped my arm convulsively, and exclaimed, "Look—look at that glorious sun; and I must leave it forever! Ah! let me not lose a moment of this precious day, to which, for me, alas! there will be no morrow!" Thus saying, he rushed into the park, and disappeared amongst the foliage of a shady alley.

I threw myself upon the sofa, bewildered and oppressed by all I had heard and seen. Was it indeed a reality, or was I under the influence of some fantastic dream? The door was opened by a servant, who announced the Duke of C——.

A noble-looking personage, of about sixty years of age, entered, and cordially taking my hand, apologised for having detained me so long. "He had been compelled," he said, "to attend a consultation of the faculty upon the state of his unfortunate brother."

"He is not in danger, I trust," said I.

"No," replied the duke, mournfully: "the disease is a mental one. From his youth he suffered the most extravagant ideas of glory and ambition to gain possession of his mind, till his frame, weakened by such violent emotions, was attacked by a fever in which his life was despaired of. He recovered, however; but his reason is, I fear, gone forever. The unhappy illusion under which he labors is, that he has but one day more to live."

All was explained.

"Now, my young friend," continued the duke, "let us speak of your future prospects. Towards the end of the month I will be able to accompany you to court."

"I am fully sensible of your kindness, my lord," I replied; "but I have given up all idea of profiting by your generous offer"

"How is this?" exclaimed the duke, in unfeigned surprise; "give up the advantages that are almost within your grasp!"

"I resign them all, my lord."

"Young man," said the duke, "you know not what you do. Good Heavens! such a brilliant career open before you! In ten years—"

"Which would be ten years of my life lost," said I, with a smile.

"Lost!" cried the duke; "would it not be cheaply buying glory, fortune, and honors? Come, come, you but jest; you will go with me to Versailles?"

"No, my lord," I replied, in a respectful but firm tone; "I will return to Brittany, where I will ever retain a grateful sense of your lordship's goodness and condescension."

"This is madness—downright madness!" muttered the duke, in a disappointed and angry tone.

"I feel it is sound reason," whispered I, as I thought of all I had heard and seen so lately.

The next morning I was on the road. Oh, with what inexpressible delight I beheld again the sweet sky of Brittany—the trees of my noble park—the turrets of my ancient castle! There I found my beloved mother, my sweet sisters, my faithful vassals; and there I found true happiness, which I have never since quitted. Eight days afterwards I was the husband of Henrietta.

THE NUMBER OF LANGUAGES.—The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer Rabi enumerated eight hundred and sixty, which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages; five thousand which may be regarded as dialects. Adelung, another modern writer on this subject, reckons three thousand and sixty-four languages and dialects existing and which have existed. Even after we have allowed either of these as the number of languages, we must acknowledge the existence of almost infinite minor diversities, for almost every province has a tongue more or less peculiar, and this we may well believe to be the case throughout the world at large. It is said there are little islands in the South Sea, the inhabitants of which do not understand each other. Of the eight hundred and sixty distinct languages enumerated by Rabi, fifty-three belong to Europe, one hundred and fourteen to Africa, one hundred and twenty-three to Asia, four hundred and seventeen to America, one hundred and seventeen to Oceanica—which term distinguishes the vast number of islands stretching between Hindostan and South America.

THE Paris *Figaro* gives the following interesting particulars about Victor Hugo's mode of composition: It seems that, up to this time, he has never allowed a single line of his writing to go to the printer's. He has all his "slips" copied out out by his wife or daughter, and forms a kind of autographic museum of the original manuscripts of all his works. From that rule, however, he has departed, as regards the new poems, which were chiefly in pencil on an album; the slips were torn out of the book and taken directly to the printer's, at Brussels; where they are being set up under the author's own eye. It is a curious fact that Victor Hugo should labor under the delusion that he has mistaken his vocation, and that as a painter he would have achieved greater fame.

FALSE HAIR.

SAINT PAUL said, the glory of a woman is her long hair. The glory of a fashionable woman now seems to be in the quantity of the hair of other people she can put on her head. The prevalence and the pride of false hair is a striking illustration of the power of fashion. Not long ago it was a last resort to replace decay, and a necessity to be concealed even from one's friends. Now women pride themselves upon the magnitude of the structure which all know to be false, and there is as much ostentation in costly hair as in costly dress.

Recently, a Frenchwoman of rank, riding in a secluded road, was assaulted by her coachman, who struck her over the head several times with an iron wrench, but her false hair structure broke the force of the blows and saved her from being overcome. This is the only rational purpose we have heard of for this appendage; but this is rather too suggestive.

Besides the unwholesome relations of false hair, there is something still more suspicious in the materials of the framework of the various structures now worn, some of which are fitly called by unwholesome names. These composite fabrics have run to an extreme that must react, one would think, and perhaps the next extreme of fashion will be a style of hair so diminished that shall give to the world assurance of its being identical with the wearer.

The waterfall which, from its name, ought to be naturally flowing, has expanded to a stiff, stretched contrivance, like a pin-cushion or a snuff bladder, without grace, and a mere excrescence, like an exaggerated wen. It is said these are going out. For that, if true, we are thankful.

This is the only specially ungraceful feature of the present style of hair. But we doubt if the puffs, called by some verminous name, worn high above the temples, are artistic. They narrow the appearance of the head at that place where breadth is associated with intellectuality. But many women have an idea that height instead of breadth of forehead is a sign of intellect. The ancient Greeks did not think so, and the types of female beauty they have left will still continue to be the general model. The dressing of the hair will continue to revert to the classic style, which, in its general features, is a graceful flowing from the central parting to a coil behind. But the most objectionable feature of the present fashion is the prominence it gives to the foreign origin of the hair.

It is a grave question whether this habit of artificial substitutes for natural features does not diminish the regard for the true and natural in everything, and thus tend to demoralize the female mind. Will not the line between the false and the true be indistinct? Will not the air of falsehood surround mental as well as physical developments? We suggest this for the serious consideration of women. But there can be no question that in the minds of men the sanctity of female mysteries is much broken down by the prevalence of artificial substitutes, and by the manner in which their anatomical fabrication is laid bare in the shop windows. Men cannot know but that the object to be adored is a mere idol, of hay, wood and stubble, like those mentioned in Scripture.

We do not make an onslaught on the fashions of female dress by any means, for generally they are graceful and elegant; and we have exceeding scorn for those newspaper railers at female fashions who could not see the beauty of the style of bonnets of this year, and their vast improvement over the sky-scraper fronts and stiff projecting capes of the previous fashion. We are content that the order of nature, which in all other animals makes the male of the sex for display and swell, should be reversed in the case of women. Solomon, in all his glory, did not behold women arrayed like those which we can see upon our streets any fair day, without a care for the expense. And the cloth of gold which used to be laid down for princes to walk upon on occasions of unusual splendor, was a poor display compared with the sidewalks continually swept by silks of fabulous cost, on which any man can walk in this happy age.

THE following extract from a most deservedly popular work, called "The Rover; or, the Bootblack's Wife's Sister's Niece," is awfully thrilling. We will not insure any young lady against fainting right away at the close of this terrible, terrific extract:

A dark frown o'erspread the handsome and courtly features of Fernando, the Rover.

"Why, why!" he asked, brandishing his silver-handled sword furiously, "wilt thou not believe me, beauteous Maria de Argyle? By this good sword do I swear I love thee—truly, wildly, passionately I love thee! Then why stand so coldly aloof from this bosom that is bursting for thee?"

The beautiful girl essayed to speak, but could not.

"Ha!" exclaimed Fernando, the Rover, and a sardonic smile lit up his face, "thou lovest another!"

"No!" she tremblingly yet with dignity replied.

"Then why not come to this bosom?" wildly repeated the Rover.

"Because, sir," she replied, drawing herself up to her full height, "I'm afraid yer gassin'!"

THE ERL KING.

[In the days of his boyhood, and of Monk Lewis, Sir Walter Scott translated the "Erl King," and since then it has been a kind of essay-piece for aspiring German students to thump and hammer at will. We have heard it sung so often at the piano by soft-voiced maidens, and hirsute musicians, before whose roaring the bull of Phalaris might be dumb, that we have been accustomed to associate it with stiff white cravats, green tea, and a superabundance of lemonade. But to do full justice to its unearthly fascination, one ought to hear it chanted by night in a lonely glade of the Schwartzwald or Spessert forest, with the wind moaning as an accompaniment, and the ghostly shadows of the branches flitting in the moonlight across the path.]

WHO rides so late through the grisly night?
'Tis a father and child, and he grasps him tight;
He wraps him close in his mantle's fold,
And shelters the boy from the biting cold.

"My son, why thus to my arm dost cling?"
"Futher, dost thou not see the Erlie-king?
The king with his crown and long black train?"
"My son, 'tis a streak of the misty rain!"

"Come hither, thou darling! come, go with me!
Fair games know I that I'll play with thee;
Many bright flowers my kingdoms hold!
My mother has many a robe of gold!"

"O father, dear father! and dost thou not hear
What the Erlie-king whispers so low in mine ear?"
"Calm thee, my boy, 'tis only the breeze
Rustling the dry leaves beneath the trees!"

"Wilt thou go, bonny boy! wilt thou go with me?
My daughters shall wait on thee daintilie;
My daughters around thee in dance shall sweep,
And rock thee, and kiss thee, and sing thee to sleep!"

"O father, dear father! and dost thou not mark
Erlie-king's daughters move by in the dark?"
"I see it, my child; but it is not they,
'Tis the old willow nodding its head so gray!"

"I love thee! thy beauty charms me quite;
And if thou refusest, I'll take thee by might!"
"O father, dear father! he 's grasping me—
My heart is as cold as cold can be!"

The father rides swiftly—with terror he gasps—
The sobbing child in his arms he clasps:
He reaches the castle with spurring and dread;
But, alack! in his arms the child lay dead!

[*From the German of Goethe.*

THE POET HUSBAND.

[Every one is by this time familiar with the episode of "Silas Wegg," in *Our Mutual Friend*. Mr Boffin, on his sudden acquisition of wealth, thought it necessary to retain a literary man, and deemed himself extraordinarily fortunate in securing the services of Wegg—a literary man, and, as Boffin was wont to exult in his enthusiastic moments, "a literary man—and with a wooden leg." In the annexed extract from the Paris correspondence of the *Publishers' Circular*, the story is told by a young lady who thought it would be quite the thing to set up a literary husband, and accordingly married a poet. The experiment did not result very satisfactorily for either party—certainly not for the poor Outropper.]

HAPPENING to be at Saint M——, a small town in the south of France, I visited the lunatic asylum. I have always been fond of lunatics. I have never met among them a stupid and bad man. I was shown into a tidy cell occupied by a little old man bent over a desk, and writing with his finger with inexpressible rapidity. He rose timidly, twirling his fingers. He was at least sixty years old, but occasionally did not seem to be above fifteen. His white, almost blonde hair fell in childlike curls, and his sweet face, smiling and uneasy, wore the expression of infants when they both weep and laugh at the same time. Nevertheless, one could detect profound grief, trembling agony, in his dilated eyes, which wore the fixed expression of madness and despair. My attendant made a gesture, and the poor old man resumed his seat with extravagant delight, and began to write as fast as ever he could. Then, seated in a corner of the cell in front of this infantine old man, my attendant told me the unhappy creature's history. Some forty or more years ago, there lived in a small town named St. R—— a young orphan. She was intellectual, wealthy, beautiful. Every unmarried man of the province was at her feet, his eye fixed on her fortune. She was so flattered, so adulated, so complimented, her gorge would rise at night when, upon going to bed, she would think of the sugar forced upon her during the day. At last such was the nausea she experienced, she resolved to give her hand and all it contained to a 'promising young man' who would give her in affection and reputation a substantial exchange for the beauty and estate she gave him. There was at that time in her town a prodigy of eighteen, who had rhymed from his infancy—had 'lisped in numbers.' He had already written many a fable, tragedy, sonnet, and epic, and the whole province held for firm belief that he would bloom into a great genius. She married this prodigy that no material obstacle might delay his progress on the road to fame. She brought him up to Paris, and so planted him in wealth's pothouse to force him to bear fruit. Strange and inexplicable fatality! unheard of catastrophe! The poet bore no fruit. He had a charming study; it was nothing but bronze and black marble. He lived in most favorable quiet. He knew nothing of the thorns of life. And after all he rhymed as he rhymed when he was fifteen, mere doggerel, fit at best for a confectioner's kisses. He was the best little husband that ever was seen, gentle and timid, amiable and laborious. She was the best little wife that ever was seen, conciliating and encouraging, extremely tolerant and of an invariable good humor. Nevertheless, by degrees she became nervous and irritable. He became ashamed of himself. Every morning he would lock himself up in his study, write madly, blot quire after quire of paper, read it over, and in despair confess 'twas not worth the ink 'twas written in. Every evening she would come, her heart throbbing with anxiety, to see if some good lines had at last made their appearance. She would question the poet, who every day hung his head still lower. At last impatience and disdain appeared; she could not long check their outbreak; and she upbraided her husband for defrauding her, because in return for her beauty and her money he had not given her genius.

After this scene matters went from bad to worse. The husband became a child scolded by the wife. He lived in a state of constant uneasiness, eternal shame. He lived blushing and trembling; his heart was wrung by all the tortures of the impotent artist and the insolvent man. He suffered the torments of the damned by the side of the woman he had robbed (so she said,) and whose only sentiment for him now was disdainful pity. So long as that woman had not abandoned all hope of seeing her husband bloom into a genius, she chained him to his writing-desk, and made him write a given number of lines every day before dinner. The unhappy man addressed himself to the task, and daily wrote worse. 'Twas an hourly battle between them of contempt and pain. She laughed disdainfully. He shivered with fear and anguish.

He had spent $2,500 of her money in attempting to become a great poet. This was his galled withers. One morning he refused to do his daily task set him every morning by his wife. He had found in the office of some joint-stock company a copying clerk's place, with a salary of $250, and henceforward he began to pay his debt to his wife. He lived under the same roof with her, but he paid rent for his room, he took his solitary meals in restaurants whose price was 14 sous, he dressed himself with his own money, and nevertheless managed to pay his wife a considerable amount of money annually in payment of his debt to her. He lived in this way above thirty years, silent and uneasy, shunning every eye, and blushing suddenly when no one was looking. His sole pleasure was to consult a little blank book wherein he recorded the money he paid his wife in extinguishment of her debt. His wife, seized by pity, by love perhaps, for this great baby, so pure and so young despite his years, tried to refuse his money and to win back to herself the poor heart she had shattered to pieces. Her weak, will-less husband refused with energy. He would listen to nothing. Work he would to pay off his wife. He copied letters. He made out bills. When his employers suggested advancement and increase of pay, he would blush and beseech them to take pity on him and not jeer his want of intellect. He was crazy—one of those harmless insanities akin to the mania for collecting old pipes, old snuff boxes, and the like. The day when he saw from his blank book that he owed his wife nothing, he became furiously insane. He made somersaults, he danced, he walked on his head, he wrote a sonnet and an elegy. It became necessary to lock him up in an insane asylum. His insanity is intermittent. He remains whole weeks together writing with his finger on the board of his desk, and occasionally adding together imaginary sums. Then, on the day when he believes he has obtained the desired sum total, he gives way to unbounded joy, which he exhibits by howling and leaping like some wild beast.

Look Out for Balls.—There is a decided disposition to keep the ball rolling, for two are announced within the next sennight, and they promise to be the affairs of the season. First, this evening, comes the Masquerade Ball of the Alemannia at the Academy of Music, where *un ballo in maschera* was so charmingly rendered a few months ago, when Addie Phillips was with us. The parquette is to be floored over; prizes will be awarded to the best marks, and, altogether, it bids fair to be a carnival of fun presided over by propriety. No side arms nor children in arms are allowed. And then there is the Ball of the Fire Department, on Thursday evening next, always one of the sensations of the year. It would be impossible for this to prove a failure, the list of managers being a guarantee for its success. We may remark, *en passant*, that if all the gentlemen are there who are down on the list of management, the attendance will be very fair, indeed, even if no others turn out; and we apprehend that all will be there, with the exception of three or four who have been quietly slumbering in Lone Mountain for a year past. Do not forget the Allemania this evening, and do not neglect the Firemen's next Thursday.

"Man wants but little here below." *Hoff*-man wanted a few thousand votes for Mayor in New York, and he got them by drawing on Wood—the most profitable piece of wood-engraving we have heard of lately. We notice, however, that the *Atlas* thinks it no better than stealing

McARONE ON VACCINATION.

[The following article was contributed by the late George Arnold (McArone) to the New York *Weekly Review* during the vaccinating *furore* consequent upon the anticipated spread of the small-pox in that city. The lamented McArone rarely put pen to paper without inoculating his readers with laughter; it scarcely seems possible that so much of sparkling life and humor can have found an early grave:]

I FAIL in respect for the memory of Jenner. Undoubtedly, he imagined that he had done something remarkable when he conceived the brilliant though nasty idea of scraping a little dried blood and poison from Tom, Dick, or Harry's sore arm and applying it to an abrasion upon mine. No doubt, too, he has saved us from a good deal of small-pox. But he is also responsible for the present epidemic that is raging all over this region—the vaccination fever. It is, on the whole, worse than the small-pox.

A few days ago I met X. He was once my dearest friend, but we had not seen each other for some years. We rushed into each other's arms and mingled tears of joy. After the first transports of delight, we fell to hand-shaking. I seized his right hand in mine, and placed my left upon his arm near the shoulder. He started back in horror.

"For heaven's sake, my dear fellow," he cried, "don't! My vaccination!"

Our joy was dashed; our enthusiasm damped. He felt hurt. So did I. We mumbled a few commonplaces and parted without tipulation. I walked mournfully up Broadway, and encountered Madame Arcencial with her two beautiful children. Children are one of my especial weaknesses. Although a man of celibate habits myself, I am not one of those who find these little epitomes of humanity wearisome. I touched my hat to the matron with that air of graceful politeness which has always distinguished me, and lifted up the youngest and chubbiest Arcenciel for a kiss. The child made up a face like a Nuremberg nut-cracker, and evolved a howl of more than average dismalness.

"Be careful!" said Madame, hurriedly and with emotion, "she has been vaccinated, and it has taken *beautifully!*"

I smiled grimly, and passed on with a brief word of farewell.

At the Lafarge House door, soldier Frank pounced upon me like a military osprey upon a civil herring.

"What on earth is the matter?" said he.

"Matter?" I replied, "why, vaccine!"

At this moment, a fine-looking old gentleman slipped on a frozen spot close by us, and fell heavily. We hastened to get him up and set him on his feet. He shook himself, brushed the dirt from his garments, and began searching the pavement with eager scrutiny.

"Have you lost your eye-glass, sir?" I demanded.

"No, sir; not an eye-glass."

"Your watch, sir?" asked Frank.

"No, no—not my watch."

"Your pocket-book, perhaps?"

"No, sir; my pocket-book is all right."

"Can't we assist you, sir, in your search? What have you lost?"

"Well, gentlemen, the truth is, I've been vaccinated, and promised the thingamy to my doctor, but it was knocked off when I fell just now, and I'm afraid it is lost."

We did not search for the thingamy.

I never told you, did I, that I have an own true lover. I have. She is the most beautiful creature on earth, and possesses all the virtues of her sex. When we are together, we are perfectly happy. When apart, we are utterly miserable. I know that it is common for every young man to suppose that his individual own true love is the most wonderful, lovely and glorious being ever created. We all know that this foolish hallucination is natural to the condition of love. But, realizing this, I have positive evidence that in my case there is no mistake about it. She is young, vivacious, graceful, witty, affectionate, unselfish, and healthy. She has lovely hair, an exquisite mouth, delicious eyes, a splendid figure, intelligent hands, a good appetite, and a little cooing laugh that drives wise men mad. In a word, she is perfection itself, and her name is Aimee Chou-chou. I was in low spirits yesterday, and, as she always acts upon me like unlimited sunshine, I went to see her. The dear child was doing her back hair when I arrived, and could not be disturbed, so I had to wait five mortal minutes for her in the parlor. That is, she said to her maid, "Tell him I will be down in five minutes." And before she came, I read half of a volume of Walpole's Letters, the greater part of Enoch Arden, and two articles in the last *Atlantic*, besides examining a case of rare shells on the mantel and the sheet music on the piano. Then I got up and looked out of the window at a small boy who was experimenting with one skate on a frozen gutter across the way. I watched him till he slipped and came down with his left arm against the curb-stone. From the manner in which he clapped his hand to the place and squealed, I judged that he had been recently vaccinated.

In came the dear child at this juncture, looking like a cross between a rose-bud and a cream almond

She was so radiant, so dazzling, so wholesome and irresistible, that without regarding the amenities of social life or the integrity of her toilet, I caught her at once in my arms. She gave a shriek. "O, Mac! My vaccination!" "My dear child," I said, "d—n the vaccination!" I am aware it was wrong: I regret having spoken in this military manner to one so young and fair: but I was deeply moved. Since then I have become morbid and cynical on the subject. Wherever I go and whatever I do, vaccination stares me in the face. My friends no longer ask me, "How do you do?" They say, "How have you taken?" or, "How's your arm?" I repeat that I fail in respect for the memory of Jenner. I will confess to you, quite in secret, that at a moment of dark despair, I went and got vaccinated. Of course, it did not take. I am debarred the poor consolation of being in sympathy with my fellow-men. It is impossible, at this era, to know who is athletic and who is not. I received a most able-bodied insult, the other day, in abject silence, because the man who affronted me had what I took to be an enormous *biceps* muscle. I made sure that he was a pugilist of the first magnitude. Judge of my disgust on learning that his arm was only swelled in consequence of a late successful vaccination. I could have whipped him with one hand! But I have had a small amount of revenge after all. With the vain and inconsequent idea of escaping from this absurd misery, I went into the rural districts. The first statement I heard there, was that there were two cases of small-pox within a mile; and the first question asked me was, "Have you been vaccinated?" Filled with a gloomy and sardonic humor, I gave out that I was an expert at the process, and having procured some of the interesting substance with which that mild species of torture is performed, I went to work upon all the neighborhood. It was, perhaps, fiendish, but I took an unnamable pleasure in hurting these excellent people as much as possible without becoming liable to a legal penalty. It was the first ray of joy I have known since the epidemic commenced to rage. And in due time, when the malicious poison got to work, a huge delight in sitting tranquilly at a tea-fight, surrounded by decorous and polished persons, all dying with a secret desire to scratch, but too well bred to gratify it publicly. How long the agony may last, heaven only knows. When it is over, I hope my friends will be able to rest on their arms; a feat that they find somewhat painful just now. Meanwhile I despair of hearing anything about the draft, or the peace commission, or the price of gold, or anything else except this confounded invention of Jenner's And, as I think I have before remarked, I fail in respect for that person's memory.

THE MAGIC STOVE.

I AM aware, ladies and gentlemen, gasped Sir Joshua, that I have wandered sadly from my point, but this old-world matter of the lottery always sets my tongue going. It was the same with my good father, who could have told you a hundred stories about it, and was indeed, I am sorry to say, a regular victim at the shrine of Fortune for half his life. For twenty years he had annually purchased a whole ticket without seeing a sixpence of his money back; but at last he wisely determined to stop, without sending more good money after bad. Yet, as the first day's Drawing came near in that one-and-twentieth year, I could see that my parent's prudence was not by any means giving him the satisfaction that it deserved His friends and neighbors were buying tickets upon all hands, and speculating upon their chances of success. "Well," one would say, "I should think, sir, your turn must come round this time;" and another would hope to see him repaid for all his losses by this single *coup*. I saw it annoyed him to have to answer: "I have bought no ticket; I never mean to try again;" and when some gossip would rally him about his faint heartedness and want of courage, it quite ruffled his ordinarily excellent temper. Still he stuck to his resolution until the very Saturday before the drawing—when he sent for me into his private parlor after dinner, and addressed me as follows: "I have something to say to you of a very singular kind, my boy. It may be of no consequence, and it may be of the greatest possible importance; but however it turns out, you must promise me, upon your honor, to keep it a secret as long as I live."

Of course, I gave the required security; and my good father, who sat with his handkerchief over his head in front of a huge stove—for it was winter-time, and he loved warmth—continued with the greatest gravity: "You know, my boy, that I had resolved upon purchasing no more lottery tickets, and that I am not a man to lightly break my resolutions. Still, I am not so obstinate as to resist the manifest influences of—of—I hardly know what to call it, or who it comes from, but the fact is—— Just lock the door, will you?"

Here I cast an involuntary glance towards the bottle of hollands which always stood at my father's right hand after dinner, although I had never known him to be overtaken by liquor before.

"No, no; it's not *that*, Joshua," said he, divining my thoughts; "although, when you have heard me out, I shall not blame you for thinking anything, so singular is the experience I have to narrate. I feel 'led,' my boy, as your Aunt Dorcas calls it, absolutely enjoined by a higher power, to purchase No. 472."

"When Aunt Dorcas wants to do anything whatever, she always says she feels 'led,'" replied I drily.

"Yes; of course I want to buy a ticket, although against my better judgment, that is true; but why should I set my mind upon this No. 472?"

I was an opinionated young dog in those days, and did not feel so much touched by my father's confidence as to prevent me from shrugging my shoulders.

He colored a little, but with great good-nature repeated his question.

"Well, perhaps you dreamed it, sir," returned I, "like Mrs. Fosbey."

This was a poor widow lady who lived in the next street, and who had dreamed three times running of a lucky number in the lottery, and had borrowed the money of my father wherewith to purchase the ticket.

"No, my boy," replied my father (but with a perceptible wince, for the said number had turned out a blank both for her and for him;) "I did not exactly dream it; but it happened thus: You know that I have had this stove set up here but a few days ago, and used it for the first time on Thursday last. Upon that very evening, when I had come in here as usual after dinner, and having read the paper, had dozed off for an hour or two, I awoke, and beheld in the centre of this iron door, which, as you see, has nothing upon it whatsoever, in letters and figures of fire, No. 472! I was wide awake by that time, and I am as certain as ever I was of anything in my whole life, that the thing was as I have told you. However, so distrustful was I of myself—for I know how the lottery occupies my mind, and I confess I had been dreaming of it at that very time—that I said nothing about it, but waited for the next night, when I give you my sacred word of honor that the same thing happened again. Once more I dreamed of the lottery, and upon waking, with my feet upon the stove, once more I saw No. 472 glowing forth out of its iron door, like some mysterious warning, or perchance—a—a——"

"Or a Providential intimation as to how to lay out your money to the best advantage," suggested I demurely.

"Well, yes—of course it's very odd, looked at in that light; but I've been thinking of it a good deal in the meantime, and the ticket-office has not yet closed; so I will just trouble you, my boy, to step out and purchase for me, without saying a word about it, Number——"

"My dear father," interrupted I, "of course I have no right to dictate to you——"

"Don't do it, then," returned the old gentleman curtly. "Just take this money, and don't say a word to anybody; but if No. 472 is on hand, bring it; and if it's sold, find out who has got it, and bring me word. I *will* have it, whatever it costs me; and if that ticket does not come up a prize, I will never spend a silver sixpence again in flattery of the jade Fortune."

As my father had threatened this for eighteen successive years, it did not give me great hopes of his reformation; while my expectations of the ticket in question turning out a prize were equally low. However, there was no course for me but to obey. It was late, but being the Saturday before the Drawing, the offices were allowed to be open until after 8 P. M.; so if the ticket should be unsold, I could get it that night. It was, however, not at all probable that this should be the case; and I was not surprised to hear that No. 472 had been purchased many days before by a gentleman living in the country—or what was then the country—about half a mile north of Kensington Palace. My father seemed very disappointed when I took him this news; and wishing me good night, retired to his private room, saying that he had some business to transact which would occupy him until very late.

I had been in bed and asleep I knew not how long, when I was awaked by hearing the front door closed (although as softly as it could be done;) and thinking there might be something wrong, I hurried on a few clothes, and slipped down stairs. My father's hat and greatcoat were not hanging up in their usual places, so that I felt certain it was he who had just gone out; nor had I far to look for the reason, for the door of his private room was open, and I could see from the hall the magic stove before which he had been sitting with No. 472 gleaming from the iron door, as he had truly described them, in letters and figures of flame. It was evident that my father had been unable to resist this third manifestation, but had hurried off to Kensington to knock the gentleman up, and buy his ticket whether he would or not. Under such circumstances, what a price would he have to pay for it! At the same time, I could scarcely blame him; I had now the evidence of my own eyes to corroborate his extraordinary experience. Here was No. 472 glaring and gleaming out of an iron door, which was ordinarily as blank as a—— I was going to say a lottery ticket, but I avoided that metaphor as an ill omen! Yes, there was the N, and the O, and the 4, and the 7, and the 2, as distinct as the red letters in the calendar. There was certainly something in it: and I determined to wait up until my father came home to tell him what I myself had seen. The worst of it was that the coals in the scuttle were exhausted, and that after an hour or so—and I knew that he must be a long time away—the room would probably be getting cold. In this surmise I was correct; but as the stove waxed cooler and cooler, something far more disagreeable than cold supervened. I saw that the magic letters waned and waned as the fire within got low, and long before it went out, they had grown quite black and invisible; then the truth gleamed upon me, chill and bare enough. The wonderful inscription was, after all, only the number of the stove, inscribed upon it by the Iron Company that sold it, but which could not be seen, without very close inspection, until it became of a white heat.

I dared not sit up for my father any longer, nor had I the heart to tell him when he explained to me the next day how fortunate he had been in purchasing the ticket for only three times the cost price, how wofully he had been deceived.

SEVILLE.

SEVILLE is still the city of the guitar, the fan, the song, and the fandango, the *ne plus ultra ana zeviya nia* of the majo and bull-fighter, of the gipsy and contrabandist; the rendezvous of the most picturesque blackguards in the South of Spain, who lounge and hang about the suburban tabernas, breakfast on a glass of water, and dine on an air on the guitar, argue among each other with the navaja and other such arguments of point; make love to their neighbor's pocket, and know of heaven what they see of it through the golden juice of an orange, as they lie on their backs in the cool shade, a picture of contentment and sweet nothing-to-do. The town has preserved more of the character of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than of the Moorish period, of which, however, many vestiges remain. This is evinced in the style of the private houses of the nobility, the general appearance of the edifices, etc., which all denote the influence of Italian taste, and its happy combination with the Moorish style. The people themselves seem to have lost that grave, solemn, stern and melancholy mood of the Spaniard of the fifteenth century, which he inherited from the Moors, and to retain only that gay, brilliant *capa y espada*, devil-may-care humor of the seventeenth century in Spain, coupled with the more sombre types of the inquisitorial and inquisitioned, somewhat suspicious, jealous and haughty spirit of Lope de Rueda, Calderon's and Vega's dramas. Seville is still in many points the city of pleasure and love of Beaumarchais-Rossini's *Barbiere*. And look, there goes Almaviva, on his prancing horse, gay and dashing, now dressed in velvets and fillagree buttons, all sunshine and moonshine, invincible and *enamorado*, sending kisses to Rosina, who peeps at him behind her mirador. He is always that personification of youth, love and summer; and Rosina is always as pretty under her black mantilla, though she now reads French novels, and knows the names of Lor Biron y Saspir; and Figaro is not the less *qui*, and Figaro *la*, laughing, joking, running to and fro, all fuss and intrigue, all gossip and mirth, for his being raised to *sangrador y comadron*, and other high offices within his calling; nay, Bartolo himself is not dead, only now he dresses like an undertaker, is a man *dil ano doce*, wears a diamond pin in his shirt, and a wide gold ring on the forefinger, and looks as sharp as ever, whether Rosina is dropping a bouquet or picking up a scented esquelita. Basilio is also alive, and there we may see him sneaking through the crowd, with his long *barco*, tile-shaped, greasy hat, his worn-out *sotana*, his bilious skin, his hypocritical eyes: *vade retro!* and would that thou wert but a spectre of bygone times, and not a sad reality of the present! The other types, may they always remain, natural and charming offsprings of a land of sun and love; and all members of the immortal family of Mozart's and Byron's Don Juan, a pure Sevillano, of Don Miguel de Mañara, of Don Bustos. Tavera, of La Estrella de Seville. The houses are superior to those of the rest of Andalusian cities, in style and appearance; they are generally of two or three stories, gaily painted outside, with lofty rooms, numerous rejas, charming patios, or inner courts, which, during the summer, are covered with an awning, and furnished with pianos, sofas, etc., for the evening *tertulia*, when the whole town is converted into a vast drawing room. They are, moreover, decorated with brightly painted and gilt miradores, which, with their glass and flowers, look like conservatories suspended. A lengthened residence will be found more pleasant here than anywhere else in Spain.

BANCROFT'S CATALOGUE.—We are indebted to H. H. Bancroft & Co. for a catalogue of the scientific books which their shelves contain. Catalogues do very well for occasional reading—the same may be said of Langley's Directory—but for a steady course of reading we prefer the books.

CHARITY LECTURE.—Dr. J. F. Morse will deliver a lecture before the Berith Shulom Society at Dashaway Hall, on Friday evening of next week—the proceeds to be applied towards the relief of one of the members who met with an accident which forever disables him from pursuing his vocation."

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

IN a former age of the world, while as yet it was judged necessary that heaven should communicate its wisdom directly to man, an angel was intrusted with the duty of imparting lessons in patience.

A great lord lay upon silken cushions in a splendid apartment, surrounded by every luxury which his own and neighboring countries could produce, and waited on by troops of menials who were ready to obey his most slightly expressed wish. But, amidst all his enjoyments, the great lord writhed in mental anguish. The king had that afternoon passed him without notice;-and the want of one word from the royal lips had been sufficient to produce a complete insensibility to all the other blessings of life, of which he possessed such abundance. "Was there ever any mortal so miserable as I am!" he bitterly exclaimed; and next minute, when his butler presented him with a cup of the most delicious wine, he started up in a paroxysm of anger, and threw the liquor in the man's face, merely because he observed a speck of dust upon the salver on which the cup was borne.

He had no sooner been left alone, than the Angel of Patience stood before him, and, holding up a mirror, desired him to look in it. He coldly raised his eyes, and, looking in the mirror, beheld a vessel struggling with a tempest, while the merchant, its proprietor, was directing the sailors to throw bales of rich merchandise overboard, in order to save it from destruction. "Great lord," said the angel, "behold this scene. It is one really taking place at this moment. An honest and industrious merchant has committed all he possesses in the world to this vessel, with the hope of turning it to profit; but he has been overtaken by a storm, and now, for the sake of bare life, he is compelled to sacrifice all that property which was the result of so many years of toil, and upon which he calculated for the means of spending his latter days in peace, and portioning his sons and daughters. Is he not more miserable than thou?"

The great lord held his peace, and, after a brief panse, the angel desired him to look again. The whole of the merchandise had now been thrown from the vessel, and the merchant showed by his attitude and looks, that he was resigned to the great loss which it had been the will of Heaven that he should experience. "Seest thou," said the angel, "how patient the merchant is? He knows that he is pennyless, and must once more begin the world, if he would wish again to be wealthy, or even to acquire the means of subsistence. Yet he breathes not a word of complaint. He submits to fate, and his soul is at peace." "Oh, angel," said the great lord, "I see all that thou showest to me, and am corrected. May I never again repine about trifles, or fall into such unworthy fits of anger!" The angel then departed, for her purpose had been accomplished.

Bakrak sat in his magnificent bazaar in the city of Betlis, which was filled with all the rich spices, and cloths, and porcelain of the east. He was the richest man in the city, and fortune still continued to flow upon him in an unremitting stream. But at this moment a cloud sat upon the brow of Bakrak. One of his slaves had that day disappeared with a package of the rich shawls of Lahore, and, as misfortunes rarely come single, his coffee had not been scorched exactly to the right degree of dryness, so that it wanted much of its usual flavor. He was in such an angry mood, that not one of his remaining servants durst approach him. His favorite son, young Bakrak, whom he rarely saw without loading with caresses, had gone up to him as he was accustomed to do, and laid his head affectionately on his shoulder: when, instead of patting the child as usual on the cheek, he had given him a box on the ear, which caused the blood to flow from his mouth. At that moment the Angel of Patience suddenly entered the bazaar.

Holding up her mirror before Bakrak, she desired him to look therein. He complied with a sulky carelessness, but was soon arrested by the sight which met his eyes. It was one of those beautiful vales which one can never see without supposing them to have been designed for the habitation of innocent and happy human beings. The full moon had risen over the centre of the vale, and was looking mildly down into it, as if it had been a divine thing created for the use of that valley alone, and which would remain to be admired and worshipped there for ever. But a band of lawless men had this evening entered the valley, and were now engaged in plundering the inhabitants. The picture delineated in the mirror more particularly displayed in the foreground a cottage in flames, while the family that lately occupied it sat bound with cords on the sward in front, surrounded by a small party of the depredators. Then the scene was slightly changed. The children five in number, were commanded to mount behind as many troopers, in order to be carried away from their native country, the girls to be sold, at prices proportioned to their beauty, in some distant slave-market, and the boys to be brought up as recruits for the army of the Sultan, and neither ever again to see their parents. Bakrak saw the struggles and tears of the father and mother, as their children were borne away, and, thinking of young Bakrak, he groaned aloud. "This," said the angel, "is a real scene, which is at this moment passing in a certain part of the world. What are all your troubles to the misery of this desolate pair? Behold, and be thou restored to equanimity." "I am restored," said Bakrak; and the angel left him.

An artisan had returned from his daily toil to the tranquil home, where, though no luxury ever appeared, there was at least a sufficiency of necessaries, and even of comforts. His wife smiled on him as he entered, and his children ran to embrace his knees, and offer the kiss which was as much homage as affection. But the heart of the artisan was heavy within him, and he looked round on his neat household, and the clean and healthful meal prepared for him, with dissatisfaction. He had been torturing himself all day with reflections on his incessant labors, and the apparently superior happiness of others, and he had at length arrived at the conclusion, that the class to which he belonged were treated by the wealthy only as slaves, born to minister to their pleasures. His wife and children shrunk from his cold eye and gloomy brow, and the evening passed in silence and sadness. At length, no longer able to bear the agony of his thoughts in the presence of his family, he walked out into his garden, which he paced for some time with hurried steps, as if seeking to escape from some demon which tormented him. At this moment, the Angel of Patience presented herself, and held up her mirror before his eyes.

He saw a man and woman, who, from their dress, seemed to belong to a country different from his own. They were poor wanderers, who sought a livelihood by selling little articles amongst the country people; and their attire bespoke a general condition little above that of common mendicants. It was Saturday evening, and they timidly approached a small farm-house, in order to ask shelter for the night, and during the ensuing day. [The vision of the mirror is, in this case, described from circumstances of actual occurrence.] The farmer beheld them with suspicion, but said they might, if they chose, take up their abode in an outhouse to which he pointed. The two foreigners thanked him humbly, and went to the shed which he had pointed out. They found it to have only part of a roof, and to contain no furniture of any kind, but they were forced to be content with it. The man, who wanted one of his arms, immediately proceeded to the neighboring field, and with his one hand cut as much dry grass and rushes as served to make up a bed in the only corner of the shed where there was a roof. They then partook of some wretched fragments of bread and meat which they carried with them, and lay down to rest, but not till they had, according to the forms of their country's religion, rendered thanks and praise to the Giver of all good for such share of his bounty as they enjoyed. The mirror further showed the life of this humble pair during the next day. Early in the morning, the man made arrangements in their little habitation for performing a religious ceremony, which in his own country he had been taught to regard as all-important, though, in that where he now was, it was considered as an abomination. At the proper time, he performed this rite with his wife as his sole fellow-worshipper, both taking care that no one else should be annoyed by what they did. "Behold," said the angel, "how two of the poorest and most wretched of human beings deport themselves towards God and man, while thou, who enjoyest so many more blessings, tormentest thyself with vain imaginings. Thou canst read the lesson: I ask if thou art corrected?" "I am," answered the artisan; and the angel left him.

An old man, who made a slender livelihood by the labors of himself and an aged horse, was one day passing along the road, leading that animal, which was loaded on this occasion with a burden much too heavy for its strength. The dress of the old man was ragged, bespeaking the utmost poverty; but his cheek showed still some red, and he set his foot to the ground in such a manner that no one could suppose him to be in a very feeble condition. To testify his vigor still farther, he thrashed his horse in a most unmerciful manner with a whip which he carried in his right hand, tugging the bridle at the same time with his left, as if he would have pulled the head of the poor animal away from its body. Occasionally, he kicked its stiff sides, which gave forth a sound such as a basket gives when kicked, and he was continually showering upon the animal opprobious nicknames and furious execrations. He was impatient to reach a particular place with his load, because he was to have no pay and no breakfast till his task was accomplished. It was partly his hunger which made him on this occasion use his horse so cruelly. Unexpectedly, the Angel of Patience came up and walked along by his side. "Pitiless man," said she, "how canst thou thus treat this very creature that is doing its best to serve thee? Hold still thy wicked hand, and take even from that animal a lesson of patience. You have loaded it beyond its strength, and yet it endeavors to do what you demand of it. You kick and lash it, and it bears all with submission. The misery of that poor animal is at this moment extreme; I know it to be so; but it betrays not the slightest symptom of a disposition to retaliate upon the author of its distresses. You are hungry now, and that, you will say, is your excuse; but you feed your horse in so poor a way that it is never otherwise than hungry, and yet, when it tries to snatch a mouthful of grass from the wayside, and you lash it to make it go on, does it not quietly yield to your wish? Observe the whole demeanor of the animal, and think of it well. *It is patience in a living shape.* Let its downcast look, its laboring muscles, its breaking yet submitting heart, at length pass beyond your mere sight, which is familiar with them, and enter the soul within, and let the consequence of the lesson be mercy and patience. Farewell." The angel then vanished, and the old man, before advancing another step, took the load from his horse, and allowed it to feed for ten minutes upon the thistles by the wayside; after which it prosecuted its journey with renewed spirit, and he he did not once lay his lash upon it during the remainder of the journey.

The Angel of Patience does not now come in a bodily form upon the earth; but the world abounds as much as ever with lessons resembling those which she used to read to mankind. The sentimental grievances of the great and rich may yet be assuaged, if the great and rich will only think upon the many severer evils which others are every moment bearing, and bearing, perhaps, with magnanimity and resignation. The evils which befall every station of life may be softened, if we only reflect on the worse afflictions of the next lower sphere. It is not that we can

> ——"hold a fire in our hand,
> By thinking on the frosty Caucasus,"

but that an *example of patience* may be drawn from the well-borne sufferings of others. Nor is there any class of society so sunk to the bottom of wretchedness, but such an example may still be found even for them, for rightly considered, the miseries and sacrifices which animals are so largely called upon to endure on man's account, and which they generally endure with so perfect a patience, are calculated to soften and bring down to submission the most obdurate hearts.

THE CHOLERA TRACK IN EUROPE.—The following statement of the course of the cholera epidemic of 1865 is abridged from a leading article in the *Times*: It commenced apparently on the Arabian coast, then travelled to Alexandria, thence to Constantinople, and thence again to various ports on the Mediterranean. From the Mediterrancan it crept into the Black Sea, and afterwards through the Straits of Gibraltar and along the west coasts of Spain and Portugal. Yet it did not make the circuit of the Mediterranean, nor did it continuously ascend the Atlantic shores of the Peninsula. Its visits were capricious and irregular. To this day it has left not only Greece, but all the eastern coast of the Adriatic and the coasts of Barbary, untouched. One coast of Italy was severely visited, while the other, up to the close of last month, remained exempt. Sicily escaped, but Malta has suffered heavily. For a long time, too, it seemed as if the disease could not penetrate into the interior of a country, but that exception has now disappeared. After escaping from the Mediterranean, the pestilence first appeared at Seville. Then it was at Southampton, afterwards at Paris, and, later still, Madrid. From Odessa, where it established itself in the autumn, it advanced, and is still advancing, northwards to the Polish provinces of the Russian Empire. It is plain, upon the whole, that the plague is no longer confined to the basin of the Mediterranean, but has been hovering over Central and Western Europe. The effects of the visitation have been as uncertain as its course. At some places they have been comparatively light; at others, very severe. At Marseilles and Toulon the disease was obstinate as well as fatal, and was only dislodged after serious and prolonged mortality. In Madrid and Paris, on the other hand, though the virulence of the epidemic was considerable, its career was short, both capitals being now regarded as free. In this country it is now upwards of six weeks since the cholera showed itself at Southampton. Its appearance was unmistakable; its severity in one or two cases equally marked. The cases, too, though certainly not numerous, occurred so far in succession that the disease seemed established, and one or two attacks were reported from the banks of the Itchen. Yet this footing was not maintained, nor did the malady spread. The account published on Wednesday gave the place a clean bill of health, while the rest of the country is absolutely free. In London we have been without even the symptom of an outbreak, though it is noticeable that diarrhœa is somewhat more prevalent than is common at this particular time of the year.—*London paper, Nov.* 11.

WHAT IS AN INCH OF RAIN?—In a recent weekly return the Registrar-General gives the following interesting information in respect to rainfall: "Rain fell in London to the amount of 0·43 inches, which is equivalent to 43 tons of rain per acre. The rainfall during the week varied from 30 tons per acre in Edinburgh to 215 tons per acre in Glasgow. An English acre consists of 6,272,640 square inches; and an inch deep of rain on an acre yields 6,272,640 cubic inches of water, which, at 277,274 cubic inches to the gallon, makes 22,622.5 gallons; and, as a gallon of distilled water weighs 10 lbs., the rainfall on acre is 226,225 lbs. avoirdupois; but 2,240 lbs. are a ton and consequently an inch deep of rain weighs 100,993 tons, or, nearly 101 tons per acre. For every 100th of an inch a ton of water falls per acre."

REPRINTS ABROAD.

[Regarding the matter of English reprints of American publications "Llewellyn," dating from London, discourses at length. The following extract is taken from his letter. The first comment of the reflecting mind is upon the exceeding bad taste which the publishers abroad display in their piracies. Honesty is not to be expected perhaps, but one would certainly expect them to leave pewter spoons alone:]

A LONDON publisher has inserted in the principal papers of that city a plain notice that "Artemus Ward's book is printed without the author's leave, precisely as Mr. Beeton's (the publisher's) books, and Englishmen's generally, are reprinted in America without their leave," etc. Bold enough, that. Moreover, he spells poor A. Ward's origiual name without the e to "Browne," to hint, I suppose, that there'll be no ease for witty Americans over here.

The English eveu now talk of us as if the world was in the day of Winchester's *New World* press, Williams Brothers' *Yankee* and *News of All Creation*, and the *Broker Jonathan*. To be sure, then,-the "bungalow" presses of Ann street, New York, and Ann street, Boston, did use to "smash off" a whopping edition of Dickens', or Bulwer's, or James's last for 12½ cents, the London copy being several guiueas, only. There used to be some sweet bribing of pursers and stewards, in those days, to bring over new works and avoid delay at the Custom House. But, heaven preserve you, the English don't know that the earth has worn her axle-tree considerably since then. Poor Britannia! the "drum beat" that Daniel Webster set to music first (they think Burke said it, here) is all her idea, except one more, "keep as you were," while the globe turns topsy-turvy.

We *do* still use some of the English productions. But the boot is not all on our side. The mate must be here. Look! as the Freuch say. Ward aud Lock (representing Maxwell and Co.,) who don't like to publish any except "moral" volumes—*i. e.*, Miss Braddon's Sunday-school readers: *Lady Audley's Secret;* or, All's *Well* that ends in *Well*, etc.—Ward and Lock, I repeat, have got out almost all the New York set kuown as the "Mercury Stories," suppressing the authors' names.

That latter is the rule. The consequeuce is, that Ned Buntline's *Henry Morgan* for one, has had a colnmn notice in Tom Hood's *Fun* as a British work.

The "Artemus Ward" Beeton, aforesáid, has republished the *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers* (and did *not* send a gilt-edged copy in a crimson velvet bag to Adah Isaacs Mazep—I mean Menken,) Jack Downing's *Day Book* scraps, *Petroleum V. Nasby*, *Bigelow Papers*, *Holmes's Autocrat*, (what *will* the Big Organ say?) *John Phoenix* (about as much understood in this latitude, especially all that about "Joe Bowers," *Frisco* knows who, as—as John E. Owens was,) Saxe's pieces out of the *Ledger*, etc. Also, Abbott's *Napoleon* (but that item is nearly enough to pardon him the rest! Who wouldn't forgive the purloiner that should walk off with a leaden elephant?) And we have reprinted just three of his publications.

There is hardly one in the trade here that has not republished several American books, (such as Poe's poems, etc.) The *Family Herald* runs a "Terrible Fright; or, The Household of the Impalpable Habitation" regularly as it comes out in the *Ledger*. Its facetiæ, one page, is mostly clippings from "American papers," credit but rarely given, no subject of the Queen being exempt from fits of such a string as *Alta California*, or *Persimmonvilletonian Pennon*, Penn., were to meet his eye. *Reynolds' Miscellany* culls the short stories from the New York *Mercury* and *Frank Leslie's Ladies' Boudoir Bouquet*, or whatever that illustratedious adopted citizen has in hand at present. The *London Journal*, *ditto*, as well as the jokes. The *Penny Miscellany* has a penchant for the *New York Weekly*, the *Novelette*, the *Waverley Magazine*, and, occasionally, the *Ledger*, of course suppressing the author's name and changing the title, when such a feat is not likely to strain the editor's mental powers too greatly. The *Cottage Journal* dipped into some Boston issne, I believe. It is either dead, or dying about this time. The *Guide* takes one-number stories.

An off-shoot of Routledge's hoase is at nearly all of Carleton's American novels, *Nemesis* among them! If it were poetry, I would try hard to ring in a joke on Par-*nessus*' shirt, but refrain. *Public Opinion's* best pages, the livest and liveliest are the extracts from transatlantic journals. The *Daily Telegraph* has added one-third to its circulation by acting on the hints that G. A. Sala picked up while sailing into the New York *Herald* columns, the time when he took the poor Museum balcony for Tammany Hall and that German with the French horn behind the alligator transparency, for ——, the Great Dead Rabbit himself. Moreover, the *Daily Star* calls said Sala Munchausen and Mendezacious, because the *World*, I think it was, used the same epithets at the first of the war.

Another of that remarkable family, the Adauuses of Massachusetts, has taken to public life. His name is John Quincy Adams, and he is a grandson of the "old man eloquent." He is represeuted as beiug possessed of much of the talent of his progenitors.

A FITTING FUNERAL.

TOM SAYERS, the pugilist, was buried on Wednesday, at Highgate Cemetery, under circumstances which can only be described by the word disgraceful. Soon after midday a vast crowd had assembled in High street, Camden town, where the ex-champion lived, and the maiu road and pavement from the Mother Red Cap, for several hundred yards towards Hampstead, was infested by what looked like an execution mob. The shops were nearly all closed, partly perhaps out of respect to the memory of Sayers, and partly, there can be no question, out of deference to the evidently predatory instincts of the crowd. Jesting, swearing, and rough chaff, wishes that the music would come, jostling and horse-play, were the occupations most in vogue. All the way from High street to the cemetery the same class of people, on foot, in carts, on the roof and inside of overladen cabs, were to be seen steadily making for the hero's grave.

At the cemetery itself the gates were guarded by what seemed a stroug body of policemen, who only admitted people who either "gave the number of their tomb," or otherwise justified their claim to enter. At two P. M. this crowd was easily kept in order, but half an hour later a successful rush was made, and some hundred sturdy vagabonds carried the gates by main force, amid the yells aud shouts of their companions. The police, who behaved splendidly throughout a most trying day, succeeded in reclosing the gates, and in again exercising discrimination as to whom they should admit. As it was, the tombs and crypts were crowded with people who turbulently jostled and laughed, trampled on the grass, and defiled the graves with as little reverence for the place they were in as if it had been an old prize-ring. The succeeding two hours were taken up in watching the hand to-hand contests betweeu the police outside and the rapidly increasing crowd of roughs, in the arrival and admission of tavern celebrities, each admission being the struggle on the part of those who wanted to force their way, and in securing vantage ground from which to see the procession.

Soon after four P. M. the sound of drums and trumpets was heard, and a brass band playing the Dead March; feathers, hearse, and mourning coaches, struggled through the surging, disorderly mob. Sayers's pony and dog-cart, with its magnificent dog, the sole occupant of the latter, followed immediately after the hearse. The police contrived to keep back the attendant mob a few moments, but as soon as the coffin was taken into the cemetery chapel, and before the carriages had filled in, the crowd of thieves and blackguards proved too strong for those opposed to them, and the gates were again stormed. The members of the band, while in the act of playing the Dead March, were scattered pell-mell, their instruments flying over-head, and themselves running for safety Hundreds of the foulest scum of the back courts and alleys of London, the creatures who only come to light in the aggregate at an execution, or racecourse, or an illegal betting ground, rushed in to hold saturnalia at the grave side. All this time the noble brute in the dog-cart looked on with stern composure, as if to prove his superiority to the degraded wretches around him. For a few minutes the police were completely overcome. They were a mere handful of men against the enemy, but they subsequently rallied, and once more succeeded in closing the cemetery gates. Many of the roughs were trodden down in the raid, and after it was over the gasping, speechless forms stretched at no unfrequent intervals on the grass, or reared by their luckier comrades against the tombs while neckcloths were torn open and animation restored, spoke to the severity of the conflict.

Such were the last obsequies of Thomas Sayers, and such the tributes of respect paid by a large section of his admirers—a good-tempered, uneducated man, whose stout heart and unbounded animal courage inspired the respectable classes with such admiration that they subscribed to keep him in idleness for life; who became the idol of pot-houses, and died of drinking, and whose funeral was a riot.—*London paper, November* 18.

When Lord Alvanley fought a duel with Morgan O'Connell, several shots were exchanged, after which the seconds interfered and stopped the proceedings. "O'Connell must be a very clumsy fellow," said Alvanley, on his way home, "or he never would have missed such a fat fellow as I am. He ought to practice at a haystack to get his hand in." He gave the hackney coachman a sovereign. "It's a great deal for only having taken your lordship to Wimbledon," said the coachman. "My good man," said Alvanley, "I give it you, not for taking me, but for bringing me back."

Soumet's tragedy of *Joan of Arc* has been produced with much splendor at the principal theatre of Rouen. It is mentioned as a singular coincidence that the last act of the play, representing the execution of the heroine, is performed on exactly the same spot where the event actually occurred. The theatre is built on that part of the public square where the scaffold was erected.

Most of the shadows that cross our pathway in life are caused by standing in our own light.

Social Salamanders.—Considering the amount of annoyance and misery which, in some shape or other, everybody has to go through in his passage through life, it would obviously be a great thing if we could discover the secret of those most remarkable people who seem to pass through the fiery furnace of mortification or disgrace without suffering a pang. The man of ordinary sensibility may endure his troubles, great and small, with fortitude or resignation, but still they affect him in a very perceptible fashion. To have his name and his private affairs dragged before the public, or to be humiliated in society by the bad conduct of his relations, or to fail in his business, fills him with a vexation which he scarcely cares to conceal. But there are plenty of people who appear thoroughly impervious to all feelings of the sort. Like Shadrach and Meshach, they are protected by a mysterious force against the usual effects of the heated furnace. When they come out we can plainly see that on their bodies the fire has no power, nor is a hair of their head singed, nor are their coats changed, nor has the smell of fire passed on them. Instead of courting retirement, they seek as much society as they can get. Instead of covering up their humiliations or misconduct, they treat it all as something quite in the ordinary course of things and ingeniously solace themselves by viewing their own deliberate folly or wickedness as naturally incidental to the common lot of mortal man. The advantages of possessing a temperament of this kind are too plain to need enumeration. Such a disposition is only one instance of the many beneficent provisions for tempering the wind to the shorn lamb.

The young lady, for instance, who finds too late that men betray, and thinks the only art to soothe her melancholy is to bring an action for breach of promise, would, one might suppose, be the most miserable of women but for this exceptional gift of resisting all uncomfortable influences. Most young ladies would endure any amount of horrible suffering in any other way rather than drag the faithless lover and their own lacerated feelings before a judge and jury. But, of course, we all know that there are beings in whose eyes scruples of this sort are only the mark of a very poor creature. They have not the slightest objection in the world to hear a middle-aged counsel read out the once-prized love-letters, amidst the roars of a crowded and convivially-minded court. They can sit by and—for form's sake shedding a sentimental tear or two under a veil—listen with complacency to evidence as to the number of kisses and squeezings of the hand which went on, and to prosaic narratives of the lover-like speeches which the defendant had been such a fool as to make, in the presence of a cloud of witnesses.

Tobacco Smoking.—The following amusing observations on this practice occur in Mr. Matthew's *Emigration Fields:*

"Sucking tobacco smoke has become so general, and is indulged in to such excess, as must have a powerful effect upon the destinies of the species. In the north and east of Europe it has increased to such a degree as to act as a considerable population-check. The disposition or desire to suck, is no doubt instinctive—a baby reminiscence—and increased in the north of Europe, by the practice of suckling their male children too long. It is pity that this disposition or instinct to suck were not made subservient to some good, and that so much combustion did not extend to the diffusion of heat and light as well as smoke—that it could not be made to warm their cold bosoms to freedom, or enable them to illuminate the 'dark side of nature,' instead of veiling it further by transcendental cloud. Our Eastern neighbors are no doubt indebted to the demon of the 'accursed weed,' set loose by the combustion, for their dreamy philosophy, and their philosophic submission to despotic government. At the present time the weed-demon is the engrossing god of their idolatry. Although tobacco-smoking has not so immediately obvious an effect upon the system as drinking intoxicating liquors, yet from its influence being in more general and constant operation, it has comprehensively, as regards the species, a more powerful impression to disorder the brain mechanism, and derange the flow of the galvanic nervous currents, on which depends the character of our intellectnal essence and organic frame. It is impossible to raise the veil from futurity; but notwithstanding the discovery of printing, instead of a progression to a superior nature, a condition of imbecility and degradation is yet in store for man—nay, even a sinking in the scale of being, unless means are taken to subvert the worship of the weed demon. It is rather surprising that our New Zealand missionaries have allowed themselves to be hoodwinked by the subtle fiend, and made subservient in spreading his abominable rites. In New South Wales, in the case of convict-slavery (the most pitiful condition of all,) where civilized man is subjected to the thrall of his fellow-man, and where the feeling of degradation is embittered by the sting of guilt, tobacco-smoking may be necessary. It is even said that great numbers of the convicts would commit suicide, or take to the bush, if they did not receive tobacco to drown conscience and thought. Tobacco-smoking is a means of soothing misery and repressing energy, by inducing a dreamy stupefaction."

Why is a married man like a candle? Because he sometimes goes out at night when he ought not to.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1866.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

BY a strict construction of the letter of a law not yet obsolete, Sunday amusements are forbidden in this State. The seventh day of the week is set apart from play as well as from labor; and, of late, this law has in some instances been rigorously enforced. In Sacramento and San Francisco, that meekest of all meek lovers of the good, Manager Maguire, has been enjoined from opening his gates of Sabbath evenings; and even the irrepressible Jack Wilson, whose polysyllabic shows for the past three years have been advertised over every dead wall in town, was at last obliged to yield to circumstances over which he had no control, fold up his tents, and discontentedly steal away to those fertile fields where the kangaroo disporteth himself, and the Sydney duck is found.

As to the right or wrong of the law referred to, we do not at this moment purpose to enter into a discussion. That the prohibition stands as a law upon the statut books is enough for the present. In Scotland whistling on Sunday was once punishable by whipping at a cart's tail, and were our present Legislature to borrow an idea from that canny land of oatmeal and snuff, we should submit without even a sneeze, for it would plainly be the duty of all good citizens to refrain from even a pucker of the mouth. But fair play is popularly said to be a jewel, and we maintain that in this matter of Sunday law justice should be measured out with an even hand to all. If one manager is forbidden to give entertainments on Sunday evenings, why not make the prohibition imperative upon others? Why admit German drama at the American theatre to a representation which is forbidden the American drama at the Opera House? Why allow the Buislays, at Hayes Park, to balloon it over steeples, and kick their heels in aerial derision above the heads of snoring congregations, if less ambitious actors may not strut upon the stage proper before legitimate audiences? And the same with the Willows, where the bear dances, and the moukey, stirred by the canes and umbrellas of curious clodhoppers, twists himself about on his pole, while strong men and tight-ropists vie with each other in a display of spangles and bow legs. And the Siegrist family at the Odeum—why not bring their grist to the same inexorable mill? Turn-Verein Hall, too—the profane sound of the viol is heard there of Sunday evenings, and the feet of dancers, in the execution of various pigeon wings, shuffle away until morning wanes. Why is this allowed?

At the American Theatre, last Sunday evening, the drama of *Die Waise aus Lowood* was given, followed by *Rochester*. Neither of these are pious pieces exactly. The advertisement was printed in the plainest of all languages. When Chief Burke arose in the morning and glanced at the notice of the church he is accustomed to attend, he saw by its side a long advertisement in the choicest Dutch, winding up with:

PREISE DER PLAETZE:

Logen	$10 und $5 00
Dreszcirkel und Orchester Sitze	1 Dollar
Parterre	50 cents
Gallerie	25 cents

Sitze koennen Sonnabend und Sontag von 10 bis 9 uhr unentgeltlich reservirt werden.

The Chief, who is a linguist of unapproachable excellence, knows perfectly well what "Dreszcirkel and Orchester sitze" means. He never for a moment supposed that cushioned pews or even sitz baths were referred to. And though the advertisement was cunningly headed

GROSZES SACRED ABEND—UNTERHALTUNG, AND SACRED CONCERT,

the Chief is up to the requirements of his position. We even imagine that when he got down to

☞ Die Direction versichert dem geehrten Publikum, dass alle Anstalten getroffen und keine Kosten gescheut sind, damit diese Vorstellung sicher und brilliant am besagten Tage ueber die Buehne gehe, sowie ueberhaupt jedes angekuendigte Stueck nur einmal gegeben wird,

he construed it all into English without once having recourse to his Ollendorff. He could hardly have translated "sind" into the confession *peccavi*, and we question if in the subsequent "damit" he fancied he detected anything appertaining to the service of the Dutch Reformed Church. It was clearly his duty to have mounted his pony and looked in at the performance that evening, even if it rained. A profane brass band might as well be playing "Pop goes the Weasel" as "In Louterbach hab ich mein Strumpf verloren," and by a parity of reasoning the "legitimate company" at the Opera House might as well be playing *Jane Eyre* as the other company *Die waise aus Lowood* at the American—for it is the same thing in Dutch. Give all their rights, good gentlemen of the badges and benches. If Jonathan cannot have his cakes and ale, why should Gambrinus have his *pretzels und lager?* Treat us all alike, please.

THE LOVE-LIFE OF DR. KANE.

IT is little wonder that the book before us, bearing the title which appears as the head of this article, should begin with an apology and end with an excuse. The only marvel is that, given a woman indelicate enough to expose the weaknesses of a great heart which trusted her, a publisher could be found mercenary enough to blazon them to the world.

The picture revealed is a curious but perhaps not an uncommon one. It is that of a strong intellect struggling in the meshes of the most mysterious of all passions, conscious of the disgracefulness of his bondage, aware of the inferiority of the object of his love, but unable to escape. Madly in love—if we may apply to a foolish infatuation so holy a term—seeking in vain to inspire a corresponding sentiment in a heart too shallow to comprehend and understand him—behold the man who pushed the prows of his adventurous vessels through the ice of the far northern seas—behold him caught like a rat in a trap. He who wrestled victoriously with the Polar Bear fell a victim to the back-hair, which we may call the brush, of a Fox.

The story is briefly told. Visiting Miss Margaret Fox—then in the first blush of table-tipping fame—the Doctor, upon whose heart the masked batteries of Philadelphian belles and the swivel eyes of Esquimaux beauties had played under the most favorable circumstances for assault without making any permanent impression, surrendered without discretion. There were notes, bouquets and bon-bons. Miss Fox—a very practical girl—made little response, and, while her illustrious admirer was enwrapped, industriously went on with her rappings. Not understanding what a great man was at her feet, she did not feel particularly flattered, and evinced no especial emotion over her conquest. It was more satisfaction to her to move a table half an inch than to stir Dr. Kane down to the depths of his being. Had she responded in kind it would probably all have ended very soon. But her strange coolness puzzled the Arctic explorer; he was familiar with icebergs, but this was a new experience. He could not understand how this girl was not overwhelmed with pride at finding that she had attracted the attention of one whom the great intellects of the day delighted to honor, whom the fairest hands of the city crowned with laurel wreaths and an admiration very much akin to love, attributing the phenomenon to the fact of her superiority to others. The simple truth was that she was not great enough to understand his greatness. A trip to the Arctic seas did not represent to her imagination much more than the trip of an agile table across the dining room, or at most an excursion on the Camden and Amboy railroad. Surprised and decidedly annoyed at this want of appreciation, the Doctor "set out" to make her understand him—it was his ambition to be the Polar star, so to speak, of her existence; and still he pressed his suit, writing very foolish letters. Thus: "For even if the drear old Polar winter should make me a perpetual exile, the memory of a dead affection would be better than a recollected coolness." To which Margaret replies: "Now, Doctor—be candid!—am I not correct when I say you are an enigma past finding out?" All through we have Thackeray's matter-of fact version of the story of *Werther*. And had the Doctor died of her more than Artic frigidity, it is quite probable that after the body had been brought into the parlor where she gave her *séances* and laid upon the centre table,

> Margaret having viewed the body
> Lying there all wrapped in sable,
> Would at once have formed a circle,
> And have tried to tip the table.

We see nothing in Margaret to excite our sympathy, for it was only on discovering what a prize chance had stranded at her feet that she began to call him "Ly" and "Lish," and other pet names.

"Poor, simple Child!" cries the biographer, whenever her name is mentioned and a favorable opportunity for an exclamation point occurs. Yes, verily, playing upon the credulity of the multitude, knowing her own unworthiness, and suspecting the great simple heart so unfortunately entangled of attempting to trifle with her in like manner, cracking her toes and knee-pans, and persuading her dupes that the disembodied spirits of their friends were knocking at their hearts—how our sympathy is evoked and nourished—how it gushes in behalf of this dear Simple Child.

Finally, after Dr. Kane's return from his last Arctic voyage, after a world of sentiment and tears, we have the "marriage." It was a very primitive affair, no clergyman spoke a blessing, no magistrate registered the vows and the names. The Doctor and Maggie were alone in a parlor. "At this moment," says the admiring historian, "Miss Katharine Fox came into the room. Dr. Kane desired her to call her mother, who came up stairs to the parlor; the servant and a young lady who was spending the evening there, being also present. Dr. Kane informed them he had sent for them to witness the solemn declaration that would follow. Then, standing up, and holding Margaret's hand while his left arm encircled her form, he said: 'Maggie is my wife, and I am her husband. Wherever we are, she is mine, and I am hers. Do you understand and consent to this, Maggie?' Margaret answered that she did."

In manner somewhat like—barring the presence of family witnesses—our first parents were married in the Garden of Eden. It is supposable that the boa-constrictor viewed the affair from a neighboring tree, and that the squirrel, cocking his tail over his back as he cracked an unusually hard nut, looked down and smiled upon the nuptials. We question, however, whether such a solemnization of the marriage ceremony would satisfy the scruples of a young lady not accustomed to view things from a spiritual stand-point, or receive the endorsement of any mother or sister—not particularly anxious to close what seemed a most desirable family bargain. The old custom of jumping over a broomstick might at least have been honored, and the formula of

> "If you loves me as I loves you,
> No knife can cut our loves in two,"

gone through with. But, if the maternal fox was satified, who had a right to complain? Having now achieved the dearest object of his life, the Doctor sailed for Havana. For his health was broken—as well it might be, between the Arctic Seas and "Maggie." Soon the news of his death was received. Now we have a picture of the disconsolate "widow." She felt convinced that "Ly" or "Lish" had left some "message" for her, and "as soon as she was able to hold a pen, she wrote to one of his brothers" about it. It is strange she did not call her flexile knee-pans to her aid and place herself *en* rap-*port* with the departed, but no mention is made of any singular commotion occurring among the tables and chairs, and now, as a corollary of all, we have this book.

Some excuse for its publication may be found in a woman's desire to show the passion which she stirred in the depths of the Great Explorer's heart—though, by so doing, she stamp upon her own brow her unworthiness in betraying secrets which should only be recorded before Heaven. But, for Carleton, the publisher, there is no excuse. For a few dollars he has consented to become instrumental in casting a blot upon a great man's memory, and linking his name with a folly of the heart which will dim its lustre in the eyes of those who know not how to make allowances for the mysterious workings of human passion, or to separate the memory of this one weakness from the record of his many heroisms. Miss Fox, in this attempt to write her wrongs, can fairly claim precedence of Miss Harris, for, though the latter shining illustration of a latter-day interpretation of woman's rights shot down her lover, it is at least to be recorded to her credit that she did not publish, with comments, the love-letters which he may have addressed to her.

A BALLOONING REMINISCENCE.

THE unintentional excursion which a balloonist made on Sunday last, landing in an element where a small boat is infinitely preferable to the largest balloon, has been told at length in the columns of our contemporaries. It is only fair to add that it has been told in most instances with all that fervor of imagination and poetic grace of diction which embellish the narrative of the wanderings of Ulysses. Consequently it is only necessary for us to chronicle the fact that one of the Buislays in making an ascension from Hayes Park last Sunday, was borne by his balloon into the bay, and only escaped drowning by the intervention of Providence in the guise of an Italian fisherman, who wore a red cap and smelt strongly of maccaroni and Parmesan cheese. After being rescued from the water, both Buislay and the balloon were hung up to dry—and this is the end of our *Odyssey*—or, coining a word, may we call it Buislyssey? But the adventure recalls a memory to one of our oldest inhabitants of a somewhat similar flyaway which occurred some years since—and this is the substance of the story:

Some ten years ago, come Michaelmas (we like the old familiar style of story telling,) a balloon ascension was announced to come off at Oakland. We regret to say that Sunday was set for the exhibition, but the Oaklanders were the quite as heathen as the San Franciscans now. The balloon was not of sufficient size to carry an adult, and no actual ascension was contemplated. To appease the clamors of the crowd however, a volunteer newsboy was seated astride of a six inch board suspended from the balloon in place of a car, and allowed to ascend a few feet—sufficiently to clear his legs of the ground—the balloon being held down from any further demonstration by a rope tied to a post in the ground. [illegible]

denly, in some mysterious way—probably by a mischievous knife in the crowd—the rope was ent, and away sailed the newsboy to the clouds—not crying "'Ere's your this week's CALIFORNIAN!" for those semi-barbarous times did not enjoy the blessing which has been reserved for the ripe civilization of a later day. All supposed that the little fellow would for the future cry his news in some Oakland beyond the moon, for he seemed bound to certain death. The afternoon wind was fresh, and in a few minutes both balloon and boy, stereoscoped in the distance, looked a mere speck in the air. The crowd became excited, and the "Prolessor"—there were professors upon the earth even in those days—getting frightened at the turn things were taking, mounted a horse and rode away after the balloon which, when last seen, was heading for the Contra Costa mountains. Not having a hippogriff at hand, however, and the balloon being out of sight, it was shrewdly reckoned that he would not overtake it. In betting parlance, the odds were on the balloon against the field. Sunday night wore away, and Monday came, but no tidings of the missing boy beyond the fact that a ranchero, on Sunday afternoon, while crossing the mountains, saw something soaring over the mountain top, to the west of San Pablo, which he thought to be a cross between the foul fieud and a lowl of the air. Rushing to a priest he told his vision, and thus it became known that he had seen the balloon. The boy was, of course, given up for lost, and his fate was sagely canvassed by the press and the people. A few hours in the cold air, said they, and he will be numbed into insensibility; a single sway of the balloon, and he will fall from his frail seat, to be dashed to pieces among the lonely mountains, even the locality of his death probably remaining forever a mystery. But our little hero knew a trick worth two of that of falling, and though, according to the best and shrewdest of all human calculations, he should have fallen, he didn't. On the contrary, after getting a mile or two up in the air, and well over the mountains, he thought he had reached a sufficient eminence in the world, and gone about far enough: the next question was how to get down. In order to let oneself down gracefully it is sometimes necessary to take an additional step up. By the aid of the netting, he climbed until he reached the body of the monster that was bearing him away to destruction, and then and there, with a small pocket-knife, he gave his enemy such a sore thrust (see the combat between Christian and Apollyon in the *Pilgrim's Progress*) that the monster "weakened" and sank as one fainting towards the earth. A landing—or perhaps to be strictly correct one should say a treeing—was effected some twenty miles northwest of Benicia. Our hero found himself hanging by the seat of the pantaloons from the limb of a tree, and the balloon, released of its burden, darted away and was seen no more. There were no regrets exchanged on either side, both being glad to part company. The boy found shelter in a farmhouse that night, and was brought to Benicia next morning in the farmer's wagon. There he found the "Professor," who had been investing the proceeds of the exhibition in telescopes without being much the wiser as to the progress of affairs until the arrival of the farmer's wagon. Glad to find the boy, though rather inclined to blame him for the loss of his balloon, the professor took him in charge and brought him down to this city by the Sacramento boat of Monday night. And this is the end of the story of the boy and the balloon. Does it not remind the reader of the adventure of Sinbad the sailor with the Roc?

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ELECTION.—But two days more and the exciting contest for officers of the Mercantile Library Association will come off. As usual there are two tickets in the field, and in this instance the Opposition possesses decided elements of strength. It is headed by W. H. L. Barnes, who is renowned on the stump—we beg his pardon, the forum. R. B. Swain as Vice President, has a Mint of money to back him, besides an Insurance company. H. S. Homans being also in the insurance business, ought to do correspondingly well as Corresponding Secretary. R. P. Lewis being already "Secretary of the Board of Kearny street Commissioners," should be excellently well qualified to act as Recording Secretary. And who could be better for Treasurer than W. C. Ralston with the Bank of California, and no one knows how many other moneyed institutions at his heels. It is perfectly safe to put him down as a "responsible man." The trustees, too numerous to mention but all told by name in another column, are trustworthy men. We are the more inclined to believe the Opposition ticket a good one from the fact that Col. Harney says that they are all good men—and the Colonel knows. The Regular ticket is also a good one. probably, but not having been furnished with a copy, it is impossible to review the members in detail.

A BOSTON correspondent writes that Ticknor & Fields are about to commence the publication of a weekly paper of a character new to America, if not to the world. Its name will be *Every Saturday*, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich is to be the editor. It will be made up entirely of extracts from the English periodicals—somewhat after the fashion of *Littell's Living Age*, but of a lighter and more popular character.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE dramatic event of the week was Mr. Setchell's personation of "Sir John Falstaff" in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, produced at Maguire's Opera House on Tuesday evening. There are few characters in the whole range of comedy more difficult to play to the satisfaction of a critical audience than the one of this same fat knight, and there are very few actors who have made reputations in it. It is maintained on some sides that "Falstaff" must be played as a gentleman, because he was the associate of Prince Hal and familiar with the Court; but it is indisputable from the text that he was a roysterer, a lecher and a liar, and do we not hear him acknowledge receiving his share of the proceeds of a stolen fan-handle?—fifteen pence! "Shakspeare's humor" is not of the kind that delights the masses. In the preface to the old acting edition of *The Merry Wives*, special stress is laid upon the rare humor of "Slender's" question; "Be there bears in the town?" but we never remember to have seen it get a smile, however well it was spoken. Briefly it may be said that the "Falstaff" which pleases one critic—and critics are but auditors after all—will very likely arouse the indignation of another, and cause him to leave the house. One will call it "over-done." Were it played to suit his taste another would call it "half-baked." Where so many differences of opinion exist, it is perhaps the better way for an actor to attempt to please no particular critic, but to study the character carefully, render his own conception of it, and trust to the general effect upon his audiences. "Ambition" may in some instances be "a grievous fault," but we do not esteem it so in an actor, and the young comedian who has already made an undoubted success in a line of characters peculiarly his own, deserves credit for his boldness in attempting a new and difficult *role*, inasmuch as he not only challenges criticism, but also invites comparison between the character he attempts and those in which his excellence is acknowledged. After this prelude, we may say that Mr. Setchell's personation of Falstaff was a decided success—the more so when it is taken into account that it was almost his first essay. There is more in an actor's "getting the hang" of a character than there was in the excuse of the boy who was reprimanded for a falling-off in spelling, that he "could n't get the hang of the new school-house." The mollnck and its shell grow together, with mutual adaptation. One excellence of Mr. Setchell's Falstaff is a certain gentlemanliness which was preserved throughout; coarseness and vulgarity were not made to stand forth in the knight's character with a prominence only equalled by the protruberance of his belly. There was a merry twinkle in the fat knight's eye, and a genuine humor underlying the set words of his speech, as given by Mr. Setchell, entirely wanting in Hackett's representation, which is essentially hard and mechanical—the result of forty years' study. It may also be said in Mr. Setchell's favor that the low comedy element obtruded itself very rarely, and that his make-up was capital. The chief faults were the occasional croppings out of Captain Cuttle's voice, and an attempt at times to express too much by the face when the text was in itself sufficiently effective. As a corollary to all this, we venture the prediction that, if Mr. Setchell studies the character as written by the Master, and is patient with it, he will yet make one of the best Falstaffs of the modern stage. The piece was well put upon the stage, and in the main the other characters were well maintained. Mr. Thompson's "Doctor Caius" was a very good piece of acting—the chief fault being that it was a trifle too *prononcée*. Mr. Pauncefort's "Ford" had scarcely sufficient relief, not lightening up sufficiently when all his jealous doubts were removed. Barry as "Slender" was tolerable; Franks as "Page" was fair; Leman, Woodhull, Mmes. Saunders, Edwin, and Gass were good. But we cannot leave "Falstaff" without wondering what the *Bulletin* means in asking, after giving Mr. Setchell's personation great praise, "But why could he not content himself with the text without lugging in stupid witticisms, which were as un-Shakspearian as they were pointless?" If Shakspeare's "witticisms" are indeed "pointless," we advise Mr. Setchell to cut them all out and introduce some of his own—which always make people laugh. But "gagging" Shakspeare is not commonly sanctioned, and the actor who attempted the innovation would make up his mind in the beginning to be pelted from the stage. Nor do we know that any manager has yet ventured to produce any one of Shakspeare's plays with a local adaptation. It would indeed be a brilliant idea for "Hamlet" in his soliloquy to allude to the current politics of the day, or for "Macbeth" to introduce the name of some popular restaurant in connection with the witches' broth—telling them where they could get a better. But our word for it, "Falstaff's" lines were spoken on Tuesday evening according to the text, without any interpolation, and we trust that the *Bulletin* critic, if he doubt this statement, will overhaul his Shakspeare and when found, make a note of it—as "Captain Cuttle" might say. In justice to an actor it should not make so serious a charge without substantiating it by facts.

Dombey and Son was given at the Opera House on Thursday evening, to a very full dress circle and a good parquette and gallery, notwithstanding the unpropitious weather. The audience was responsive as well as large, and we question whether Mr. Setchell ever before played "Captain Cuttle" so well. It was a perfect carnival of humor, the mirth of the audience only receiving a check when "Little Wally's" loss in "the deep blue sea" was announced, and then, yielding to the pathos with which the barnacle-faced old tar mourned the untimely end of his favorite, the transition was to tears. The "Captain Cuttle" of last Thursday evening is something for Mr. Setchell to date from. As the precise and formal "Dombey," Mr. Leman was excellent. Mr. Thompson's "Major Bagstock" was good, but the make-up lacked portliness, and, as a whole, the rendition of the character was not what we expected when we saw that he was cast for it. As "Toots," Mr. Pauncefort neither looked the character nor acted it. The simple, bashful, awkward young man is not at all in his line. Franks evidently has not much idea of the "Carker" of the story, who was always smiling and showing his white teeth. And strangely enough, Mrs. Saunders—one of the best actresses upon the coast—seems to have an entire misconception of "Mrs. Skewton." She plays the part as a toddling, stooping old woman, with no affectation of youth or beauty, but the Mrs. Skewton with whom all readers of Dickens are familiar, was a finiky lady, standing as straight as stays could clamp her, and possessed of a profusion of fair curls, which she was always shaking in a girlish way. The interpretation given to the character by Mrs. Saunders would be less objectionable, if it did not interfere materially with the development of the story. It is upon "Mrs. Skewton's" assumed girlishness that many of the laughable situations turn. When Dombey, on being told that there is an excellent match for him, asks, "Which, the mother or the daughter?" he is seriously in earnest, he does not mean a joke, for Dombey is not a humorist. And in the scene with "Toots," the effect is very much impaired by the old woman that is made up. Mrs. Hughes, with her flaxen curls, rouged cheeks, pencilled eyebrows, and corsetted bust, contributed greatly to the success of the piece in Chambers street. We wonder the more at Mrs. Saunders in this instance, because she is generally so correct as to have become almost a standard in matters of dress and acting. Woodhull looked the young sailor lad, but eccentric business is his best line. As a burlesque actor he has very few equals on this coast. Barry's "Jack Bunsby," we apprehend, will not become a model to the profession. As "Edith," Mrs. Edwin had an excellent opportunity to launch the invective of wronged womanhood, a point in which she particularly excels. Miss Gass' "Susan Nipper" won great applause—especially when she was pounding "the Grinder."

The Hibernicon has rotated to the admiration of very good audiences during the week, Mr. Warwick the while chanting forth his descriptive lays, the picturesquely costumed troupe striking their sweet bells harmoniously in tune during the interludes. The entertainment has further been varied and enlivened by instrumentation upon the harp, swept by the blithesome fairy fingers of Madame Blaisdell. And Madamoiselle Clara, we are rejoiced to see, has increased her vocal *repertoire*. So, "By St. George! the work goes bravely on!" There is no performance this afternoon or evening, the Academy being given over to the masquerading of the Alemannians. Next week is the last of the Hibernicon, and consequently all who wish to save themselves a veritable trip to Ireland should see it.

The announcements at the Opera House are *April Fool* and *Toodles* for the matinée—Setchell in both pieces—and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in the evening. Mr. Setchell's engagement has been extended through the coming week, and on Friday evening, January 19th, he will be the recipient of a farewell benefit. At the Metropolitan the Buislays are playing good gymnastics and poor pantomimes to very indifferent houses. There is an operatic *on dit*, that Morelli, the baritone who recently went East, will soon return with a troupe to bring out *L'Africaine*. Brambilli's season at the American having come to a very sudden close—there is rumor that the troupe will open at the Academy of Music on Monday week—it is reported that Vestvali will open it on Monday evening with *Neighbor Jockwood*—our old favorite, Mrs. Judah, the new favorite Mrs. Sedley Brown, the ever sprightly and popular Alicia Mandeville Thorne, and that good actor and gentleman, Stephen Leach, forming prominent members of the company. In Sacramento Emily Thorne still continues the reigning favorite. Harry Jackson has not made what may be called a hit; Mrs. Jackson is praised and Charley Thorne scored by the *Union*—the two latter verdicts we imagine must have become transposed in the printer's hands. And this closes our amusement budget of the week.

NEW MUSIC.—We are indebted to M. Gray, music dealer, for a copy of "Five O'clock in the Morning," a ballad, recently published by him. "By Claribel" is the only clue we have to the authorship. The rhythm is perfect, the words rippling along as simply and pleasingly as a brooklet. The words are pleasant and simple, and the air which accompanies them is charmingly in keeping.

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO
To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 5, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House ,8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Monntain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railrond and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage.
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50.
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 32, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Very few persons, even among physicians, would have been willing upon any terms to have been in the condition of the writer of the following letter on the 14th of February last. I will anticipate somewhat his report of the facts, by saying that on the 15th August, 1865, he made me a visit, "the very picture of health." Time, which tries and proves all things, has sufficiently tested this case, and shown that neither relapse or collapse having followed, the cure is perfect, and can be cited among the scores of similar cases, the result of my improved mode of treating disease without medicine.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.
August 27, 1865.

Sacramento, April 30, 1865.

Dr. G. M. Bourne—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I now let you know of my good health. Looking back on what I have passed through, it seems as if I was lifted from the grave, and I think it my duty to acknowledge to you and the world the benefit I derived from water treatment as administered by you in your celebrated baths. It was in August, 1864, when disease developed itself with a severe cough. I then took medicines getting worse, with chills, fevers, loss of strength, and was pronounced consumptive. This set me to thinking, and finally I determined to leave my business and go to the Sandwich Islands, having been informed that I could not be cured here. I went to San Francisco, and while waiting for a ship, called upon Dr. Bourne, who stated that a trip to the Sandwich Islands would probably result disastrously, was wholly unnecessary, as I could then be speedily cured at his establishment. I placed myself under his treatment, and in one week was so much improved that I thought I could risk returning home and to my duty as Engineer on the Central Pacific Railroad. The doctor objected; but I thought I knew better, and returned to my duty. In about two weeks my cough returned, and I kept getting worse, and, contrary to Dr. Bourne's injunction never to take medicine again, committed that folly, and soon was so completely run down that I could scarcely walk; so, as a last resort, I concluded once more to try the Water Cure. I went to San Francisco—few of my friends expected me to return; in fact, I thought my return doubtful. On arriving at Dr. Bourne's establishment (February 14, 1865,) I was not able to get into the bath without assistance, but in a few days I began to gain. I remained with him only six weeks, when I left, "a wiser and a better man," without the aid of medicine. I have now been at work several weeks, and find that I am gaining every day, and at present bid fair to be stouter than ever before. Persons visiting the Doctor's establishment will find it just what it should be, in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Departments, and I cannot say too much in praise of the Doctor's kind attention to his patients.

This letter I write for the benefit of the afflicted, to be used as the Doctor decides, and should it be the means of directing any one to his care and treatment who (as they assuredly will) find relief, I will be paid for my trouble. Your obedient servant,

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.

San Francisco, August 25, 1865.

Advised by the undersigned, Mr. James Campbell, of the Central Pacific Railroad (who was then in a most deplorable state of ill health,) placed himself under the care of Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Physician. Some six months or more afterward he visited this city, when I accidentally met him at Dr. Bourne's establishment, and, I am happy to say, restored to the enjoyment of good health and in fine spirits. JOHN SULLIVAN.

☞ Dr. Bourne treats all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs—which includes diptheria, bronchitis, incipient consumption, pleurisy, croup, etc.—with the greatest success. Great relief is afforded in advanced stages of consumption. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc., etc., are also cured quickly, pleasantly, and economically. No medicine whatever.

☞ AT LEAST TWO-THIRDS OF THE Diseases with which the human family are afflicted, are brought on by the want of attention to the condition of the Blood. Whenever the Blood becomes impure, no matter from what cause, the effects of such impurity are immediately felt, either in one way or another; and unless measures are at once taken to remove such impurities, the whole system becomes affected, and a long fit of sickness and sometimes death is the result. Dr. Samuel Adams, a well-known Chemist of San Francisco, has discovered certain herbs and roots, mostly of California growth, which he has combined with Sarsaparilla and Iodide of Potas, and succeeded in producing a Medicine that, while it is entirely harmless in every particular, will in a short time completely eradicate from the Blood all impurities, of whatever nature, and will restore the patient to perfect ROBUST HEALTH. The preparation is called "ADAMS' BLOOD PURIFIER," and is for sale at wholesale at the

UNITED STATES DRUG STORE,
Corner of Bush and Powell streets, San Francisco,
AND BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN THE STATE.
ja6 1m

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$13,500,000!

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Persons desiring to insure are requested to obtain a circular recently issued by the Company, entitled "Facts and Comparisons, showing the immense advantage of the Cash over the Note system, and by which it will be shown that in the Cash system less money is required in a term of years than in the Note plan.

Applications by mail or otherwise promptly attended to, and persons wishing to be called upon by an Agent of this Company will please send their address to the office of the General Agent.

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SOLICITORS—S. T. KING and J. G. KNAPP. oc14 3m

STEAM COMMUNICATION

WITH THE

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

POSTPONEMENT.

THE CALIFORNIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY will despatch their magnificent new steamship

AJAX,

Two Thousand Tons Burthen,

CHRISTOPHER GODFREY, - - - Commander,

FOR HONOLULU,

ON SATURDAY, - - - - JANUARY 13, 1866,

AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.

The establishment of this Line of Steamers affords a most favorable opportunity for invalids and pleasure seekers to enjoy the salubrious climate of the Hawaiian Group.

The attention of Merchants is especially invited to this new enterprise.

Bills of Lading will be furnished at the office, and none others signed.

For Freight or Passage, having unequalled accommodations, apply at the office of the California Steam Navigation Company.

se23-16 tf JOHN BENSLEY, President pro tem.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 100 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived by thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that

Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,

and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of those new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the severe drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

The following certificate from the State Assayer, furnished after an analysis of the EXTRACT, speaks for itself:

A. ENQUOIS—Dear Sir: I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would be injurious to clothing.

Very respectfully, B. B. THAYER.

FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

jy2 SAN FRANCISCO

THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES!

DEVOTED TO LIVE TOPICS,

THE DISSEMINATION OF A PURE LITERATURE, DEVELOPMENT OF HOME TALENT,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA

Published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

AT

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BY THE CALIFORNIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. A. STICKNEY, J. P. BOGARDUS, W. J. BINGHAM, C. H. WEBB.

☞ No effort will be spared to enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN.

The voluntary notices bestowed by the press of the Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific. Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

THE CALIFORNIAN,

and all join in pronouncing their unqualified approval of its unequalled merits.

Its reputation is now fully established. It is not

EXCELLED BY ANY LITERARY JOURNAL

on the Continent.

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No. 532 Merchant street,

SAN FRANCISCO

PIANO SCHOOL,

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,

At the South Park Institute.

MISS FLORENCE JAMES, PRINCIPAL.

IN CONNECTION with this popular and excellent Young Ladies' Seminary there will open, about January 31, 1866, a Piano School, on the European Plan—for first beginners as well as for advanced players. The great advantage on this plan will be a reduction of about one-half the usual price, and a thorough training, both theoretical and practical. The Musical Department will be under the directorship of Mr. GUSTAVE A. SCOTT, Organist of Cavalry Church, whose long experience in Teaching, both in private and in classes, will secure to pupils a rapid advancement in the study of Music.

The Music Rooms are comfortable and convenient, and the Pianos used from the best manufacturers.

For particulars, call at the Institute, Nos. 55 and 56 South Park. de30 1m

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Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mail able printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

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AND MUST SELL

Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO

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Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

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Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steam ships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOOD

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BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE,

SAN FRANCISCO

AGENCY FOR STEWART'S STOVES

sc23-3m

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

MAPS! MAPS! MAPS!

NEW MAPS OF MEXICO, JUST OUT;

NEW MAPS OF IRELAND;

CHART OF OUR FALLEN HEROES.

Maps of every description constantly on hand.

W. HOLT,

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CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

Market-street, San José.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL

In every respect where the personal supervision of the proprietor guarantees prompt and civil attention to all the requirements of his guests.

Stages on all the Routes Leading out of San Jose

Take their departure from the "Continental." House open all night.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY, Proprietor.

"SHOW THEM UP!"

Sewing Machine Premiums

AT THE

FAIRS OF CALIFORNIA AND OREGON, 1865:

MECHANICS' FAIR, SAN FRANCISCO

No premium on Sewing Machines awarded.

STATE FAIR, CALIFORNIA.

In competition, Grover & Baker and Florence.)

First and Highest Premium

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In competition, New England, (single thread,) Wilxcox & Gibbs, (single thread,) and Grover & Baker.

First Premium to Grover & Baker.

THE FLORENCE has taken the only First Premium awarded to any First-Class Machine over any other Double Thread Machine at the Fairs held on the Pacific Coast in 1865.

SAMUEL HILL,

AGENT FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,

111 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

no4 10t

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CLOSING OUT SALE

—OF—

Fine Clothing,

TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

$100,000 *WORTH OF FINE CLOTHING TO BE SOLD,*

AT PRICES THAT WILL SUIT THE BUYER.

If you want Clothing that will prove what it is represented to be, call on

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, and Corner of Sansome and Washington streets,

San Francisco.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & C

my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

STRAIN'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES.

A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in use

For sale by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents.

e10-6 Corner of Pine and Sansome street.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,

my6 3m Proprietor.

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nearly opposite the Post Office,

SAN FRANCIS

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

WARD'S SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of

GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

S. W. H. WARD & SON,

NEW YORK, 387 Broadway. } 323 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Ca

je30-3m

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital,	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865,	11,522,500
Annual Income,	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law,	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

No. 414 California street, - - - San Francisco.

Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent

au19-3m

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STERETT'S

STEAM

PRINTING HOUSE,

533

CLAY STREET.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF *FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.*

NATHANIEL GRAY,

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Sole Agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

de17-3m

NEW MUSIC.

THE "WEARING OF THE GREEN," as sung in the popular drama of *ARRAH NA POGUE*, just published by (oc28) M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS.

WE BEG LEAVE TO ANNOUNCE that we have opened a first-class

Boot and Shoe Store.

At No. 133 Montgomery street,

OPPOSITE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street. Boots, Shoes, etc.
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street. Boots, Shoes, etc.
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street. Boots, Shoes, etc.

Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.
Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.
Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.

NEW YORK, July 1st, 1865.

I do hereby appoint Mr. WM. H FINCH & CO., from this date, my sole Agents in California for the sale of goods manufactured by me. WM. WEED,

de30-3m No. 86 Bowery, New York city.

1886. 1866. 1866.

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

LAMOTT,

THE LEADER AND INTRODUCER OF *FASHIONS,*

HAS OPENED HIS MAMMOTH HAT AND CAP ESTABLISHMENT at

227 Montgomery street, near Pine, Russ Block,

Where can be found the greatest variety of Hats and Caps for Gents', Youths' and Children's wear ever offered on this coast.

He outshines them all, and defies competition in the Hat Business.

His Factory at the East makes all his Goods expressly for his California market, which is something that has never been done before. Give him a call at

227 MONTGOMERY STREET.

THE NEW WARM SWIMMING BATH,

THIRD STREET, OPPOSITE SOUTH PARK,

IS NOW OPEN!

ja6-1m

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,

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HUNT'S PATENT

Circular Sweep Horse-Powers,

For running Churns, Washing Machines, Grindstones, pumping water, sawing wood, and other light machinery; Price $100, at the Factory.

HUNT'S PATENT SELF-REGULATING TREAD HORSE-POWER

Is superior to any machine of the kind in the market. Price, with Governor, all complete to set at work, at the Factory, $300. Manufactured by

E. O. HUNT,

oc29-3m 28 Second street, San Francisco.

[For the Californian.]

THE RELIGION OF FLOWERS.

THE study of Nature is beginning to be more appreciated than formerly, and the Naturalist is no longer taunted with *Cui bono?* because the spread of general information has more extended itself into these subjects.

Ignorance and indifference are intimately blended together. Before a person has some knowledge of the wonders of Nature, he has no taste for the study; but, as soon as he philosophically inquires into these subjects, he begins to attain a correct sense of this noble and elevating study. By the light of science everything gradually changes its appearance, and Nature seems to inspire his heart with new feelings. The simplest flower, which he before viewed with indifference, as merely the covering of a clod, he now finds to be a world of wonders, wherein he can find employment for his reasoning faculties of a more valuable and refined nature than on the most sublime productions of art. It is a study which, more than any other, serves to raise his conceptions of the wisdom, power and goodness of that Great Being who is the author of Nature. Who, unmoved, can look upon the beauty and grandeur of Nature, when

> —— "Lo! the morn,
> In clouds of crimson radiance borne,
> Hath risen from the couch of night,
> And fills the air with fresh delight,
> While hues—like harmonies, that range
> The world of sound with heavenly change—
> In varied lustre o'er the sky,
> Awaken, mingle, melt, and die,
> Till, full orb'd, on his flaming throne,
> The sun-king is beheld alone;
> And blue as Baltic waves sleep,
> Before him lies a dazzling sweep
> Of azure in its deep excess,
> Of morn-created loveliness." [*Montgomery.*

Whether we view Nature as one harmonious whole or examine her minutest parts; whether we mount the observatory with the astronomer, and view the starry heavens; descend into the mines, caverns and deepest recesses of the earth with the geologist, and investigate its crust, and observe the nature of its strata; the laboratory of the chemist, and examine its constituent parts; the menagerie with the zoologist, and study animated nature; or whether we penetrate into the shades of the forest, scale the mountain tops, or perambulate the fields with the botanist, we find evidence of the same truth at every step, that "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

In the *Flora Domestica* there is a beautiful quotation from Cowley, in proof that the Emperor Dioclesian preferred his garden to a throne:

> "Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
> In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
> Which by his own imperial hands was made.
> I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
> With the ambassadors, who come in vain
> T' entice him to a throne again.
> 'If I, my friends,' said he, 'should to you show
> All the delights which in these gardens grow,
> 'Tis likelier far that you with me would stay,
> Than 'tis that you should carry me away;
> And trust me not, my friends, if every day
> I walk not here with more delight
> Than ever, after the most happy fight,
> In triumph to the capital I rode,
> To thank the gods and to be thought myself almost a god.'"

The monks, or the observers of monkish rules, have compiled a catalogue of flowers for each day in the year, and dedicated each flower to a particular saint on account of its flowering about the time of the Saint's festival. The following are a list from the first of the present month:

1st. St. Faine, Laurustine, (*Virburnum Tinus.*)
2d. St. Macarius, Groundsel, (*Senecio Vulgaris.*)
3d. St. Genevieve, Fleur-de lis, (*Iris Persica.*)
4th. St. Titus, Hazel, (*Corylus Avellana*)
5th. St. Simeon Styllites, Bearsfoot, (*Helleborus Fœtidus.*)
6th. St. Nilammon, Screw Moss, (*Tortula Rigida.*)
7th. St. Kentingern, Portugal Laurel, (*Prunus Lusitanicus.*)
8th. St. Marciana, Yellow Tremella, (*Tremella Deliquescence.*)
9th. St. Gudula, Common Laurel, (*Prunus Laurocerasus.*)
10th. St. William, Gorse, (*Ulex Europeaus.*)
11th. St. Theodosius, Early Moss, (*Brynum Horeum.*)
12th. St. Arcadius, Hygrometric Moss, (*Funaria Hygrometica.*)
13th. St. Veronica, Yewtree, (*Taxus Baccata.*)

The psychological influences of plants and flowers are continually figured forth in writings sacred and profane; the earliest poetry, as the latest song, bears evidence of the effects produced by them on the human mind. By the Greek, every tree was invested with a divinity—a spirit held possession of every grove, thus giving poetical expression to their dim consciousness of that vitality which a modern philosophy—with somewhat too much haste—refers to certain physical forces or powers.

Again in the wilder mythologies of the Scandinavian races, the creation of more northern and less luxuriant climes, we have a similar expression of the human dream, in the sylph which nestled amid the petals of the rose, or our own fairy, sporting in the shadows of the lovely fern. In Italy we shall find lilies and violets, the narcissus, and flowers of the sweet-smelling anise, with cassia, and other fragrant herbs, the soft hyacinth and the saffron marigold, with their legend and language. And in Spain we may

> —— "Rest awhile in the bower,
> O'er which the white-leaved orange flower
> Breathes its ambrosial sweets." [*Melendez.*

What a wide field for the imagination is displayed in the succeeding quotation from Coleridge. We might fancy ourselves luxuriating in a garden of roses where "every flower that blows" would add to our felicity, when the most agreeable and delightful companions were assembled to pass the hours in heedless pleasure:

> "Shall I sing of happy hours
> Numbered by opening and closing flowers?
> Of smiles and sighs that give no pain,
> And seem as they were heard in vain."
>
> IRIS.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

LADY CATHCART was one of the four daughters of Mr. Malyn, of Southwark and Battersea, in Surrey. She married four times, but never had any issue. Her first husband was James Fleet, Esq., of the city of London, lord of the manor of Tewing; her second, Captain Sabine, younger brother of General Joseph Sabine, of Quino Hall; her third, Charles, eighth Lord Cathcart, of Scotland, commander-in-chief of the forces in the West Indies; and her fourth, Hugh Maguire, an officer in the Hungarian service, for whom she bought a lieutenant colonel's commission in the British army, and whom she also survived. She was not encouraged, however, by his treatment, to verify the resolution which she inscribed as a posy on her wedding-ring:

> "If I survive
> I will have five."

Her avowed motives for these several engagements were, for the first, obedience to her parents; for the second, money: for the third, title; and for the fourth, submission to the fact that "the devil owed her a grudge, and would punish her for her sins."

In the last union she met with her match. The Hibernian fortune-hunter only wanted her money. Soon after their marriage she discovered her grievous mistake, and became alarmed lest the colonel, who was desperately in love, not with the widow, but the "widow's jointured land," designed to carry her off, and to get absolute power over all her property; to prepare for the worst, her ladyship plaited some of her jewels in her hair, and quilted others in her petticoat. Meanwhile the mistress of the colonel so far insinuated herself into his wife's confidence that she learned where her will was deposited; and Macguire getting sight of it insisted on an alteration in his favor, under a threat of instant death. Lady Cathcart's apprehensions of the loss of her personal freedom proved to be not without foundation.

One morning, when she and her husband went out from Tewing to take an airing, she proposed, after a time, to return, but he desired to go a little further.

The coachman drove on; she remonstrated, "they should not be back by dinner-time."

"Be not the least uneasy on that account," rejoined Macguire; "we do not dine to-day at Tewing, but at Chester, whither we are journeying."

Vain were all the lady's efforts and expostulations. Her sudden disappearance excited the alarm of her friends, and an attorney was sent in pursuit, with a writ of *habeas corpus*, or *ne exeat regno*. He overtook the travelers at an inn at Chester, and upon obtaining an interview with the husband, demanded a sight of Lady Cathcart.

The colonel, skilled in expedients, and aware that his wife's person was unknown, assured the attorney that he should see her ladyship immediately, and that he would find she was going to Ireland with her own free consent. Thereupon Macguire persuaded a woman, whom he had properly tutored, to personate his wife.

The attorney asked the supposed captive if she accompanied Colonel Macguire to Ireland of her own free will.

"Perfectly so," said the woman.

Astonished at such an answer, he begged pardon, made a low bow, and set out again for London

Macguire thought that possibly Mr. Attorney might recover his senses, find how he had been deceived, and yet stop his progress: and in order to make all safe, he sent two or three fellows after him, with directions to plunder him of all he had, particularly of his papers.

They faithfully executed their commission, and when the colonel had the writ in his possession he knew that he was safe.

He then took my lady over to Ireland, and kept her there a prisoner, locked up in his own house at Tempo, Fermanagh, for many years, during which period he was visited by the neighboring gentry, and it was his regular custom at dinner to send his compliments to Lady Cathcart, informing her that the company had the honor to drink her ladyship's health, and begging to know whether there was anything at the table that she would like to eat?

The answer was always—"Lady Cathcart's compliments, and she has everything she wants."

An instance of honesty in a poor Irishwoman deserves to be recorded.

"Lady Cathcart had some remarkably fine diamonds, which she had concealed from her husband, and which she was anxious to get out of the house lest he should discover them. She had neither servant nor friend to whom she could trust them, but she had observed a beggar who used to come to the house; she spoke to her from the window of the room in which she was confined; the woman promised to do what she desired, and Lady Cathcart threw a parcel containing the jewels to her.

The poor woman carried them to the person to whom they were directed, and several years afterward, when Lady Cathcart recovered her liberty, she received her diamonds safely.

At Colonel Macguire's death, which occurred in 1764, her ladyship was released. When she was first informed of the fact she imagined that the news could not be true, and that it was told only with the intention of deceiving her.

At the time of her deliverance she had scarcely clothes sufficient to cover her; she wore a red wig, looked scared, and her understanding seemed stupefied; she said that she scarcely knew one creature from another; her imprisonment had lasted nearly twenty years.

The moment she regained her freedom she hastened to England, to her house at Tewing, but the tenant, a Mr. Joseph Steele, refusing to render up possession, Lady Cathcart had to bring an action of ejectment, attended the assizes in person, and gained her cause.

At Tewing she continued to reside for the remainder of her life.

The only subsequent notice we find of her is, that, at the age of eighty, she took part in the gaieties of the Welwyn Assembly, and danced with the spirit of a girl.

She did not die until 1789, when she was in her ninety-eighth year.

In the mansion-house of Tempo, now the property of Sir John Emerson Tennent, the room is still shown in which Lady Cathcart was imprisoned.

THE MERCANTILE GAZETTE.—The proprietors of the *Mercantile Gazette and Prices Current*, furnish a most valuable paper in their issue of Jan. 9th, 1866—being the first number of the fifteenth volume. A supplement is added, making six large pages brimming with statistical information and summaries of the business of the port during the year. No branch of business is unattended to, and the attention even of the desultory reader will be attracted by an exhaustive article entitled "The Viniculture of California, its Progress and Prospects." We venture to say that a more valuable number of a commercial journal than the one to which we refer was never published upon this coast, and we had almost ventured upon a wider sweep for compliment. The *Gazette* is ably edited by H. C. Beals and T. F. Cronise.

THANKSGIVING SERMON.—We are indebted to the Rev. Henry Martyn Scudder for a copy of his sermon delivered in the Howard Presbyterian Church, of which he is pastor, on Thanksgiving Day. It is good and strong, bold and logical, and touches current questions and vital issues. We like it none the worse for its dealing with the politics of the day. There be those who deem that politics are out of place in the pulpit, but we think otherwise. The pulpit is the prow of the world, and should lead in politics as well as in things that pertain only to the spiritual kingdom. We rather admire Towne & Bacon's strategy, for they print the book—and the name of at least one of the firm appears in the call upon the Reverend Doctor for a publication of his sermon. But who shall blame men for always having an eye to business?

MRS. LINCOLN has ordered in Zwickau, Germany, a monument for the grave of her husband, the lamented President. It is cut out of serpentine stone, of an obscure green color, in the form of a large die, and bears the simple inscription, "Abraham Lincoln." In the middle of October it was to be forwarded by rail to Bremen, where it will be shipped to our country. The quarries of Zwickau are celebrated for their stones.

IF your blood is corrupt, disordered or vitiated, you are liable to be seized at any moment with a fit of sickness. It may appear in the form of pimples, blotches or sores, or it may suddenly prostrate you. One thing is certain: You cannot have health unless your blood is pure. To remove all impure matters from the blood, Adams' Blood Purifier is admitted to be the best preparation yet introduced to the public. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and will harm no one. Its effects are immediate and lasting. It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, produces a healthy action of the liver and kidneys, and restores the patient to perfect health and strength.

NEVER DESPOND.—A trial of Newell's Pulmonary Syrup will convince the most sceptical that it is unequalled by any known preparation, as a remedy for Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Coughs, Croup, Pain in the Chest, Spitting of Blood, and other affections of the chest, which, if left to run their course, end in consumption. Use this valuable remedy, and be relieved.

For sale by all Druggists: Redington & Co., Sole Agents, 416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

"IMPORTANT."—It is very important to those who go out to purchase, to know where they can find the article they require of a good quality and at a fair and reasonable price. To those who want anything in *fine and staple Dry Goods*, MOSGROVE & BLAKELY offer inducements equal to any house in San Francisco.

Their DRESS GOODS are *fashionable, well assorted, and tastefully selected*. They are now showing a large lot of HOYLE'S genuine ENGLISH CALICOS, for *Dresses*, and *Shirting* of a very superior quality.

They are fast becoming celebrated for the quality of their IRISH LINEN GOODS, of which they have always a large assortment from the best manufacturers in Belfast, Ireland.

Their store is in Colton's Building, 222 Third street, near Howard.

ASTROLOGY.—The occult sciences of the middle ages, magic, alchemy, necromancy, and star reading, are not lost to the world. The invisible and secret powers of astrography are still possessed by the chosen student in the mysteries of nature who can interpret the influence of the stars and predict by their occultations the hidden events of the future.

In affairs of Past, Present or Future, be they of Business, Matrimony, Love, or sickness, go and consult the naturally gifted Astrologer, Professor Cohen, 530 California street. Thousands have been benefitted by his knowledge. He has held over 18,000 consultations during the last five years. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 P. M. to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart. Sickness treated and cured through a science unknown to others.

ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—With the details of the dreadful disasters of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *Yosemite* fresh in memory, it is not needful that we should urge on the public the importance of guarding as fully as possible not only against the recurrence of such startling calamities, but also as far as they can against the consequences that arise from them. Accidents are terribly frequent in this new State of ours. Hardly a day passes but we have to record some loss of life, or terrible mangling that leaves the victim with hardly a wish to live. Stringent legislation is demanded to protect travellers from carelessness and criminal negligence of public carriers. It is with great interest that we have watched the rapid growth of Accident Insurance Companies, and we are happy to know that the New York Accidental Insurance Company, established by some of the wealthiest capitalists of the East, have placed their agency in the hands of Bigelow & Brother, Insurance Agents, of this city. We advise every one to take out a policy. The premium is very small—the price of a good cigar only per day—while the benefits are great; $25 per week, if disabled, or $5,000 in case of death. Who would not give $2 50 to be insured for a trip to Washoe, or 25 cents for a trip to Sacramento City? That's all it costs. We predict a large business for the agency in this city. The Company have complied with the State law, and are fully prepared to issue policies, or travelling tickets, at once.—*S. F. Call.*

DR. C. W. MOORE'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

TOYS.—Toys can be purchased of Feldtmah & Co., 207 California street, at 25 per cent. below the usual rates. Call and examine stock and prices.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

FOR THE VERY BEST PHOTOGRAPHS, go to Bradley & Rulofson (Vance's old stand.) First premium for best the card pictures, and large photographs.

TO POOR WRITERS.—If you would learn to write a good hand, try the Babbittonian—the new system of instruction in penmanship. It is the cheapest and best. Purchase the forms, which will be the only instruction you need, and practice will make you an excellent pensman. Call on Warren Holt, Room No. 2, Mead House, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, and learn particulars. Read the following:

The Babbittonian system of Penmanship appears to me really to possess all the advantages which it claims in the above printed summary.

REV. P. V. VEEDER,
Principal of City College, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 13, 1865.

The elements and principles of the Babbittonian Penmanship seem to me valuable for their practicability and simplicity. I do not hesitate to add my testimony in favor of this system as one of the best in use.

J. C. PELTON,
Superintendent Public Schools.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
Department of Public Instruction,
San Francisco, Oct. 16, 1865.

To Whom it May Concern: I have carefully examined the Babbittonian system of Penmanship, and take pleasure in recommending it to teachers and others interested, as one which possesses many merits. Its cheapness is one of its more cordent merits.

JOHN SWETT, Supt. Pub. Instruction.

MANY OF THE DISEASES which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. BENTON, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

TRIMMINGS.—MRS. NORCROSS, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and militar at the shortest notice: also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. D. Norcross' goods, for elegance and taste, are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

THE RUSS HOUSE BOWLING SALOON, corner of Pine and Montgomery streets, has reopened under the management of Ferdinand Shrader. There are Eight Alleys—six for Americans and two for Germans. The finest Wines and Liquors can be had at the bar. All lovers of the health-invigorating game of ten pins are invited to pay a visit to the saloon.—*Dramatic Chronicle.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds, purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called *liquors* are impure, and all the *Tonics* containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing *amyl* or *fusel oil*, a *mortal poison*; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, antibilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in accordance with the laws of the State of California, and in pursuance of an order of the Board of Trustees of the above-named company, there will be sold at public auction at the office of the Secretary of said company, 520 Montgomery street, San Francisco, on Saturday, the 17th day of February, A. D. 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, so many shares of the capital stock of said company standing in the names of the following parties as may be necessary to pay the assessments thereon levied on the 4th day of December, A. D. 1863, and on the 14th day of March, A. D. 1864, now due and unpaid, together with costs of advertisements and sale, unless previously paid, as follows:

	Certificate.	Shares.	Bal. due.
A. P. Cox,	1 to 7 inclusive,	150	$75
N. H. Cooper,	15, 16, 18,	34	17
B. Chamberlin,	19, 20, 22, 24, 29,	84	42
H. P. Perry,	30 to 35 inclusive,	93	93
J. N. N. Williams,	40,	10	5

GEORGE B. MERRILL, Secretary.
Office, 520 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.
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Lean Meat for Sausages, 7 cents per pound;
Rib Roast, 12½ cents per pound;
Pork Chops, 15 cents per pound;
Pigs' Tenderloins, 15 cents per pound.

The above are cut from fat grain-fed hogs, killed at our pork-house every day, and are better and cheaper than at any other place in this city.

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From 4 to 7 cents per pound—KILLED EVERY DAY, from sheep fed on our own ranches in the country, and, for that reason, we are enabled to sell the best Mutton for about HALF THE PRICE charged by any other butchers in San Francisco.

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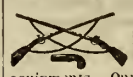

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MERCANTILE LIBRARY
ASSOCIATION.

Building Fund.

AT A MEETING OF THE BOAD OF TRUSTEES of the Mercantile Library Association, held October 10th, 1865, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the Trustees form themselves into a Committee of the Whole, to obtain Life Memberships and Donations, with a view of purchasing a lot and erecting a building thereon for the use of the Association.

The payment of one hundred dollars in gold coin secures a Life Membership, and it is hoped that the sum of twenty thousand dollars may be subscribed in this way alone. No subscriptions are binding unless the above sum shall be raised by Life Memberships and Donations before February 1, 1866. Subscription books may be found at the Library, or with any of the following members of the

BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

G. W. Bell.....President
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Geo. Hewston, M. D.,	*Daniel Rogers,
F. L. Castle.	

*On leave of absence. oc21-tf

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.—IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT of the Second Township, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to S. B. THOMPSON, greeting:

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 13th day of February, A. D. 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to answer unto the complaint of CHARLES M. PECK, who claims to recover from you the sum of two hundred and fifty-three dollars, and interest on one hundred and seventy-five dollars of said sum at two per cent. per month from June 22d, 1865, and on seventy-eight dollars of said sum at the same rate from April 20th, 1865, due on two promissory notes made by you, dated February 17th, 1865, and June 22d, 1865, the same claimed to be recovered in United States gold and silver coin, as per copies of said notes on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you, for the said amount and interest due, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of the city and county of San Francisco greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof. Given under my hand this 6th day of November, A. D. 1865.

Alias U. S. Revenue stamp, 50c., cancelled.

H. J. WELLS, (SEAL.)
Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco. Office, No. 823 Merchant street.

no11 3m

THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, Editor.

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The voluntary notices bestowed by the press in Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific. Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

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A sample of this pavement has been prepared and can be seen by those interested, in front of the Windmill and Horsepower Manufactory of E. O. HUNT,
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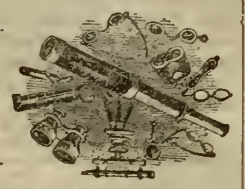

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WE MOST RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of DRUGGISTS, DENTISTS, PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS, MERCHANTS, MILL-MEN, ASSAYERS, BREWERS, SODA WATER MANUFACTURERS, AND OTHERS,

To our well-assorted stock of articles in their line:

Drugs and Medicines,	Herbs and Fluid Extracts,
Paints and Oils,	Corks, every variety,
Dental Goods,	Acids, Marble Dust,
Elastic Stockings,	Plaster, Blue Stone,
Trusses and Supporters,	Sal Ammoniac,
Druggists' Glassware,	Copperas,
Leeches,	Irish Moss,
Surgical Instruments,	Retorts and Crucibles,

Together with a Complete Assortment of Drugs.

Our senior partner is now residing at the East, giving his personal attention to the purchasing and shipping of supplies. We are thereby enabled to furnish goods of the First Quality at very Low Prices We will not be undersold by any house in California.

We would respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our stock before dealing elsewhere. Goods shipped to any part of the coast.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
San Francisco and Sacramento City.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
SACRAMENTO AND
SAN FRANCISCO.
IMPORTERS OF

Dental AND Surgical Instruments,

Teeth, Gold Foil, Forceps of all kinds, Dental Cases, all sizes, with and without Instruments Vulcanizers, and all materials for doing Vulcanite work Burrs, Drills and Excavators; Anatomical Preparations. In short, EVERYTHING USED BY THE DENTAL PROFESSION

Our Stock was never better than at present.

BOOKS.

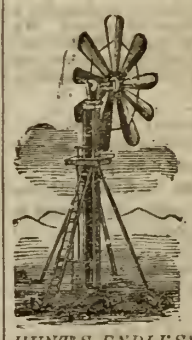
We have constantly on hand all the
STANDARD WORKS ON DENTISTRY.

Are Agents for the "DENTAL COSMOS," published in Philadelphia, which is the best monthly work on Dentistry published.

The Dental Profession can rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner, and with dispatch.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Corner Sansome and Pine streets, San Francisco,
oc28 and Sacramento City.

HUNT'S IMPROVED WIND-MILL.



THIS WIND MILL IS RAPIDLY taking the place of all other Mills on the Pacific Coast. These Mills are so simple in their construction that, when once built, they can be put in order by almost any person; and when once in order they will run for years without repairs.

Prices, from $50 to $1,000.

ROUND AND SQUARE WATER TANKS BUILT TO ORDER.

HUNT'S PUMPS

Are admitted to be the best in the Market for Wind Mills, being built expressly for that purpose. They can be set and taken apart with a common wrench, and are easily repaired.

HUNT'S ENDLESS CHAIN
HORSE-POWER
FOR SAWING WOOD.

Also, the

SELF-REGULATING HORSE-POWER

Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will make them.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

For further Particulars see small circulars

E. O. HUNT,
No. 28 Second street, and 108 and 112 Jessie street,
oc29-3m San Francisco.

NEW DANCING ACADEMY,
CONGRESS HALL,
ON BUSH STREET, ADJOINING THE RUSS HOUSE.

MR. AND MRS. COGILL AND SONS

Will continue teaching all the Fashionable Dances, Deportment, etc., at the above New, Splendid and Spacious Hall.

REGULAR CLASSES—Mondays and Wednesdays. Ladies at 2 P. M.; Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1 2 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2 P. M.

Private Lessons given separately, or to Classes, in Ball Room and Stage Dances.

SOIREES on Friday Evenings.

CONGRESS HALL TO RENT

The elegantly furnished Hall, and other convenient rooms, for Balls, Private Parties, Weddings, etc. The Hall is 60 by 66; also, large Dining Room. For particulars, apply at the Academy. no11-3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.—IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT of the Second Township, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to S. B. THOMPSON, greeting:

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 13th day of February, A. D 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to answer unto the complaint of CHARLES M. PECK, who claims to recover from you the sum of two hundred and fifty-three dollars, and interest on one hundred and seventy-five dollars of said sum at two per cent. per month from June 22d, 1865, and on seventy-eight dollars of said sum at the same rate from April 20th, 1865, due on two promissory notes made by you, dated February 17th, 1865, and June 22d, 1865, the same claimed to be recovered in United States gold and silver coin, as per copies of said notes on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you, for the said amount and interest due, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of the city and county of San Francisco greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof. Given under my hand this 6th day of November, A. D. 1865.

Alias U. S. Revenue stamp, 50c., cancelled.

H. J. WELLS, (SEAL.) Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco. Office, No. 623 Merchant street.

no11 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, *vs.* FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or, judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. no11-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Maurice J. Dooley, Plaintiff, *vs.* John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton, her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, children of J. H. and Annie Moore; Helen R. Masterson Ord, and Pacificus Ord, her husband, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, Helen R. Masterson Ord and Pacificus Ord, her husband:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

In and by said complaint, the plaintiff prays the following judgment and relief:

1. That the said defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, and that all adverse claims of the said defendants, or either of them, may be determined by a decree of this Court.

2. That plaintiff be adjudged to be the owner in fee simple, in possession of, and lawfully entitled to the possession of so much of said Lot 77 as is first described in the complaint.

3. That the defendants, and each and every of them, be adjudged and decreed to have no estate, right, title, or interest of, in or to said portion of said Lot 77, legal or equitable; and that they, and all persons claiming, or to claim under them subsequent to the commencement of this action, be barred; and perpetually restrained and enjoined from asserting or pretending to have any right, title, interest, or estate of, in or to the same, and from making any conveyance thereof—other than to plaintiff or his grantees; and for such other and further relief as shall be agreeable to equity—but without costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District in and for the County of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAMES V. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
de23-3m

E. CAMPIONI,

COSTUMER,

No. 710 *Washington street,*

(A few doors above Kearney,)

SAN FRANCISCO.

THEATRICAL AND MASQUERADE COSTUMES MADE TO ORDER.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

de30 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS B. VALENTINE, Plaintiff, *vs.* ERASTUS V. JOICE and ANDREW J. MOULDER, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Erastus V. Joice and Andrew J. Moulder, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within the county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought that the Defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, &c., to certain real estate, particularly described in the complaint, and to obtain a decree that the plaintiff is owner in fee simple absolute thereof, that said defendants have no estate, right, title, or interest therein or to any part thereof, that they be forever debarred and perpetually enjoined from setting up any estate in or claim said real estate, adverse to plaintiff—besides costs of suit and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal of Court. Int. rev. stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney.
de23-3m

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the
BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner
From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
fe11-6m San Francisco

GREAT AMERICAN
PRIZE CONCERT!
AT
CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE,
Chicago, Illinois, - - February 22d, 1866.

20,000 VALUABLE GIFTS WORTH $96,800
PRESENTED TO THE TICKET HOLDERS.

10,000 *TICKETS ONLY WILL BE SOLD.*

1 Gift of $10,000 cash	$10,000
1 Gift of $5,000 cash	5,000
50 Gifts, 50 English Patent Lever Gold Watches, valued at $400 each	20,000
100 Gifts, 100 Amer. Silver Lever Watches valued at $100 each	10,000
48 Gifts 48 Silver Lever Watches valued at $50 each	2,400
5,000 Gifts, 5,000 Turkey Morocco, gold clasp Albums, valued at $5 each	25,000
4,800 Gifts, 4,800 gold clasp Albums, valued at $3 each	14,400
10,000 Gifts, 10,000 cash at $1 each	10,000

All the above Goods are genuine, as represented, and are listed at a fair valuation.

Each ticket is registered before being sent out.

Parties will be notified by mail of the result of the drawing.

40,000 Tickets already sold. Send in your orders if you wish to secure them.

Tickets ONE DOLLAR each in Greenbacks, or 11 for $10, sent by mail to any address upon receipt of price and Postoffice stamp.

BRIGGS, LEMON & CO.,
no11-3m 141 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
a28 Sheriff street, San Francisco.

DR. C. W. MOORE'S
Medical and Surgical Institute,
COMMERCIAL STREET,
A few doors below Kearny, - - - San Francisco.

ATTENDING AND RESIDING PHYSICIAN,
C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

Late Surgeon U. S. A., Quarantine Physician at New Orleans and Boston, Lecturer on Morbid Anatomy and Diseases of Women and Children, Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc., etc.

FOR THE CURE OF DISEASES,
WHETHER ACUTE OR CHRONIC,
No. 641 *Commercial street,*
A few doors below Kearny, where he can be consulted at all hours.

Especial attention paid to all Diseases of the UTERINE and SEXUAL ORGANS, SECONDARY and HEREDITARY AFFLICTIONS in their manifold form,

NERVOUS AFFICTIONS, ETC.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS, of whatever nature, performed scientifically, and the patient boarded at the Institute.

TO THE LADIES.—Private apartments, with female nurses, for those who desire them. CONSULTATIONS FREE.

Parties in the Country may consult the Doctor by letter, and receive, in return, a full description of their disease and its means of cure. All communications strictly confidential.

C. W. MOORE, M. D.,
se16-3m 641 Commercial street, San Francisco.

RUPTURE.

RADICAL CURE OF Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and compossessing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriero of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

A. FOLLEAU, 624 Washington street,
Between Montgomery and Kearny.
Manufactory, 232 Sutter street. de3

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary. mb25-tf

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

---

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED have purchased the Eating House known as "Richards'" Restaurant, situate on Clay street, one door below Montgomery. The restaurant has been repaired and refitted throughout, and is now open to the public.

C. H. BRICKWEDEL,
de23 H. F. HEGELER.

NEW YORK ACCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 141 *Broadway, New York,*
FOR INSURING AGAINST
Accidents of All Kinds!

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - - $250,000

THE BUSINESS OF THIS COMPANY is the insuring against accidents of all kinds, whether by travelling or otherwise.

This Company issues two classes of policies: one to secure the payment of a fixed sum to the event of death caused by an accident of any description; the other securing a weekly allowance in case of injury causing total disablement, and a fixed sum in case of death arising as above.

Annual Premium on $2,500	$7 50
Annual Premium on 5,000	15 00
Annual Premium on 10,000	30 00
(Without compensation.)	
Annual Premium on $2,500, with $12 50 per week compensation	12 50
Annual Premium on $5,000 with $25 per week compensation	25 00
Annual Premium on $10,000, with $50 00 per week compensation	50 00

Other amounts at corresponding rates.
No policy to exceed $10,000.

GENERAL ACCIDENTS

Include the Traveling Risk, and also all forms of Dislocations, Broken Bones, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Gunshot Wounds, Burns and Scalds, Bites of Dogs, Assaults by Burglars, Robbers or Murderers—the Action of Lightning or Sunstroke, the Effects of Explosions, Floods, and Suffocations by Drowning or Choking; where such Accidental Injury is the cause of death within three months of the happening of the injury, or of total disability to follow his usual avocations.

INDUCEMENTS.

The rates of premiums are very low.

The plan is so simple that any one can comprehend all its workings.

No Medical Examination is Required.

Any who have been rejected by Life Companies, in consequence of hereditary or other diseases, can effect insurance in this Company at a very small cost.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS!

REMEMBER THE WASHOE, YOSEMITE, THE GOLDEN GATE AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

Persons about to visit Europe or New York can obtain Insurance against the Risks of the Voyage.

PREMIUM—Two Dollars per One Thousand Dollars.

GENERAL ACCIDENT TICKETS (Including the Travelling Risk)
ISSUED BY ALL AGENTS. $5,000 for 24 hours, 25c.
Weekly Compensation, $25.

Four days	$1
Eight Days	2
Twelve Days	3
Twenty Days	1
Thirty Days	5

Covering $5,000 against death, with $25 per week in case of disability by reason of accident, by the

NEW YORK ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
141 Broadway, N. Y.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, Agents,
NORTHWEST CORNER MONTGOMERY AND SACRAMENTO STREETS,
de16 3m San Francisco.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,
HEREAFTER, 15*TH OF EVERY MONTH.*

☞ MONDAY, JANUARY 15, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,
VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship
AMERICA.

ON MONDAY, - - - - JANUARY 15TH,
From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely.
Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship
SANTIAGO,
2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets
Up stairs, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

JAN. 10TH, - - - - - GOLDEN CITY
Captain F. R. Baby.

JAN. 19TH, - - - - - COLORADO,
Captain Watkins.

From Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M., punctually,
FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Steamers of this line will be despatched on the 10th 19th, and 30th of each month. When these dates fall on Sunday, the steamer will leave on Saturday preceding.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock.

Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent
jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesd

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
SATURDAY, JAN. 13TH,
AT HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,
GRAND MATINEE:
DAN. SETCHELL,
IN
APRIL FOOL, AND TOODLES!

THIS EVENING, JANUARY 13TH,
DAN SETCHELL,
As - - SIR JOHN FALSTAFF,
In the
Merry Wives of Windsor!

SUPPORTED BY THE FULL STRENGTH OF THE COMPANY.

MR. SETCHELL'S engagement will continue throughout the coming week.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - - - 50
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - - - $5 and $10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

CHOICE NEW BOOKS.

A. ROMAN & CO.

Have recently received over
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY CASES
OF
Standard Books,
ON EVERY BRANCH OF LITERATURE.

Our Stock is now very large and complete, embracing all the recent Publications of the day, together with all the Standard Authors on

Miscellaneous Literature, History, Biography, Travels, Fiction, Poetry, etc., etc.

Also, a LARGE ASSORTMENT of
ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED BOOKS!
CHOICE EDITIONS OF FAVORITE AUTHORS, IN FINE BINDINGS,
SUITABLE FOR PRESENTATION BOOKS FOR THE
Approaching Holidays!

We have also a splendid assortment of
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL JUVENILES, CHILDREN'S BOOKS, TOY BOOKS, AND GAMES.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
In great variety. ELEGANT BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, etc. All of which we offer at the lowest prices.

A. ROMAN & CO.,
de2 417 and 419 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

HOW IS THAT?

Men, Women and Children

GO ON FROM DAY TO DAY, FAILING IN VITALITY, PAINED, CRIPPLED BOTH IN MIND AND BODY, SOLELY FROM DELAY IN RAISING UP THE BLOOD AND CONSTITUTION ABOVE THE EFFECTS OR POWER OF DISEASE.

TAKE THAT GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,
LE DOYEN'S
SARSAPARILLA,
YELLOW DOCK,
IODINE ALTERATIVE.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
de19-1m SAN FRANCISCO.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

EXTRA ANNOUNCEMENT.

Setchell's Farewell Benefit!

FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 19TH.
And Positively the Last Night but Two.
DUTCH GOVERNOR,
AND
BREACH OF PROMISE

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK
— OF —
BLAISDELL'S
CELEBRATED PAINTING,

THE HIBERNICON!
OR,
A TOUR THROUGH IRELAND!

THERE will be no performance this (Saturday) afternoon or evening, the Academy being engaged by the Alemannians for their Masquerade Ball this evening.

Performances every night next week, and on
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS,
at 2 o'clock, for Families and Children.

A CARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 5th, 1866.

W. H BLAISDELL, Esq.—Dear Sir: Having visited your beautiful PANORAMA OF IRELAND, it affords us sincere pleasure to bear testimony to the correctness and excellence of its views, whether representing its Ruined Abbies, its Beautiful Rivers, its Mountains or its Lakes—so close is the resemblance to nature that one might almost imagine himself on the spot. To those who have never visited Ireland, we most cheerfully recommend it as a correct representation of our lovely but unhappy country; while to every Irish heart it will awaken sensations and remembrances which no language of ours can describe. Trusting that your enterprise may be as successful as it deserves, we are, sir, Yours truly,

Dr. I. Rowell,	Thomas N. Cazneau,
Joseph K. Handy, Cusbier Hibernian S. & L. Soc'y;	T. J. Broderick, John Kolly, Jr.,
Daniel O'Callaghan,	C. Desmond,
John O'Brien,	James R. Kelly,
Thomas Mooney, President Cal. Build & Loan Soc'y;	Thomas Mulrein, John Mann,
Thomas R. Dundas,	Philip A. Roach,
J. J. Rogers,	R. F. Ryan,
M. Flood.	

MADAME JULIA BLAISDELL,
SOLO HARPIST;
MISS CLARA,
The interesting IRISH BALLADIST, and the
SWISS BELL-RINGERS,
Will appear in conjunction with the Painting, each evening, with an
ELABORATE DESCRIPTIVE LECTURE,
BY J. H. WARWICK, ESQ.

GRAND MATINEE ON SATURDAY NEXT, JAN. 20TH, at 2 o'clock, for Schools and Family Parties.

Dress Circle and Parquette.....75 cents.
Family Circle.....50 cents.
No extra charge for reserved seats. ja13 tf

MERCANTILE Library Association

INDEPENDENT
OPPOSITION TICKET.

ELECTION, MONDAY, JAN. 15.

POLLS OPEN FROM 9 A. M. TO 5 P. M., AND FROM 6 TO 8 P. M.

For President,
Wm. H. L. Barnes.....Lawyer

For Vice President,
R. B. Swain.....Superintendent of the Mint

For Corresponding Secretary,
H. S. Homans.....Insurance Agent

For Recording Secretary,
R. P. Lewis.....Secretary of Street Commissioner

For Treasurer,
William C. Ralston.....Banker

For Trustees,
Wm. G. Badger.....of Badger & Lindenberger
Alex. B. Baldwin.....of A. R. Baldwin & Co
J. M. McNulty.....Physician
George C. Shreve.....of George C. Shreve & Co
Wm. Loewy.....County Clerk
George A. Low.....of C. Adolph Low & Co
Arthur M. Ebbets.....Merchant
Eugene E. Dewey.....of S. P. Dewey & Son
William E. Wood.....of J. G. Jackson & Co

The undersigned, a Committee of Members of the Mercantile Library Association to make Nominations for Officers for the ensuing year, beg to recommend the above Ticket as one in every respect worthy the support of every member of the Association.

ALBERT MILLER, WILLIAM HARNEY,
W. H. STEVENS, WILLIAM M. NOYES,
THEODORE A. MUDGE.
San Francisco, January 10, 1866. ja13

FIRE DEPARTMENT BALL.

POSTPONEMENT.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the Fire Department Ball, in accordance with the request of many friends, and in order to perfect every arrangement deemed necessary for the success of said Ball, have POSTPONED the same until
THURSDAY EVENING.....JAN. 18TH.
By order of the Executive Committee.

THE SECOND ANNUAL
Ball of the Fire Department,
Will be given at
UNION HALL,
ON THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 18.

No care or expense will be spared to make it the grandest and most fashionable Ball of the season.

MANAGERS.

Governor F F Low,	Hon Ogden Hoffman,
Maj Gen H. W. Halleck,	" Milton S Latham,
" I McDowell,	" S H Dwinelle,
" J F Miller,	" Thos B Shannon,
Col R C Drum,	" Frank Soule,
Com Selim Woodworth,	" R F Perkins,
Maj-Gen L H Allen,	" Wm J Shaw
Chas de Cazotte,	R H Sinton,
Louis McLane,	Wm. Alvord,
Thos Tobin,	J H Baird,
I W Raymond,	Wm F Babcock,
Chas B Polhemus,	Henry Bigelow,
Eugene L Sullivan,	A Austin,
J Mora Moss,	S C Hastings,
R B Swain,	Camilo Martin,
E W Burr,	Maj A D Grimwood,
S P Dewey,	Abel Gay,
James Lick,	Wm B Johnston,
Nicholas Larco,	Geo W Gibbs,
Leland Stanford,	Hall McAllister,
Joseph P Hodge,	Henry B Platt,
B F Lowe,	M Livingston,
James Bowman,	Samuel M Wilson,
D O Mills,	Francisco Sanjurjo,
Lafayette Maynard,	Lewis Leland,
F L A Pioche,	Louis Scellier,
Jos G Eastland,	Alphens Bull,
Ira P Rankin,	John S Henning,
Henry Carlton, Jr,	A Seligman,
John B Felton,	Michael Skelly,
Samuel Brannan,	A Coleman,
R H Magill,	Wm H Tillinghast,
Geo C Boardman,	Joseph Austin,
David Scannell,	John H Gardiner,
R B Woodward,	Wm P Taaffe,
O Livermore,	W H L Barnes,
A L Tubbs,	Henry Voorman,
Marcus D Bornck,	Dr A J Bowie,
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R. J. Vanderwnter,	Maj John Stratman,
Caleb T Fay,	James H Cutter,
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R C Ferguson,	David Stern,
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John H Saunders,	Emanuel Berri,
Jos W Winans,	Fred'k Billings,
James Bell,	E T Pease,
E W Leonard,	Louis Cohn,
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John Hewston, Jr,	A J Houghtaling,
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Chas Walcott Brooks,	Warren R Payne,
Albert Miller,	Dr Joseph Haine,
J G Kittie,	Robert Cushing,
Jonathan Hunt,	Peter Donahue,
John Middleton,	James L Fink,
C Adolphe Low,	T McCarthy.

☞ The number of Tickets to be sold is limited; they are not transferable, and none will be sold at the door. Ladies' invitations can be procured, free of charge, on application.

TICKETS (including Supper) TEN DOLLARS.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

Pine street, near Montgomery.

Grand Masquerade Ball!

BY THE

ALEMANNIA,

AT MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 13, 1866.

On which occasion the parquette will be floored over level with the stage, and the whole covered with canvas. Prizes will be given to the best Lady and Gentlemen Masks, to be awarded by a committee selected from the audience.

A splendid band of music has been engaged, and no expense will be spared to make this the most brilliant affair of the season. Tickets to be had of the committee:

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L. Schwarzschild, 320 Battery street.
A. Wangenheim, S.E. cor. California and Sansome
C. Coluan, S.W. corner Washington & Montgomery. S. H. Stern. de23-4t

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HOLT'S MAP OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA.

THIS MAP has been carefully revised, and all the NEW COUNTIES inserted, and also many other important changes made.

For sale, Mounted or in Book Form, by
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The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME IV., No 8. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 20, 1866. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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- Editorial Paragraphs.

POETRY:
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AMUSEMENTS:
- Theatrical Events and Announcements.

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- A Javanese Seraglio.
- Hope Deferred.
- The Bull that Saw the Elephant.
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POETRY:
- The Fisher.—By Goethe.
- Leisure.—By Jean Ingelow.

HOPE DEFERRED.

"ROLAND," the Boston correspondent of the Sacramento *Union*—his real name being J. R. Osgood—tells the following anecdote of Judge Collamer: "I heard recently an anecdote of Jacob Collamer, of Vermont, who died a few weeks since, that sounded very funny, but perhaps its chief charm was in the mode of telling, rather than in the intrinsic merit of the story. At the beginning of Taylor's (or Fillmore's—I won't be sure which) administration, Judge Collamer was appointed Postmaster General. On the very day of his taking office there was shown to him, among other visitors, a French Creole from Louisiana. 'Good morning, Monsieur Collamere. My name is Jean Jacques Trousec, of Plaquemines Parish, and I come for the Post Office at New Orleans.' The Judge listened to him with dignificd attention, and then remarked that, as he must be aware, affairs of the Department were as yet in confusion, and nothing could then be done in the way of appointments. He advised Trousec to write an application for the desired office, forward in the regular channel, and call again in a week. Trousec retired, somewhat chagrined that the announcement of his identity had not secured him a more cordial reception. In precisely a week he again entered the Postmaster General's office. That official greeted him as a stranger, whereupon—'Ah, you not know me, Monsieur. I am Jean Jacques Trousec, from Plaquemines, and I want the Post Office at New Orleans. I see you one week ago and you tell me to make my application and call in one week; I have make my application and I come again.' Judge Collamer repeated his previous remarks and urged him to come again in a fortnight. At the end of that time he made his third call, again unrecognized by the Judge, and again announced his name and his object. The Judge reminded him of the unavoidable delays in the bestowal of offices, hinted at the expense of staying in Washington, and told Trousec he had better go home and await the result of his application. But the office-seeker objected, preferring to see the thing out, so the Judge told him to call again in two weeks. At the appointed time Trousec appeared again, and again had to make himself known, this time with ill-concealed wrath. When the Judge discovered who his visitor was, he said he was sorry to inform Monsieur Trousec that the New Orleans Post Office had been disposed of just two weeks ago. When he had finished this communication, the other began: 'Monsieur Collamere, I had a nice little girl at New Orleans; her name was Mademoiselle Josephine. I loved her very much. But one evening I went to see her, and when I came away Mademoiselle Josephine say to me—My dear Jean Jacques, I love you very much, but Antoine Brissot he has more money than you: so you must not come here any more. Now, Monsieur Collamere, what you 'spose I say to Mademoiselle Josephine—eh? I turn round and say to Mademoiselle Josephine—Go to haile, Mademoiselle Josephine; go to haile! And so, Monsieur Collamere, I say to you—Go to haile, Monsieur Collamere; go to haile, Monsieur!' And Jean Jacques Trousec shook off the dust from his feet and departed."

INIGOINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, January 20th, 1866.

SOME one remarks that every man has a mission. I think I have one. The only trouble for some time back has been to ascertain what that mission is. It is now clear to me.

Nature clearly intended me for a Professor in some Young Ladies' College. I know of no other position in life that I am so well calculated to fill.

Bowman, I am told, was for some time a professor in one of the most comprehensive seminarics ever established upon this coast. And it is said that he acquitted himself with eminent credit. There were no pianists allowed in those classical grounds—no piping of pastoral notes. Oatmeal and steady study made up the *regime*, and consequently I am not surprised that Bowman did not hold the situation longer.

I am told he resigned it in favor of the popular proprietor of the *News Letter*, who only occupied it long enough to ask what the emoluments of the office were, and then left it in a fit of distaste, pitching into the institution in the next issue of his very widely spread and influential journal.

My attention has been called to something which is published up in the sage-brush, where the sage-hen and "Jo Goodman" prowl and howl, and have their nest—the latter occasionally his *non est*.

The leading idea of the writer seems to be that talent is always born in the country. Certainly, I do not dispute him. The most stalwart men are born in the cradle, but it is not on record that they stay there long.

There is a certain law of intellectual gravitation, as well as of physical.

The brightest spring that bubbles up in the mountains hastens to blend its waters with some river, and, though that river may tarry a while in the arms of a lake, it eventually forces its way to the sea.

And not to "a sea of inland domesticity," if we may be allowed to use a piece of word, or rather water painting, which the Sacramento *Union* has made peculiarly its own.

The assertion that great men have been born in the country I will not dispute. But, to the inference that they remained there long, I take decided exception.

Stephen Douglas was born and brought up in a small Vermont village, but he very soon expressed the opinion that a better place to emigrate from could not be found on the face of the known world.

An oak germinates in the earth, but it very soon finds the upper air, and waves its branches in more unconfined space.

The Rothschilds are of country origin, but at the present moment they are not clerks in country stores... nor would it exactly fit their ambition, perhaps, to be proprietors of them.

We do not know that "*every* poet, orator, historian, statesman, and warrior of distinction" have caught "inspiration" and things from a "provincial home." But, for argument's sake, we will assume that Julius Cæsar, General Grant, Cicero, Webster, Josephus, Bancroft, James Brannan, and Samuel Linen, were all country born and bred, but did they not speedily find their way to Rome, Washington, and San Francisco?

Verily, do not the sages of the sage-brush occasionally come down from the mountains, to wash the alkali from their throats, purge themselves of bile, and for a brief period live cleanlily?

The geniuses of that up country plume themselves on the way they are inspired and the yeast-like fashion in which their souls rise amid their surroundings.

With so much saleratus under their feet, they ought to rise occasionally, but, from all accounts that come to me, I think their natural tendency is to fall.

And when I hear sneering mention made of poor literary devils, who earn precarious subsistence and occasional dollars by plying quills in the service of some metropolitan journal, whose office is located in the cheap streets of the city... I sometimes look with a feeling of pleasurable pride at my seedy apparel and ink-stained fingers, as I turn my hollow eyes for an introspective glance, and ask of my soul: Is not this better than lolling in a sage brush bower, and living in luxurious ease as the proprietor of a one-horse newspaper which is only enabled to keep its head above water by doubling its ads... by its double, in fact.

Rain! Rain!! Rain!!! has been the cry of the farmers for some weeks past.

Now, they've got it, and I hope it will do them good. They want it for their crops... I've had quite enough for my crop during the past week, and should be perfectly content to see it let up for a while.

But, notwithstanding the weather, it has been an excellent time for balls... snow-balls, one might say, from the extreme coolness.

The "Alemannia" gave an excellent *bal masqué* on Saturday evening last at the Academy of Music. A great many guests were present *en costume*, but not so many as to crowd the floor, and the masks were good almost without exception.

The chief exception I feel inclined to take is with regard to "Time," who appeared very appropriately dressed, but bearing an immense real scythe upon his shouldor, which might have been productive of serious accident had he tripped or been jostled over by the dancers.

It seems to me that, had I been one of the managers on that occasion, I should have taken Time by the forelock and led him to the nearest barn, where I should have bade him unburden himself.

Then, there was another young gentleman who thought he made a point by allowing that portion of linen which is generally concealed, to protrude—and not from his vest front. It may have been funny, but, to my thinking, it was a rather dismal—not to say dirty—joke.

Prettier faces and prettier feet are seldom seen on any ballroom floor, and I have half a mind to forego my old ambition of being an angel, and become at once an Alemannian.

Among so many excellent masks it would be invidious to particularize... but "Topsy" and a huge "Bouquet-holder" got the prize. The latter was called the best disguise, but it did not begin with that of a friend of mine, who went there sober and kept himself so respectably sober throughout the evening that no one recognized him

"Joan of Arc" was amazingly—should I say Amazoningly—pretty. If the Ark of Noah was of that style, it is little wonder that it suggested the idea of pairing to the inhabitants of the earth. A sensible dove would never have left such an Arc to go looking for an Ararat.

The Firemen's ball, on Thursday evening, was also a great success. But are these things called Firemen's balls because no firemen are present?

I looked vainly around for the illustrious "Bonebreaker," the reserved Riley, and several others of my acquaintance, but not a red-shirt did I see.

Where were the Knickerbocker Fives, the Monumental Sixes, the Howard Threes? And where were those pretty little spanners and things with which they are accustomed to tap each other over the head in moments of relaxation?

The only fireman whom I saw and recognized was that tall son of Cork, Dave Scannel, as his graceful form glided among the dancers. Some persons may not like David's step, but I'm betting on the way he carries his head.

I would like to say more of the ball, but have only room to add that it was a perfect success, and that a singularly bad feeling towards France was shown in the universal desire to punish or annihilate Napoleon's Cabinet—that being the only wine called for, and in calling for it Canavan was in the van.

The whole work of noticing balls, and so-forth, is thrown on me this week, the excuse being that there is no room in any other part of the paper. So I must also answer correspondents.

"Little Johnnie," who writes "simply for information," is informed that the antithesis of waves and surges in a poem in last week's CALIFORNIAN is perfectly correct, and that he need give himself no further trouble about it. He may not understand it in his present sophomoric state, but he will when he reaches his junior year. And, as for "mountains of prey," the phrase will be found in the Seventy-sixth Psalm. If anxious to know what it means, address David through some spiritual medium.

INIGO.

THE TENEMENT-HOUSE.

AND SOME ACCOUNT OF ITS BUILDER, POPHAM POPHAMMER, ESQ.

A LEGEND OF NEW YORK.

POPHAM at forty was rich,
As the yearly assessments would show;
Lodged in an opulent niche;
Builder of Tenement Row.

In youth he had said to his soul:
"It is good to be honest and true;
But rather than poverty's dole,
We'll be rich and dispense with the two."
As he walked through the byeways and streets,
He had said to himself in his greed:
"Gaunt famine one everywhere meets,
And gold may be gathered from need."
So he put out his hand, and its touch
Was a rival to Midas' of old,
For blood changed to coin in his clutch,
And tears he transmuted to gold.

Thus it was that old Popham got rich,
Though I've heard him impress on his child,
That he reached this desirable niche
Because a kind Providence smiled.
When he told how he 'scaped Wall street rocks,
You'd have thought, by the story he made,
That Providence dabbled in stocks,
And had been his copartner in trade!

Now Popham conversed with his wife:
He said: "We have money in store,
Enough for a front seat in life;
Let us knock at 'Society's door!'"
So he built him a mansion up town—
It fronted on Madison Square—
He furnished it, up stairs and down,
With all that was dainty and rare;
And Fifth-avenoodledum's crown
Was the meed of the millionaire.

Next, Popham dove down in his pelf—
This dive all the papers record—
And he said: "Having built for myself,
I will now build a house for the Lord!"
Thus designing, he looked up designs,
And an architect, famed for good taste,
Drew a maze of bewildering lines—
All said the conception was "chaste."
Then the masons and carpenters came,
And the church like a gossip's tale grew;
Its steeple put shot-towers to shame,
And the nave—a wag said it had two—
Was blazoned with Pophammer's name,
And his was the principal pew.
This pew was a marvel; they spread
Soft cushions for Pophammer's seat,
A pillowed recess for his head;
A velveted rest for his feet,
Rich Brussels to carpet his tread—
And the mansion of God was complete!

Dedication of course followed next,
By the Reverend Richman Rejoyce!
I do not remember his text—
Though I mind me his beautiful voice:
But one of those sinners who carp
At display which they cannot afford,
Said he played on a thousand-stringed harp,
And that this was its principal chord:
"When you rob from the poor, if you're sharp,
You will give—say a tenth—to the Lord."
And I sat, quite a convert the while,
To the truth—perhaps novel to you—
That the Savior died not for the vile,
But for just the respectable few;
That Sin had a stool in the aisle,
And Piety always a pew.
He ended—I thought rather late—
With a brief and appropriate prayer
For a blessing on Church and on State,
And on Popham the millionaire!

Then Popham looked over the board,
Devising a move that was sure
To fill this last breach in his hoard,
While he said to his soul, as a lure:
"I have built for myself and the Lord—
I will now build a house for the Poor;
And since mansions and manses don't pay,
But rather decrease one's per cents,
I will build in a very cheap way,
And I'll gather large quarterly rents!"

Thus the moneyed still reap what the penniless sow—
May the Harvest at last bring atoning:
Thus two palaces' glow begat Tenement Row,
And the widows' and orphans' late moaning—
For churches must grow, through bitter tears flow,
And the Poor in their need be groaning.

He advertised next for designs;
The architect came with his plan,
And they traced out the meshes and lines
Of the net they were spreading for man.

If the carpenter chose he could tell,
As he drove in the finishing nail,
How the blow, as it echoing fell,
Rang through the low hall like a wail;
The mason could tell, if he chose,
Of the blood accidentally spilt,
Which spattered the walls as they rose,
And reddened the mortar with guilt;
But they hurried the work to its close,
And the Tenement-house was built!

In a narrow and dim-lighted street,
Where the light of God's sun never beams,
Where the tenement-lodger is blest
If haply he see it in dreams;
Where the pavements are reeking with filth,
And the sewers pour their pestilent breath;
Where Fever and Famine link hands,
And Disease holds a revel with Death:
In the midst of this rottening reek,
Where a prayer would have taint like a curse,
The millionaire built for the Poor,
That dollars might come to his purse;
That servants might wait on his chair,
That a preacher might purr in his face;
That his wife might rustle in silk,
And his daughters float lightly in lace.

Oh, think of this, daughters and wives,
As your carriage through fair Broadway rolls—
That your splendor is purchased by lives:
That your horses' feet trample on souls!

Shall I tell of the Tenement-house?
Of the human forms packed in its walls
With scarcely the space for their lungs
Allotted to beasts in their stalls?
Shall I tell of the rottening beams,
Of the stairway which rocked with your tread,
Of the floor which was crumbling below,
And the slime-dripping wall overhead?
Shall I tell that the foulness without
Was pure to the foulness within?
Of the harvest that Death's sickle reaps
Where Poverty crouches with Sin?

But little the millionaire recked
Of the lives or the souls that were lost;
For Rotten Row paid like a mine,
And the yearly rent doubled its cost.

In the hush of a still Sabbath night,
While thousands were kneeling in prayer,
The Fire-Fiend escaped from his thrall
And waved his red torches in air;
The churches and mansions up-town
Were lit by the horrible glare.

The brazen-lipped bell cried "Alarm!"
Till it shook a grave, dignified spire,
And rudely broke Pophammer's nap—
The Tenement House was on fire!
Lithe flames climbed the kindle-wood stair,
And danced in their glee on the roof—
Pophammer had furnished a loom,
And now Hell wove the warp and the woof!
There were mothers with babes at the breast,
There were mothers with babes in their arms,
And their shrieks reached the planets above—
What need of all other alarms?
The wife called on husband to save,
And stretched out her arms for his aid.
Poor souls! as well call from the grave—
So deftly the trap had been laid—
Yet their cries drowned the clanging bells' din,
Till the greedy flames licked up their till,
And the smouldering rafters fell in—
Then all of the shriekings were still.

Unsightly remains of charred flesh
Were found in the rubbish below;
Chaotic in mass and in name,
You would scarce their humanity know;
But the Coroner rendered their death
As: "Tenants of Tenement row!"

I dreamt, on that horrible night,
I had seen a Druidical feast,
That I'd stood in the burning pyre's light,
And Popham had been the High Priest!

Oh, Popham, and millionaires all
Who dwell in your mansions up-town,
Say, how will you answer for this
When the lightnings of God come down?
Will ye hide in your soft-cushioned pews
When the flame through your palace-hall rolls,
When the spires 'neath whose shadow ye pray
Shall fall like God's hand on your souls?
When the patience of Heaven shall tire,
And the sun shall be loosed from his path
To kindle this Tenement World,
Will a just God spare ye in his wrath?

C. H. WEBB.

PAT O'FLAHERTY said that his wife was very ungrateful, for "when I married her she hadn't a rag to her back, but now she is covered with 'em."

LUCY STONE says: "The cradle is a woman's ballot-box." Then we've known some unlawful voting, where two ballots were deposited at a time.

WHY do the recriminations of married people resemble the sound of waves on the shore? Because they are murmurs of the tied.

A GOOD BANK to have stock in—a bank where early falls the due.

THE STEP ON THE STAIR.

"THE incident I have to speak of occurred to myself," said Mr. Macalpine, bowing gravely, but still keeping his eyes fixed before him, "and that within the last twenty-four hours. It is a strange matter to speak of here, and may perhaps lay me open to the charge of egotism, but my mind is full of it, and indeed I can think of nothing else. It is, doubtless, generally known that the Macalpine family—to which I have the honor to belong—is one of the oldest in the West of Scotland; but there is a certain peculiarity about it which is not so well known, and, indeed, which we have always endeavored to keep secret even from our immediate descendants. I, however, am wifeless, childless—the last of my race, and the knowledge of the matter in question can affect no one any more for ill."

The Scotchman's voice, which was generally somewhat rough, here sank and thinned; and that northern accent, which, upon ordinary occasions, is so often made the subject of ridicule, gave an exquisite pathos to his speech, as always happens under circumstances of deep feeling.

"As far back as any records go of our ancient race, this curious faculty has belonged, or has been said to belong, to us—we always see ourselves before we die. No matter in what profession we are engaged—and some of us, through clinging to a good cause in evil times, have been compelled to embrace very humble callings—a warning of our end is always sent in this strange guise: the soldier by the camp-fire, on the eve of the day of battle which is doomed to be his last, has seen a comrade more than should be extended by his side, the *fac simile* of himself; the sailor, in mid-ocean, beholds his solitary cabin occupied by another self, and straightway knows that the turf of his native land will never cover his bones, but that they will be soon laid in that "vast and wandering grave"—the sea; the pastor, when his last day's work is near, sees another, who is yet himself, kneel down at his own bedside as if in prayer, and thereby learns that his days on earth are numbered. The merchant, when he finds that shadowy partner at his elbow, delays not to set his affairs in order for those whom he must leave behind him; and the poorer son of Commerce, beholding this unlooked for fellow-clerk, does the like in his humble way. A creditor awaits them both, they feel, of whom it is useless to ask for time, but who has eternity to offer in its place. Nay, even the females of our race are not exempt from this strange visitant; the mother knows when she must kiss her children, and bid them keep her memory dear, for that is all of her which will soon be left for them; and the daughter, as she contemplates her own features in the glass, and sees the reflex of a second face, as young and fair, gives over all such thoughts as Youth and Beauty harbor, and makes herself ready for the grisly bridegroom Death."

It was impossible for the most volatile in that great company to resist the solemn tones in which the Scotchman spoke: a hush came over all, and on the ladies a certain 'creepiness,' which caused them to hitch their chairs a little nearer to their male companions, and to cast furtive glances over their bare shoulders, as though some icy hand was hovering nigh.

"I am myself no coward," pursued Mr. Macalpine, turning for an instant his gray face towards his audience, as though to show them how calm and still it was; "but I am not in love with Death. An old lame man, without a relative in the world—for the Macalpines have all seen themselves, and gone—and almost without a friend, it may be thought that I should have no regrets at leaving a life emptied of its joys; but this is not the case. I had looked forward to a few more harmless years of study, and even of travel; and besides"—here he strove in vain to repress a shudder—"the grave, which some look forward to with such tranquility, has—But let me tell my tale. Last night, I sat up late as usual, in my chambers in the Temple, reading. The subject of my study was engrossing, and I was ignorant of all that was occurring without until aroused by a sharp rap upon the wooden floor at the bottom of the staircase. It was three flights below, but I heard it as plainly as though it had been in my own room, and it brought out upon my brow thick drops of terror at once. In order to explain why it did so, I should tell you that I am not only lame, but have lost a portion of one leg. You see me now with an artificial limb; but on ordinary occasions I find it less fatiguing and more convenient to wear a wooden leg. Now, it was the peculiar thud of a wooden leg which I had heard, and there was nobody in the chambers upon the same staircase save myself who had any necessity for wearing one. On the instant I heard it, the thought flashed through me like a knife: 'The warning of my race is coming this night to *me*.' I put down my book, and listened. Step by step, the lame man, whoever he was, drew nearer to my door; so loudly did the wooden leg beat upon the oak planks that I could scarcely hear the other foot at all, and with every beat there was an answering pulsation, such as I never before felt in my heart and in my brain. Then, for the first time, too, I understood the passionate prayer of Hezekiah for the prolongation of his life. How I prayed with my cold voiceless lips that a little more might be vouchsafed to me;

and yet so certain did I feel of the nature of this visitant, and so persuaded of its inexorable purpose, that what I asked for was only that it should come no nearer, that it should stop at the first floor, or the second, and that for that once, at all events, it should not stand within my room. But on it came, nevertheless; past the first floor, past the second floor, and then up the flight that led to my own door. There was still a hope that it might after all be bound for the opposite chamber; but I did not venture to entertain it. The mysterious visitor stopped at my own door, and as it turned the handle, I confess I buried my face in the cushions of the sofa, in order to shut out the too familiar vision which I knew awaited me. Nerving myself for the ordeal, I arose, and drew myself up to meet my fate. Standing opposite to me was the *fac simile* and double of myself; attired in the self-same garments; but wearing a look upon its features inexpressibly grave and sad. It gazed upon me for a few seconds, and then, without speaking, vanished suddenly. Since that moment, solitude, which I have long preferred to society, has become distateful to me; with the early dawn, I was out in the busy market, and all day long I have been in the teeming streets: I have come hither to-night to escape from my gloom, but, as you see, I have not succeeded. The shadow of Death is upon me whithersoever I move; and I know that I am a doomed man."

A solemn silence, broken only by the solemn waiters, with their "Maintenong cutlets, ma'am?" or their "'Ock or Sortain, sir?" succeeded this depressing harration.

"I'm in such a twitter that I can scarcely hold my knife and fork," whispered Miss Penelope; "and oh, I do so wish that I wasn't sitting next to him!"

Even Sir Joshua was impressed.

"Did you see this—ahem—extraordinary spectacle, Mr. Macalpine, in its—in point of fact was it fully attired?" inquired the City knight.

I knew what he was thinking of; he was wondering, in case the Bence family should ever be honored with a similar visitation, whether his own double would appear as Nature made him, or with all the latest improvements of the tailor, the hairdresser, and the dentist.

"I beheld myself, sir, exactly as I really was," returned Mr. Macalpine gloomily.

"Dear me, how exceedingly unpleasant!" ejaculated Sir Joshua.

"May I ask, Mr. Macalpine, whether your Temple chambers are in Pump Court?" inquired Captain Traverse, helping himself to Kromeskis.

"They are, sir."

"And on the third story, I think you said. Now, does not a gentleman of the name of Sidney rent the opposite room to yours?"

"I believe that name *is* over the door," answered the Scotchman mechanically. "But I know nothing of him."

"Well, I *do*," responded the captain drily. "He is a friend of mine, and not being in town, he is so good as to let me have the use of his apartment. I slept there last night, and shall continue to do so for some nights to come."

"Indeed!" returned Mr. Macalpine with animation. "I am not ashamed to say I am sincerely glad that I shall have for my neighbor one who is not at least a total stranger to me; and although, if I had been aware that such was the case, I should certainly have been more reticent, yet——"

"Of course it's a comfort when a fellow's down in the mouth to know he's got a friend close by him," interrupted the captain kindly. "But it so happens that I am in a position to—Still Hock, if you please—to calm your apprehensions with respect to this untimely visitor of yours altogether."

The Scotchman smiled gravely at the captain's confident manner, but shook his head, and sighed.

"Mr. Macalpine No. 2 began ascending your staircase at twenty minutes to one last night, did he not, sir?"

"How came you to know that?" ejaculated the Scotchman with agitation. "Such certainly was the exact time, for I had looked at my watch the instant before."

"I know it because that was the hour at which I arrived in Pump Court myself," pursued the captain. "I have not a wooden leg, but I have a foolish habit, when alone, of striking my walking-stick upon the ground with every step I take, and especially when going up stairs. I have no doubt that I did so last night, for I was so wrapped up in my own thoughts that I turned the handle of your door instead of unlocking that of Mr. Sidney's, which of course was closed. Directly I found out my mistake—as I did the moment I set eyes upon your apartment, which is differently furnished from that of your neighbor—I withdrew."

"You are very kind, sir, to do your best to dispel my melancholy," returned Mr. Macalpine; "but all this does not explain how I beheld *myself*, which I did, when I raised my head from the sofa-cushions, as surely as I now behold this company."

"If I am not mistaken," continued the captain quietly, "and my eyesight rarely deceives me in taking in details at a glance, there is a large mirror opposite your sofa, Mr. Macalpine——"

A universal exclamation of relief and surprise cut short the captain's explanation, amid which the lame Scotchman arose, and stumping round to his new friend and neighbor, exchanged a hearty gripe of the hand.

"Champagne to everybody!" roared Admiral Roller. "Mr. Macalpine, your good health, and long life to you!"

We all insisted upon taking wine with the Doppelganger; for who of us but does not rejoice when the shadow of Death is removed for a little space from a fellow-mortal? The recluse of the Temple found himself the toast of the evening; and unless he had a head of the same material as one of his other extremities, must have seen, I reckon, more than one duplicate of the Macalpine in the mirror when he reached home that night.

THE "PRINCE" AND THE JEWELER.

A JEWELER of Paris one day saw a splendid equipage drive up to his door, and a tall, important-looking gentleman alight from it. He wanted a set of lady's diamond ornaments, a complete wedding outfit. The price was fixed at two hundred thousand francs. He made choice of one, said he could grant but little time for executing the order, and insisted on leaving with the jeweler a deposit of four thousand francs in *billets de banque*. He also selected a ring worth a hundred and twenty francs, and ordered it to be sent home the next day; and five days after the whole set of diamonds were to be completed. Accordingly, on the following morning, a confidential messenger of the jeweler repaired to the hotel D——, in the Rue de la Paix, and inquired for Prince Gargarin. He was shown into an apartment on the first story. Five or six lackeys were in the ante-chamber. The prince took the ring, paid for it, and gave a present of ten francs to the messenger, who joyfully returned home, and congratulated his master on having so wealthy and liberal a customer.

The jeweler, with the utmost punctuality, carried home the diamonds on the day appointed. The prince was in his study, sitting before a cylindrical secretaire, which was open. The jeweler handed the casket to him, and his highness minutely inspected the jewels; suddenly one of the valets entered the room and announced "Prince Dolgoroki."

"Ah! my brother-in-law," exclaimed his highness.

"I do not wish him to see the present which I destine for his sister. Request him to stay in the drawing-room, and I will come to him immediately." He touched the table, the cylinder moved, and the secretaire closed; but on the table there lay an open box filled with leather bags, and numerous rouleaux of louis huddled together in confusion. The jeweler had observed all this on his arrival; but his attention was particularly attracted by a large Russian leather portfolio, well lined with *billets du banque*, the edges of which were visible.

His highness left the room, saying he would return very shortly. About twenty minutes elapsed, and a sort of vague apprehension assailed the jeweler. At length the door opened. Oh! here is highness, thought he. But no, it was the master of the hotel, who, stepping up to the jeweler, said:

"Are you waiting for anybody, sir?"

"I am waiting for the return of Prince Gargarin, to whom I have just sold a set of diamonds for two hundred thousand francs. Are you his secretary?"

"I am his dupe, and so I presume are you?"

"What do you mean? His dupe! Impossible? The jewels are shut up in his secretaire. Besides, look at this money."

He seized one of the leather bags, and, opening it, discovered to his horror that it was filled with nails; the rouleaux contained nothing, and the portfolio scraps of paper. However, the jeweler consoled himself—the diamonds were safe. a locksmith was sent for; the secretaire was opened, and, oh, horror! it was empty. It stood on one side of the room, against a wall in which a hole had been made, and there being a corresponding hole in the secretaire, the jewels had with the most perfect ease been conveyed into an adjoining apartment.

The despair of the unfortunate jeweler may easily be conceived. The master of the hotel, too, who had let his apartment to the pretended Prince Gargarin, had been extensively swindled. The servants all belonged to the hotel, with the exception of the *valet de chambre*, who was the companion and the confederate of the prince.

It was ascertained that they had decamped in a coach from the door of the hotel. Every exertion was made to trace them out, but several years elapsed before they were discovered. The jeweler, who was nearly ruined by his robbery, removed to another quarter of Paris, and established himself under a new name. One day a messenger called on him from M. T——, a gentleman holding an official situation, who was very ill and wished to purchase some rings. The poor jeweler had naturally become suspicious ever since his fatal adventure with Prince Gargarin, and, instead of sending his shopman, he took the rings himself. He was shown into a bedchamber, which was partially lighted: owing to the situation of the windows, the room was all in shade, except in that part where the bed stood. What was the surprise of the jeweler when he discovered in the invalid M. T—— the swindler who had some years previously defrauded him in the assumed character of the Russian Prince Gargarin! For a few moments he was struck dumb with amazement. However, he soon recovered himself, and, deeming it prudent not to betray the discovery he had made, he displayed the rings, several were selected, and their price amounted to about six thousand francs.

"It is a large sum of money for a poor ruined man," said M. T——. "I have not ready cash sufficient to settle the whole amount, and I shall feel obliged if you will take in payment this curious old snuff-box, which is of great value."

He asked for his dressing case, and, opening it, took out an octogon-shaped china snuff box, set in gold and rubies. It was perfectly unique and of inestimable value. On beholding it the jeweler well nigh betrayed himself. The snuff-box which M. T—— presented to him was the one which had been stolen from him a few days before the robbery of his diamonds. The box was too remarkable to admit of the possibility of mistake. Besides, it had a secret spring, by means of which all the miniatures could be taken out of their settings. On the reverses were painted similar subjects, but treated in the style of indelicacy peculiar to the age of Louis XV. This circumstance was important in proof of his claim to the possession of the box. When M. T—— asked him to set a value on it, he said without hesitation:

"I consider it worth more than fifty thousand francs."

"Fifty thousand francs!" exclaimed M. T——. "I thought it valuable, but this far exceeds my estimation of it."

"Sir," resumed the jeweler, "I will not retract what I have said. I am an expert dealer, and to me it may possibly be worth far more than the sum I have mentioned. I will make this proposition to you: you shall take the rings you have selected, and you shall put the box under an envelope, stating it to be my property; and if it does not bring more than fifty thousand francs you shall have my rings for nothing."

M. T—— was completely blinded by this scheme. He was a good connoisseur of objects of *virtu*, and he was not a little gratified to find his box so much overvalued, and to be enabled to obtain the rings without opening his purse. The most exaggerated valuation of the snuff-box would scarcely have exceeded seven or eight thousand francs. He sent for two of his neighbors, one of whom was a notary, and the matter was arranged conformably with the jeweler's proposition. This being done, the invalid said:

"Who will fix the price of the box?"

"You, sir," coolly replied the jeweler.

"Me!—are you jesting?"

"I assure you, sir, I am quite serious. I would willingly lay a good wager that you will value the box at five hundred thousand francs."

M. T—— directed at the two witnesses a look which seemed to say, the man is mad; but the jeweler added:

"You will value it at that price. I am certain that you will. But, first of all, I have to acquaint you with a little circumstance connected with this box, which will enable you to perceive its real value."

M. T——, full of curiosity and anxiety, consented to hear the jeweler's communication in private. The two neighbors, taking the box with them, adjourned to the drawing-room; M. T—— and the jeweler being left alone, the jeweler said:

"Sir: it is now about sixteen years ago since that snuff-box was stolen from me, and a short time afterwards you robbed me of fifty thousand crowns worth of diamonds under the assumed name of Prince Gargarin. I have now discovered you. My evidence relative to the robbery is on record. You have declared the snuff box to be yours, and I can prove having purchased it at public sale. I know a secret which will place the truth of my assertion beyond a doubt. Now, sir, tell me whether you are inclined to defend yourself in the criminal suit which I intend forthwith to institute against you?"

Every word uttered by the jeweler fell like a thunderbolt on the ears of M. T——. Overwhelmed with the consciousness of his guilt, his imagination pictured all the horrors of imprisonment, trial, sentence and the scaffold. He reflected, and the jeweler said:

"Sir, I give you five minutes to form your determination."

At the expiration of that interval, M. T—— in a faltering voice, directed the jeweler to open a drawer in which he would find *billets de banque* for five hundred thousand francs, payable at his banker's that same day. This being done, the jeweler then called in the witnesses.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have at length convinced M. T—— of the real value of the snuff-box. You see the price at which he has purchased it back from me."

"I have given five hundred thousand francs," said M. T——.

"Here is your box," said the jeweler, restoring it, "and I will let you have the rings into the bargain."

The notary, who was no less surprised than the other witness, said:

"There is some mystery in all this."

"Probably there is," replied the jeweler. "M. T—— may explain if he pleases; for my part, I promise him eternal secrecy."

With these words, he took his departure, leaving the witnesses bewildered in a maze of conjectures. M. T——, though immensely rich, never recovered from the mortification attendant on this unexpected discovery.

THE FISHER.

[In order only to appreciate this ballad, you must fancy yourself (if you cannot realize it) stretched on the grass, by the margin of a mighty river of the south, rushing from or through an Italian lake, whose opposite shore you cannot descry for the thick purple haze of heat that hangs over its glassy surface. If you lie there for an hour or so, gazing into the depths of the blue unfathomable sky, till the fanning of the warm wind and the murmur of the water combine to throw you into a trance, you will be able to enjoy "The Fisher:"]

THE water rush'd and bubbled by—
An angler near it lay,
And watch'd his quill, with tranquil eye,
Upon the current play.
And as he sits in wasteful dream,
He sees the flood unclose,
And from the middle of the stream
A river-maiden rose.

She sang to him with witching wile,
"My brood why wilt thou snare.
With human craft and human guile,
To die in scorching air?
Ah! didst thou know how happy we
Who dwell in waters clear,
Thou wouldst come down at once to me,
And rest forever here.

The sun and ladye-moon they lave
Their tresses in the main,
And breathing freshness from the wave,
Come doubly bright again.
The deep blue sky, so moist and clear,
Hath it for thee no lure?
Does thine own face not woo thee down
Unto our waters pure?

The water rush'd and bubbled by—
It lapped his naked feet;
He thrill'd as though he felt the touch
Of maiden kisses sweet.
She spoke to him, she sang to him—
Resistless was her strain—
Half-drawn he sank beneath the wave,
And ne'er was seen again.

From the German of Gœthe.

FIELD SPORTS OF OLD.

[The Greeks and Romans seem to have been quite as fond of field sports as moderns are, though "pot hunting" did not very extensively prevail in the severely classic times. Aristotle, Plato, and Cicero were in favor of "manly games," and indeed the voice of classical antiquity is almost unanimous upon this point. Xenophon, after ascribing the invention of the art of hunting to the gods, advises the young "that they should not despise hunting nor any other training, for by such means men become good soldiers, and excel in other accomplishments by which they are of necessity led to think, speak, and act rightly." A few uncongenial spirits dissented, however—Euripides and Xenophanes—reading long homilies to the masses upon the uselessness of athletic sports. These latter authors may be regarded as representing the old-fogy element in antiquity. Hares were coursed by the ancients, deer stalked, and leopards, lynxes, panthers, were hunted with dogs. "But of all kinds of hunting" says our authority, "the chase of the wild boar is perhaps the most celebrated. So fierce an animal could not help kindling the sportsman's ardor; the danger that accompanied his capture enhanced the pleasure of the hunter, so that not all the earnest entreaties of the Goddess of Love could turn Adonis from his favorite sport:"]

WILD boars were hunted with large and strong dogs. Xenophon recommends Indian, Locrian, Cretan, and Spartan breeds; the two former being more especially celebrated for their courage and strength, the latter for their excellent scenting powers. Very strong nets were also necessary, besides javelins and spears furnished with guards at the juncture of the iron and wooden parts, in order to prevent the stricken animal from pushing along the handle till he reached the hunter; foot-traps also, similar to the *podostrabæ* we have already spoken of, were used. The hunters were to go in company, for the sake of mutual protection in so hazardous a chase. But let us have Xenophon's own words on boar-hunting: "In the first place, when the hunters have come to the place where they suppose that there is a boar, they must bring up the dogs quietly, letting one of the Spartan dogs loose, and keeping the others tied, and go round about the place with the loose dog. When this dog has found traces of the boar, they must continue their course along the track which is to guide the whole train. There will be also many indications of the boar to guide the huntsmen—marks of his footsteps on soft ground, pieces of the shrubs broken off in the woody parts, and where there are large trees, scratches of his tusks upon them. The dog pursuing the track will generally come to some woody spot, for the animal commonly lies in such places, as they are warm in winter and cool in summer. When the dog comes to the beast's lair it begins to bark, yet the boar will seldom rise on that account." Xenophon then adds, that the nets were to be spread widely around this spot, and the ropes of the nets to be attached to some strong tree. The open places near the nets were to be stopped up. These preparations being completed, the dogs were to be let loose, and the men to advance cautiously with their spears in their hands; the huntsman was to lead the way, cheering on the dogs; the rest of the party were to follow at some intervals of space between them. When the dogs come near the lair of the boar, they will start forward and drive him out, the wild animal occasionally killing one or two of the dogs. Now the exciting sport begins. The hunters were to throw their javelins at him, and pelt him with stones. Should the boar press forward into the net, so as to pull the net-rope to the utmost stretch, the most expert hunter was to advance, spear in hand, and pierce the boar in the front part of the body; if he would not stretch the rope, but turned back upon his enemies, one of the party was to advance to meet him with left foot and left hand in advance, watching every movement of the animal's head, and looking into his very eye. and endeavor to thrust his spear into the throat just above the shoulder blade. This was a most hazardous matter, for a strong and sudden movement of the head would turn the hunter's spear aside, and prevent his dealing a thrust, or might wrest it out of his hand, in which case the hunter is recommended to throw himself down flat upon the ground, for "if the boar fall upon him in this position he will be unable to seize his body, on account of his tusks being turned up, but if he attack him standing erect, he must necessarily be wounded.' We are then told 'that the boar will try to raise the man up, and that if he cannot do this he will trample upon him with his feet.' Few modern sportsmen, we suspect, would be inclined to adopt the method of avoiding the animal's tusks which Xenophon here recommends. When the man is on the ground, one of his companions must come to the rescue, and endeavor to draw the boar's attention off the prostrate hunter on to himself, when the former is to jump up with spear in hand and rush to the attack again, and to the help of his brother sportsman. Xenophon then treats us to a little bit of the fabulous: 'The boar's tusks are so hot when he is just dead, that hairs when laid upon them actually shrivel up, and when he is alive they are absolutely on fire when he is irritated, because, if this were not so, he would not singe the tips of the dogs' hair when they come near him.'

Ovid gives us an admirable picture of a wild boar in his animated description of the Calydonian hunt, and sings graphically of all the preparations for and incidents of that celebrated chase. The mighty forest, rising from the plain, its trees growing for ages, never thinned by man—

'Silva frequens trabibus quam nulla ecciderat ætas,'—

among whose tangled brushwood the great wild boar had his lair; the neighboring valley, with its rivulets of water and pool surrounded by willows, sedges, rushes, and talls reeds. to which place Meleagar and his comrades ('lecta manus juvenum') tracked the monster; the placing of the nets, the unleashing of the dogs, the search for foot-tracks, the ardor which filled the hearts of the hunters, the sudden rush of the wild boar from the marshy places of the pool, the breaking and crashing of the trees of the wood by the animal's impulse, the shout or 'view hollo' of the party as he started off, the casting of javelins, the dispersion of the dogs, are all most charmingly described by the prince of Latin poets. Echion was the first to hurl his javelin at the beast, but he only grazed the bark of a tree; the next was Jason, and he aimed well, but his javelin, though it looked as if it would surely strike the wild boar's back, overshot the mark. Ampycides breathed a sacred prayer to Phœbus that he would guide his weapon aright; the javelin flew true, and struck the animal, but, alas! the spear head broke as it was being hurled through the air; the hog, now rendered more furious than ever, suddenly attacks his pursuers, and knocks over Eupalamon and Pelagon, who are at once taken away from the hunting-field. Poor Enæsimus was more unfortunate still, for his courage forsook him, and as he turned to flight, he received a mortal wound on the thigh. And the terror of Calydon whets his tusks upon the trunk of an oak tree and wounds another hunter. The twin brethren, Castor and Pollux ('nondum cælestia sidera') are conspicuous in the hunt, mounted on their snow-white steeds, and their unerring javelins would certainly have given the deathstroke to the beast had he not rushed into the thickest part of the covert, impervious to darts and riders. Telamon, too impetuous, stumbles over the root of a tree, and falls to the ground. Atalanta, most swift-footed of mortals, is conspicuous in the chase; she bends her bow, and is the first to draw blood. Meleager, the fair maiden's lover, rejoices more than herself at her success, and is the first to see and point out the blood to his comrades. The rest of the sportsmen blush for shame to see a woman give the first wound, and being very angry—ungallant gentlemen—now throw their javelins promiscously and without effect. One of them, an Arcadian youth, more jealous and boastful, and less pious than the rest, bids his fellow hunters see how man's skill shall prove superior to a woman's, and with his two-edged axe attacks the furious beast. Alas for the ill-fated youth! his blow merely falls upon the foot of the boar, which immediately seizes him and inflicts a mortal wound, and the ground is covered with his blood. Enraged on account of the death of Ancæus, Pirithous madly rushes to attack the beast, brandishing in his right hand his hunting spears; but he is stopped by the remonstrances of Theseus, who bids him remember the rashness of the slain Arcadian. So Pirithous hurls a javelin from a distance, well poised and well directed, but it is stopped by a branch of a Tuscan oak; Jason is more unlucky still, for his weapon pierces the sides of an unfortunate hound and pins him to the ground. And now the great Meleager, the director of the hunt, steps forth and hurls one after the other a couple of lances; the first strikes the ground, the second is better aimed, and pierces the boar right in the middle of the back. Without waiting a moment, Meleager rushes upon the wounded animal as he turns his body round in a circle and pours from his mouth foam mixed with blood; and engages him in close fight. By a well directed thrust with his boar-spear he buries the head deep into his shoulder, and the scourge of the fields of Calydon lies prostrate on the ground. Shouts of triumph rend the air, and hearty congratulations greet the successful hunter, while the carcase of the huge wild boar lies extended upon the ground; but even yet he is scarcely considered safe, and each man buries his own spear deep into the warm body of the creature.

Lions, leopards, and bears entered into the list of animals hunted by the ancient Greeks and Romans. Lions have long since disappeared from Europe, and we have no historical evidence to show that they were ever common over Greece; but there can be no doubt whatever that they were found in one district of Thrace, within the tract lying between the rivers Nestus and Achelous, as Herodotus and other ancient writers have told us. In Asia Minor they were more common, as the frequent allusions to them in Homer would seem to indicate. Lions and such like large beasts of prey were sometimes destroyed by armed men, who watched for their nocturnal visits to the plains and then attacked them. Pitfalls were frequently made for their capture. A large, round, and deep hole was dug in the ground, having a pillar of earth in the middle, upon the top of which an unhappy goat was fastened as a bait. The whole was surrounded by a high hedge, to prevent the wild beasts seeing over it. The lions hearing the bleating of the goat during the night, would run round this fence, and, seeing no opening in it, would leap over it and be caught. They were also hunted by men on horseback armed with spears, and were sometimes taken in strong nets. Illustrations of this mode of hunting them may be seen in Montfaucon's *Antiquities*, in which work may be especially mentioned one very curious plate representing a lion standing with his fore-feet upon a large circular shield, under which crouches a fallen hunter. Several men, with spears and shields as tall as themselves, stand in a row close together, each with his head appearing over the top of the shield. Another hunter is kneeling, guarded by his shield, expecting the lion to attack him next; another runs away with shield on back. The lion is evidently puzzled and much disappointed that he cannot get at the hunter, who is completely protected by his immense shield, which he has contrived to throw over his body as he fell.

EASTERN ASSAYS
OF CALIFORNIA OUTCROPPINGS.

[Below we publish all the notices of *Outcroppings* that we find in our Eastern exchanges. We have no excuse to offer, for we do not know that any more interesting matter could be laid before our readers. Certainly, few books in the present century have been honored with an equal amount of notice. Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch created some commotion, but the result, we fancy, proves that it is safer to meddle with Patriarchs than with Poets. To some extent, The Californian feels an interest in the discussion. More than half the poems which the little volume contained cropped out originally in these columns, and The Californian is prepared to back its contributors. If any literary journal can be shown upon this coast—yes, we will go further, and include this whole continent (of course, ruling out the magazines)—which has published as much original poetry—not verse merely, but *poetry*—as The Californian has since its first number was issued, we are very willing to exhibit files and pay forfeit, if the event proves that we are mistaken.]

CALIFORNIA POETRY.

A POETICAL claim on behalf of California is put forward in a little book bearing the imprint of A. Roman & Co., of San Francisco, and W. J. Widdleton of this city. It consists of a collection of stanzas from contributions by local poets to the California newspapers, and from material collected by a lady some years since for a similar volume. Some twenty new writers, most of them quite unknown in the Atlantic States, are here introduced to the public, and the ability shown in their selected stanzas is by no means inconsiderable. Scarcely any living poet need feel ashamed of having written Edward Pollock's descriptive lines, "The Chandos Picture." The couplets entitled "Evening," and beginning—

The air is chill, and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate—

are also worthy of praise.

E. G. Paige, better known as "Dow, Jr.," contributes a semic comic, semi-serious poem on "The Approach of Autumn." Emilie Lawson shows a poetic taste, and her lines, "Two Comrades in Arms," have been extensively copied in the eastern papers. They begin thus:

"Comrade! I hear the beating of a drum;
Have reinforcements come?"
"There is no sound, save a lost whippowil,
Crying from yonder hill."

C. H. Webb is one of the best of the California poets. Among his verses we find this vivid little picture:

MY RIVAL.

Soft music swells out on the night,
The air is a-throb with perfume;
And the feet of the dancers fall light—
Yet Death crouches low in the room.

One stands him, all smiling and bland,
Just there where the tapestries fall;
The wine-cup he holds in his hand
Throws a dahlia of red on the wall.

His fool-face hot flushes with love,
And he whispers a name in his wine—
The white moon that looked from above,
And the stars know the woman is mine.

It were better he said him a prayer;
Were the man not a fool, he would feel
A shudder of death in the air,
And the sharp, sudden tingle of steel

See! he smiles to himself as he sips
Of his wine in the alcove apart;
Will he smile when my dagger's thin lips
Shall drink the red wine of his heart?

"Waiting for the Rain," by Annie A. Fitzgerald, and "Tom Darling," a humorous poem full of puns, by L. F. Wells, are worthy of notice; and the same may be said of Charles Warren Stoddard's lines entitled

MARS.

Now Mars steals over the water:
He is marching down from the sky—
Great Mars, with his golden helmet,
And the golden flame in his eye.

The sea is still, for the ripples
Are hushed at the god's slow tread,
And a line of light is trailing
The wave, like a burning thread.

Sad Mars! he is wearied with marching,
And wandering off is he,
While he nods his yellow helmet,
And thrusts his lance in the sea.

Faltering Mars! with his marching
Wearied he seems to be;
While he tips his helmet and merges
His golden lance in the sea.

It is a singular fact that the poetry in this volume contains scarcely anything characteristic of California. Most of the stanzas could just as well have been written in New York, or Massachusetts, or England. The compiler, in this connection, remarks in the preface: "It might be expected that a country whose scenery is remarkable for sublimity and grandeur would have inspired some suitable expression here. But the attempts at descriptive and pastoral poetry have not been generally successful. Perhaps a monotonous climate lacking those vicissitudes of seasons which elsewhere inspire the imagination has obliged the poet to look oftener in his own heart for that spring and autumn from which so much imagery is supposed to flow, or in the fortunes of his fellow men, which are usually exempt from this climatic influence." We would add that Mrs. A. M. Shultz is the only poet represented in this book who seems to be awakened to enthusiasm by the scenery of California. Her lines, "The Song of the Flume," are so spirited that we cannot deprive our readers of their dashing melody and rhythm.

THE SONG OF THE FLUME.

Awake, awake! for the flaming east
Is red with the coming day:
My struggling breast disdains its rest,
And I haste o'er the hills away.
Up from the valley!—up from the plain!
Up from the river's side!
For I come with a gush, and a torrent's rush,
And there's wealth in my swelling tide.

I am fed by the melting rills that start
Where the sparkling snow-peaks gleam;
My course is free, and with greatest glee
I leap in the sun's broad beam.
Though torn from the channels deep and old
I have worn through the craggy hill,
Yet I flow in pride as my waters glide,
And there's mirth in my music still.

I sought the shore of the sounding sea
From the far Sierra's height,
With a starry breast and a snow-capped crest,
I foamed in a path of light;
But they bore me thence in a winding way—
They fettered me like a slave,
And as serfs of old were sold for gold,
So they bartered my soil-stained wave.

Through the dim tunnel, down the dark shaft,
Search for the shining ore;
Hoist it away to the light of day
Which it never has seen before!
Spade and shovel, mattock and pick—
Ply them with eager haste;
For my golden shower is sold by the hour,
And the drops are too dear to waste.

Lift me aloft to the mountain brow!
Fathom the deep blue vein!
And I'll sift the soil for the shining spoil,
As I sink to the valley again;
The swell of my swarthy breast shall bear
Pebble and rock away,
Though they brave my strength, they shall yield at length,
But the glittering gold shall stay.

Mine is no stern and warrior march,
Nor stormy trump and drum;
No banners gleam in my darkened stream,
As with conquering step I come;
But I touch the tributary earth
Till it owns a monarch's sway,
And with eager hand, from a conquered land,
I bear its wealth away.

Awake! awake!—there are loving hearts
In the land you left afar;
There are tearful eyes in the homes you prize,
As they gaze on the western star.
Then up from the valley!—up from the hill—
Then up from the river's side!
For I come with a gush, and a torrent's rush,
And there's wealth in my swelling tide!

[*New York Evening Post.*

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OUTCROPPINGS.

We have read (somewhat to our own surprise, we confess,) nearly all there is in this little book, which came to us so pleasantly printed, with such a quaint outside of German quarto, and with each poem in it so dantily set with engraver's caprices of flower and fruit that we could not help giving it a friendly attention, and should now be glad to have found it much worthier perusal than we did. There are four or five genuine poems in the volume, and the remaining selections are rhymes which might interest the observer of this age's fatal facility of making verses. A great and unerring genius has winnowed the poetical vocabulary of base diction, and has enriched it with such opulence of expression, that any contemporary lady or gentleman of ordinary education and warmth of feeling may sit down after the perusal of Tennyson, and make much better verses than Dr. Johnson did, with all the lumber of antiquity at hand to supply him the material for his wooden effusions. If these facile geniuses lived long, we should find poetry worse than the plagues of Egypt, and the poets would infest all the dough-troughs (except their own empty ones) in the land. Happily, however, these myriad immortals are usually carried off by business, by marriage, and by subsidence of the spring-tide of youth, before they have time to pipe more than half-a-dozen songs, and then their immortality lies folded away in old newspapers till some one comes to make a collection of it.

As California has been peopled by the average culture and talent of the older States, and has yet had no time to develop a peculiar character of life and thought, there is no reason why the present collection of California verse should be different from a collection of Ohio verse or New England verse. At any rate, it is not; and these California poets rarely make mention of her climate and scenery; but sing, with an exile's fondness, of the seasons and landscapes known to us of the eastern shore of the continent. The fervor of California suns is palpable only in the erotic nature of some of the verse, which is often sweet and tender, and at times almost original. "Cupid Kissed Me" and "In the Pouts," by Ina D. Coolbrith, have a slight pathos and saucy charm quite their own; while "The Mother's Grief," by the same poet, is veritable and fine. One day the baby plays at the door, and tries to clutch the sunbeam on the threshold; and the next day the mother weeps as the sunbeam falls on the baby's bed:

"I weep to see its shining band
Reach, with a fond endeavor,
To where the little restless hands
Are crossed in rest for ever."

Miss Coolbrith is one of the *real* poets among the many poetic masqueraders in the volume; Emilie Lawson is another; and Mr. C. H. Webb is, say, half another. "Das Meermadchen" is a genuine ballad, and is marred by none of the prosaic lapses not to be noted without smiles and sadness in his other poems. "The Omen," by C. H. B., is also the fair expression of a true feeling. J. F. Bowman has three poems in the selection, one of which is a translation. The other two are both good; one, indeed, is *so* good that we must copy it:

THE WHOLE STORY.

When Jones was sixteen, he was bent
On one day being President.

At twenty-five, Jones thought that he
Content as District Judge would be.

At thirty, he was much elated
When Mayor of Frogtown nominated.

But bootless all the nomination—
His rival Tompkins graced the station.

At forty-five his dreams had fled;
Hope and Ambition both were dead.

When from his toils he found release,
He died—a Justice of the Peace.

O youthful heart, so high and bold,
Thus is *thy* brief, sad story told!

[*The Nation.*

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Mr. W. J. Widdleton has lately published a handsome little quarto, entitled "Outcroppings: Being selections of California Verse." It contains between forty and fifty pieces, the work of nineteen different writers, five of whom are ladies; and while they cannot be said to rise to the heights of poetry, they are certainly very creditable specimens of verse. We recognize two or three names, as C. H. Webb, who, we believe, was at one time on the staff of the New York *Times*, Edward Pollock, E. C. Paige ("Dow, Jr.,") Charles W. Stoddard, and James Linen, the latter a Scottish poet who published a volume of songs in this city some ten or fifteen years since; the rest are unknown to us. Mr. Webb comes the nearest to being a poet of any one in the volume; "The June Month," a poetic trifle of his, five stanzas long, is *naive* and pretty. There are also good comic points in "Tom Darling," by L. F. Wells.—*Round Table.*

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This little volume is a genuine and unexceptionable witness to the spread and diffusion of intellectual cultivation in a region that might well claim a lenient judgment in matters of taste and literature, were any indulgence necessary. So far different is the case, that few miscellaneous collections of poetry rise to a higher average degree of merit than the present elegantly printed little volume. Many of the pieces it contains have gone the rounds of the newspapers in utter unconsciousness of the sources from whence they emanated. A little more "local color" might be desirable in the poems, but it must be recollected that scarcely any of the writers can have been born in California, and they undoubtedly carried with them to the land of their adoption the tastes and habits derived from the region of their birth. We hope that Messrs. Roman & Co. may find encouragement sufficient to bring out an annual volume of *Outcroppings.—New York Times.*

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California Poets.—We have received from E. P. Dutton & Co. a charming little volume printed by Alford, and published by A. Roman & Co., of San Francisco, and W. J. Widdleton of New York, entitled *Outcroppings, being Selections of California Verse.* The volume does credit to the enterprising State from which it proceeds, and proves that the Muses are worshipped in the land where everybody was supposed to be digging into the veins of Mammon. There is a fervor, heartiness, and sincerity in the poems which will attract the reader from the first, while their literary workmanship is generally as good as their spirit is vigorous and inspiring. Few States could produce a better book of the kind, and it is deserving of a wide circulation on both sides of the Rocky Mountains.—*Boston Transcript.*

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Outcroppings.—This little volume is a string of gems. Many of the poems will be easily recognized at once as old friends, and it will be enough for the lovers of poetry to be told that within the covers of this beautiful book are contained the choice productions of pens such as those of Edward Pollock, Lyman R. Goodman (whose "In the Swing" is so admired,) E. G. Paige, Emilie Lawson, Ina D. Coolbrith, C. H. Webb, Chas. W. Stoddard, W. A. Kendall, J. F. Bowman, Carrie Carleton, H. C. B., Annie A. Fitzgerald, B. P. Avery, L. F. Wells, Mrs. A. M. Shultz, and J. R. Ridge and many others. These productions, appearing first in the California papers, are reproduced under the above title, and will have a large sale from the Atlantic to the Pacific—*Boston Evening Courier, Nov.* 24.

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A. Roman & Co., San Francisco, have published a beautiful little volume of the California poets, called *Outcroppings.* The volume contains selections from the effusions of a score of the songsters of the Golden State, most of which have appeared in fugitive forms during the last ten years. With two or three exceptions, the poems are of an excellent grade of merit, rising, in some instances, to a very high degree of poetic beauty. The volume is so beautifully printed, (we presume in New York,) that we are surprised at detecting occasional grave typographical errors.—*Philadelphia Daily Evening Bulletin, Nov.* 28.

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The neat volume which Lee & Shepard receive from a California press, *Outcroppings, being Selections of California Verse,* is a collection of short pieces by various authors, representing the culture and poetic fancy of our countrymen and women in El Dorado. Some of the poems are very pleasing, some have ease and grace and much sweetness; and as a whole they are welcome and worthy of something more than that faint praise which damns.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

"Bon, Harry Smith has one of the greatest curiosities you ever saw." "Don't say so! what is it?" "A tree that never sprouts, and becomes smaller the older it grows." "Well, that is a curiosity. Where did he get it?" "From California." "What is the name of it?" "Axletree—it once belonged to a California omnibus."

Two sons of Erin were standing by a hydraulic press, when one called out to the other: "Jim, I'd like to put yez under and squaze the divil out o' yez." "Would ye, indade, my boy?" was the answer—"squaze the divil out o' *yez*, an' there'd be nothing left!"

FROZEN TO DEATH!

ALONE ON THE ARCTIC SEA.

WERE I to chronicle the events of the day or indeed to write down the story of each week, in this my first voyage, I don't know when I should finish my story. I must tell it therefore as briefly as I can.

We soon left San Mayon and sailed northward to prosecute our search for Sir John Franklin. Our men were as anxious as the captain, and under his direction Bobus fitted up a cask, which, stuffed with wool and straw, was hoisted up to the masthead and there fixed. It was called "a crow's nest," and there a man, relieved every half hour, stood with his glass in hand, looking out for a sail, for land, or for any present danger.

I had myself mounted one day, watching with Bobus the progress of a fine iceberg which floated down towards us, with a slightly rotatory motion. We had not been watching long, when a sight was presented which we had not before seen.

"Look, Bobus!" cried I in amazement; "look there, there's a man!"

"As sure as my name's Jack Co—!" He did not finish the sentence because he was so surprised, for there, seated on the berg, in a cavity which formed round him like a natural arm-chair, with his head leaning on the hand, and his arm on his knee, was an English sailor. His hair blew wildly about, and his hat was off, and his garments, loose and covered with hoar frost, blew towards us, so that I thought he beckoned us.

"Yo, ho! shipmate. Yo, ho!" cried Bobus, frantically. "Yo, ho! What cheer?"

The figure never stirred nor answered. The wind blew out his hair and ragged garments as before.

The men were all astir on deck, for they saw the figure, and presently the captain came aloft with his glass and looked at him earnestly.

Slowly the berg bore down upon us; the helm was altered, so that the ship wore round and passed the berg at some seventy feet distance, as nearly as we could with safety to ourselves. Bobus, the most hopeful of us all, continued to shout as our countryman came near.

"An English jib," cried Bobus. "One of Sir John's men, as I make out; yo ho! shipmate, yo ho!"

"It's no use shouting, Bobus," cried the captain. "He's been dead for weeks, if not for years. He never will speak more."

The words had hardly left the captain's mouth, than a cold wind blew from the iceberg, and the atmosphere, as it does always near those immense masses of ice, grew colder. The ship wore off from the berg; but at the same time, as we neared it, the very face of the man was presented to us, and we could see the sunken cheeks, the pale lips, and the eyes. They were open.

"Cap'en Seth Smith," said Bobus, solemnly; "that man's alive."

"As dead as last year, or as Pontius Pilate," returned Captain Seth. "Yo ho! there on deck; run out a gun, and, when I give the word, fire."

We had a long gun on deck, with which our doctor, a learned man, had been endeavoring to calculate distances by the reverberations and echoes. Under his orders it was quickly charged with powder only, and made ready, and as the berg floated by, the gunner applied the portfire, and an explosion followed, the smoke of which had no sooner cleared away, than he saw the figure rock slightly backwards and then topple forwards and slide down swiftly the steep sides of the iceberg into the sea. All looked with horror into the deep ocean, but the waves closed over the dead man's head, and he did not rise again to the surface.

"Ah!" said the captain, "I knew how it was, he was frozen to death upon that berg."

"How did he get there?" said the doctor.

"Heaven only knows. It might have been that the turning of the iceberg overwhelmed his ship, and he being upon the mast jumped off to the berg, only to see his vessel and all hands go down."

Bobus had told me that one of the chief dangers of a vessel, in this northern ocean, was the danger of being crushed by a turning berg. They are often prodigiously high, but whatever their height above water, they have six times the depth below. That is, when a mountain of ice floats, six sevenths of its bulk are submerged, so that if it be only fifty feet high it is three hundred feet deep. The temperature of the water also being higher than that of the air, the water being in fact warmer, the ice in the water gradually melts till the bottom becoming lighter than the top, it turns over. Of course, if any ship be near it, the ship is crushed and borne down.

"No," cried the doctor, "he is not the last of the band; he may be one of Sir John's men. He may have come from that mysterious spot where icebergs are formed, and where Sir John has penetrated the Arctic Ocean Sea."

All started at the words. Each hoped that they might prove true. Every one in the ship had long ago discussed the doctor's theory, that beyond the zone of ice which bound in those frozen regions like an iron wall, there is a vast and probably a fresh water ocean on the banks of which the icebergs were massed together; for we knew that, except at the entrance of immense rivers, no large quantity of fresh water, such as is contained in a berg, could exist.

"Ah," cried old Bobus, turning to the doctor, "I bean't a book-learned man, I bean't; but what you says about the open sea is feasible. About ship, Cap'en Seth, about ship then, and let us away to find out Sir John."

Cap'en Seth pointed to the iceberg and smiled sadly. "Ah, Bobus," said he, "'tis easy to talk; but how are we to 'bout ship and pierce through eternal ice? Why the great Parry when he got to latitude 81, abandoned his ship, got up sledges, and went north; but the drift of the ice carried him further south than he could go, and taking his bearings after a long journey, he found himself four miles further south than when he started."

"Disappointing enough," said the doctor.

"Ay, ay, but what was he to do. Nature is a great giantess, and conquers the most bold of us."

"But she will be subdued in the long run," continued the doctor. "Who knows but we may some day find out something which will mitigate these perpetual snows and icy cold?"

"Ay, who knows?" said the captain, with a shiver. "Meantime, Bobus, jump into the boat and get aboard the berg. Let us see if that poor Jack Tar has left any memorial of himself."

We were all willing to be of the party, and I regarded it as a great favor that Bobus took me with him in the boat. The iceberg had floated a little way past to the stern: but we soon pulled to it. The narrowest part only of it had been towards us, for it had many sides, some broad and narrow. We easily made out the place where the poor fellow, numbed with cold, sat down to die; but we could not reach it from that place, for the ice rose in a perpendicular wall about thirty feet high. We therefore rowed round the berg, which we found to be nearly a mile and a half in circumference. On the opposite side to where we first saw our countryman, irregular steps formed by the ice gave us a foothold, and some of the stoutest of our party going first were soon on the berg.

We traversed it as well as we could; but found no traces of our companion, as some had presumed we should, till we came to his resting place; there we found only three things. A pipe, empty indeed, but blackened with smoke; a jack-knife, tied with lanyard, such as sailors use, and an empty meat-can—one, indeed, such as had been sent out by the Government, and by those who fitted out these Northern expeditions. We seized these eagerly, and looked around for more relics of the poor fellow, but found none.

"He ain't left no scrap of writing, Ned," said Bobus, "to tell who he was, and how he died, or to send his last love to his sweetheart."

"How could he, old spooney?" cried Pilbeam, "he couldn't call for a pen an' ink, could he?"

Pilbeam had not forgotten the rattan, and was the only one in our ship who was discontented and ill-natured. Bobus looked at him with some contempt, but did not answer.

"Let's scrape away the ice," said one of the sailors, "maybe the Jack Tar's left some notion o' who he was." We did so, but found no memorial; the meat-can had been carefully wedged in a fissure, and the knife and pipe were laid on the top of it. We were looking forlorn at the place, when a gun from the ship gave us the signal to return. When we looked in the direction of the shot, we could hardly make our vessel out.

"Let us make haste back, Bobus," said I, "or else we shall undergo the same fate as our poor friend"

"Ay, ay," cried Bobus, and away we scampered over the block to the place where our boat was moored, and where one of our men was in charge. We found the descent much harder than the ascent, and were indeed so long before we all got down into the boat and round the angle of the berg, that the thick mist and fog parted us from our ship. The effect of being alone in the Arctic regions, or at any rate seeming so far away from our companions and hidden from their sight, hardly knowing where we might drift, or whether some of the immense masses of loose ice might not overwhelm us, was by no means pleasant. Under the influence of Bobus, however, none of us despaired, and as the others rowed and he steered according to the direction of a man at the head, who looked out for the masses of ice, I was employed in firing a pistol off which I held, so that we should give notice to the ship where we were.

We soon had the relief of hearing them reply, and so pulled straight through the fog to the *Lively Bessey*.

They were very glad when we got on board, for accidents in those seas are frequent enough, and our good captain was anxious to bring his men home all safe. "Well," said he, "Bobus, what trace have you found of our countryman?"

"None, Cap'en Seth," said Bobus; "none 'cept these," and he produced the clasp-knife, the tobacco pipe, and the meat-can.

"We didn't find no scrap of writin'," said Bobus in a melancholy tone.

"Eh!" returned the doctor, who had taken the meat-can. "How do you know? Have you looked here?"

He unscrewed the lid of the can as he spoke with a strong wrench, for it had rusted together, and opening it, turned it to the light at the binnacle. There, sure enough, were letters in rude capitals, worked on the inside of the lid with the point of the seaman's knife: "John Trueman, Ship *Sarah*, September, 1838. Left alone on the ice. May the Lord have mercy!"

"Poor fellow! poor fellow! What ship was that, captain?"

"The ship *Sarah*," said Captain Seth. "I don't remember her name among any of the Arctic searches. Maybe she was some whaler, driven out far north, and then overwhelmed as we guessed before."

All this time poor Bobus was displaying very lively emotion; now clasping his hands, now his forehead. "Give me the box, doctor," said he, "and let me look at the handwritin'; I know summat of that ship."

"Yes," he continued, as he took the tin, "that good ship was a North Sea whaler, and as good and tight a ship as ever sailed; and this here John Trueman," he struck the box with his great fist as he said it, "was my brother-in-law," and married my only sister, whose name likewise was Sarah, long years ago. The good ship and good John never came back again, no, never, never, and John's parents and wife, who never mistrusted him, thought as how she had foundered in deep water and no hands had come to land. She, poor girl, lived on a little while, and then died; but John's parents live yet, and John I seed to-day, a sitting with his head resting, and thinking of his poor young wife and his friends at home, afore the iceberg came and touched him, and turned him into death."

The good old sailor rubbed the back of his sealskin glove across his eyes. His companions were silent. "Yes," he continued, "not that I am sorry for John, I've no doubt he had a hard struggle; but, thank God, he is at peace. Peace and calm rest upon and with him. If he could rise up from yonder wave, he wouldn't see his true love again; but his spirit knows and loves her now. And if so be as I do get home, I shall tell the old people how John Trueman died sitting at his post, and waiting quietly for the summons to go aloft."

The old seaman rubbed his moist eyes as he spoke, and took off his fur cap and pointed upwards. His gray hair streamed upon the cold night wind by the light of the binnacle, and made him look not unlike John Trueman himself. "Give me the articles, cap'en," said he; "I think I may constitoot myself residooary legatee." He smiled faintly when he took them.

"I am not sorry, Cap'en Seth," he said, "that I went on this voyage with you; I kinder thought as I should meet with John, and now I have, and now my mind is at ease."

He looked down to the tin as he spoke, and re-read the words on the lid. "All alone on the ice," he said. "Poor fellow, all alone! Well, well, there may be others as are not quite all alone. There may be others as have lost all their boats, but have not lost heart, and are now abandoned on the shores o' that there open sea the doctor speaks of. Bout ship, cap'en, bout ship, and let us find 'em; steer away for the open Arctic Sea!"

THE ETIQUETTE OF SMOKING.

IT is not our intention to enter into any discussion of the utilities or the inutilities, the pleasures or the mischiefs of tobacco. We accept its use as a fixed fact, something which may, possibly, be improved away by the time we have abolished all our custom-houses, cleaned the streets of New York, and the relations of labor and capital are satisfactorily settled, but to the present existence of which we can neither shut our eyes nor our noses. We propose to concern ourselves merely with its bounds and regulations.

The great difference between smoking and various practices about the morality or propriety of which men differ is its continual and unavoidable obtrusion upon non-smokers. If Deacon Coldstream has forsworn fermented beverages, nothing in the world obliges him to set foot in the fashionable dining-room, the country bar-room, or any other place where what lecturers delight to miscall the "wine-cup" is wont to circulate. If Brother Maw-worm regards all actors and actresses as necessarily children of the evil one, he has no possible reason or excuse for venturing inside a playhouse, and if he does not go to see the players he may be pretty sure they will not come to see him. The Puritan who anathematizes the memory of St. Vitus need never hear a fiddle or see a caper; and if the vegetarian is sometimes exposed to the smell of roast beef, at least the savor does not sicken him. But the ordinary course of his business or pleasure is continually bringing Tom, who does not smoke, into contact with Dick and Harry, who do. Smith, whose cigar is more necessary to him than his dinner, and whose every garment reminds you of the tobacconist, meets habitually not only Jones and Brown, but *Mesdames* Jones and Brown, to whom the odor of the weed is positively nauseating. Drinking and

dancing and many dear delights may be carried on with a certain amount of secrecy and seclusion; but a man cannot smoke a cigar under a bed.

The mere police of the thing, the saying by law that men shall not smoke in this or that public building or place or conveyance, is comparatively easy, though even here there are some inconsistencies and difficulties. How absurd, for instance, that a man may carry his pipe through Central Park, and a lady may not carry her nosegay! London regulations allow you to buy a cigar in an arcade (answering to the French "passage,") but not to smoke it there.

But the great trouble is when you come to the extra legal relations of the subject. Between the smokers and the non-smokers there must be a continual self-sacrifice on one or the other side. There is a pleasant club, large or small. As men go, probably three-fourths of the members smoke, half the other fourth don't mind it, and the remaining eighth are not merely annoyed by the customary cloud, but actually unable to sit in it for any length of time. This eighth may comprise some of the very best men in the club, but as they cannot give the law to the majority, the practical result is that they are banished from the fullest and pleasantest meetings. A gentleman and lady are walking or travelling together; he suspects that a cigar would annoy her, she more than suspects that the want of one annoys him, and thus the pleasure of their intercourse is considerably impaired, and so in fifty cases of everyday occurrence. Under these circumstances a review of the unwritten usages of society in different countries, with regard to this habit, may not prove altogether uninteresting or uninstructive.

To begin with the Old World, we find that European custom in this, as in many other social matters, may be broadly divided into two codes, the English and the Continental. The English rules in theory, and, to a great extent, in practice, are very strict. Smoking is presumed to be a vice, and regarded much as wine-drinking is, by public opinion, in most parts of New England. Youths of eighteen or nineteen, whom we should call young men, and the English call boys, are forbidden to smoke at the public schools, under pain of corporal punishment; at the military academies (some of them, at least,) under pain of expulsion. For a gentleman to be seen in a fashionable street of London, by day, with a cigar, is almost as compromising as if he were to be seen there intoxicated, and no professional man would *dare* to sport his "weed" in Regent street. No respectable hotel will allow a guest to smoke in his own parlor; and at very few hotels (those frequented by foreigners form the chief exception) is there any accommodation for smokers. The dining-room of a private house is a temple never to be profaned by the odor of tobacco, even should there be no ladies within a quarter of a mile. At some country-seats it is a regulation, actually printed and stuck up, hotel-fashion, that no smoking is allowed anywhere in the house; consequently, most of the gentlemen betake themselves after breakfast to the stables—about the last place, for obvious reasons, where smoking should be carried on. In short, your English gentleman, or business man of the old school, regards a cigar or pipe in much the same light as some other indulgences abstractly vicious, but which, nevertheless, a great many will have.

Such is John Bull's etiquette of smoking, a queer social fiction, and a striking example of the peculiar kind of hypocricy which pervades English society. Perhaps we ought rather to speak of it in the past tense, for the cloud-compelling propensities of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales may have modified it within a few years. Shortly after Queen Victoria's accession, when her love of riding had given an additional impulse to the already well-developed equestrian taste of her fair subjects, an enthusiastic cigar-merchant exclaimed: "Oh, if Her Majesty would only take to smoking, like the Queen of Spain, what a lift it would give our trade!" If that vender of weeds still lives, how he must bless the Prince!

On crossing over to the Continent we find a great change. In the first place, it is nearly a matter of course that, as a general rule (some exceptions will come up a little further on,) no man objects to smoking where only men are present, even when he has the law on his side, as in the compartment of a railway-carriage. His consent will be asked out of courtesy, but it is taken for granted that he will not refuse it. Not only does no gentleman hesitate to smoke in the street, but in public dining-rooms the practice is generally allowed, except for an hour or two before dinner, and cigars are frequently lighted before dessert is finished or the ladies have left the table. As to the rule with ladies and families of your acquaintance, the hat and the cigar stand about on the same footing; and the former is a pretty good measure of the latter. Thus, you would not enter a house or apartment with your hat on unless you were on very familiar terms, indeed, with its inmates; neither would you with your cigar. You lift your hat on stopping to address a lady in a public promenade, you also throw away your cigar (*a fortiori* if you are going to be introduced to her,) and so on. The same correspondence of hat and cigar holds good in relation to personages of superior rank, and to entering offices for the transaction of business, public or private.

Lax as these rules are in theory, the Continental practice continually tends to loosen them. The infamous desire to appear to have more or less *réussi avec* every desirable woman of his acquaintance, will often tempt a Frenchman to violate his own code of manners *purposely;* and in some other countries the use of tobacco is so nearly universal as to overcome all ordinary rules of ceremony. A German prince or general may, by some extraordinary dispensation of Providence not smoke, himself, but his friends and officers will smoke under his very nose. True, he might stop them by a word, but it would be at the cost of such unpopularity as even a German potentate does not like to encounter. Besides, wherever the ladies have, in any appreciable number, adopted the practice, the men are, of course, relieved from most of their scruples in that direction. Now female smoking (to the extent of cigarettes) is very general in Russian society, tolerably so in Italian, and we suspect more common in French and German than most French and German ladies would allow before strangers.

Recrossing the ocean in a southerly direction, we come upon, to use a pet newspaper phrase, the carnival of tobacco, at its original headquarters. All the Spanish-American nations smoke, literally without distinction of place.

The first gentlemen of Havana light up between the acts at their opera. The first ladies of Mexico and Peru join their guests in a cigar (*not* a cigarette) after dinner.

Our own practice in this as in many other things is a compromise between the insular and continental European, with rather more tendency to the latter. Our public etiquette is nearly that of the Continent, though much laxer in regard to business offices, and much stricter as concerns public dining-rooms. Where ladies are more especially concerned, the English element of our civilization is apt to predominate, and so it does in this particular. A general impression of fastness, joined to the popular delusion that drinking and smoking go together, makes us regard a lady smoker with something very like abhorrence. Seriously, and without wishing to advance a paradox, we think a very good case might be made out for ladies who smoke; but to develop the argument would be foreign to our purpose. We are only dealing with facts, and must accept as our theory, because it is mainly true in fact, that North American ladies do not smoke, and that the smell of tobacco is more or less disagreeable to the majority of them. And this admission involves more than is apparent on the face of it. The old maxim that the effect ceases with the cause does not apply to tobacco, the after-odor of which is often more disagreeable to non smokers than the immediate result of its consumption. Hence a gentleman should purify himself thoroughly after smoking before venturing into ladies' society, and a room where gentlemen are accustomed to smoke should be carefully ventilated and pastilled before it is used by ladies.—*The Nation.*

A JAVANESE SERAGLIO.

As no man except the Sultan is, upon any pretence permitted within the precincts of the seraglio, I here insert a description from the pen of a lady, who saw and conversed with these Javanese houries. In a low kind of bungalow, some distance from the main building, not, however, so far off but that we could distinctly hear the sounds of music and mirth from the joyous scene we had just left, were assembled several women, mostly very young, and all dressed in a costly native fashion. Some of the party were playing a Chinese game of cards. All looked up at our entrance, but soon resumed their occupation, alternately playing, chewing tobacco, betel and seri leef, and using their spittoons, one of which was placed by the side of each person. Most of them were good-looking, with magnificent dark eyes, drooping lids, and long, curling lashes. They make use of an immense quantity of powder, which, though very glaring, most probably tends to heighten their charms. Their hair was generally dressed with care, being all drawn back from the face and arranged in two loops behind, in which champaka and molor flowers were inserted by some, while others wore diamond pins. The ear was made unnaturally large by immense ear-rings, in shape exactly like a small cotton reel, the centre of each end being studded with brilliants. The large holes through which these singular ornaments were thrust, are bored at a very tender age, and the apertures are filled from time to time with gradually larger and heavier ear-rings, until the lobes finally become so unnaturally elongated.

Unfortunately, the beauty of the Javanese in general is spoiled by a prevalence of bad noses. It is very rarely one comes across a good nose, but when that feature is perfect, the face is usually pretty, provided always the mouth is kept closed, for, from the constant use of serigambier tobacco, etc., their teeth are very black. This unfortunately is considered a beauty. In children of thirteen or fourteen you see frequently beautiful teeth, like rows of pearls, either undergoing, or about to undergo, this disfiguring process. Amidst the group before us, I was mostly struck by a very young girl, whose age, I thought, could not exceed twelve or thirteen, and from whose face, though she appeared thoughtful, silent and sad, the childish look had not yet disappeared. Who knew but that the instinct of her heart already told her a better destiny might have been hers than that to which she was probably devoted? She was doubtless intended to be the new toy of a middle-aged monarch, and although she might revolt against her lot, she could do nothing to change it. She was her master's property until he tired of her, and sought new charms. Most of them, however, looked cheerful and happy, and I was told, by one who knew many of them personally, that they are generally content with their lot, being allowed no end of finery and silly amusements. Turning to look at the numerous birds which hung in cages around, I could not help thinking how true was the comparison which likened these captive minstrels to the poor prisoners who attended to and petted them.

THE BULL THAT SAW THE ELEPHANT; OR, A TUSSLE FOR THE ROAD.—In Columbiana County, Ohio, resides an old fellow renowned for his belligerent disposition, who is known as Friend Shavey. Born and bred a Quaker, he was long since read out of meeting on account of his quarrelsome propensities, but he still pertinaciously clings to the plain clothes and the plain language of his earlier days, possibly as a protection against the wrath he was continually provoking by his overbearing and irritating demeanor. He is always the owner of the crossest dog in the neighborhood, the most troublesome, breachy steers, etc., and is continually in hot water with some of his neighbors in consequence of the depredations committed by his unruly live stock. A short time since Van Amburgh's Menagerie, travelling through Columbiana, was obliged to pass his residence. A little before daylight, Nash, the keeper of the elephant Tippoo Saib, as he was passing over the road with his elephant, discovered this pseudo Quaker seated upon the roadside, watching a bull which he had turned upon the road, and which was pawing, bellowing, and throwing up a tremendous dust generally. In fact, from the fury of the animal's demonstrations, one would readily have taken him for one of the identical breed that butted a locomotive off a bridge.

"Take that bull out of the way!" shouted Nash, as he approached.

"Proceed with thy elephant," was the reply.

"If you don't take that bull away, he will get hurt," continued Nash, approaching, while the bull redoubled his belligerent demonstrations.

"Don't trouble thyself about the bull, but proceed with thy elephant," retorted Friend Shavey, rubbing his hands with delight at the prospect of an approaching scrimmage, the old fellow having great confidence in the invincibility of his bull, which was really the terror of the whole country around.

Tippoo Saib came on with his uncouth, shambling gait; the bull lowered his head and made a charge directly upon the elephant. Old Tippoo, without even pausing in his march, gave his cow-catcher a sweep, catching the bull on the side, crushing in his ribs with his enormous tusks, and then raised him about thirty feet in the air, the bull striking upon his head as he came down, breaking his neck and killing him instantly.

"I'm afraid your bull has bent his neck a little," shouted Nash, as he passed on.

"Bent the devil," cried old Shavey, with a troubled look at his defunct bull; "thy elephant is too hefty for my beast, but thee will not make so much out of the operation as thee supposes. I was going to take my family to thy show, but I'll see thee and thy show blowed to blazes before I go one step, and now thee may proceed with thy elephant, and be d--d, please;" the "please" being added as Shavey took a second look at the proportions of the stalwart elephant-keeper."

SHALL AND WILL.—The incoherent use of will for shall in the future tense and first person, seems to be increasing among us. We mean, of course, its use to give a simple statement in the future, without any act of the will implied. It comes from the South. In this particular the native habit of New England has fortunately been right. Our public men have brought the evil northward, for the most part. They took it in Congress, or in the departments at Washington. It is likely that a few years ago it was thought to be fashionable, because so the Southerners did. The reports of Congressional proceedings used to be full of it. "If this motion is laid on the table we will be unable to take it up," etc. Some of our best generals write now in the same style. Indeed, most of our army men do. And, as we have said, the evil seems to be growing. There is hardly a single issue of a newspaper that does not contain some specimen of it. By an error of the same sort would is used for should. "I sent word that if he was not here by noon we would be beaten," and the like. It is a pity that the bad habit should spread all over the country. Here among us, fortunately, the only rule one needs to follow as to these words is to use them in the way that is most natural; for our habits, at least among the common people, are all right. Let nobody, trying to be in the fashion, ape the false style he sees in some public man's letter, or hears from some great general's lips. If the bad usage is suffered to spread, the time will soon come when, to speak ourselves in that tongue, we will have nobody among us that knows how to talk.—*Springfield Republican.*

NOTICE.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20. 1866.

OUTCROPPINGS COME AGAIN.

ON another page we republish all the notices of *Outcroppings* which reach us through the columns of Eastern exchanges. The *Bulletin*, with that courtesy and generosity which have made it the favorite of its contemporaries and its proprietors so popular among men, has spared us the trouble of reproducing any of the vituperations which have been written on this coast, by giving up its own columns to their republication. This was scarcely, however, a work of love so much as of necessity, for the dead blank left where the telegraphic news was formerly found must be filled. Consequently no special obligations are expressed or implied on either side.

As a general thing it may be said of the criticisms thus embalmed in the amber of the *Bulletin's* columns, that their knowledge of poetry is about up to the standard of a schoolboy, and their grammar somewhat below. Any one wishing to know how criticisms should not be written had better read the compilation—it would also be advisable to peruse the criticism which that journal ventured on its own responsibility. The reflection of the reader will be that if too much learning has made people mad, a want of it makes them idiots, and that whatever nonsense the poets may have written, it is infinitely more valuable than such sense. He will find that the whole interior press was in a state of eruption with epithets. And all because the madrigals of a McDonald, the epithalamiums of a Goodman, and the lively *chansonettes* which have from time to time rippled from the pens of a McCarthy or a McMuggins, were omitted from a volume which could scarcely have printed the names of all these sucking bards—let alone a list of their works. Enough stones were thrown at the editor to build his monument, and enough mud was showered upon one of the contributors—erroneously conjectured to be concerned in the compilation of the volume—to cement that monument together. In nature these notices were essentially alike, the only variation being in length; and here the palm must be awarded to one which had origin in the sage brush and might have been written by a *sage-femme*—for it was filled in with the minutest details of a profession which is not commonly canvassed in public. These bulletins being written, almost without exception, by men who do not know an iambus from an omnibus, or a pentameter from a potato, their value as poetic criticisms and the reason of the omission of the epics of the authors from the volume will be at once appreciated and understood.

The notices which we reproduce from critical journals of the East are in the main good. There is an affectation of *dilettanteism* about some of them, an assumption of patronizing superiority, which amuses rather than provokes, for it is not ill-natured. For this we imagine the editor of the book is in great degree responsible, since it is from his preface that they take their cue. It was scarcely necessary, we think, for him to appear hat in hand in the attitude of an apology for those whom he introduced before an excuse was asked of him for their appearance. And we imagine that there are a number of the contributors who would have refrained from appearing at all had they known that the voice of Bret the Baptist would be heard crying in the wilderness before them, in an attempt to make the path straight. Why did he not throw in a leavening lump or two of his own verse, and so save the necessity for a deprecating preface? It would have added materially to the success, as well as to the interest of the book.

The critic of the *Nation* naively confesses his surprise on finding some of the verses "sweet and tender, and at times *almost* original." He traces the "erotic nature" of some of the verse to "the fervor of California suns," which indicates that his knowledge of the peculiarities of our climate is neither extended enough nor sufficiently accurate to enable him to judge very discriminatively of what Mr. Bret calls "climatic influences." We scarcely think the gentleman would find himself very erotically inspired, if he were caught out on one of our July afternoons, a fog rolling in from the sea, no overcoat on, and one of the peculiar zephyrs which prevail at that season of the year tearing out his hair by the roots. And he does Bowman great injustice in supposing that he has never written better verses than the little couplets copied. Our word for it, that lyric of Frogtown is not "Bowman's Best." The most extended notice which the book receives is from the *Evening Post*, and if, as the *Morning Call* plausibly supposes and positively asserts, it be written by the editor, William Cullen Bryant—the *laudari a laudato viro* is not wanting in this instance. The most fair and generous notice comes from the *Times*. A reason for the lack of "local color" in the verse is found, not in climatic influences, but in the simple and very palpable fact that the writers were not born in California, but adopted it as their home after their habits of thought, feeling, and expression were fixed. The critic very sensibly assumes that a bullfinch brought out here, after having learned its notes at home, would probably pipe about the same as before, though the native quail has a different whistle from that of the Eastern bird. And he recognizes the fact that very many of the pieces have been floating upon the waves of ultramontane journalism for a year or two past, without credit to either the author or the paper in which they originally appeared. From the fact that these pieces have been taken at second-hand so gladly, we think we have ample grounds for venturing the assertion that they would still more gladly have been accepted as original contributions. And when these same journals, which have leaned upon our poets' arms in their weekly walks, turn around and pat them upon the head, and remark that they are glad to see how well they are learning to toddle, we feel like entering a very emphatic protest. There is an outspoken candor and sincerity in the *Times'* criticism which we like. Without any weak preludes, qualifying phrases, regrets, or invidious comparisons, it says of the little volume what every unprejudiced mind must acknowledge "few miscellaneous collections of poetry rise to a higher degree of merit." Going a step farther we maintain that the book contains a number of *poems*—not pieces of *verse*—which would find admittance to the most exigeant magazines, and very few that would be refused by any literary journal if contributed to it, as they have been to California journals, gratuitously. Poetry, unfortunately, is not paid for in this country—let us at least give our bards that praise which is their due, and which the verdict of the press of older states, quite as entitled to critical pretensions as our own, is not slow to accord them.

LEGISLATIVE SAFETY-VALVES.

WE are very glad, indeed, to observe that boiler explosions have at last arrested the attention of those who make laws. The present Legislature has taken the matter in hand, and it may be considered as definitely settled. We rather regret that the representative wisdom of the cow counties had not turned its attention boiler-ways a little earlier—before the explosion of the *Yosemite*, for instance—for we have a vivid impression that, had this been done, that explosion would not—nay, *could* not—have happened. But better late than never. It is all right now. A Committee of Investigation has been appointed, and the fragments of the *Yosemite's* boiler will be handled by them as knowingly, and discussed as critically, as scattered turnips might be by an equal number of donkeys. We mean no reflections upon the Committee by the comparison—which, like the bo's whistling, did itself—but, on the contrary, a compliment, for donkeys are popularly supposed to be perfectly at home when turnips are before them. And we venture the prediction that our Committee will prove equally competent.

It is only necessary to pass a law that boilers can not, shall not, must not explode under any circumstances whatever, and the thing is done at once. It is as easy as rolling off a log—or what is equivalent—as log-rolling. Do not allow boilers to explode owing to "circumstances over which they have no control." Make the law severe, stringent, imperative, and we may slumber as safely over a high-pressure boiler as over a teakettle, with the lid off, and no fire in the stove.

Of course, it is fair to infer that steamboat companies are to blame. Clearly enough, it is for their interest to build magnificent boats, and lavish all the glories of the upholsterer's and gilder's art upon the saloons and staterooms, with a direct view to having them blown into the upper air, after a few months' service. A boiler constructed of rotten iron, with two or three holes in it—a sort of hair-trigger boiler, so to speak, ready to go off at a touch—and attended by an incompetent engineer, would be provided expressly for the purpose. And the captains—who are in most instances large stockholders in the companies—would take their stand directly over the boilers while on duty, and sleep above them while off, with the laudable ambition of being blown higher and further, and into smaller pieces, than any one else on board. A few accidents involving the loss of two or three boats would enhance the market value of the Company's stock; the loss of a few hundred passenger lives would add materially to its reputation; overland travel would become entirely extinct, and the travelling community would throng the offices, clamoring for season tickets up and down the river, and to the distant ports of the earth. Make it evident, by a few practical demonstrations, that a man's chance of getting safely from San Francisco to Sacramento, by steamboat, would about equal those of his arriving at the latter point, whole-skinned and his wig on, if shot in that direction from a huge cannon mounted on Broadway wharf, and very little else remains for a steam navigation company to do to establish its interests upon a permanent and paying basis. All this is as clear as a pikestaff—or as two pikestaffs, for that matter. Starting out with an idea that such a course of action is a company's policy, the Committee cannot possibly go wrong, and the result of their investigations cannot fail to prove eminently satisfactory to the public.

We respectfully recommend to the attention of the Legislature the suggestion of one of the most learned judges that ever did honor to any bench. In a discussion upon the best means of preventing such accidents, he counselled that the owners of steamboats be made responsible to the amount of $100,000 for every life lost by boiler explosions. This would evidently benefit the travelling public to an immense extent: rates of passage would be reduced to a merely nominal sum, new water routes to points of growing interest would be speedily opened: and, as persons having nothing particular to do, and large families to provide for, would take to steady going to and fro upon the face of the waters, in the hope of being blown up, travel would become immense. Thus every one would be benefitted. In such an affair as that of the *Yosemite* the steamboat owners would only have had to pay $10,000,000 to widows and orphans—which, besides assisting the charities of the world, would have encouraged them to build new boats with superior accommodations for the comfort of transient customers.

We are glad to see the course which newspapers generally adopt in event of an accident to a steamboat. Nothing can be fairer, in the light of all the reasons above enumerated, than to conclude that the owners are to blame, that they have acted throughout with *malice prepense*, and that it is the duty of independent journalism to pitch into them indiscriminately and unscrupulously, and without the slightest regard to facts—only moved by the benevolent intention of exciting the popular mind against the losel owners to the greatest possible degree.

But we suggest that, having legislated against boiler explosions, cannon be taken in hand. It is well known that during the war just ended very serious damages happened to our forces from the bursting of ordnance. An "engineer hoisted by his own petard" became a very common sight to see. In the turrets of our iron-clads, in the casemates of fortifications, the huge guns which latter day science has moulded were constantly splintering their sides and hurling death into the ranks they were intended to protect. Very likely Government, that ordered the guns, was in league with the contractors who furnished them, and the captains and lieutenants of the batteries were also in the plot. True, they had all passed inspection: had been subjected to severer tests than would ever be put to them in actual service, and it would not seem at first thought that Government had any special interest in bursting its own guns and killing its own men. But this conclusion cannot for a moment be adopted: some thing or some one must be made responsible, and the largest organization must be selected to bear the brunt. To suppose that, perhaps, the severe trial test to which the guns were subjected, so strained the metal that it gave way when a less amount of explosive power was generated, would pave the way for the acceptance of a just and rational explanation of the casualty—something which could not for a moment be thought of.

To argue that ever since the invention of gunpowder and the application of steam to mechanical purposes, accidents have occurred, and that they will continue to occur until the one agent is emasculated and the other bleached and shorn of its dangerous forces, does not weigh in the balance a moment. And, *revenons a nos vapeurs*, to conclude that steamboat owners are quite as much interested in putting safe boilers into their boats, and guarding in every possible way against explosions and losses of life, will not be accepted as an explanation if it be determined to create a number of emolumentary offices, despatching a number of tinkers around the country, to beat upon every teakettle and boiler that it contains, wearying the public ear with their din, and the pockets of proprietors with their extortions. Speed the good work.

WE learn by a private letter from Madrid, that Mme. Agatha States did not make a failure in her *début* there—the correspondence of a morning paper to the contrary notwithstanding. She met with an accident by being thrown from a carriage on the evening of her appearance, but sang her part through to the entire satisfaction of the public. And in her subsequent appearances she achieved a triumph nearly equal to that which greeted her in Italy. The many friends of Mme. States will be glad to receive this contradiction to a positively groundless rumor. At the date of the letter we refer to, the cholera was raging in Madrid, and the deaths were from one hundred to one thousand a day.

THE NEW GAME LAW.

WE rather like the bill which Mr. Dutton has introduced into the Legislature, and which he is determined to pass. It is natural to admire everything that is supreme of its kind, and this bill suggests itself at once as so eminently impracticable that we feel inclined to award it the palm. Next to the idea of legislating against boiler explosions, it is the most brilliant thing of the season—indeed we do not know that it should not take precedence of all. We question whether a more inoperative law could be framed and put upon the statute books. Make a man liable in a fine of a thousand dollars and six months' imprisonment for having a common pack of playing-cards in his possession, and place it in the power of a magistrate to order any house broken into upon the averment of any person of his belief that a game of jack-straws or chuck-luck was going on inside, and the first step would be taken in bringing about a revolution that would astonish foreigners as well as the natives.

The avoidance of extremes is a lesson which California has not yet learned. But a very few years ago monte-tables were maintained as openly as churches, and you could not travel a block without hearing the nasal voice of the dealer as he called the game; now it is proposed to put even a social game of cribbage or whist under about the same ban as burglary. It is possible sometimes to go too far in the right direction.

As for gambling it cannot be suppressed so long as fools are found on earth and knaves exist. Or, setting aside this great natural division of classes, it cannot be suppressed while human nature remains unchanged. There is a fascination to the multitude about chance which cannot be described and which they find it impossible to resist. What crowds the race-track? What fills Lombard street, the Bourse, Wall street, and Montgomery street with eager and excited men, virtually betting whether a stock will go up or down? Give cards the singular cut which is proposed, and you would see men tossing "heads or tails?" for twenties, or guessing how many beans were in a hat for money. It might as well be attempted to stop suicides by making it penal to own, sell, or manufacture pistols. For would not the dagger, poison, and the rope remain? If bent on self-destruction a man could butt his brains out against the wall, and the same with gambling. The devotee of Chance would never be at a loss for a means to gratify his favorite passion. Does not that most veracious of modern historians, Mark Twain, chronicle the idiosyncracy in Jim Smiley, of whom he says that: "If there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first—or if there was a camp-meeting he would be there regular to bet on parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about there, and so he was too, and a good man; if he even see a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *anything*—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick, once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he came in and Smiley asked him how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Providence she'd get well yet—and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll resk two and-a-half that she don't anyway." There are a great many Jim Smileys in all communities.

For what are called "the victims of gambling," we must confess to very little sympathy. They go wilfully and willingly to their ruin, led by the hope of getting money without working for it. It is useless to say that they only play for amusement, for if it be amusement to lose money. just as many dollars can be chucked from any of the wharves, and a decided saving of time effected. Very much the same with those who get into "dead-falls." Why don't they keep out of them? What sympathy would be felt for the fool who deliberately stuck his fingers in the fire with the flames staring him in the face and a hundred warning voices ringing in his ear?

Some time since, a young man embezzled money entrusted to his care, to lose at a gaming table. But the other day, a young man stole money from the public treasury, to lose in stocks. And how long is it since we heard of a young man's robbing a bank safe, to spend the money on a woman? What then? Do we strike at the root of the evil when we prohibit cards, annihilate all stock certificates and blot out the Board of Brokers, or abolish women? The young man who would steal to enable him to gratify one passion would also commit theft for the gratification of another.

When it becomes possible to change human nature by legislation, it will also become possible to put an effectual quietus upon gambling by the same means. But, until then, it will not. In the meanwhile, we do not know that it would not be a good plan to license a public game similar to that of Baden, under the direct surveillance of the police, and with every guarantee for fairness, closing all others. For, assuming for granted what very few will deny, that a ruling passion must find vent, the amateur gambler could then have the satisfaction of losing his money respectably, and under no suspicion of foul play. Another advantage would be that all would be public: the business man could not peril the money of his creditors without having it known, nor could the clerk lay down pillaged money upon the green cloth without its coming to his employer's ears. Out-of-the-way dens would be broken up, and the profession of the short-card sharp would be gone. Diseases are sometimes choked by giving them every facility and helping them along. But we question whether gambling can be more effectually suppressed by making it penal to deal in cards, than drunkenness was by a similar experiment called the Maine Liquor Law.

NEW BOOKS.

BEFORE us lie a pile of books which it must almost have depleted the shelves of A. Roman & Co. to furnish. Who is it that says "of making many books there is no end?" The art of book making, however, has now assumed æsthetic proportions which should reconcile us to the number printed, for whatever the value of the contents may be, it cannot be denied that they are well calculated as ornaments for centre-tables and library-shelves. The New York house of W. H. Appleton has done the most extraordinary thing of the age in the way of a series consisting of: *The Mothers of the Bible*, *The Girls of the Bible*, and *The Boys of the Bible*. Already familiar with the Fathers of the Church, there will be little left for the future theological student to learn. In the *Mothers*, we cannot forbear expressing the opinion that "Eve" is rather a bad lead off, for she disregarded very serious injunctions which were laid upon her, got her husband into quite a serious scrape, entailed very many annoyances upon the human race, and, generally, can scarcely be called a pattern woman. Sarah, who follows next, was given to scolding at times, and, indeed, as a whole, we cannot conscientiously say that we admire the maternal element of the antediluvian period. But the lustre of Mary's character shines out, and would redeem all others in the book, were they much worse than they are. Why Eve should also lead off as chief among the girls we are very much at a loss to see, for we never before knew that she enjoyed an extended period of youth. The more common supposition is that the *poeta nascitur not fit* idea was reversed in this instance, and that a wife was *made* for Adam—not born. But there are some vexed points upon which the best theologians very seldom agree, and we do not propose to come between millstones to settle differences. Delilah is a girl of the Bible whom we do not much admire, and the same remark will apply to Mademoiselle Jezebel; but Martha, Mary, and Dorcas win upon our sympathies. We cannot dismiss the volume without remarking that the picture of Eve, which heads the initial chapter, if exhibited in the window of a Montgomery street bookstore or saloon, would subject the proprietor to fine or imprisonment. *The Boys of the Bible* begins with Joseph and ends with Judas Maccabeus. Moses, Joshua, Gideon, Tobias, Hezekiah, and a number of other pre-Raphaelite cherubim fill in the middle. The story of Samson, as the representative boy, who capsized a cathedral upon the heads of his enemies, will attract the attention of young gymnasts of the present age... But right here, lest our motives be misconstrued, we wish to enter into an explanation. On the Bible itself, it is very far from our intention to reflect ridicule. But against these attempts to cheapen that holy volume we wish to enter a sincere and decided protest. In these Mothers, Girls, and Boys of the Bible, we have Eve, Ruth, Tabitha, Bathseba, Moses, David, Elisha, Daniel, and others, figuring as the heroines and heroes of popular literature—some of them in situations suggestive of that class commonly known as "yellow-covered." What need of this? Why degrade the Bible to suit the catch-penny purposes of some cheap publisher? Why attempt to popularize the story of Potiphar and his wife? to force an interpretation of the figure of the fig-leaf and all the facts which underlie the story of the original temptation upon the young mind? Were there any useful purpose to be subserved we would not for a moment object. But we are ignorant that there is any. The pages of the Bible in its pure and unmutilated state lie open to youth. Is there any necessity for cutting out the characters and weaving around the base of what is commonly accepted as eternal truth the picturesque wreaths and bewildering colors of romance? Why should the story of Ruth, delightful in its Bible simplicity, or of the woman who was "last at the cross and earliest at the grave," be made to read like one of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.'s novels? In Paris, Biblical dramas are already the rage, and *Le Deluge*, with umbrellas for all in the front seats and no one allowed in the pit who cannot swim, is produced nightly to admiring audiences. Next we expect to see the whole book of Genesis dramatized by some ambitious author, and all the dead walls in town placarded with sensation posters and pictures. The tableau of the Crucifixion is becoming the most popular of exhibitions, and scarcely a night passes when you may not see in a puppet-show some strumpet of the ballet personating the Virgin Mother, while, with powdered face and red-paint-wounds, some disgrace to humanity who has been awakened from a drunken slumber in the nearest beer saloon to go upon the cross, outstretches his impious arms before you. All this to us savors of profanation... We had many other books to notice, but, beguiled by the novelty of these three, we have been betrayed into greater length than we intended, and the balance must lie over still another week.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE weather during the week has not smiled upon managers. Rain has been the rule, and fair weather the exception. At the Opera House, Mr. Setchell tried to effect an arrangement by which it would rain of mornings and clear away of afternoons, but he only succeeded in securing clear prospects for his own benefit. But, notwithstanding dripping skies and wet pavements, he has had some excellent houses, and never was an actor's *repertoire* better aired than his has been during the two weeks of his engagement. Last evening was announced for his benefit, and, if a full house can be augured from such indications as box-sheets and sales of tickets, it must have been a benefit worth having. The pieces of the occasion were *The Dutch Governor*, *April Fool*, and *A Thousand Milliners Wanted*. With the first and last pieces our people are familiar, for they constitute to a certain extent his *pieces de resistance*—that is, pieces in which he is irresistibly funny. The *April Fool*, however, is new, and was brought out for the first time in this city on Friday of last week. It is a capital farce in plot, dialogue, and situations. This afternoon Mr. Setchell appears in *Dombey and Son* for the last time; in the evening he plays in *Turning the Tables*, *A Thousand Milliners*, and *The Census*; and on Monday winds up his very successful engagement with *The Live Indian*, *John Jones*, and *Toodles*. Should no ship be up for Australia within a fortnight, it is possible that he may play a brief engagement at Sacramento—perhaps take another farewell benefit there—but he will sail for Australia on the first vessel which offers. It is needless to say that he will leave behind him hosts of friends who will always be glad to welcome his return.

The American Theatre opened on Thursday evening under the management of Mr. Tibbets, with *Neighbor Jackwood*. The American has not usually been a thriving theatre, but the present company are enlivening it, and we trust that they will succeed in making it a place of popular resort. First of the company is Mrs. Judah, who ought, if allowed to play the line of characters peculiarly her own, to make the fortune of any establishment—given, an appreciative public. Mme. Alicia Mandeville Thorne is an old time favorite, and has carried the banner of California talent far into the sealed empires of China and Japan. Mrs. Sedley Brown, though comparatively a stranger to our people, has won upon their likings and is taken more kindly to their arms than perhaps she would be were she "to the manor born," for very few prophets, or phrophetesses, have honor in their own country. Miss Chapman is crowned with a chaplet to which conservative criticism can hardly add a leaf. But we have not space to enumerate all the attractions. Let the reader turn to the advertisement in another column, and read for himself. Mr. Charles Wheatleigh's farewell engagement is announced to commence on Monday next—and if anything can draw, the farewell engagement of that generous gentleman and liberal manager certainly should.

The Hibernicon still continues to attract the wearers of the green. Thursday evening was devoted to a benefit for the Magdalen Society, and the result must have gratified the sisterhood. Half the town turned out to see the pictures, and in addition to the house being crowded, a great many outside tickets were taken. Those who wish to see this emerald in its present setting, must avail themselves of this afternoon and evening, since the panorama will next week be moved to Platt's Hall. This will afford the lovers of fine art an equal opportunity to gratify their tastes, but the acoustic properties of the hall being inferior to those of the Academy, the harp instrumentation, bell-ringing, and vocalism will scarcely be heard to equal advantage. The exhibition continues during the week.

Mr. Bandmann opened in Sacramento on Monday evening, playing his favorite round of characters during the week. He has drawn excellent houses according to all accounts, but has not won very warm eulogiums from the critical *Union* in his Shakspearean personations. Preparations are going on for the production of *Arrah-na-Pogue* on Tuesday next. Miss Thorne, after a flying visit to this city, returned to Sacramento on Thursday, to take the part of "Arrah." Harry Wall is cast for "Shaun the Post." "Col. O'Grady" will be played by Pauncefort, and "Michael Feeny" by Thompson. On Tuesday, Mr. Bandmann commences his farewell engagement at Maguire's Opera House, in this city.

Operatic matters seem to be in "much of a muddle." We are told that Signor Grossi has withdrawn, and that the initial representation is postponed until Wednesday evening, so that we must be pardoned for beginning to despair of having an opera at all.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Building Fund.

AT A MEETING OF THE BOAD OF TRUSTEES of the Mercantile Library Association, held October 10th, 1865, i was unanimously

Resolved, That the Trustees form themselves into a Committee of the Whole, to obtain Life Membership and Donations, with a view of purchasing a lot and erecting a building thereon for the use of the Association.

The payment of one hundred dollars in gold coin secures a Life Membership, and it is hoped that the sum of twenty thousand dollars may be subscribed in this way alone. No subscriptions are binding unless the above sum shall be raised by Life Memberships and Donations before February 1, 1866. Subscription books may be found at the Library, or with any of the following members of the

BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

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Hogs' Kidneys, 6 cents per pound;
Pigs' Feet, 5 cents per pound;
Lean Meat for Sausages, 7 cents per pound;
Rib Roast, 12½ cents per pound;
Pork Chops, 15 cents per pound;
Pigs' Tenderloins, 15 cents per pound.

The above are cut from fat grain-fed hogs, killed at our pork-house every day, and are better and cheaper than at any other place in this city.

Mutton! Mutton! Mutton!

From 4 to 7 cents per pound—KILLED EVERY DAY, from sheep fed on our own ranches in the country, and, for that reason, we are enabled to sell the best Mutton for about HALF THE PRICE charged by any other butchers in San Francisco.

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	Certificate.	Shares.	Bal. due
A P Cox,	1 to 7 inclusive,	150	$75
H. H. Cooper,	15, 16, 18,	34	$17
B Chamberlin,	19, 20, 22, 24, 29,	84	$42
H. P. Perry,	30 to 35 inclusive,	93	$93
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Office, 520 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.
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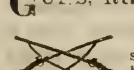
GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, ETC.



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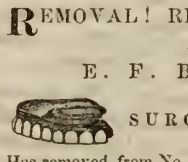

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NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED have purchased the Eating House known as "Richards'" Restaurant, situate on Clay street, one door below Montgomery. The restaurant has been repaired and refitted throughout, and is now open to the public.

C. H. BRICKWEDEL,
de23 H. F. HLGELER.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. nol1-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Maurice J. Dooley, Plaintiff, vs. John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton, her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, children of J. H. and Annie Moore; Helen R. Masterson Ord, and Pacificus Ord, her husband, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, Helen R. Masterson Ord and Pacificus Ord, her husband:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

In and by said complaint, the plaintiff prays the following judgment and relief:

1. That the said defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, and that all adverse claims of the said defendants, or either of them, may be determined by a decree of this Court.

2. That plaintiff be adjudged to be the owner in fee simple, in possession of, and lawfully entitled to the possession of so much of said Lot 77 as is first described in the complaint.

3. That the defendants, and each and every of them, be adjudged and decreed to have no estate, right, title, or interest of, in or to said portion of said Lot 77, legal or equitable; and that they, and all persons claiming, or to claim under them subsequent to the commencement of this action, be barred, and perpetually restrained and enjoined from asserting or pretending to have any right, title, interest, or estate of, in or to the same, and from making any conveyance thereof—other than to plaintiff or his grantees; and for such other and further relief as shall be agreeable to equity—but without costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District in and for the County of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAMES E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
de23-3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.—IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT

of the Second Township, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to S B. THOMPSON, greeting:

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second Township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 13th day of February, A. D 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to answer unto the complaint of CHARLES M PECK, who claims to recover from you the sum of two hundred and fifty-three dollars, and interest on one hundred and seventy-five dollars of said sum at two per cent. per month from June 22d, 1865, and on seventy-eight dollars of said sum at the same rate from April 20th, 1865, due on two promissory notes made by you, dated February 17th, 1865, and June 22d, 1865, the same claimed to be recovered in United States gold and silver coin, as per copies of said notes on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you, for the said amount and interest due, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of the city and county of San Francisco greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof. Given under my hand this 6th day of November, A. D. 1865.

Alias
H. J. WELLS, (SEAL.)
U. S. Revenue stamp, 50c., cancelled. } Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco. Office, No. 623 Merchant street.
no11 3m

E. CAMPIONI, COSTUMER,

No. 710 *Washington street,*

(A few doors above Kearney,)

SAN FRANCISCO.

THEATRICAL AND MASQUERADE COSTUMES MADE TO ORDER.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.
de30-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDI-

cial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS B. VALENTINE, Plaintiff, vs. ERASTUS V. JOICE and ANDREW J. MOULDER, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Erastus V. Joice and Andrew J. Moulder, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within the county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought that the Defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, &c., to certain real estate particularly described in the complaint, and to obtain a decree that the plaintiff is owner in fee simple absolute thereof, that said defendants have no estate, right, title, or interest therein or to any part thereof, that they be forever debarred and perpetually enjoined from setting up any estate in or claim said real estate, adverse to plaintiff—besides costs of suit and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal of Court. } By Jas. E. Ashcom, Deputy Clerk.
Int. rev. stamp. } B. S. BROOKS,
de23 3m Plaintiff's Attorney.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner

From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

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1 Gift of $5,000 cash	5,000
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4,800 Gifts, 4,800 gold clasp Albums, valued at $3 each	14,400
10,000 Gifts, 10,000 cash at $1 each	10,000

All the above Goods are genuine, as represented, and are listed at a fair valuation.

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Trusses and Supporters,	Sal Ammoniac,
Druggists' Glassware,	Copperas,
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Surgical Instruments,	Retorts and Crucibles,

Together with a Complete Assortment of Drugs.

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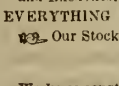
San Francisco and Sacramento City.



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Dental and Surgical Instruments,

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THIS WIND-MILL IS RAPidly taking the place of all other Mills on the Pacific Coast. These Mills are so simple in their construction that, when once built, they can be put in order by almost any person ; and when once in order they will run for years without repairs.

Prices, from $50 to $1,000.

ROUND AND SQUARE WATER TANKS BUILT TO ORDER.

HUNT'S PUMPS

Are admitted to be the best in the Market for Wind-Mills, being built expressly for that purpose. They can be set and taken apart with a common wrench, and are easily repaired.

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HORSE-POWER

FOR SAWING WOOD.

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SELF-REGULATING HORSE-POWER

Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will make them.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

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MR. AND MRS. COGILL AND SONS

Will continue teaching all the Fashionable Dances, Deportment, etc., at the above New, Splendid and Spacious Hall.

REGULAR CLASSES—Mondays and Wednesdays. Ladies at 2 P. M.; Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M.

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Private Lessons given separately, or to Classes, in Ball Room and Stage Dances.

SOIREES on Friday Evenings.

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The elegantly furnished Hall, and other convenient rooms, for Balls, Private Parties, Weddings, etc. The Hall is 60 by 66 ; also, large Dining Room. For particulars, apply at the Academy. no11-3m

PREMIUM FURNITURE!

AT THE LATE FAIR OF THE

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

J. PEIRCE,

415, 417, *and* 419 *California street,*

SAN FRANCISCO,

Was awarded the

FIRST AND ONLY PREMIUM

FOR

Furniture,

AND THE

FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM

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BEST UPHOLSTERY.

The attention of the public is respectfully called to this ; also to the FACT that we have the LARGEST and FINEST stock on the PACIFIC COAST : Comprising a full assortment of FURNITURE AND BEDDING ; all of which is offered at rates GUARANTEED to be less than those of any other house in the city.

☞ Nearly 15,000 cases of Goods packed suitable for home and distant markets, to which the

ATTENTION OF THE TRADE IS INVITED.

A full assortment of Cabinet Makers', Hardware, and Upholsterers' materials ALWAYS ON HAND.

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INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 141 *Broadway, New York,*

FOR INSURING AGAINST

Accidents of All Kinds!

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - $250,000

THE BUSINESS OF THIS COMPANY is the insuring against accidents of all kinds, whether by travelling or otherwise.

This Company issues two classes of policies : one to secure the payment of a fixed sum to the event of death caused by an accident of any description ; the other securing a weekly allowance in case of injury causing total disablement, and a fixed sum in case of death arising as above.

Annual Premium on $2,500	$7 50
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(Without compensation.)	
Annual Premium on $2,500, with $12 50 per week compensation	12 50
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Annual Premium on $10,000, with $50 00 per week compensation	50 00

Other amounts at corresponding rates.
No policy to exceed $10,000.

GENERAL ACCIDENTS

Include the Traveling Risk, and also all forms of Dislocations, Broken Bones, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Gunshot Wounds, Burns and Scalds, Bites of Dogs, Assaults by Burglars, Robbers or Murderers—the Action of Lightning or Sunstroke, the Effects of Explosions, Floods, and Suffocations by Drowning or Cooking ; where such Accidental Injury is the cause of death within three months of the happening of the injury, or of total disability to follow his usual avocations.

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The rates of premiums are very low.

The plan is so simple that any one can comprehend all its workings.

No Medical Examination is Required.

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Four days	$1
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A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in use. For sale by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents,
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Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
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Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
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THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,

MERCHANDISE,

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And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

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THE OBJECT OF THIS INSTITUTION IS TO IMPART a sound practical education at the lowest possible cost, thereby placing its advantages within the reach of all. The Course of Instruction, besides the usual English Branches, comprises Mathematics, Book Keeping, Ancient and Modern Languages, so that boys, whether destined for Mechanical, Commercial or Professional Pursuits, can select such studies as will best fit them for their future avocation.

TERMS.

Board and Tuition per session, (of 10 to 11 months) $175
Washing, Mending of Linen, etc., for same period, 25
No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

In case of withdrawal, (except for sickness or parents leaving the country,) the party will forfeit a quarter session, or the remaining portion of the half term.

The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance with a deposit for current expenses, books, etc. *No Student will be received without such deposit.*

For further information, application may be made to any of the Catholic Clergymen of the State, or to
jy1 REV. P. I GREY, President

CHOLERA! CHOLERA!

CHOLERA IS COMING!

ALREADY HAS IT APPEARED IN THE EASTERN CITIES? Insure your Life in the

BEST AND CHEAPEST LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD,

The Connecticut Mutual Life

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Office Northwest corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco, California.

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California Street Pavement.

THIS PAVEMENT IS A NEW AND NOVEL IDEA, being a combination of Redwood, Asphaltum and Gravel. The Pavement consists of Redwood blocks, six inches in diameter, turned round from the top, half way down ; these blocks are laid upon either a board or gravel surface, the blocks laid so as to break joints ; the openings around the blocks are then filled in with a composition of asphaltum and gravel, and the whole surface of the pavement covered with a coat of the same composition, thus making a complete asphaltum roadway. The asphaltum, confined by the redwood blocks in this manner, cannot crack, and as every one knows, will last for a long period. The redwood, being firmly secured by the asphaltum, *cannot split*, and the inventor claims that the redwood and asphaltum, so combined, will make a pavement that for evenness, cleanliness, durability and noiseless ness, has not yet been equalled.

A sample of this pavement has been prepared and can be seen by those interested, in front of the Windmill and Horsepower Manufactory of E. O. HUNT,
de2 28 Second street, San Francisco.

SCHOOL FURNITURE.

RANKIN'S PATENT SCHOOL DESK ;
Liquid Slating for Blackboard;
ARITHMETICAL FRAME;
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BLOOD PURIFIER!

FOR DISEASES HAVING THEIR ORIGIN FROM THE IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD AND DERANGEMENT OF THE SYSTEM.

This Blood Purifier is a concentrated compound of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Wild Cherry, Dandelion, with Iodide of Potass, and several other of the most efficacious remedies known in the vegetable world, and will exert an immediate effect on the system, and if persisted in for a reasonable length of time, will eradicate all latent poison from the blood.

IT CONTAINS NO MERCURY OR MINERAL POISON.

Prepared only by

SAMUEL ADAMS,
AT THE UNITED STATES DRUG STORE,
SAN FRANCISCO
Corner of Bush and Powell streets

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN THE STATE.
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CHARLES BERNARD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FAMILY CHARTRES COFFEE

AND SPICES OF ALL KINDS,

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FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED BY THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

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TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. no5-3m

CALIFORNIA

Collegiate Institute,

For Boarding and Day Pupils,

Nos. 64, 66, 68 and 70 Silver street.

THE PRESENT TERM of this Institute commenced Wednesday, Jan. 3d. Catalogues may be obtained by addressing (de30) MISS M. LAMMOND, Principal.

LEISURE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

GRAND is the leisure of the earth :
She gives her happy myriads birth,
And after harvest fears no dearth,
But goes to sleep in snow-wreaths dim.
Dread is the leisure up above,
The while He sits, whose name is Love,
And waits, as Noah did, the dove,
To wit if she would fly to him.

He waits for us, while, houseless things,
We beat about with bruised wings,
On the dark floods and water-springs,
The ruined world, the desolate sea :
With open windows from the prime,
All night, all day, he waits sublime,
Until the fulness of the time
Decreed from His eternity.

Where is *our* leisure ? Give us rest !
Where is the quiet we possessed ?
We must have had it once—were blest
With peace, whose phantoms yet entice.
Sorely the mother of mankind
Longed for the gardens left behind ;
For we still prove some yearnings blind,
Inherited from Paradise.

A QUEER FUNERAL SERMON.

PROBABLE ORIGIN OF "THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS."

[The following sermon was printed in the *British Magazine* for November, 1750, and is said to have been actually preached at the funeral of Mr. Proctor, Minister of Gissing, by Rev. Mr. Moore, in the parish church at Buxton, a small village near Diss, Norfolk. Most of the names mentioned may still be seen in the parish register. A manuscript copy of the sermon was also found in an old wall, pulled down at Wisback, in 1823 :]

"*Fight the good fight.*"—I. Timothy : vi., 12.

BELOVED : We are met together to solemnize the funeral of Mr. Proctor. His father's name was Mr. Thomas Proctor, of the second family ; his brother's name was Mr. Thomas Proctor, also. He lived some time at Buxton Hall, in Norfolk, and was High Constable of Diss Hundred. This man's name was Mr. Robert Proctor, and his wife was Mrs. Buxton, late wife of Mr. Mathew Buxton. She came from Helsden Hall, beyond Norwich. He was a good husband, and she a good housewife ; and they have got money. She brought a thousand pounds with her for her portion.

But now, beloved, I shall make it clear by demonstrative arguments. First, he was a good man, and that in several respects ; he was a loving man to his neighbors ; a charitable man to the poor ; a favorable man in his tithes ; and a good landlord to his tenants. There sits one ! Mr. Spurgeon can tell you what a great sum of money he forgave him on his death bed. It was four score pounds. Now, beloved, was not this a good man, and a man of God ? and his wife a good woman ?—and she came from Helsden Hall, beyond Norwich. This is the first argument.

Secondly, to prove this man to be a good man and a man of God : In the time of his sickness, which was long and tedious, he sent for Mr. Cole, minister of Shimpling, to pray for him. He was not a self-ended man, to be prayed for himself only ; no, beloved, he desired him to pray for all his relatives and acquaintances, for Mr. Buxton's worship, for Mrs. Buxton's worship, and for all Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any ; and to Mr. Cole's prayer he devoutly said, Amen. Amen, Amen. Was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you ? and his wife a good woman ?—and she came from Helsden Hall, beyond Norwich.

Then he sent for Mr. Gibbs to pray for him ; when he came and prayed for him, and all his friends, relatives and acquaintances ; for Mr. Buxton's worship, for Mrs. Buxton's worship, and for all Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any ; and to Mr. Gibbs' prayer, he also devoutly said, Amen, Amen, Amen. Was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you ? and his wife a good woman ?—and she came from Helsden Hall, beyond Norwich.

Then he sent for me, and I came and prayed for this good man, Mr. Proctor ; for all his friends, relatives, and acquaintances ; for Mr. Buxton's worship, for Mrs. Buxton's worship, and for Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any ; and to my prayer he devoutly said, Amen, Amen, Amen. Was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you ? and his wife a good woman ?—and she came from Helsden Hall, beyond Norwich.

Thirdly and lastly, beloved, I come to a clear, demonstrative argument to prove this man to be a man of God and a good man, and that is this : There was one Thomas Proctor, a very poor beggar boy. He came into this county upon the back of a dun cow. It was not a black cow, nor a brindle cow, nor a brown cow ; no, beloved, it was a dun cow. Well, beloved, this poor boy came a begging to this good man's door. He did not do as some would have done—give him a small alms and send him away, or chide him and make him a pass and send him into his own county ; no, beloved, he took him into his own house, and bound him as an apprentice to a gunsmith in Norwich. After his time was out, he took him home again and married him to a kinswoman of his wife, one Mrs. Christian Robertson—here present ; there she sits ! She was a very good fortune ; and to her this good man gave a considerable jointure. By her he had three daughters. This good man took home the eldest, brought her up to woman's estate, married her to a very honorable gentlemen, Mr. Buxton—here present ; there he sits ! gave him a vast portion with her ; and the remainder of his estate he gave to his two daughters. Now, was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you ? and his wife a good woman ?—and she came from Helsden Hall, beyond Norwich.

Beloved, you remember, some time since, I preached at the funeral of Mrs. Proctor, at which time I troubled you with many of her transcendent virtues ; but your memories, perhaps, may fail you, and therefore I shall now remind you of two or three of them. The first is, she was a good knitter as any in the county of Norfolk. When her husband and family were in bed and asleep, she would get a cushion, clap herself down by the fire, and sit and knit ; but, beloved, be assured she was no prodigal woman, but a sparing woman ; for she, to spare a candle, would stir up the coals with her knitting-pins, and by that light she would sit and knit, and make as good work as many other women would by daylight. Beloved, I have a pair of stockings on my legs that were knit by her in the same manner, and they are the best stockings I ever wore in my life.

Secondly, she was the best maker of toast and drink that I ever eat in my life. And they were brown, too. When I used to go in of a morning, she would ask me to eat a toast, which I was very willing to do, because she had such an artificial way of toasting it, in no way slack or burning it ; besides, she had such a pretty way of grating nutmeg in it, and dipping it in the beer, and such a piece of rare cheese, that I must needs say that they were the best toasts I ever eat in my life.

Well, beloved, the days are short, and many of you have a great way to go to your habitations, and therefore I hasten to a conclusion. I think I have sufficiently proved this man to be a good man, and his wife a good woman ; but, fearing your memories should fail you, I shall repeat the particulars, namely : first, his love to his neighbor ; second, his charity to the poor ; third, his favorableness in his tithes ; fourth, his goodness to his tenants ; fifth, his devotion in his prayers in saying, Amen, Amen, Amen, to the prayers of Mr. Cole, Mr. Gibbs, and myself.

[For the Californian.]

THE RELIGION OF FLOWERS.

NUMBER TWO.

WHO would wish to live without flowers ? Where would the poet find his images of beauty if they were to perish ? Are they not the emblems of loveliness and innocence, and the living types of all that is pleasing and graceful ? We compare young lips to the rose, and the white brow to the radiant lily ; the winning eye is blue as the violet, and the sweet voice like a breeze kissing its way through the flowers. We hang delicate blossoms on the silken ringlets of the young bride, and strew her path with fragrant flowers as she leaves the church. We place them around the marble face of the dead in the narrow coffin, and they become emblems of our affections—of pleasures remembered and hopes faded—wishes vanished and scenes cherished in memory, all the more because they can never return. We look to the far-off spring in other valleys—to the eternal summer beyond the grave—where flowers that never fade bloom in those starry fields over which no chilly winter ever breathed. They come upon us in spring like the remembrance of a pleasant dream—a vision that hovered above us in sleep, peopled with shadowy beauties and simple delights embroidered with the richest hues of fancy.

Sweet flowers !—that bring back the scenes of childhood—faces remembered in youth—the love that knew not that it was love ! Even in our rooms they conjure up images of the mossy bank by the wayside where we so often gazed upon the early primroses.

"The north wind whistles, and the hoar frost clothes the verdure-despoiled trees ; an uniform white carpet covers the earth ; the birds withhold their tuneful song, and the sealed waters cease to murmur as they roll along ; the rays of the sun enfeebled by the density of our atmosphere shed a gloomy light over our fields, and the heart of man is sad, while all nature reposes in torpid tranquility."

Thus Madame de la Tour describes the state of nature when suddenly a delicate flower pierces through the veil of snow which concealed it. It has been aptly termed by her countrymen *Percé neige*, from the peculiarity just mentioned, and is with equal propriety called Snowdrop in England. Wordsworth thus addresses it :

"Lone flower, hemmed in with snows, and white as they,
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest."

The snowdrop has become the avowed favorite of modern poets, and numerous have been the efforts to do it honor. The rapid progress in mental cultivation which took place about the commencement of the present century, was in nothing more manifest than in the expansion of the female intellect, and at no period of the history of English literature—perhaps at no period of the world—were such undeniable proofs ever given of the ability of woman to portray with superior power all that concerns the affections, the sentiments, and the moral and religious duties of mankind. The names of Hamah Moore, Mrs. Barbauld, Madame Tighe, Felicia Hemans and other lamented writers, together with those who still survive to us, place this assertion beyond the pale of controversy.

Simultaneous with this new era in literature, is the snowdrops's best right to claim a poetical history—a right which it owes to the fair sex with whom it appears to have been a deserved favorite.

Mrs. Tighe describes it as

——"The wintry flower
That, whiter than the snow it blooms among,
Droops its fair head submissive to the power
Of every angry blast which sweeps along,
Sparing the lovely trembler, while the strong
Majestic tenants of the leafless wood,
It levels low."

Mrs. Barbauld inviting her friend to retire

"From idle barry and tumultuous noise,
From hollow friendships and from sickly joys,
To the pure pleasures rural scenes inspire,"

rightly desires her to come and see the first dawning of the year, and watch its unfolding beauties, even when no flower is blooming save

"The first pale blossom of the unripen'd year,
As Flora's breath by some transforming power,
Had changed an icicle into a flower ;
Its name and hue, the scentless plant retains,
And Winter lingers in its icy veins."

Wordsworth never ceases to pour out the overflowing treasures of his exhaustless mind upon his favorite flowers, he seems troubled with a plethora of thoughts all too good to be lost, and hence the daisy, the celandine, the primrose, and the snowdrop are all honored by three or four separate pieces, besides numerous allusions to them scattered through other works. He takes a hint from the Linnean name *galanthus*, *i. e.*, helmet-flower, to speak of the snowdrop as

——"Frail snowdrops that together cling,
And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing
Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by."

He more than once considers its white wintry aspect as a fitting emblem of hoary-headed age, and promises that when spring has brought forth more gaudy flowers he will not

"Then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste snowdrop, venturous harbinger of Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years !"

Professor Schleiden writes : "There *is* a face which the world of plants may turn toward us, without question the noblest and the most exalted. It is like all nature, the symbol of the Eternal ; behind this play of dead natural forces and their products we adore a Holy Author and Sustainer. The vegetable creation is the rich altar-cloth of the temple of God, in which the recognition of beauty and sublimity of form constitutes the worship."

FLORAL DIRECTORY FOR THE WEEK.

14th. St. Hilary, Barren Strawberry, (*Fragaria sterilis.*)
15th. St. Paul the Hermit, Ivy, (*Hedera helix.*)
16th. St. Marcellus, common Dead Nettle, (*Larnium purpureum.*)
17th. St. Anthony, Garden Anemone, (*Anemone hortensis.*)
18th. St. Prisca, Four-toothed Moss, (*Bryum pellucidum.*)
19th. St. Martha, white Dead Nettle, (*Larnium Album.*)
20th. St. Fabian, large Dead Nettle, (*Larnium garganicum.*)

"Flowers ! for each one of earth,
Under and above the sod,
That the dead may seem to sleep,
And the living think of God."

IRIS.

If your blood is corrupt, disordered or vitiated, you are liable to be seized at any moment with a fit of sickness. It may appear in the form of pimples, blotches or sores, or it may suddenly prostrate you. One thing is certain : You cannot have health unless your blood is pure. To remove all impure matters from the blood, Adams' Blood Purifier is admitted to be the best preparation yet introduced to the public. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and will harm no one. Its effects are immediate and lasting. It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, produces a healthy action of the liver and kidneys, and restores the patient to perfect health and strength.

An Acknowledged Fact.—"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again ;" not so the thousands of worthless compounds thrust before the public as specifics. Newell's Pulmonary Syrup, having stood the test of opposition and prejudice, while on trial at the bar of public opinion, now stands pre eminent as the greatest known remedy for all affections of the chest and lungs. Use it.

For sale by all Druggists : Redington & Co., Sole Agents, 416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

The Empress Eugenie, and all who desire to captivate and charm, should use that delight of the toilet, Davidson's Circassian Bloom, for the complexion and skin.

"IMPORTANT."—It is very important to those who go out to purchase, to know where they can find the article they require of a good quality and at a fair and reasonable price. To those who want anything in *fine and staple Dry Goods*, MOSGROVE & BLAKELY offer inducements equal to any house in San Francisco.

Their DRESS GOODS are *fashionable, well assorted, and tastefully selected.* They are now showing a large lot of HOYLE'S genuine ENGLISH CALICOS, for *Dresses*, and *Shirting* of a very superior quality.

They are fast becoming celebrated for the quality of their IRISH LINEN GOODS, of which they have always a large assortment from the best manufacturers in Belfast, Ireland.

Their store is in Colton's Building, 222 Third street, near Howard.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, JOSEPH SPARROW.

ASTROLOGY.—The occult sciences of the middle ages, magic, alchemy, necromancy, and star reading, are not lost to the world. The invisible and secret powers of astrography are still possessed by the chosen student in the mysteries of nature who can interpret the influence of the stars and predict by their occultations the hidden events of the future.

In affairs of Past, Present or Future, be they of Business, Matrimony, Love, or sickness, go and consult the naturally gifted Astrologer, Professor Coben, 530 California street. Thousands have been benefitted by his knowledge. He has held over 18,000 consultations during the last five years. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 P. M. to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart. Sickness treated and cured through a science unknown to others.

ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—With the details of the dreadful disasters of the *Brother Jonathon* and the *Yosemite* fresh in memory, it is not needful that we should urge on the public the importance of guarding as fully as possible not only against the recurrence of such startling calamities, but also as far as they can against the consequences that arise from them. Accidents are terribly frequent in this new State of ours. Hardly a day passes but we have to record some loss of life, or terrible mangling that leaves the victim with hardly a wish to live. Stringent legislation is demanded to protect travellers from carelessness and criminal negligence of public carriers. It is with great interest that we have watched the rapid growth of Accident Insurance Companies, and we are happy to know that the New York Accidental Insurance Company, established by some of the wealthiest capitalists of the East, have placed their agency in the hands of Bigelow & Brother, Insurance Agents, of this city. We advise every one to take out a policy. The premium is very small—the price of a good cigar only per day—while the benefits are great; $25 per week, if disabled, or $5,000 in case of death. Who would not give $2 50 to be insured for a trip to Washoe, or 25 cents for a trip to Sacramento City? That's all it costs. We predict a large business for the agency in this city. The Company have complied with the State law, and are fully prepared to issue policies, or travelling tickets, at once.—*S. F. Call.*

DR. C. W. MOORE'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

TOYS.—Toys can be purchased of Feldhush & Co., 107 California street, at 25 per cent. below the usual rates. Call and examine stock and prices.

TO POOR WRITERS.—If you would learn to write a good hand, try the Bahbittonian—the new system of instruction in penmanship. It is the cheapest and best. Purchase the forms, which will be the only instruction you need, and practice will make you an excellent penman. Call on Warren Holt, Room No. 2, Mead House, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, and learn particulars. Read the following:

The Babbittonian system of Penmanship appears to me really to possess all the advantages which it claims in the above printed summary.

REV. P. V. VEEDER,
Principal of City College, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 13, 1865.

The elements and principles of the Babittonian Penmanship seem to me valuable for their practicability and simplicity. I do not hesitate to add my testimony in favor of this system as one of the best in use. J. C. PELTON,
Superintendent Public Schools.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
Department of Public Instruction,
San Francisco, Oct. 16, 1865.

To Whom it May Concern: I have carefully examined the Babbittonian system of Penmanship, and take pleasure in recommending it to teachers and others interested, as one which possesses many merits. Its cheapness is one of its more evident merits.
JOHN SWETT, Supt. Pub. Instruction.

Taking Lessons from Us.—The English are beginning to evince a desire to learn how to read and write the English language. The dictionaries of Webster and Worcester have been republished in England, and are received by a large number of Englishmen as standard authorities for the language. The Babbittonian Penmanship, an American system, has been republished in London and adopted by prominent seminaries there, and may possibly do away with some of the stiffness of style of writing still prevalent there. The New York *Times* remarks that the English first gave us a language, and taught us to speak and write; we give it back to them with interest, improved and made more useful to the mass of the people.—*Morning Call, Jan. 7th.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

MANY OF THE DISEASES which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. BENTON, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

TRIMMINGS.—Mrs. NORCROSS, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and military at the shortest notice; also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. D. Norcross' goods, for elegance and taste, are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

THE RUSS HOUSE BOWLING SALOON, corner of Pine and Montgomery streets, has reopened under the management of Ferdinand Sbrader. There are Eight Alleys—six for Americans and two for Germans. The finest Wines and Liquors can be had at the bar. All lovers of the health-invigorating game of ten pins are invited to pay a visit to the saloon.—*Dramatic Chronicle.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

FOR THE VERY BEST PHOTOGRAPHS, go to Bradley & Rulofson (Vance's old stand.) First premium for the best card pictures, and large photographs.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

AS AMENDED MARCH 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper	$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right	05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand	02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100	05
Every additional $100, or fractional part	05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.	
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S.	02
Every additional $100, or fractional part	02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place	10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500	50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels	05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less	50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof	50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office	1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule	25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons	10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50	10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000	25
For every additional $1,000 or fractional part	25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such	25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100	05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y,	25
Certificates, other than specified	05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of band, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale	10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500	1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse	50
Ganger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr.	25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.	1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction.	50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons	5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels	25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500	50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.	
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less	01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1	02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof	05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof	05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof	1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon	25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries	10
To receive or collect rents	25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate	1 00
For any other purpose	50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof	50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft,	25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.	
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property	02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000	10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for	25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs	25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State	50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid	50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record	50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100	50

THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES!

DEVOTED TO LIVE TOPICS,

THE DISSEMINATION OF A PURE LITERATURE, DEVELOPMENT OF HOME TALENT,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA!

Published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

AT

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BY THE CALIFORNIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. A. STICKNEY, J. F. BOGARDUS, W. J. BINGHAM, C. H. WEBB.

No effort will be spared to enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

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Is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN.

The voluntary notices bestowed by the press on Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

THE CALIFORNIAN

and all join in pronouncing their unqualified approval of its unequalled merits.

Its reputation is now fully established. It is not

EXCELLED BY ANY LITERARY JOURNAL

on the Continent.

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Boot and Shoe Store.

At No. 133 *Montgomery street,*
OPPOSITE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street. Boots, Shoes, etc.
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street. Boots, Shoes, etc.
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Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.
Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.
Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.

NEW YORK, July 1st, 1865.

do hereby appoint Mr. WM. H FINCH & CO., from this date, my sole Agents in California for the sale of goods manufactured by me. WM. WEED,
de30-3m No. 86 Bowery, New York city.

1886. 1866. 1866.

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

LAMOTT,

THE LEADER AND INTRODUCER OF
FASHIONS,

HAS OPENED HIS MAMMOTH HAT AND CAP ESTABLISHMENT at

227 Montgomery street, near Pine, Russ Block,

Where can be found the greatest variety of Hats and Caps for Gents', Youths' and Children's wear ever offered on this coast.

He outshines them all, and defies competition in the Hat Business.

His Factory at the East makes all his Goods expressly for his California market, which is something that has never been done before. Give him a call at

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THE NEW WARM

SWIMMING BATH,

THIRD STREET, OPPOSITE SOUTH PARK,

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Circular Sweep Horse-Powers,

For running Churns, Washing Machines, Grindstones, pumping water, sawing wood, and other light machinery: Price $100, at the Factory.

HUNT'S PATENT SELF-REGULATING TREAD HORSE-POWER

Is superior to any machine of the kind in the market Price, with Governor, all complete to set at work, at the Factory, $300. Manufactured by

E. O. HUNT,
oc29-3m 23 Second street, San Francisco.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. **1865.**

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 *Volumes of Standard Works,*

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

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"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

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THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of
GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.
S. W. H. WARD & SON,

NEW YORK, 357 Broadway. } 323 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Ca
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THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO

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ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital,	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865,	11,522,500
Annual Income,	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law,	$75,000

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Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

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A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF
FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.

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Sole Agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

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THE "WEARING OF THE GREEN," as sung in the popular drama of *ARRAH NA POGUE,* just published by (oc28) M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

"SHOW THEM UP!"

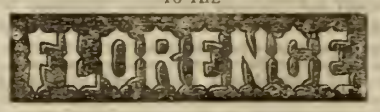
Sewing Machine Premiums

AT THE

FAIRS OF CALIFORNIA AND OREGON, 1865:

MECHANICS' FAIR, SAN FRANCISCO
No premium on Sewing Machines awarded.

STATE FAIR, CALIFORNIA.
In competition, Grover & Baker and Florence.)
First and Highest Premium
TO THE



STATE FAIR, OREGON.
In competition, New England, (single thread,) Wilcox & Gibbs, (single thread,) and Grover & Baker.
First Premium to Grover & Baker.

THE FLORENCE has taken the only First Premium awarded to any First-Class Machine over any other Double Thread Machine at the Fairs held on the Pacific Coast in 1865.

SAMUEL HILL,
AGENT FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,
111 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
no4

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

CLOSING OUT SALE
—OF—
Fine Clothing,
TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

$100,000 *WORTH OF FINE CLOTHING TO BE SOLD,* AT PRICES THAT WILL SUIT THE BUYER.

If you want Clothing that will prove what it is represented to be, call on

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, and Corner of Sansome and Washington streets,
San Francisco.

BREWSTER & CO.'S
Carriage Manufactory,

372 *Broome street, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture
THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade
WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,
The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, *Broome street,*
NEW YORK.

THE MIEL INSTITUTE,

54, 55 and 56 South Park.

THIS FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOL, for Young Ladies, will reopen on the 24 of January, under the direction of MISS FLORENCE JAMES. PROF. MIEL will continue to take charge of the French classes. Apply at 55 South Park. de30

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

OVERSTOCKED!

AND MUST SELL

Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO
UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.

BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE
OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOOD
—AT—
LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,
mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

CALEB M. SICKLER,

DEALER IN

Stoves and Tin Ware,

422 *KEARNEY STREET*
BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE,
SAN FRANCISCO

AGENCY FOR STEWART'S STOVES

do23-3m

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 P. M

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

MAPS! MAPS! MAPS!

NEW MAPS OF MEXICO, JUST OUT;
NEW MAPS OF IRELAND;
CHART OF OUR FALLEN HEROES.

Maps of every description constantly on hand.

W. HOLT,
dec9 3m 305 Montgomery street.

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO

To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House, 8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage.
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50.
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Very few persons, even among physicians, would have been willing upon any terms to have been in the condition of the writer of the following letter on the 14th of February last. I will anticipate somewhat his report of the facts, by saying that on the 15th August, 1865, he made me a visit, "the very picture of health." Time, which tries and proves all things, has sufficiently tested this case, and shown that neither relapse or collapse having followed, the cure is perfect, and can be cited among the scores of similar cases, the result of my improved mode of treating disease without medicine.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.
August 27, 1865.

Sacramento, April 30, 1865.

Dr. G. M. Bourne—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I now let you know of my good health. Looking back on what I have passed through, it seems as if I was lifted from the grave, and I think it my duty to acknowledge to you and the world the benefit I derived from water treatment as administered by you in your celebrated baths. It was in August, 1864, when disease developed itself with a severe cough. I then took medicines, getting worse, with chills, fevers, loss of strength, and was pronounced consumptive. This set me to thinking, and finally I determined to leave my business and go to the Sandwich Islands, having been informed that I could not be cured here. I went to San Francisco, and while waiting for a ship, called upon Dr. Bourne, who stated that a trip to the Sandwich Islands would probably result disastrously, was wholly unnecessary, as I could then be speedily cured at his establishment. I placed myself under his treatment, and in one week was so much improved that I thought I could risk returning home and to my duty as Engineer on the Central Pacific Railroad. The doctor objected; but I thought I knew better, and returned to my duty. In about two weeks my cough returned, and I kept getting worse, and, contrary to Dr. Bourne's injunction never to take medicine again, committed that folly, and soon was so completely run down that I could scarcely walk; so, as a last resort, I concluded once more to try the Water Cure. I went to San Francisco—few of my friends expected me to return; in fact, I thought my return doubtful. On arriving at Dr. Bourne's establishment (February 14, 1865,) I was not able to get into the bath without assistance, but in a few days I began to gain. I remained with him only six weeks, when I left, "a wiser and a better man," without the aid of medicine. I have now been at work several weeks, and find that I am gaining every day, and at present bid fair to be stouter than ever before. Persons visiting the Doctor's establishment will find it just what it should be, in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Departments, and I cannot say too much in praise of the Doctor's kind attention to his patients.

This letter I write for the benefit of the afflicted, to be used as the Doctor decides, and should it be the means of directing any one to his care and treatment who (as they assuredly will) find relief, I will be paid for my trouble. Your obedient servant,

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.

San Francisco, August 25, 1865.

Advised by the undersigned, Mr. James Campbell, of the Central Pacific Railroad (who was then in a most deplorable state of ill health,) placed himself under the care of Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Physician. Some six months or more afterward he visited this city, when I accidentally met him at Dr. Bourne's establishment, and, I am happy to say, restored to the enjoyment of good health and in fine spirits. JOHN SULLIVAN.

☞ Dr. Bourne treats all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs—which includes diptheria, bronchitis, incipient consumption, pleurisy, croup, etc.—with the greatest success. Great relief is afforded in advanced stages of consumption. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc., etc., are also cured quickly, pleasantly, and economically. No medicine whatever.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived by thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.
CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!
W. D. FARRAND.

TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that

Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,

and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of those new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the severe drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

The following certificate from the State Assayer, furnished after an analysis of the EXTRACT, speaks for itself:

A. ENQUOIS—Dear Sir: I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would be injurious to clothing.

Very respectfully, B. B. THAYER.

FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

jy2 SAN FRANCISCO.

☞ AT LEAST TWO-THIRDS OF THE Diseases with which the human family are afflicted, are brought on by the want of attention to the condition of the Blood. Whenever the Blood becomes impure, no matter from what cause, the effects of such impurity are immediately felt, either in one way or another; and unless measures are at once taken to remove such impurities, the whole system becomes affected, and a long fit of sickness and sometimes death is the result. Dr. Samuel Adams, a well-known Chemist of San Francisco, has discovered certain herbs and roots, mostly of California growth, which he has combined with Sarsaparilla and Iodide of Potas, and succeeded in producing a Medicine that, while it is entirely harmless in every particular, will in a short time completely eradicate from the Blood all impurities, of whatever nature, and will restore the patient to perfect ROBUST HEALTH. The preparation is called "ADAMS' BLOOD PURIFIER," and is for sale at wholesale at the

UNITED STATES DRUG STORE,
Corner of Bush and Powell streets, San Francisco,
AND BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN THE STATE.
ja6-1m

THE MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

CASH ASSETS, JULY 1, 1865,

$13,500,000!

Income for current year, all cash - - - $3,500,000
Paid claims by death, - - - - - 6,500,000
Surplus accumulated 1864, - - - - 1,770,090

All the surplus belongs to the assured, and is equitably divided among them annually.

The Dividends of THE MUTUAL LIFE are simply the RESTITUTION OF SURPLUS PREMIUMS to Policy Holders in the proportion overpaid by each.

Hon. Elizur Wright, Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, in a letter commendatory of this new plan of dividing surplus, (by the "Mutual Life") July 11, 1862, says: "This method of applying its own experience is an element of popularity and stability which can hardly fail to make the LEADING Life Assurance Association of this Continent also the MODEL one of the World."

Dividends can be applied IMMEDIATELY towards payment of premiums, or added to policy, at option.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

Persons desiring to insure are requested to obtain a circular recently issued by the Company, entitled "Facts and Comparisons, showing the immense advantage of the Cash over the Note system, and by which it will be shown that in the Cash system less money is required in a term of years than in the Note plan.

Applications by mail or otherwise promptly attended to, and persons wishing to be called upon by an Agent of this Company will please send their address to the office of the General Agent.

The entire business of the Company for the States of California and Oregon is now under the charge and supervision of

H. S. HOMANS, General Agent,
No. 609 Clay street.

W. K. VAN ALEN, Local Agent.
SOLICITORS—S. T. KING and J. G. KNAPP. oc14-3m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES!

DEVOTED TO LIVE TOPICS,

THE DISSEMINATION OF A PURE LITERATURE, DEVELOPMENT OF HOME TALENT,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA

Published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

AT

532 MERCHANT STREET,

BY THE CALIFORNIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. A. STICKNEY, J. P. BOGARDUS, W. J. BINGHAM, C. H. WEBB.

☞ No effort will be spared to enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN.

The voluntary notices bestowed by the press of Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific. Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

THE CALIFORNIAN,

and all join in pronouncing their unqualified approval of its unequalled merits.

Its reputation is now fully established. It is not

EXCELLED BY ANY LITERARY JOURNAL

on the Continent.

THE TERMS OF THE CALIFORNIAN are $5 per year by mail to subscribers, invariably in advance; 50 cents per month served by carriers.

All communications and correspondence must be addressed to the Publishers of THE CALIFORNIAN,

No. 532 Merchant street,
SAN FRANCISCO

PIANO SCHOOL,

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,

At the South Park Institute.

MISS FLORENCE JAMES, PRINCIPAL.

IN CONNECTION with this popular and excellent Young Ladies' Seminary there will open, about January 3d, 1866, a Piano School, on the European Plan—for first beginners as well as for advanced players. The great advantage on this plan will be a reduction of about one-half the usual price, and a thorough training, both theoretical and practical. The Musical Department will be under the directorship of Mr. GUSTAVE A. SCOTT, Organist of Cavalry Church, whose long experience in Teaching, both in private and in classes, will secure to pupils a rapid advancement in the study of Music.

The Music Rooms are comfortable and convenient, and the Pianos used from the best manufacturers.

For particulars, call at the Institute, Nos. 55 and South Park. dc30

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
SATURDAY, JAN. 20TH,
AT HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,
GRAND MATINEE:
DAN. SETCHELL,
IN
DOMBEY AND SON,
FOR THE LAST TIME.

THIS EVENING, JANUARY 20TH,
DAN SETCHELL,
IN
TURNING THE TABLES;
1,000 MILLINERS WANTED,
AND
THE CENSUS!

MONDAY EVENING.....JAN. 22D,
Last Night of Mr. Setchell!
LIVE INDIAN; JOHN JONES,
AND
TOODLES!

TUESDAY EVENING.....JAN. 23D,
FIRST NIGHT OF THE FAREWELL ENGAGEMENT
OF
MR. BANDMANN!

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - - 50
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - - $5 and $10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

J. PEIRCE,
Furniture and Bedding
WAREROOMS,

Nos. 415, 417, AND 419 CALIFORNIA STREET,
NEAR MONTGOMERY.

THIS STOCK OF FURNITURE, etc., was selected with great care, and special attention given to the wants of this market, ENTIRELY AT THE EAST. It is NOT COMPOSED OF REFUSE GOODS, ODDS AND ENDS OF OTHER HOUSES that have lately closed out here, but CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF NEW GOODS, made after the latest patterns and in the most durable manner.
The present Stock is fully TWICE as large as that of any other house here. Parties having any doubts of this, or that the assortment is not superior to any in the city, can easily satisfy themselves by calling.
The stock of Case Goods is larger than ever before.
J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,
de16-3m SAN FRANCISCO.

CHOICE NEW BOOKS.

A. ROMAN & CO.

Have recently received over
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY CASES
OF
Standard Books,
ON EVERY BRANCH OF LITERATURE.

Our Stock is now very large and complete, embracing all the recent Publications of the day, together with all the Standard Authors on
Miscellaneous Literature, History, Biography, Travels, Fiction, Poetry, etc., etc.
Also, a LARGE ASSORTMENT of
ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED BOOKS!
CHOICE EDITIONS OF FAVORITE AUTHORS, IN FINE BINDINGS,
SUITABLE FOR PRESENTATION BOOKS.

We have also a splendid assortment of
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL JUVENILES, CHILDREN'S BOOKS, TOY BOOKS, AND GAMES.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
In great variety. ELEGANT BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, etc. All of which we offer at the lowest prices.
A. ROMAN & CO.,
de2 417 and 419 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

This Afternoon and Evening, Jan. 20th,
BEING THE LAST TWO EXHIBITIONS AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

BLAISDELL'S
CELEBRATED PAINTING,
THE HIBERNICON!
OR,
A TOUR THROUGH IRELAND!
THE HIBERNICON AND BELL-RINGERS
Will exhibit one week longer,
AT PLATT'S HALL.

A CARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 5th, 1866.

W. H BLAISDELL, Esq.—Dear Sir: Having visited your beautiful PANORAMA OF IRELAND, it affords us sincere pleasure to bear testimony to the correctness and excellence of its views, whether representing its Ruined Abbies, its Beautiful Rivers, its Mountains or its Lakes—so close is the resemblance to nature that one might almost imagine himself on the spot. To those who have never visited Ireland, we most cheerfully recommend it as a correct representation of our lovely but unhappy country; while to every Irish heart it will awaken sensations and remembrances which no language of ours can describe. Trusting that your enterprise may be as successful as it deserves, we are, sir, Yours truly,

Dr. I. Rowell, Thomas N. Cazneau,
Joseph K Handy, Cashier Hibernian S. & L. Soc'y; T. J. Broderick, John Kelly, Jr.,
Daniel O'Callaghan, C Desmond,
John O'Brien, James R. Kelly,
Thomas Mooney, President Cal. Build & Loan Soc'y; Thomas Mulrein, John Mann,
Thomas R. Dundas, Philip A. Roach,
J. J. Rogers, R. F Ryan,
M. Flood.

MADAME JULIA BLAISDELL,
SOLO HARPIST;
MISS CLARA,
The interesting IRISH BALLADIST, and the
SWISS BELL-RINGERS,
Will appear in conjunction with the Painting, each evening, with an
ELABORATE DESCRIPTIVE LECTURE,
BY J. H. WARWICK, ESQ.

GRAND MATINEE ON SATURDAY NEXT, JAN. 20TH, at 2 o'clock, for Schools and Family Parties.

Dress Circle and Parquette.....75 cents.
Family Circle.....50 cents.
No extra charge for reserved seats. ja13 tf

HOW IS THAT?

Men, Women and Children
GO ON FROM DAY TO DAY, FAILING IN VITALITY, PAINED, CRIPPLED BOTH IN MIND AND BODY, SOLELY FROM DELAY IN RAISING UP THE BLOOD AND CONSTITUTION ABOVE THE EFFECTS OR POWER OF DISEASE.
TAKE THAT GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,
LE DOYEN'S
SARSAPARILLA,
YELLOW DOCK,
IODINE ALTERATIVE.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
de19-1m SAN FRANCISCO.

RELIABLE
AND LIBERAL!
THE BROOKLYN
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK,
HAS MADE ALL ITS POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

Dividends declared and PAID annually on the MUTUAL PLAN. Its policies are INCONTESTABLE after five years from their date.
Thirty days grace in payment of premium.
C. W. BOUCK, President.
A. D. POLHAMUS, Vice President.
L. P. GAUTIER, Med. Examiner, San Francisco.
STEPH. T. KING,
General Agent for the Pacific States and Territories,
712 Montgomery street,
Ja20 tf SAN FRANCISCO.

AMERICAN THEATRE.

Sansome street, corner of Halleck.

STAGE MANAGER, - - - - - C. TIBBETS
TREASURER, - - - - - W. B. HAMILTON

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, JANUARY 20TH,
Will be presented the Sensation Play of
NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD!

Neighbor Jackwood.....L F Beutty
Bimleeh.....Mrs Sedley Brown
Grandmother Rigglesby.....Mrs Judah
Phœbe.....Miss Caroline Chapman
Enos Crumlette, S W Leach; Robert Greenwich, P Thayer; Hector Danbury, F Percy; Dickson, W H Hamilton; Charlotte, Miss Hinckley; Mrs Jackwood, Mrs Julia Gould; Matilda, Mrs Alicia M Thorne; Mrs Greenwich, Mrs. Myers.

The Play will be produced with entirely new Scenery and Mechanical Effects.

MATINEE ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON,
Commencing at 2 o'clock.

The management take pleasure in announcing that they have effected an arrangement with the celebrated and favorite actor,
Mr. Chas. Wheatleigh,
who will commence his
FAREWELL ENGAGEMENT!
ON MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 22D,
Being his Last Nights in California!
THE WHITEBOY'S BRIDE,
NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND!
and other new Plays, by the
RENOWNED PLAYWRIGHTS,
DION BOURCICAULT, CHARLES READ, and TOM TAYLOR,
will be produced, with new Scenery, Properties and Stage Effects, during the engagement of Mr. Wheatleigh.

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The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME IV., No 9. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 27, 1866. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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AN INIGOING.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, January 27th, 1866.

ONLY a corner left for me this week, and I don't know that I'm sorry, for a thoughtful...that is to say a lazy...mood is upon me.

"The Mufti" once remarked to me...his voice was husky at the time, and he spoke to me affectionately, and called me "Bleibenicht"...that when he thought much, he could not write at all. To which I did not reply that I was convinced of that fact from a careful perusal of his voluminous writings, for he is a sensitive gentleman, and I would not hurt his feelings for the world. But for all that there was a deal of truth in his remark, and its application is by no means confined to the Mufti.

I have been thinking of several things during the week. First, how unpleasant it is to fall through a trap-door, if a rope happens to be around your neck, the other end of which is tied to a beam.

It is strange to see a man in the full vigor of health standing on the threshold of eternity, and count upon the dial of your watch the very minute at which he will cross it. An ignorant man he is, perhaps, all untaught in schools...and yet, in a second's time, he will become wiser than the wisest of the gray-bearded sages who have spent their lives in study...only to discover that, after a certain limit is reached, they can go no further.

What need of learning astronomy, when we have it in our power to learn in a single breath more about the stars than Galileo and Herschel themselves could teach us in a lifetime.

I have also been thinking how unpleasant it must be to be a United States Circuit Judge, and have friends at home send you a little box by mail which blows you into smithereens when you open it?

The last case of diamond jewelry that was sent me from Spain, where most of my chateaux, vineyards, and other real and unreal estate is located, I did not dare open.

"I know your tricks and your manners," said I, raising it in my arms and bearing it into the court-yard, where I dashed it against one of the castle pillars.

All that it contained was ruined. Now-a-days I open match boxes, and sardine-boxes and dressing-cases in the same way, for there is no telling what a box may bring forth after Judge Field's experience.

Senator Hager is similarly troubled with myself. A box of dry goods and groceries was sent him from the school-mistresses of this city the other day, and he got the Sergeant at Arms to open it with an axe.

He's right enough in taking all such precautions, for if he does not look alive, the irate ladies who preside over the destinies of children will spring an infernal machine, a bundle of tracts, or something else that he couldn't stand upon him.

On the whole I'm glad that I am not the author of the school bill. For may it not be written

> Pelton in office more true comfort feels
> Than Hager with this barking at his heels?

INIGO.

[For the Californian.]

HOW TO PRESERVE FLOWERS.

THERE are many ways in which Cut Flowers may be preserved, both with and without suitable appliances. In springtime, you may delight yourself by culling a few violets from your window-box or garden, and arranging them in a dish in which there is a little wet sand.

The short stems stuck into the sand get sufficient moisture; a glass shade over the whole confines the fragrance, so that whenever you are inclined to inhale a full breath of unadulterated violet perfume, you have but to lift off the glass, and enjoy it to your heart's content. In the same simple way, any short jointed flowers may be preserved for a considerable time; the partial shade and the confinement of moisture secured to them by the glass preserves their beauty and fragrance, sometimes even for a fortnight, but the most fragile will in this way continue fresh and beautiful for at least a week.

An extension of this idea is carried out in an invention called the Elizabethan Vase, but which is, of course, not necessarily made in Elizabethan designs, but may take Grecian, Etruscan, or other forms, according to the fancy of the maker and purchaser. The vase is covered with wire-work or filled with sand, and a glass shade is placed over all; it thus becomes a sort of Wardian case, not for the culture, but for the preservation of flowers. When the flowers have been arranged and the glass shade put on, a little water should be poured into the groove around the edge to exclude the air. The advantage of this arrangement is this: As the flowers do not stand in water at all, they may be safely moved about, whereas, in the ordinary way of sticking them into vessels of water, they fade quickly, the stems putrify, and, instead of enjoying their fragrance, we are nauseated with their putrescent exhalations. A great deal of the success in arranging flowers most certainly depends on acquaintance with the qualities of those which we wish to use. This acquaintance, of course, is only to be gained by a careful course of personal observation, and by a classification which gives each flower a place for which it is really suited. By neglecting these precautions, or by being ignorant of the uses for which special flowers are naturally adapted, we are liable both to waste very many, and often spoil a most charming group by introducing into it *one* flower that is out of place.

In a knot of flowers to wear in the dress, for instance, what seems more attractive than the graceful Fuchsia? Yet few, after one attempt, would wear them. Round the edge of a brilliant vase they are, however, beautiful.

Helitrope, again—how many groups of flowers has its presence spoilt in less than half an hour? As a general rule, plants that take but little water are those that supply the most lasting flowers—at any rate, for the dress. In crimson flowers, the thing to guard against is a tendency to turn a lilacish blue in fading. In white flowers, generally, the risk is that they may turn yellow. Gardenias do so, for instance.

The use of quickly fading green often ruins many arrangements otherwise good. Young leaves of all kinds flag extremely quick, though older and thicker foliage often lasts very long. Fern leaves, mosses, and grasses, for instance, in vases, last very well, if preserved from the dry air when not in use.

Leaves of the scarlet geranium preserve many flowers freshly by their own velvety texture, which retains so much moisture. Their flowers, also, last perfectly, if small, few-flowered stems are chosen, on which none have yet begun to fade. Flowers of the ivy-leaved kinds of geraniums, cut off short, and a drop of gum dropped into the centre of each, last a long time. Heaths keep beautifully, as almost all flowers do which admit of being gathered on a hard, woody stem.

The beauty and grace that may be displayed in grouping flowers, united with the gaiety of their colors and the harmony of their tints, are objects well worthy the attention of those who were born to render life delightful. This study, in imparting a taste for all that is beautiful in nature, fills the soul with ravishing emotions, and opens before us the enchanted avenues of a world full of wonders. The interpreters of our sweetest sentiments, flowers lend their charms even to love—to that pure and chaste affection which, as Plato observes, is an inspiration from the gods.

The expression of this divine passion ought to be divine also, and it was to illustrate this that flowers were ingeniously made emblematical of our most delicate sentiments. They do, in fact, utter in "silent eloquence" a language better than writing, they are the delicate symbols of the illusions of a tender heart and of a lively and brilliant imagination. In the glorious days of chivalry, the respectful lover oft made use of the sweet language of flowers. Gothic books are full of emblems composed of flowers, and we find in the romance of *Perceforét* that a garland of roses is the lover's treasure. A charming writer asks:

> "And are not flowers the earliest gift of love?
> Do they not, mutely eloquent, oft speak
> For absent or for trembling hearts, and bear
> Kisses and sighs on their perfumed lips—
> And worlds of thought and fancy in their leaves
> Touched by the rainbow's dyes? Have ye ne'er prized
> Some token-flower—an early rose—a bunch
> Of young Spring's first and sweetest violets, culled
> And given into yours by hands so dear,
> That all flowers seemed grown holier from that time?
> Have ye ne'er hoarded such a simple gift—
> Aye, through long years—e'en when each shrunken leaf
> Bore not a semblance to the thing it was,
> And the soft fragrance that had once been there,
> Had changed from sweet to noisome—and, e'en then,
> For very fondness could not fling away
> Those dim and faded records of the past,
> But laid the frail things in their wonted place,
> To gaze—and dream—and weep upon again?"

The Chinese have an alphabet composed entirely of plants and roots, and we may yet read upon the rocks of Egypt the ancient conquests over that people recorded by foreign plants.

The Greeks, who cherished flowers, never acquired the art of cultivating and improving them. They simply planted them in the fields and received as nature yielded them. The Romans, with the arts of Greece also received a taste for flowers, and such was their passion for floral crowns that in the scarcity of flowers which ensued, they were compelled to confine their use to a favored few. These masters of the world cultivated nothing but roses and violets. The Gauls were long ignorant of every delicacy. Their warlike hands disdained the handle of the plough. With them the garden was under the charge of the mistress of the family, and contained only aromatic plants and such as were useful for culinary purposes. At length their manners became softened, and Charlemagne, who was at the same time the terror of the world and the father of his people, delighted in flowers, and recommended the culture of various kinds.

Foreign flowers were not introduced into Europe until the thirteenth century. During the Crusades, warriors brought many new species from Egypt and Syria, of which the monks at that time were the only cultivators. They were at first the charm of their peaceful retreats; since then they have been scattered over all the earth, and they are become the companions of our pleasures.

FLORAL DIRECTORY FOR THE WEEK.

21st. St. Agnes, Christmas Rose, (*Helleborus niger.*)
22d. St. Vincent, Early Witlow Grass, (*Draba verna.*)
23d. St. Raymond, Peziza, (*Peziza acetabulum.*)
24th. St. Timothy, Stalkless Moss, (*Phascum muticum.*)
25th. St. Apollo, Winter Helleboro, (*Helleborus hyemalis.*)
26th. St. Paula, White-Butter-Bur, *Tussilago alba.*
27th. St. Chrysostom, Earth Moss, (*Phascum cuspidatum.*)

IRIS.

THE *Pacific*, a religious paper, heartily commends the idea of transplanting Bible characters from out the sacred pages to figure in cheap books, with execrable illustrations, and any amount of twaddle thrust into their mouths, for the amusement of the young. We submit that this is as much making game of the Patriarchs as the little boy did who always them "Partridges."

THE EMERALD STUDS.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE CIRCUIT.

CHAPTER I.

"HALLO, Tom! Are you not up yet? Why, man, the judges have gone down to the court half an hour ago, escorted by the most ragged regiment of ruffians that ever handled a Lochaber-axe."

Such was my matutinal salutation to my friend Thomas Strachan, as I entered his room on a splendid spring morning. Tom and I were early college allies. We had attended, or rather, to speak more correctly, taken our tickets for the different law classes during the same sessions. We had fulminated together within the walls of the Juridical Society on legal topics which might have broken the heart of Erskine, and rewarded ourselves diligently thereafter with the usual relaxations of a crab and a comfortable tumbler. We had aggravated the same grinder with our deplorable exposition of the Pandects; and finally assumed, on the same day, the full-blown honors of the Advocate's wig and gown. Nor did our fraternal parallel end there: for although we had walked the boards of the Parliament House with praiseworthy diligence for a couple of sessions, neither of us had experienced the dulcet sensation which is communicated to the palm by the contact of the first professional guinea. In vain did we attempt to insinuate ourselves into the good graces of the agents, and coin our intellects into such jocular remarks as are supposed to find most favor in the eyes of facetious practitioners. In vain did I carry about with me, for a whole week, an artificial process most skilfully made up; and in vain did Tom compound and circulate a delectable ditty, entitled, "The Song of the Multiplepoinding." Not a single solicitor would listen to our wooing, or even intrust us with the task of making the simplest motion. I believe they thought me too fast, and Tom too much of a genius; and, therefore, both of us were left among the ranks of the briefless army of the stove. This would not do. Our souls burned within us with a noble thirst for legal fame and fees. We held a consultation (without an agent) at the Rainbow, and finally determined that since Edinburgh would not hear us, Jedburgh should have the privilege of monopolizing our maiden eloquence at the ensuing justiciary circuit. Jedburgh presents a capital field to the ambition of a youthful candidate. Very few counsel go that way; the cases are usually trifling, and the juries easily bamboozled. It has besides this immense advantage—that should you by any accident happen to break down, nobody will in all probability be the wiser for it, provided you have the good sense to ingratiate yourself with the circuit clerk.

Tom and I arrived at Jedburgh the afternoon before the circuit began. I was not acquainted with a human being within the parliamentary boundaries of that respectable borough, and therefore experienced but a slight spasm of disappointment, when informed by the waiter at the inn, that no inquiries had yet been made after me, on the part of writers desirous of professional assistance. Strachan had been wiser. Somehow or other, he had got a letter of introduction to one Bailie Beeric, a notable civic dignitary of the place; and accordingly, on presenting his credentials, was invited by that functionary to dinner, with a hint that he "might maybe see a wheen real leddies in the evening." This pointed so plainly to a white choker and dress boots, that Strachan durst not take the liberty of volunteering the attendance of his friend; and accordingly I had been left alone to wile away, as I best might, the tedium of a sluggish evening. Before starting, however, Tom pledged himself to return in time for supper; as he entertained a painful conviction that the party would be excessively slow.

So long as it was light, I amused myself pretty well, by strolling along the banks of the river, and enunciating a splendid speech for the pannel in an imaginary case of murder. However, before I reached the peroration (which was to consist of a vivid picture of the death-bed of a despairing juryman, conscience-stricken by the recollection of an erroneous verdict,) the shades of evening began to close in; the trouts ceased to leap in the pool, and the rooks desisted from their cawing. I returned to discuss my solitary mutton at the inn; and then, having nothing to do, sat down to a moderate libation, and an odd number of the *Temperance Magazine*, which valuable tract had been left for the reformation of the traveller by some peripatetic disciple of Father Matthew.

Nine o'clock came, but so did not Strachan. I began to wax wroth, muttered anathemas against my faithless friend, rang for the waiter, and—having ascertained the fact that a Masonic Lodge was that evening engaged in celebrating the festival of its peculiar patron—I set out for the purpose of assisting in the pious and mystic labors of the Brethren of the Jedburgh St. Jeremy. At twelve, when I returned to my quarters, escorted by the junior deacon, I was informed that Strachan had not made his appearance, and accordingly I went to bed.

Next morning I found Tom, as already mentioned, in his couch. There was a fine air of negligence in the manner in which his habiliments were scattered over the room. One glazed boot lay within the fender, whilst the other had been chucked into a coal-scuttle; and there were evident marks of mud on the surface of his glossy kerseymeres. Strachan himself looked excessively pale, and the sole rejoinder he made to my preliminary remark was, a request for soda-water.

"Tom," said I, inexpressibly shocked at the implied confession of the nature of his vespers—"I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself! Have you no higher regard for the dignity of the bar you represent, than to expose yourself before a Jedburgh Bailie?"

"Dignity be hanged!" replied the incorrigible Strachan. "Bailie Beerie is a brick, and I won't hear a word against him. But, O Fred! if you only knew what you missed last night! Such a splendid woman—by Jove, sir, a thoroughbred angel. A bust like one of Titian's beauties, and the voice of a lovelorn nightingale!"

"One of the Misses Beeric, I presume. Come, Tom, I think I can fill up your portrait. Hair of the auburn complexion, slightly running into the carrot—skin fair, but freckled—greenish eyes—red elbows—culpable ankles—elephantine waist—and sentiments savoring of the Secession."

"Ring the bell for the waiter, and hold your impious tongue. You never were further from the mark in your life. The wing of the raven is not more glossy than her hair—and oh, the depth and melting lustre of those dark unfathomable eyes! Waiter! a bottle of soda-water, and you may put in a thimbleful of cognac."

"Come, Tom! none of your ravings. Is this an actual Armida, or a new freak of your own imagination?"

"*Bona fide*—an angel in everything, barring the wings."

"Then how the deuce did such a phenomenon happen to emerge at the Bailie's?"

"That's the very question I was asking myself during the whole time of dinner. She was clearly not a Scotswoman. When she spoke, it was in the sweet low accents of a southern clime; and she waved away the proffered haggis with an air of the prettiest disgust!"

"But the Bailie knew her?"

"Of course he did. I got the whole story out of him after dinner, and, upon my honor, I think it is the most romantic one I ever heard. About a week ago, the lady arrived here without attendants. Some say she came in the mail-coach—others in a dark travelling chariot and pair. However, what matters it? the jewel can derive no lustre or value from the casket!"

"Yes—but one always likes to have some kind of idea of the setting. Get on."

"She seemed in great distress, and inquired whether there were any letters at the post-office addressed to the Honorable Dorothea Percy. No such epistle was to be found. She then interrogated the landlord, whether an elderly lady, whose appearance she minutely described, had been seen in the neighborhood of Jedburgh; but except old Mrs. Slimmingham of Summertrees, who has been bed-ridden for years, there was nobody in the county who at all answered to the description. On hearing this, the lady seemed profoundly agitated—shut herself up in a private parlor, and refused all sustenance."

"Had she not a reticule with sandwiches, Tom?"

"Do not tempt me to commit justifiable homicide—you see I am in the act of shaving. At last the landlady, who is a most respectable person, and who felt deeply interested at the desolate situation of the poor young lady, ventured to solicit an interview. She was admitted. There are moments when the sympathy of even the humblest friend is precious. Miss Percy felt grateful for the interest so displayed, and confided the tale of her griefs to the matronly bosom of the hostess."

"And she told you?"

"No—but she told Bailie Beerie. That active magistrate thought it his duty to interfere. He waited upon Miss Percy, and from her lips he gathered the full particulars of her history. Percy is not her real name, but she is the daughter of an English peer of very ancient family. Her father having married a second time, Dorothea was exposed to the persecutions of a low-minded vulgar woman, whose whole ideas were of that mean and mercenary description which characterize the Caucasian race. Naomi Shekels was the offspring of a Jew, and she hated, whilst she envied, the superior charms of the noble Norman maiden. But she had gained an enormous supremacy over the wavering intellect of the elderly Viscount; and Dorothea was commanded to receive, with submission, the addresses of a loathsome apostate, who had made a prodigious fortune in the railways."

"One of the tribe of Issachar?"

"Exactly. A miscreant whose natural function was the vending of cast habiliments. Conceive, Fred, what the fair young creature must have felt at the bare idea of such shocking spousals! She besought, prayed, implored—but all in vain. Mammon had taken too deep a root in the paternal heart—the old coronet had been furbished up by means of Israelitish gold, and the father could not see any degradation in forcing upon his child an alliance similar to his own."

"You interest me excessively."

"Is it not a strange tale?" continued Thomas, adjusting a false collar round his neck. "I knew you would agree with me when I came to the pathetic part. Well, Fred, the altar was decked, the ornaments ready, the Rabbi bespoke—"

"Do you mean to say, Strachan, that Lady Dorothea was to have been married after the fashion of the Jews?"

"I don't know exactly. I think Beerie said it was a Rabbi; but that may have been a flight of his own imagination. However, somebody was ready to have tied the nuptial knot, and all the joys of existence, and its hopes, were about to fade forever from the vision of my poor Dorothea!"

"*Your* Dorothea!" cried I in amazement. "Why, Tom—you don't mean to insinuate that you have gone that length already?"

"Did I say mine?" repeated Strachan, looking somewhat embarrassed. "It was a mere figure of speech: you always take me up so uncommonly short. Nothing remained for her but flight, or submission to the cruel mandate. Like a heroic girl, in whose veins the blood of the old crusaders was bounding, she preferred the former alternative. The only relation to whom she could apply in so delicate a juncture, was an aged aunt, residing somewhere in the north of Scotland. To her she wrote, beseeching her, as she regarded the memory of her buried sister, to receive her miserable child; and she appointed this town, Jedburgh, as the place of meeting."

"But where's the aunt?"

"That's just the mysterious part of the business. The crisis was so imminent that Dorothea could not wait for a reply. She disguised herself—packed up a few jewels which had been bequeathed to her by her mother—and, at the dead of night, escaped from her father's mansion. Judge of her terror when, on arriving here, panting and perhaps pursued, she could obtain no trace whatever of her venerable relative. Alone, inexperienced, and unfriended, I tremble to think what might have been her fate, had it not been for the kind humanity of Beerie."

"And what was the Bailie's line of conduct?"

"He behaved to her, Fred, like a parent. He supplied her wants, and invited her to make his house her home, at least, until the aunt should appear. But the noble creature would not subject herself to the weight of so many obligations. She accepted, indeed, his assistance, but preferred remaining here, until she could place herself beneath legitimate guardianship. And doubtless," continued Strachan with fervor, "her good angel is watching over her."

"And this is the whole story?"

"The whole."

"Do you know, Tom, it looks uncommonly like a piece of deliberate humbug!"

"Your ignorance misleads you, Fred. You would not say so had you seen her. So sweet—so gentle—with such a tinge of melancholy resignation in her eye, like that of a virgin martyr about to suffer at the stake! No one could look upon her for a moment, and doubt her purity and truth."

"Perhaps. But you must allow that we are not living exactly in the age of romance. An elopement with an officer of dragoons is about the furthest extent of legitimate enterprise which is left to a modern damsel; and, upon my word, I think the story would have told better, had some such hero been inserted as a sort of counterpoise to the Jew. But what's the matter? Have you lost anything?"

"It is very odd!" said Strachan. "I am perfectly certain that I had on my emerald studs last night. I recollect that Dorothea admired them exceedingly. Where on earth can I have put them?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I suspect, Tom, you and the Bailie were rather convivial after supper. Is your watch wound up?"

"Of course it is. I assure you you are quite wrong. It was a mere matter of four or five tumblers. Very odd this! Why—I can't find my watch neither!"

"Hallo! what the deuce! Have we fallen into a den of thieves? This is a nice beginning to our circuit practice."

"I could swear, Fred, that I put it below my pillow before I went to sleep. I remember, now, that it was some time before I could fit in the key. What can have become of it?"

"And have you not left your room since?"

"No, on my word of honor."

"Pooh—pooh! Then it can't possibly be gone. Look beneath the bolster."

But in vain did we search beneath bolster, mattress, and blankets; yea, even downwards to the fundamental straw. Not a trace was to be seen of Cox Savory's horizontal lever, jewelled, as Tom pathetically remarked, in four special holes, and warranted to go for a year without more than a minute's deviation. Neither were the emerald studs, the pride of Strachan's heart, forthcoming. Boots, chambermaid, and waiter, were collectively summoned—all assisted in the search, and all asseverated their own integrity.

"Are ye sure, sir, that ye brocht them hame?" said the waiter, an acute lad, who had served his apprenticeship at a commercial tavern in the Gorbals; "ye was gey and fou' when ye cam in here yestreen."

"What do you mean, you rascal?"

"Ye ken ye wadna gang to bed till ye had anither tumber."

"Don't talk trash! It was the weakest cold-without in the creation."

"And then ye had a sair feeht on politics wi' anither man in the coffee-room."

"Ha! I remember now—the bagman, who is a member of the League! Where is the commercial villain?"

"He gaed off at sax preceesely, this morning, in his gig, to Kelso."

"Then, by the head of Thistlewood!" cried Strachan, frantically, "my ticker will be turned into tracts against the corn-laws!"

"Hoot na!" said the waiter. "I cana thiuk that. He looked an unco respectable-like man."

"No man can be respectable," replied the aristocratic Thomas, "who sports such infernal opinions as I heard him utter last night. My poor studs! Fred—they were a gift from Mary Rivers before we quarrelled, and I would not have lost them for the universe! Only think of them being exposed for sale at a free-trade bazaar!"

"Come, Tom—they may turn up yet."

"Never in this world, exeept at a pawnbroker's. I could go mad to think that my last memorial of Mary is in all probability glittering in the unclean shirt of a bagman!"

"Had you not better apply to Fiscal?"

"For what purpose? Doubtless the scoundrel has driven off to the nearest railway, and is triumphantly counting the mile posts as he steams to his native Leeds. No, Fred. Both watch and studs are gone beyond the hope of redemption."

"The loss is certainly a serious one."

"No doubt of it: but a thought strikes me. You recollect the edict, *nautæ, caupones, stabularii?* I have not studied the civil law for nothing, and am clearly of opinion, that in such a case the landlord is liable."

"By Jove! I believe you are right. But it would be as well to turn up Shaw and Dunlop for a precedent before you make any more row about it. Besides, it may be rather difficult to establish that you lost them at the inn."

"If they only refer the matter to my oath, I can easily settle that point," replied Strachan. "Besides, now that I think of it, Miss Percy can speak to the watch. She asked me what o'clock it was just before we parted on the stairs."

"Eh, what! Is the lady in this house?"

"To be sure—did I not tell you so?"

"I say, Tom—couldn't you contrive to let one have a peep at this angel of yours?"

"Quite impossible. She is the shyest creature in the world, and would shrink from the sight of a stranger."

"But, my dear Tom—"

"I can't do it, I tell you; so it's no use asking me."

"Well, I must say you are abominably selfish. But what on earth are you going to do with that red and blue Joinville? You can't go down to court without a white neckcloth."

"I am not going down to court."

"Why, my good fellow! what on earth is the meaning of this?"

"I am not going down to court, that's all. I say, Fred, how do I look in this sort of thing?"

"Uncommonly like a cock-pheasant in full plumage. But tell me what you mean?"

"Well, since you must needs know, I am going up stairs to breakfast with Miss Percy."

So saying, Mr. Strachan made me a polite bow, and left the apartment. I took my solitary way to the court house, marvelling at the extreme rapidity of the effect which is produced by the envenomed darts of Cupid.

CHAPTER II.

On entering the court, I found that the business had commenced. An enormous raw-boned fellow, with a shock of the fieriest hair, and hands of such dimensions that a mere glimpse of them excited unpleasant sensations at your windpipe, was stationed at the bar, to which from previous practice, he had acquired a sort of prescriptive right.

"James M'Wilkin, or Wilkinson, or Wilson," said the presiding judge, in a tone of disgust which heightened with each successive *alias*, "attend to the indictment which is about to be preferred against you."

And certainly, if the indictment contained a true statement of the facts, James M'Wilkin, or Wilkinson, or Wilson, was about as thorough-paced a marauder as ever perambulated a common. He was charged with sheep-stealing and assault; inasmuch as, on a certain night subsequent to the Kelso fair, he, the said individual with the plural denominations, did wickedly and feloniously steal, uplift, and away take from a field adjoining to the Northumberland road, six wethers, the property, or in the lawful possession of Jacob Gubbins, grazier, then and now or lately residing in Morpeth; and moreover, on being followed by the said Gubbins, who demanded restitution of his property, he, the said M'Wilkin, etc., had, in the most brutal manner, struck, knocked down, and lavished divers kicks upon the corporality of the Northumbrian bumpkin, to the fracture of three of his ribs, and otherwise to the injury of his person.

During the perusal of this formidable document by the clerk, M'Wilkin stood scratching his poll, and leering about him as though he considered the whole ceremony as a sort of solemn joke. I never in the whole course of my life cast eyes on a more nonchalant or unmitigated ruffian.

"How do you say, M'Wilkin," asked the judge; "are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, aff course. D'ye tak me for a fule?" and M'Wilkin flounced down upon his seat, as though he had been an ornament to society.

"Have you a counsel?" asked the judge.

"De'il ane—nor a bawbee," replied the freebooter.

Acting upon the noble principle of Scottish jurisprudence, that no man shall undergo his trial without sufficient legal advice, his lordship in the kindest manner asked me to take charge of the fortunes of the forlorn M'Wilkin. Of course I made no scruples; for, so long as it was matter of practice, I should have felt no hesitation in undertaking the defence of Beelzebub. I therefore leaned across the dock, and exchanged a few hurried sentences with my first client.

"Why don't you plead guilty?"

"What for? I've been here before. Man, I'm thinkiug ye're a saft ane!"

"Did you not steal the sheep?"

"Aye—that's just the question. Let them find that out."

"But the grazier saw you!"

"I blackened his e'es."

"You'll be transported, to a dead certainty."

"Deevil a fears, if ye're worth the price o' half a mutchkin. I'm saying—get me a Hawick jury, and it's a' right. They ken me gey and weel thereabouts."

Although I was by no means satisfied in my own mind that an intimate acquaintance with M'Wilkin and his previous pursuits would be a strong recommendation in his favor to any possible assize, I thought it best to follow his instructions, and managed my challenges so well that I secured a majority of Hawickers. The jury being sworn in, the cause proceeded; and certainly, before three witnesses had been examined, it appeared to me beyond all manner of doubt that my unfortunate client was

"Doom'd the long coves of Sydney isle to see,"

as a permanent addition to that cultivated and Patigonian population. The grazier stood to his story like a man, and all efforts to break him down by cross-examination were fruitless. There was another hawbuck, who swore to the sheep, and was witness to the assault; so that, in fact, the evidence was legally complete.

Whilst I was occupied in the vain attempt to make Gubbins contradict himself, there had been a slight commotion in the court-room. On looking round afterwards, I was astonished to behold my friend Strachan seated in the magistrate's box, next to a very pretty and showily-dressed woman, to whom he was paying the most marked and deliberate attention. On the other side of her was an individual in a civic chain, whose fat, pursy, apoplectic appearance, and nose of the color of an Orleans plum, thoroughly realized my mental picture of the Bailie. His small, blood-shot eyes twinkled with magisterial dignity and importance; and he looked, beside Miss Percy—for I could not doubt that it was she—like a satyr in charge of Florimel.

The last witness for the Crown, a very noted police officer from Glasgow, was then put into the box to prove a previous conviction against my friend M'Wilkin. This man bore a high reputation in his calling, and was, indeed, esteemed as a sort of Scottish Vidocq, who knew by headmark every filcher of a handkerchief between Caithness and the Border. He met the bold broad stare of the prisoner with a kind of nod, as much as to assure him that his time was very nearly up; and then deliberately proceeded to take a hawk's-eye view of the assembly. I noticed a sort of quiet sneer as he glanced at the magistrate's box.

"Poor Strachan!" thought I. "His infatuation must indeed be palpable, since even a common officer can read his secret in a moment."

I might just as well have tried to shake Ailsa Craig as to make an impression upon this witness; however, heroically devoted to my trust, I hazarded the attempt, and ended by bringing out several additional tales of turpitude in the life and times of M'Wilkin.

"Make room there in the passage! The lady has fainted," cried the macer.

I started to my feet, and was just in time to see Miss Percy conveyed from the court in an apparently inanimate state, by the Bailie and the agitated Strachan.

"Devilish fine-looking woman that!" observed the Advocate-Deputy across the table. "Where did your friend Mr. Strachan get hold of her?"

"I really don't know. I say—are you going to address the jury for the crown?"

"It is quite immaterial. The case is distinctly proved, and I presume you don't intend to speak?"

"I'm not so sure of that."

"Oh, well—in that case I suppose I must say a word or two. This closes the evidence for the crown, my lord," and the Deputy began to turn over his papers preparatory to a short harangue.

He had just commenced his speech, when I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder. I looked around: Strachan was behind me, pale and almost breathless with excitement.

"Fred—can I depend upon your friendship?"

"Of course you can. What's the row?"

"Have you ten pounds about you?"

"Yes—but what do you mean to do with them? Surely you are not going to make a blockhead of yourself by bolting?"

"No—no! give me the money—quick!"

"On your word of honor, Tom?"

On my sacred word of honor! That's a good fellow—thank you, Fred;" and Strachan pocketed the currency. "Now," said he, "I have just one other request to make."

"What's that?"

"Speak against time, there's a dear fellow! Spin out the case as long as you can, and don't let the jury retire for at least three-quarters of an hour. I know you can do it better than any other man at the bar."

"Are you in earnest, Tom?"

"Most solemnly. My whole future happiness—nay, perhaps, the life of a human being depends upon it."

"In that case I think I shall tip them an hour."

"Heaven reward you, Fred! I never can forget your kindness!"

"But where shall I see you afterwards?"

"At the hotel. Now, my dear boy, be sure that you pitch it in, and, if possible, get the judge to charge after you. Time's all that's wanted—adieu!" and Tom disappeared in a twinkling.

I had little leisure to turn over the meaning of this interview in my mind, for the address of my learned opponent was short and pithy. He merely pointed out the clear facts, as substantiated by evidence, and brought home to the unhappy M'Wilkin; and concluded by demanding a verdict on both charges contained in the indictment against the prisoner.

"Do you wish to say anything, sir?" said the judge to me, with a kind of tone which indicated his hope that I was going to say nothing. Doubtless, his lordship thought that, as a very young counsel, I would take the hint; but he was considerably mistaken in his man. I came to the bar for practice—I went on the circuit with the solemn determination to speak in every case, however desperate; and it needed not the admonition of Strachan to make me carry my purpose into execution. What did I care about occupying the time of the court? His lordship was paid to listen, and could very well afford to hear the man who was pleading for M'Wilkin without a fee. I must say, however, that he looked somewhat disgusted when I rose.

A first appearance is a nervous thing, but there is nothing like going boldly at your subject. "*Fiat experimentum in corpore villi*," is a capital maxim in the Justiciary Court. The worse your case, the less chance you have to spoil it; and I never had a worse than M'Wilkin's.

I began by buttering the jury on their evident intelligence and the high functions they had to discharge, which of course were magnified to the skies. I then went slap-dash at the evidence; and, as I could say nothing in favor of my client, directed a tremendous battery of abuse and insinuation against his accuser.

"And who is this Gubbins, gentlemen, that you should believe this most incredible, most atrocious, and most clumsy apocrypha of his? I will tell you. He is an English butcher—a dealer in cattle and in bestial—one of those men who derive their whole subsistence from the profits realized by the sale of our native Scottish produce. This is the way in which our hills are depopulated, and our glens converted into solitudes. It is for him and his confederates—not for us—that our shepherds watch and toil, that our herds and flocks are reared, that the richness of the land is absorbed! And who speaks to the character of this Gubbins? You have heard the pointless remarks made by my learned friend upon the character of my unfortunate client; but he has not dared to adduce in this court one single witness in behalf of the character of his witness. Gentlemen, he durst not do it! Gubbins has deponed to you that he bought these sheep at the fair of Kelso, from a person of the name of Shiells, and that he paid the money for them. Where is the evidence of that? Where is Shiells to tell us whether he actually sold these sheep, or whether on the contrary they were not stolen from him? Has it been proved to you, gentlemen, that M'Wilkin is not a friend of Shiells—that he did not receive notice of the theft—that he did not pursue the robber, and, recognizing the stolen property by their mark, seize them for the benefit of their owner? No such proof at least has been led upon the part of the Crown, and in the absence of it, I ask you fearlessly, whether you can possibly violate your consciences by returning a verdict of guilty? Is it not possible—nay, is it not extremely probable—that Gubbins was the actual thief? Was it not his interest, far more than McWilkin's, to abstract those poor unhappy sheep, because it is avowedly his trade to fill the insatiable maw of the Southron?

And in that case, who should be at the bar? Gubbins! Gubbins, I say, who this day has the unparalleled audacity to appear before an enlightened Scottish jury, and to give evidence which, in former times, might have led to the awful consequence of the execution of an innocent man! Evideuce to condemn a fellow-countryman, gentlemen? No—not to condemn a dog!"

Having thus summarily disposed of Gubbins, I turned my artillery against the attendant drover and the policeman. The first I indignantly denounced as either an accomplice or a a tool: the second I smote more severely. Policemen are not popular in Hawick; and, knowing this, I contrived to blacken the Scottish Vidocq as a bloodhound.

But by far the finest flight of fancy in which I indulged was reserved for the peroration. I was not quite sure of the effect of my commentary on the evidence, and therefore thought it might be advisable to touch upon a national raw.

"And now, gentlemen," said I, "assuming for one moment that all my learned friend has said to you is true—that the sheep really belonged to this Gubbins, and were taken from him by M'Wilkin—let us calmly and deliberately consider how far such a proceeding can be construed into a crime. What has my unfortunate client done that he should be condemned by a jury of his countrymen? What he stands charged with is simply this—that he has prevented an Englishman from driving away the produce of our native hills. And is this a crime? It may be so, for aught I know, by statute; but sure I am, that in the intention, to which you must look, there lies a far deeper element of patriotism than of deliberate guilt. Think for one moment, gentlemen, of the annals of which we are so proud—of the ballads still chanted in the hall and in the hamlet—of the lonely graves and headstones that are scattered all along the surface of the southern muirs. Do not these annals tell us how the princes and the nobles of the land were wont to think it neither crime nor degradation to march with their retainers across the Borders, and to harry with fire and sword the fields of Northumberland and Durham? Randolph and the Bruce have done it, and yet no one dares to attach the stigma of dishonor to their names. Do not our ballads tell how at Lammas-tide,

> "The doughty Earl of Douglas rade
> Into England to fetch a prey?"

And who shall venture to impeach the honor of the hero who fell upon the field of Otterbourne? Need I remind you of those who have died in their country's cause, and whose graves are still made the object of many a pious pilgrimage? Need I speak of Flodden, that woful place where the Flowers of the Forest were left lying in one ghastly heap around their king? Ah, gentlemen! have I touched you now? True, it was in the olden time that these things were done and celebrated; but remember this, that society may change its place. states and empires may rise and be consolidated, but patriotism still lives enduring and undying as of yore! And who shall dare to say that patriotism was not the motive of M'Wilkin? Who shall presume to analyze or to blame the instinct which may have driven him to the deed? Call him not a felon—call him rather a poet; for over his kindling imagination fell the mighty shadow of the past. Old thoughts, old feelings, old impulses, were burning in his soul. He saw Gubbins, not the grazier, but the lawless spoiler of his country; and he rose, as a Borderer should, to viudicate the honor of his race. He may have been mistaken in what he did, but the motive, at least, was pure. Honor it then, gentlemen, for it is the same motive which is at all times the best safeguard of a nation's independence; and do honor likewise to yourselves by pronouncing a unanimous verdict of acquittal in favor of the prisoner at the bar!"

By the time I had finished this haraugue, I was wrought up to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that I really cousidered M'Wilkin in the light of an extremely ill-used individual, and the tears stood in my eyes as I recapitulated the history of his wrongs. Several of the jury, too, began to get extremely excited, and looked as fierce as falcons when I reminded them of the field of Flodden. But my hopes were considerably damped when I heard the charge of his lordship With all respect for the eminent senator who that day presided on the bench, I think he went rather too far when he designated my maiden-effort a rhapsody which could only be excused on account of the inexperience of the gentleman who uttered it. Passing from that unpleasant style of stricture, he went *seriatim* over all the crimes of M'Wilkin, and very distinctly indicated his opinion that a more consummate ruffian had seldom figured in the dock. When he concluded, however, there was a good deal of whispering in the jury-box, and at last the gentlemen of the assize requested permission to retire.

"That was a fine flare-up of yours, Freddy," said Anthony Whaup, the only other counsel for the prisoners upon the circuit. "You came it rather strong, though, in the national line. I don't think our venerable frieud overhead half likes your ideas on international law."

"Why, yes—I confess he gave me a tolerable wigging But what would you have me do? I must have said something."

"Oh, by Jove, you were perfectly right! I always make a point of speaking myself; and I can assure you that you did remarkably well. It was a novel view, but decidedly ingenious, and may lead to great results. If that fellow gets off, you may rely upon it there will be some bloodshed again upon the Border.'

"And a jolly calendar, of course, for next circuit. I say, Anthony—how many cases have you got!"

"Two thefts with habit and repute, a hame-sucken, rather a good forgery, and an assault with intent to commit."

"Long?"

"Rather—but poor pay. I haven't sacked more than nine guineas altogether. Gad!" continued Anthony, stretching himself, "this is slow work. I'd rather by a great deal be rowing on the canal."

"Hush! here come the jury."

They entered, took their seats, and each man in succession answered to his name. M'Wilkin looked as leouine as ever, and kept winking perseveringly to the Hawickers.

"Now, gentlemeu," said the clerk of court, what is your verdict?"

The foreman rose. "The jury, by a majority, find the charges against the prisoner NOT PROVEN."

"Hurrah!" shouted M'Wilkin, reckless of all authority. "Hurrah!" I say—you counsellor in the wig—ye shanna want a sheep's head thae three years, if there's ane to be had on the Border!"

And in this way I gained my first acquittal.

CHAPTER III.

I FOUND Strachan in his room with his face buried in the bed-clothes. He was kicking his legs as though he suffered under a violent fit of the toothache.

"I say, Tom, what's the matter? Look up, man! Do you know I've got that scoundrel off?"

No answer.

"Tom, I say! Tom, you dunderhead—what do you mean by making an ass of yourself this way? Get up, for shame, and answer me!"

Poor Strachan raised his head from the coverlet. His eyes were absolutely pink, and his cheeks of the tint of a lemon.

"O Fred, Fred!" said he, with a series of interjectional gasps, "I am the most unfortunate wretch in the universe. All the hopes I had fondly cherished are blighted at once in the bud! She is gone, my friend—gone away from me, and alas! I fear forever!"

"The deuce she has! and how?"

"Oh what madness tempted me to lead her to the court? what infatuation it was to expose those angelic features to the risk of recognition! Who that ever saw those dove-like eyes could forget them?"

"I have no objection to the eyes—they were really very passable. But who twigged her?"

"An emissary of her father's—that odious miscreant who was giving evidence at the trial."

"The policeman? Whew! Tom! I don't like that."

"He was formerly the land-steward of the Viscount—a callous, cruel wretch, who was more than suspected of having made away with his wife."

"And did he recognize her?"

"Dorothea says that she felt fascinated by the glitter of his cold gray eye. A shuddering sensation passed through her frame, just as the poor warbler of the woods quivers at the approach of the rattiesnake. A dark mist gathered before her sight, and she saw no more until she awoke to consciousness within my arms."

"Very pretty work, truly! And what then?"

"In great agitation, she told me that she durst tarry no longer here. She was certain that the officer would make it his business to track her, and communicate her hiding-place to her family; and she shook with horror when she thought of the odious Israelitish bridegroom. 'The caverns of the deep green sea—the high Tarpeian rock—the Leucadian cliff of Sappho;' she said, 'all would be preferable to that! And yet, O Thomas, to think that we should have met so suddenly, and that to part forever!' 'Pon my soul, Fred, I am the most miserable of created beings."

"Why, what on earth has become of her?"

"Gone—and I don't know whither. She would not even apprise the Bailie of her departure, lest she might leave some clue for discovery. She desired me to see him, to thank him, and to pay him for her; all of which I promised to do. With one kiss—one deep, burning, agonized kiss, which I shall carry with me to my grave—she tore herself away, sprang into the post-chaise, and in another moment was lost to me forever!"

"And my ten pounds?" said I, in a tone of considerable emotion.

"Would you have had me think twice," asked Strachan indignantly, "before I tendered my assistance to a forlorn angel in distress, even though she possessed no deeper claims on my sympathy? I thought, Frederick, you had more chivalry in your nature. You need not be uneasy about that trifle; I shall be in funds some time about Christmas."

"Humph! I thought it was a P. P. transaction; but no matter. And is this all the clue you have got to the future residence of the lady?"

"No; she is to write me from the nearest post town. You will see, Fred, when the letter arrives, how well worthy she is my adoration."

To be concluded next week.

THE BONE MAN OF HOSTONIC.

IN a recess beside the great west door of the church of Hostonic, in Bohemia, stood for many generations a gaunt skeleton, its skull drooping on the breast, and the hands folded as though in prayer. Immediately before it was the tomb of a noble family once residing in the neighborhood, but now extinct.

The strange attitude of the skeleton fixed the idea in the popular mind that the Bone Man prayed without ceasing to a dead woman, who lay in the vault before him. Several times was the skeleton removed from its niche, and buried under a green sod in the churchyard, but on the following morning, those who came to early mass saw the grave open, and the turf folded back, and within the sacred building stood, as before, the white Bone Man with drooping head, and folded hands, at the vault door. And well might he be condemned by the judgment of God to stand thus year by year, before the tomb, for long ago he had been a lawless knight, fearing not God, nor regarding man, and he had come in his wanderings to Hostonic, where he hae seen the Lily of Hostonic, the only daughter of the nobleman who then inhabited the castle whose ruins are now the haunt of the owl, and he had brought the Lily to shame, and to an early death. When the old lord in anger slew him, his corpse would not rest in its grave, but rose, and stationed itself at the head of the tomb, with the dim eyes fixed on the sepulchral stone which hid the Lily, and there he awaited his release. The corpse became a skeleton, centuries rolled by, and still that release had not been effected. But one morning, those who went to church found the niche empty, and the skeleton had crumbled into a little heap of gray dust. How this was effected I will relate, as the Bohemian peasantry tell the tale.

One night there was an uproar in the tavern of Hostonic; three brothers, with their pockets full of money, had been drinking and gambling all day, and proposed continuing the same amusements all night. Their drunken shouts and laughter continued till long after every house in the village was closed, and every light extinguished.

They were waited upon by a servant girl who had been deserted by her husband, and who had but lately, for the first time, become a mother. By her poverty she had been driven into service. Many a rude and ugly joke at her expense was made by the tipsy men, but she remained silent, modestly and patiently waiting on them without speaking more than was necessary.

As she came out of the cellar with full pitcher, one of the brothers said to her, laughing:

"Well, my girl! I suppose you are busy making clothes for the baby, eh?"

"Ah, sir!" she replied, "I have not the materials of which to make them; would that I had. The poor little lamb will need them, indeed!"

"I'll tell you what," said the second brother, shaking his head drunkenly; "you must earn the money to buy them, and the cradle, too."

"Only too willingly, sir!"

"Well, I don't mind giving you the money," continued the thoughtless fellow; "if you will do something for it."

"Anything which is not beyond my strength," said the girl eagerly, as her cheek flushed with hope; "tell me what I am to do, and I will do it."

"Nothing very difficult, my girl, no-thing ve-ry dif-fi-cult," quoth the intoxicated man; and then, with a burst of laughter, he said, looking round to his brothers for applause, "you shall fetch me the skeleton which stands at the church door! Eh, lads, she shall do that, shan't she; and we will pay her?"

The maid recoiled in horror, and her cheek blanched.

"Oh, sir!" she said faintly, "do not make a mock of me in my misery, and tempt God with such profanities!"

But the other brothers praised him who had made the offer, and, drawing their purses from their pockets, they poured out thalers and groschens, and made of them a small pile in the middle of the table.

"There," shouted they; "fetch us the Bone Man, and you shall have this as a baptismal gift for your brat."

The poor girl trembled in every limb; she looked at the money, and then at the red, heated faces of the drunken men, and she knew not what to say. That little pile of silver would, indeed, be a godsend to her; but at what a cost was it to be won? She thought of the gloomy churchyard, and the solemn church, shrouded in darkness, and of the skeleton standing in the wall niche before the tomb.

"Come, you must not be long making up your mind," said the eldest of the brothers; "we do not make such offers more than once."

"Let me have two minutes to decide," she begged, looking

once more at the money, and then, flying to her chamber, she bent over her little one and kissed it. "Anything for thee, my poor one!" she sighed; "and if it be a sin, may God in His mercy pardon me." Then, after having crossed herself, she returned to the parlor, and agreed to do what the three men required.

As she left the tavern, all was dark, a keen wind blew over the country, beneath a still, star-spangled, cloudless sky; it wailed among the eaves of the houses, and tossed the autumn leaves about in the square of the little town. The church stood on a rise; as the young woman approached it, her heart beat faster.

She opened the churchyard gate as the evening bell tinkled; she stood still, and recited her "Ave Maria" with fervor, then stepped out of sight, to allow the sexton to return without observing her. The old man, bent double with age, went coughing from the graveyard to his bed, and she remained alone among the dead. For some moments a struggle raged within her; she shuddered at the prospect of what she had to do, and felt disposed to return to the inn, but love for her babe prevailed, and she walked up the path leading to the church door.

And now there was a feeble glimmer in the east, and the new moon peeped above the horizon; and she shuddered as she stepped into the shadow of a mulberry-tree which grew in the churchyard.

She turned the handle of the door, and the latch flew up with a noise which was echoed through the vaults and aisles of the church. A feeble, rosy glow from the lamp burning before the Blessed Sacrament gleamed on the altar, but a white moonbeam through a low window fell along the west wall, bringing out the skull and folded hands as frosted silver, in strong relief against the ebon gloom of the recess in which stood the Bone Man of Hostonic. As the frightened girl looked on the skeleton, it seemed to her as though the fleshless mouth moved in prayer, and as though a blue flame flickered in the eye-cavities.

The girl summoned up all her courage, grasped the skeleton, flung it upon her back, and ran through the churchyard, passed the gate, flew with her rattling load across the market-place, dashed into the tavern, cast the Bone Man on the table, and sinking on a bench, burst into a flood of tears.

A silence fell upon those in the room; all looked with a shudder at the heap of bones, and then with astonishment at the girl. Even the three brothers recoiled from the skeleton as it was flung before them; the courage of the maid amazed them; they had reckoned on her turning back at the churchyard gate, and had calculated on joking her on the failure of her courage.

But the eldest, staggering to his feet, said, "I tell you all, the lass has well earned her money. She shall have it, and sit down by us and have a drop of something to warm her, too."

In the meanwhile the girl had somewhat recovered herself, and she was called to the table to give an account of her expedition. But she, still pale with fear, only replied to their questions with——

"God saved me from anything very terrible; but, as I carried the skeleton, it seemed to me as though *some one* were following. Not for any money would I do it again."

"But what is to be done with the Bone Man?" asked one of the brothers; "he cannot remain here, and I dare'n't take him back." "Nor I," said the second.

"And I am quite sure," hiccoughed the third, "that I couldn't walk as far."

"The skeleton must go back, that is positive," said the first: "We shall get into trouble if it is found."

"Then let her who brought it take it back," thundered out the second with an oath.

The maid, shuddering at the thought of having to make the horrible expedition again, exclaimed, "That was not part of our agreement. I have kept my portion of the contract, and you have said yourself that I have earned the money.

"So you have, my girl; so you have, undoubtedly," said the fellow; "but, hang it! we don't want to have a skeleton lying amongst our glasses, and under our very noses, whilst we are making merry. I'd take it myself to its proper place, were my legs steady enough, and my conscience clear. We will give you more money, if you will replace the Bone Man in his old position in Hostonic Church."

"Oh, sir!" gasped the maid; "I cannot! indeed! I swore I never would tempt God like this again for the love of gold."

"Nor shall you," quoth the toper; "not a groschen shall you get from any of us, if you do as we bid you; but this will I promise—I have no children of my own, and I will pay for the education of your little babe when it is old enough to go to school, and I call these comrades here to witness, that the lad shall not be unremembered in my will."

The maid looked with trembling at the hideous object which spraddled across the table. Her breast heaved; she folded her hands in prayer and closed her eyes. The agitation of her feelings, and the battle of conflicting passions, were clearly traceable on her countenance. Suddenly her face became calm.

"As you wish," she said, resolutely; "it is God's will. Yours be the sin, and you will have to answer for it."

As she spoke she lifted the clickering frame of bones, and slung it on her back. Firmly grasping her load, she went forth into the night, and none ventured to follow her.

Would you know the cause of the girl's courage? As she had prayed, an idea shot into her brain, as an inspiration from God, that she should dedicate her child to the church: she took the thought as a revelation of Divine will, and vowed there and then to offer her little one to God, if he would protect her on her expedition.

She traversed the market-place with her clattering burden, and began to ascend the hill, scarcely hearing the rattle made by the bones, for she had become used to the sound.

But as she neared the graveyard, the weight of her load became greater and greater, and the burden bowed her down. This she did not observe at first, as her senses were in a whirl of confusion, but, at the lych gate, it became so evident, that she was filled with overwhelming horror. In crossing the churchyard she sank repeatedly to her knees, all but prostrated beneath the load which seemed to weigh a hundredweight. It was with a desperate effort that she scrambled into the church, reached the niche, and tried to shake off her awful burden. With unspeakable horror she found that this was now beyond her power, for the fingers had interlaced upon her bosom, and the arms held her as in a vice.

A voice, like the moaning of wind through distant trees, rushed into her ear, and a chill breath stirred over her cheek.

"I will not let thee go until thou swearest to obtain pardon for me from her below. Descend into the vault and pray for me."

Every hair on the poor girl's head stiffened, and a cold sweat broke out upon her brow. She shivered as a leaf in the wind, and was unable to articulate a word in reply.

"Wilt thou do my will?" asked the voice, and the maid felt the hands tightening their grasp, and heard the creaking of the bone fingers against each other.

"I will," gasped she in her deadly fear. The fingers fell apart with a click, and the burden slipped from her shoulders. She turned and looked at the skeleton. A dim and phantom life seemed to animate its countenance, there was an expression of unutterable eagerness in the fleshless face, and a shiver of anxiety vibrating through the bony limbs. The jaws stirred, and the same strange voice rushed into the girl's ear.

"Lift the stone from the vault door, and go down the steps. You will find at the bottom a woman in black, sitting in her coffin, by lamplight reading a book. Plead with her for pardon. Till she pardons me, I can find no forgiveness with God."

The maid obeyed. She lifted the slab from its place by the iron ring which was riveted into it; it rose at her touch, and disclosed a steep flight of stone steps.

With swimming brain the girl descended into the vault. At the further end burned a dim flame. A soft cool air breathed over her cheek. As she reached the lowest step she looked round. The vault was capacious, with groined roof supported by huge drums of Romanesque pillars. A feeble glimmer irradiated it. On all sides were stone coffins with armorial bearings sculptured upon them. On some lay withered wreaths of flowers, on others corroded swords or helmets. The light by which all this was rendered visible proceeded from the small saffron flame of a lamp suspended in the centre of the vault over an open sarcophagus. There, draped in black, in her stone coffin, with her pale face supported on her hand, her head surrounded with a garland of faded roses, sat a woman reading out of a large book which lay open on her lap. The maid approached her with vacillating steps, and bent the knee before her. Not a motion in the solemn reading figure. The white face was not raised, nor the shadowed eyes lifted from the pages of the book.

With faltering voice the girl besought forgiveness for the Bone Man. No answer. The woman in her coffin seemed to be unconscious of the presence of a living being before her. More earnestly pleaded the maid, her heart beating, and a deep anxiety to obtain the knight's release filling her compassionate bosom. She called to the woman's remembrance her old love for the knight, the deep sorrow which he had endured for so many ages, standing deprived of rest before her tomb.

The reading woman shook her head without raising her eyes.

With heavy heart the girl retraced her steps, despairing of obtaining anything from the lady in the vault. At the top of the stair stood the Bone Man bathed in pure moonlight, an expression of agonizing expectation on his face, every bone clickering with emotion.—"Am I forgiven?"

"She has not forgiven you," answered the maid in a scarcely audible voice.

"Back, back into the vault, and plead till you have obtained my pardon."

The maid would have spoken, but the skeleton raised its hand and pointed peremptorily towards the vault, and the girl felt constrained to obey. Fear now disappeared, and she felt the warm blood flow into her cheek as evenly as though she were at home rocking the babe.

Again she knelt to the woman in black, and prayed with fervor for the Bone Man. She pleaded by the hopes of salvation, the mercy of God, the Redeemer's wounds; her tears fell on the sepulchre floor; she wrung her hands, and sobs broke the thread of her prayer. Still the pale woman remained unmoved, still did she read in the great book without raising her eyes to the weeping petitioner before her, and only at intervals shook her head. An hour passed thus; the girl clasped the rim of the sarcophagus, and writhed in the vehemence of her supplication on the pavement. There was no change in the pallid woman, save that the wreath about her temples had shed its withered leaves, and had broken into tiny fresh buds.

Faint and weary, despairing of success, the poor girl again retraced her steps to the upper world. The skeleton was at the top, leaning forward in breathless eagerness, and gray fear spread over its ghastly face.—"Has she forgiven me?"

The maid sadly shook her head.

"Back again," moaned the strange voice; "without you I cannot obtain pardon. If you cannot procure my release, I am accursed for ever. Quick! midnight is long past, and all must be decided before cockcrow."

The trembling bony hands were wrung in bitterness of distress.

Once more the maid descended. The same scene was re-enacted. Again she supplicated, and again, for all the answer she obtained was the shake of the pale woman's head. The girl had pleaded by the name of everything sacred and had failed, she seemed to have nothing left by which to plead; but, with her head on the cold floor in the exhaustion of her hope, she asked for pardon for the knight in the name of her own little new-born babe.

At the word the great book was closed, the pale woman looked up, and a flush ran over her face, the wreath of roses around her head burst into a glorious white flower, filling the vault with exquisite fragrance.

"For the sake of thy little babe he is pardoned," said the woman. Then she sank back in her coffin, the great book fell closed on her breast, the lid shut down with a clash, and the lamp went out.

The maid hurried above with joyous heart, guided by the patch of silver which the moon cast on the topmost step.

"She has pardoned you!" she cried, as she saw the white face gleaming down to her.

The voice which replied was soft as the murmur of a summer breeze among the corn.

"You have done well in asking in behalf of an innocent child. I in my life spared not innocence, and God sentenced me to find no rest till in the name of an innocent child I could obtain release.

The skeleton knelt towards the Blessed Sacrament, before which burned the sanctuary lamp.

"Glory to be God!" he said, and extended his fleshless arms, and his jaws moved in prayer and thanksgiving.

The girl looked at him, kneeling in the glory of the moon, and a sweetness and calm settled over the face, divesting it of all that was dreadful. Softly and almost imperceptibly he seemed to melt away, with the peaceful and beautiful expression on the uplifted countenance steadily brightening, and when the crowing of the cock rang out sharply through the night air, the Bone Man of Hostonic was a little heap of dust.

DRYING WILD FLOWERS.—Procure a large stock of blotting-paper. The thin red kind is the best, at least for succulent plants. If you have not got a napkin-press, you will require two nice smooth pieces of board about the size of half a sheet of the blotting-paper, and four rather heavy square stones, which, for convenience and appearance sake, may be incased in gray linen bags, the strings of which should form loops. The plants must be spread out in the most natural manner. Small plants of those whose roots are remarkable, like the wood-sorrel, and many species of birches, are best dried whole if the roots are well cleaned, and quite free from moisture. It is often necessary to remove some of the leaves and flowers when they are too much crowded. Light weights are useful for keeping parts of refractory plants in position, while the other parts are being settled.

The blotting-paper, when folded in two, will form pages about twenty-four inches in length, and fifteen in breadth. Place the plants on the sixth page of the blotting-book, which, however, should not be stitched at the back; then turn over to the twelfth page (soft, moist plants, like the blue-bell, require more paper over them than this for the first few days, and hard, dry ones, such as ferns, require less,) arrange more plants on it, and so on, till the stock of blotting-paper, flowers, or patience is exhausted. Then place the pile of plants and papers between the boards, and lay on one or two of the weights. Leave them undisturbed till the next day; then dry the papers well, replace the plants, and add an additional stone. Repeat the same process for the next two days. After that time it will be sufficient to dry them once or twice a week. When quite dry, the specimens have to be fastened down with strips of paper, and classified. The herbarium must always be kept in a dry, warm room, and under a light weight.

LINES,

KIMPOSED A BORED OF A CALIFORNY MALE STEEMER.

BY A PARSINGER.

WAL! of all the cussèd kinveyances,
Ef this isn't ahont the wust!
Nothin but rockin and rollin
An pitchin, from the verry fust—
The ingine a groanin, and the biler
Lyable enny minnit to bust.

Fust wnn side, dnm it, and then tnther!
Till Ime dogged ef I no wot to du—
Rock away, yu darned old kradle!
I *was* a baby wen I got inter *you!*

None on em seems to keer 6¼ cents
How bad a feller may feel,
Nur to talk to him—not even the sailer
Foolin away his time on a wheel.

Thar's the capting! aint it provokin
To see that critter, all threw the trip,
Continoually drinkin and smokin,
Wen he orter he a mindin on his ship.

It's enuf to aggervait a body,
And it aint manners, I think,
To set thar takin down his toddy,
And never askin nary parsinger to drink.

And the purser, all he keers fur,
Is fur to hev a time with his pals.
I say, darn sech a purser! jest heer him
Flurtin and carrin on among the gals!

And wen he's tired o' that, wot follers?
In his litle cabbing thar he sets
Like a spyder, among hernils o' dollers—
Enuf to pay a feller's dets.

That's all *they* keers for parsingers,
Is, to git the two-hunder-
'N-fifty-dolers out of his pockit inter theirn,
And then he may go to thnnder.

Ef a feller's driv to distraxion
In a blo, and axes wot to du,
He cant git no sort o' sattisfaxion
Out o' none on em—cupting, mait, nur crew.

Wnn day I clim inter their blamed riggin,
Jest to see wot thar wos, and in hopes
To kepe shet of em wnn spell—but dog it!
I see 2 on em comin up the ropes.

Wnn on em ketcht me and hilt hold on me,
While tother miserable cuss
Tide me up with a nasty, sticky cloze-line,
Smellin o' tar or sumthin wuss.

Thar they kep me—darn their picturs!
And nobody done nothin but larf,
Till I'd forkt out fur a bottle o' brandy—
It come to $2½.

That's the last $2½
They'll ever git out o' me,
Fur Ile travvil in a durned top-waggin,
Afore Ile be ketched agin to sea.

[*H. H. Brownell.*

THE LIVE SOFA.

A MAN OF MANY VAGARIES.

MR. LUNDY was a peculiar looking man, with a thin face, and long straight hair, that he fancied never needed cutting. He had, at one time, been very unfortunate in his business; but, though made rich since by a large legacy, he was not in a condition to enjoy it. The fact is, Mr. Lundy was a confirmed hypochondriac.

For many years Mrs. L. had staid at home, and humored his whims, but one season her pretty daughter wanted to go to a watering-place, not for any disease in particular, but to see the world, and the young folks in it.

Behold them, then, comfortably established in a sea-side hotel. For two days Mr. Lundy had been all right; but one morning his poor wife knew what was coming, by the peculiarity of his looks and motions. Her book fell from her hand; Minnie turned pale.

"He's been flighty all the morning," said Mrs. L. "Dear, dear, see him whirl—what is it, Lundy?"

"A feather, my dear—a feather; catch me—hold me. Don't you see the wind is blowing me everywhere? It will take me out to sea, and I shall get saturated—yes, wet through, Mrs. Lundy. I beg you to catch me; pin me to your bonnet: I shall be safe there. Just see how frightfully I ruffle; the slightest puff of air agitates me throughout. I'd rather be anything than this; do put me in your bonnet, my dear."

"I'll put you in a mad-house before long," muttered the exasperated wife, "if you cut up such capers. Come into the hotel, Mr. Lundy."

"Come into the hotel, madam; you talk as if I had legs. Did you ever see a feather walk? Why, I'm lighter than a snow-drift; I wish I had a brick in my hat to keep me down. Ah! I envy everything stationary. Observe how I quiver; stick a pin in me, my dear, and fasten me to the floor. Is there enough of me for a pen? Am I a hen-feather, or a duck-feather, or what?"

"Goose-feather, if anything, you tiresome mortal," cried his wife. "I'm sick of your vagaries. First, you're a cat on the roof, mewing and keeping everybody awake; then you're a glass bottle, full of water, freezing and snapping; you're anything and everything but a reasonable man. I'm tired of it."

"Mrs. Lundy, *will* you have the goodness to put me in your pocket; squeeze me in your hand, anything, that I may feel safe in your protecting care. I'm floating—(singing.)

"'I'm afloat, I'm afloat!'—ah—what's that?"

"Nothing, Mr. Lundy, but Joe's whip. I called him from the coach-house; lay on, Joe."

"But, my love, my legs."

"Nonsense, Mr. Lundy; lay on, Joe. Feathers haven't got legs."

"True, Mrs. L., but they have marrow, and that's what feels. Pray, beg Joe to stop."

Just then, up ran little Tom—the only male hope of the Lundy family—and, strange to say, in his hand a handsome hen's feather. A triumphant smile illumined the face of Lundy the elder.

"Now, my dear," he said, gravely taking the feather in his hand, "I hope you'll believe me. My child, look on that feather, and be thankful; that was me."

And little Tom, chuckling at the idea, ran up and down the piazza, repeating merrily—

"Pa was a hen, once; dear me, how funny."

Minnie Lundy was captivating; there is no doubt about that. In pink, blue, white, or green she looked equally charming. There were rich men there who would have been glad to charm her, and nice men, and silly men—silly to that extent that they were fools, and didn't know it. But it happened that a young physician was luckier than them all, and poorer. "I must have that girl," he said, *sotto* voice, a dozen times a day, and then heartily wished that she had a fever. He was very handsome. Probably he saw Minnie through the back of his head, for he was always looking out of the window when she came in, and always blushed violently.

One day Minnie followed her mother into the parlor. As usual, Dr. Stag was there.

"My dear," cried Mrs. Lundy, who had just come from the garden; "you look excited."

"O! mamma!"—and her voice was so sweetly low—so softly agitated—"we shall have to leave this place—indeed we shall. Father is taking on terribly; some of the boarders are laughing; others are shocked."

"And what is the freak now, my dear?"

"O! he's a rooster, and crows till he is black in the face."

"A rooster!—horrible! And here we are—not a doctor we know——"

Somebody wheeled round from the window.

"Madam—I heard you speaking of—the—ahem—need of a doctor. Excuse my forwardness—but I am a physician."

Of course Minnie was more beautiful than ever in her confusion.

"My poor husband has an unfortunate tendency that annoys everybody near him."

"Perhaps he is a hypochondriac. I think I have seen him. Where is he, madam?"

"On the north porch," said Minnie.

"And I am sure we are very much obliged," added the mother, "if you can only help him."

The first sound that struck their ears, as they issued from the door, was a grand and sonorous "cock a-doo-dle-do-o!"

"John—Mr. Lundy," cried his wife, "what a sad spectacle you are making of yourself."

"I'm not a spectacle, good woman: I'm a rooster. Get out of my way—do you not notice the expanse of my wings? Cock-a-doo-dle-do!"

"What shall we do?" cried the poor wife, turning to the doctor, "O, sir, can you stop this ridiculous exhibition?"

"Trust me, madam," said the young man, biting his lip, for the sight was almost too ridiculous for his gravity.

"Upon my word," he continued, addressing the deluded man, "what a magnificent creature! Why, his feathers are a yard long. Where did you get such a splendid specimen? Is he imported?"

"Cock-a-doo-dle-do!" yelled the human biped, strutting more than ever. "That woman has nothing to do with me, sir—nothing at all. I'm a rooster on my own account—cock-a-doo-dle-do."

Here the doctor gave orders in an aside to one of the servants, who went away grinning. Then, turning to the rooster, who was by this time red in the face with exertion, he said:

"I declare it makes my mouth water to think what a capital dinner that bird would furnish. May I wring his neck, madam? It will take but a few seconds!"

"No, you don't," cried the other; "I'm tough—I'm very tough—I'm an old bird, sir—not to be caught with chaff."

"But you are a rooster; what else are you good for?"

"Good to crow, sir; good to crow," and forthwith ensued the loudest screech of all, succeeded by a somersault and a sensation of suffocation. Another moment and the servant reappeared with a dead fowl in his arms.

"I assure you, sir, it had to be done," said the doctor, gravely, as Mr. Lundy rubbed his face and pinched his throat.

"Did you really ring my neck sir?" the hypochondriac asked gravely.

"When you were a rooster, certainly."

"Did I die game?" asked the other, with a manner of solemn importance.

"You did—particularly game," replied the doctor.

"Thank you, sir. If I should happen to turn into a rooster again, I shall know where to go."

"I shall be most happy to—to wring your neck for you, sir, on any such interesting occasion."

"Very kind, I'm sure. If you should ever get into trouble, John Lundy will stand your friend."

"Don you promise me that, sir?"

"I do, and I never break my word."

After that, Minnie walked in the garden sometimes; and Minnie was not alone—not she.

"I love violets best," said the doctor to her one day.

"And I roses." So Minnie, being the least bit sentimental, quoted Pope on roses—something about dew. And the doctor went on Shakspeare, very bad, indeed, till somehow, in some way—he never could tell how or in what way (neither could she) he had said it.

See dictionary for "it."

"Indeed, I must not listen to this," murmured Minnie, dying to hear it again. "My father, if he knew—"

"Would disapprove, perhaps," cried the young doctor "And why? Because I am poor. And you, too, perhaps—"

"No, no; I—I—you know I—love you—but—"

"Hark! Who calls?"

Enter Tommy.

"Oh, sis, pa's took again, and he's going it awful!"

"What is it now, dear?" asked Minnie, with the face of an angel; but perhaps she wasn't a little cross at the interruption.

"Oh, he's a sofa, and 'ma says please somebody come and smash him all to bits."

"What shall we do?" sighed Minnie; "that is the most ridiculous freak of all."

"Don't be frightened, my love," said the doctor. "Tommy, run right home and tell your mother I will be there in a few minutes. Now, Minnie, there is but one way I know of to cure your father, at once and for all, and that is by giving him a shock."

"What! of electricity?"

"No, dear—far more powerful than that. You must go to the little brown house over there, and be married."

"Oh, never; my father would kill me."

"Does he ever break his word?"

"I never knew him to."

"All right. He promised me that if I should ever get into trouble he would help me out."

"Did he, really? Then he will."

"But it is necessary that we give him the shock first. Delay not, my darling; you shall never regret it."

Of course she went.

"All I ask is that nobody'll sit on me, for I'm cracked. Besides, I'm just varnished, and not quite dry yet. Do, my dear, stand at the door and tell people as they come in that I cannot be sat on, or in any way meddled with, I'm so flimsily fastened together."

This was the speech that greeted Doctor Stag as he entered Mr. Lundy's parlor with Minnie. Mrs. L. was in tears.

"Doctor, as soon as ever I get home I'll have that ridiculous man carried directly to the hospital; indeed I will," cried the poor woman. "I've borne it long enough, and I'm completely worn out."

"So am I, my dear," piped up her husband. "I expect I'm second-hand; shouldn't wonder in the least, my legs feel so shaky. Pray don't touch me, unless you get a soft rag and clean me carefully. Isn't one roller gone, my dear?"

"Roller gone—your wits are gone. I wish I was a man. I'd varnish you in such a way that you'd never want to be a sofa again, or any other piece of furniture."

The doctor stood near, gravely considering.

"My dear, you are better as you are, for I see in the last five minutes you have come out a beautiful washbowl and pitcher. But isn't your nose a little cracked, or do I see awry? I shouldn't wonder, for my head is full of brass tacks. I think I've snuffed them up my nose. It's worse than influenza."

"Was ever poor creature so afflicted?" murmured Mrs. Sofa—I mean Mrs. Lundy.

"Never, my love. I protest that if I could be anything else I would—but a sofa I am, and a poor one at that."

At that moment the doctor sprang forward and planted himself upon the prostrate body of Mr. Lundy.

"Capital sofa this," he said, keeping his position in spite of his victim's struggles.

"Get up—I'm cracking in six places. Good heavens! you'll ruin me—you'll break my back! Get up till I'm properly mended, for pity's sake."

"Upon my word," said the doctor calmly, "this piece of furniture acts as if it was alive. It kicks and wriggles, and makes me laugh at its antics. What a ridiculous sofa!"

"I tell you I'm second-hand," cried the hypochondriac more faintly than before, for a hundred and thirty pounds, dead weight, was no light infliction. "I'm brass-tacked—old—very old—full of cracks—one roller gone. O! pray don't lean your weight on me."

The doctor lifted himself cautiously. The sofa gave one deep inspiration.

The doctor looked serious.

"Are you sure you're a sofa?"

"Of course I am."

"Then you're no longer Mr. Lundy?"

"I am no longer Mr. Lundy."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Certainly I can."

"Do you know old Lundy's daughter?"

"I guess I do."

"Won't you let on to the old fellow if I tell you something?"

"Not if you say no."

"Well, I've just married her. She's my wife."

Off went the sofa like a gun.

"What! You villian!"

"Take care—you'll break," cried the doctor.

"You young rascal!"

"You old sofa!"

"You desperate young thief!"

"You ricketty sofa, with your head full of brass tacks, I tell you," cried the doctor, still evading him; "if you had not been a feather, and a rooster, and a sofa, and the cats know what—you'd looked after your daughter better than you have. But come, let's be friends, and thank me for curing you. You will never be a hypochondriac again—I'll take good care of that—for you see its a nice thing to have a medical adviser in the family. Besides, you promised me once that if I was in trouble you'd help me through. Come, come, let's be quits."

"I see I can't help myself," said the old man gravely; "but I tell you what, I shall consider you a thief until you are able to support your wife in the style she is accustomed to."

"And I, sir, shall consider you a sofa until you revoke that decision."

It is needless to add, that was the last of the trouble.

A RUSSIAN WOLF-HUNT.

WHILE connected with the American legation in Russia, I received a very pressing invitation from Count Potowski to visit him at his castle in the country, about twenty leagues from St. Petersburgh, where he promised me some rare sport in hunting wolves.

We started off, one clear, cold afternoon, in a troika (drawn by three horses abreast, and large enough to give ample room to three persons besides the driver,) for the scene of our exploits, carrying with us a half-grown hog, which was to serve us for bait. We reached our first destination just as the sun was sinking in his snowy bed, and the full round moon was rising to silver over the scene. Then the hog was taken out and attached to the troika by an iron chain, from four to six feet long, and the horses started forward at a brisk pace over the level, glistening plain. The hog began to squeal, and the Count turned to me with a laugh

"How do you like the sport, Mr. Kingston?" he said.

"I think I shall like it better when I see something to shoot, and this screeching brute gets his sharp tones a little modified!" I replied, half-stopping my ears.

"You will have other noises to take off your attention presently," said the Count.

"Do you think we shall be fortunate enough to draw out any wolves in this way?" I asked.

"Give me half an hour," rejoined the Count, "and if I don't show you more wolves than you would care to face afoot, then consider me your debtor for what you please."

After going some distance, our hog, greatly to my relief, changed his tune from his shrill, ear-piercing squeal, into something resembling a mournful whine. The sun went down, and the moon rose in full splendor, pouring over the white, polished snow a brilliant light, that, by refraction, was rendered almost dazzling.

"Hark!" cried the Count, as a long, low, peculiar howl came sweeping over the plain, "did I not tell you so? There is our first answer to our complaining friend behind. And there again! do you hear? there is another, and another! we shall soon have work before us. See!" he almost immediately added, pointing away to the left, "there they come!"

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw, dimly in the distance, what appeared to be two or three small, moving shadows; I looked to the right, and beheld more of the same kind; and on all sides we now heard those long, dismal howls by which one wolf calls to another, and I knew they were gathering in force, and would soon be around us.

Our chained hog continued his plaintive cries, and the wolves fell in behind, and pressed forward, till they came up within fifty yards, where, for a time, their timidity seemed to hold them. As their numbers increased, which they did every minute—the beasts at times appearing to spring from the earth in a mysterious way—their boldness increased also; and they gradually drew nearer and nearer, snapping, snarling, and growling, and so frightened our horses that the driver had much difficulty in holding them down to a reasonable pace.

"Now then, gentlemen," said the Count, "let us begin our sport, and Heaven send us a safe deliverance from its perils!"

With this he fired two shots at the row of fiery eyes behind us. A sharp yelp followed, and one of the animals began to limp and fall back; whereupon the others, perhaps smelling and getting a taste of his blood, sprang furiously upon him, tore him to pieces, and devoured him in almost the time it takes me to tell it. In two minutes more the hungry beasts were pressing forward more eagerly than ever. I fired next, and brought down another, which was also torn to pieces and devoured in less than a minute, and then the furious beasts again drew nearer, and in still larger numbers.

From this moment the animals increased with startling rapidity. For more than an hour we loaded and fired as fast as we could, and for every one we shot, it appeared to me as if there were half-a-dozen to take its place. Emboldened by numbers and a taste of blood, they pressed up closer and closer, till we could almost reach them, the foremost bounding around and snapping at the poor hog, which was now terrified almost to death, and exerted itself to the utmost to escape from their sharp fangs.

Up to this moment I had been so busily engaged, and so excited with the sport, as to give no thought to our own danger; but now, I confess, I began to feel very uneasy, not to say alarmed. Where had all these beasts come from? and what was to be the end of the gathering? It seemed as if all Russia had poured them out on one spot. There must have been a thousand—perhaps five times that number—for I could not count them. They had arranged themselves in the form of a crescent, the centre of the arc resting on the hog, and the two wings reaching forward to the rear of the horses, which snorted with fear, and required all the skill of the driver to hold them. It was a wild, impressive sight, with just enough danger to make it sublime. The heavens were clear, the moon round and full, the plain almost a dead level, the snow as white as milk, bright and glistening, with here and there a thin, light covering, over a hard crust, that flew up in fleecy clouds, like the fine spray of a waterfall, and over this we were dashing, with three fiery horses abreast, and a black, rolling cloud of wolves to the right, left, and rear of us, in the form of a crescent, their keen eyes looking like so many little balls of fire. We were all standing up, loading and firing, the Count directly to the rear, and his friend and myself to the right and to the left.

As I have said, I had begun to feel somewhat alarmed—for I saw that, should any accident happen, such as the fall of one of the horses, or the upsetting of the troika, we could scarcely hope to get off with life, but I did not like to mention my fears to persons who had had so much experience as my companions.

At last, seeing that matters were steadily becoming worse instead of better, and that, great as was the number of our foes, they were still increasing, I ventured to say—

"Count, these ravenous beasts are pressing up very close!"

"Indeed they are!" he replied, taking a quick, keen survey of the whole scene. "They are getting pretty well forward, too!" he pursued, with an anxious glance toward the horses. "I confess I don't like that. What do you say, Paul?" he added, addressing the driver.

"My lord, I find it very difficult to manage the horses."

"Do you think we are in any serious danger now, Paul?"

"I don't like to see the beasts creeping so far forward, my lord."

"Nor I, and I think we had better knock over a few of the foremost."

We now, by the count's advice, directed our fire at the two horns of the crescent; but though we shot down the foremost with great rapidity, and continued to do so till our guns became heated, I could not perceive that it thinned them in the least, or had any good effect. It broke their regularity and threw them into some confusion, it is true; but this, so far from being an advantage to us, I fancied worked against us, by causing them to become bolder and press up around us still closer.

"By my faith!" at length exclaimed the Count, in a tone that betrayed some degree of alarm, "we must get out of this soon, or the beasts will be upon us! I never saw so many before in my life, and I have shot till I am tired. Let me see! We must have fired some three hundred times apiece; and, allowing that only every other shot has been effectual, we must have brought down, say, five hundred wolves; and yet they are here, closing up around us, more numerous than ever, a countless legion! One trip, one tumble, one tilt, and we are gone! How now, Paul, my brave lad—how are you going to get out of this?"

"By giving the horses their heads and letting them take a steady turn to the left, so as to change the position of the whole body of pursuers at once."

"Are you sure of the animals?"

"I think I can trust them."

"And the troika, Paul?"

"I shall do my best, trusting to Heaven, my lord! I think the risk far less than riding as we are."

"Then save us at your will, Paul, and look to me for a handsome reward when you have put us safe within the castle gates!"

The next few minutes were exciting beyond anything I had ever experienced in my life. The driver shook the reins, gave a peculiar chirp and whistle, and our noble steeds, as anxious to escape as ourselves, sped away like the wind. I fairly held my breath, feeling that a crisis had come involving life and death. Away, away we flew, the keen air cutting our faces, the light snow blinding our eyes, and the little troika bounding over the glistening surface like a gallant boat on the foam-crested billows. I watched the dark rolling cloud of living animals, with their lolling tongues and eyes of fire, and saw with a feeling of joy that I cannot express, that they were slowly but perceptibly falling behind; that we were gaining on them—inch by inch, it was true—but still gaining on them. If the noble horses could but hold at this speed and no accident should befall us! We were all breathless with intensity of feeling—the single chirp or sharp whistle of our driver being the only human sound that issued from our party.

Gradually the horses began to turn, slowly turn, in a broad circle to the left, so as to flank that horn of the crescent. As we came gracefully round, so as in a measure to face our snarling pursuers, surprise and fear for the moment threw them into confusion. Impulsively they parted and suffered us to pass through their dense ranks and gain a homeward start before getting a clear comprehension that we were actually escaping and leaving them behind. Then, with loud, angry yells, they laid down to the chase, but were no match for our fleet coursers, that every moment widened the space between them and their foes. Oh, how I loved the noble brutes that were so gallantly saving us!

"Bravo!" at length burst in a wild yell from the excited Count; "bravo, my noble steeds, and bravo, gallant driver! this night's work shall be remembered to you all!"

His words of rejoicing were instantly changed to a cry of dismay, as one of the horses stumbled, staggered, pitched forward, and came down upon his knees, checking up his companions and almost hurling them upon their backs. The noble brute, as if he knew that death to all of us was threatened through him, made a tremendous struggle to regain his footing and pace; and with success, thank God! or this tale had never been told.

In another half hour the ravenous wolves were far behind us, and an hour saw us safe within the castle gates, uttering prayers of thanksgiving.

The next day we rode out upon the snowy plain, and found it strewn for miles with the bones of the wolves we had slain on that to me ever memorable night.

WINDING UP A STEAMBOAT.—It is seldom that one sees a more forcible instance of the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," than is recorded in the following sketch of a verdant Connecticut youth's first voyage in a steamboat:

His curiosity was unbounded. He examined here, and he scrutinized there; he wormed from the engineer a compulsory lecture on the steam engine and mechanics in general; and from the fireman an essay on the power of "white heat," and the average consumption of pine wood, etc.

At length his "inquiring mind" was checked in the investigations. He had mounted on the wheelhouse, and was asking the pilot:

"What you doin' that for, Mister! what good does it do?"

He was here observed by the Capatain, who said in a gruff voice:

"Go away from there. Don't you see the sign? No talking to the man at the helm! Go 'way?"

"Oh, certain—ye-es; but I only wanted to know—"

"Well, you do know that you can't talk to him—so just go away."

With unwitting willingness the verdant youth came down; and as it was soon dark, he presently went below; but four or five times before he "turned in," he was on deck and near the wheelhouse, eyeing it with a thoughful curiosity; but with the Captain's rebuff still in his ears ventured to ask no question.

In the first gray of morning he was up and out on deck; and after some hesitation, perceiving nobody near save the pilot, who was turning the wheel as when he last saw him, he asked his suppressed question in an oblique style, somewhat characteristic of his region:

"Wal—goin' it yet, ha? Been at it all night, ha?—a screwin' on her up?"

What vague ideas of "screwin' up" to make her "go ahead" must have bothered the poor fellow's brain during the night!

NOTICE.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1866.

HAGAR'S VISION.

SENATOR HAGER, having thrust his bill into the Common School System, stands very much in the attitude that a pelican might that had thrust its bill into a hornet's nest. The position can scarcely be called an enviable one. Admitting that the system needed "stirring up," very few at the present juncture of affairs would choose to be the spoon. His name may be viewed as a propheey. But Sarah's handmaiden had an easy time of it compared to that which is being visited upon the Senator, for his afflictions are at once those of both Hagar and Ishmael combined. Originally driven forth into the wilderness of Sacramento, he now finds that the hand of every school-master, school-mistress and child is against him, while his is commonly supposed to be against them.

The press are yet undecided exactly what grounds to take upon the question. The *Bulletin*, so far, has only delivered itself of weak generalities and truisms; the *Flag* is too busy arranging the currency business to attend to anything else; the *Alta* is waiting to see which way the cat is likely to jump; with singular indiscretion,

Calls rush in where *Altas* fear to tread.

while the *Examiner*, evidently with a vague idea that the Democratic party will be benefitted by the bill and "Abolitionists" abolished, endorses it to the letter. A greater popular interest, evinced in the circulation of petitions and inditement of letters to the different journals, has not been seen in this city since the agitation of the Bulkhead bill.

The salient points of Senator Hagar's bill may briefly be enumerated as follows: Limiting the powers of the Board of Education; the cost of school-buildings; amount of taxation for school purposes; the years in which children may avail themselves of school privileges, and the course of study to be pursued.

So on the whole we do not know that it may not very properly set up as a rival to the Statute of Limitations.

We have no apprehension that it will pass. The only element of popularity which it possesses is the proposed limitation of taxes for school purposes to three and a-half mills on the dollar. This will be held in the common estimation as providing a sufficient revenue. The idea of making the Board of Education subordinate to the Board of Supervisors is absurd. It might quite as well be demanded that the Board of Supervisors have to submit their plans for street grading, outside ditching, and all expenditures over five hundred dollars, for the sanction of the Board of Education. As to the cost of school buildings, the larger, roomier, and better constructed they are, the better. Children multiply in this climate very fast. We are not building merely for to-day, but for all time; we want school buildings which will be a credit to the city when it has reached that larger growth which may confidently be predicted for it. As for the age at which children may be received, seven years is generally young enough for school discipline to commence; but, if parents feel that the little ones will be under a better influence at school than at home, open the doors to them. And, as for limiting the course of study—limit the water that our children may drink, the air that they may breathe, but do not limit that. It may be argued that but few young men, educated at college, carry their classics with them very far beyond the gates at leaving it; that three years after closing their *curriculum*, they pant and perspire and grow red in the face over a simple Latin line, and scarcely know the letters of the Greek alphabet by sight, let alone being able to call them by name. This proves nothing. The boy who achieves learning, and does not have it thrust upon him, will remember better. After struggling through Homer and Virgil by the light of a tallow candle in an attic bed chamber, he will not easily let go his grasp on the languages in which they are written. Talk of educating a boy or girl "above their station!" Who in this country can determine what that station may be to-morrow? Depend upon it that the youth who is ambitious enough to acquire an education "above his station," will yet make that station his own. That very education is the ladder by which he will mount to it.

No; we cannot endorse Senator Hager's school bill, and we are surprised to see the excitement raised about it when the Legislature could not pass it without feeling that they provoked the flood which dashes around the Capitol and afforded it an excellent excuse for rushing in and drowning them. If there are more children in the city than can be accommodated in the present school houses—build more. If economy must be practiced, cut off Fourth of July appropriations, and the thousand and one needless and useless expenses which the city daily incurs. But do not cut down a single school privilege. That is economy which lasts longest and works the most good in the end, and economy in education well deserves to be called by a harsher name.

EFFECT OF EXECUTIONS.

ON Monday last, Barney Olwell was made to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, his offence being murder in the first degree. The execution took place within the walls of the jail, and was conducted in a seemly and solemn manner. Very few were present save those who are commonly supposed to have a right to go everywhere, from the fact that the public look to their facile pens for a broad blazonry in newspaper print of every event to which interest can be supposed legitimately or illegitimately to attach, whether that event be a wedding, a hanging, a funeral, or the birth of a royal baby.

To capital punishment we are not opposed. The man who takes the life of another premeditatedly, does so with a full knowledge of the consequences, and tacitly agrees to forfeit his own. On the same principle that the tiger which has once tasted human blood is slain, the man who has taken the life of a fellow being proves himself by that action to be too dangerous to the community to be permitted to remain a member of it—and there is no way of removing him from it so effectual as that one which divine law suggests and human law commands and enforces. The more certain and the more terrible the punishment of crime, the less is the encouragement offered for its committal. Did retribution always follow crime as swiftly and unfailingly as thunder does the lightning's flash, the red calendar which is on every side outspread until humanity sickens and turns away with pallid cheeks, would be very materially lessened.

What we do object to is the manner in which executions are conducted. We object to giving the condemned even a select audience before which he can indulge in any theatrical display to the gratification of his own vanity. We protest against allowing him to go to the gallows with a consciousness that he will be the hero of the hour, that his every motion will be watched with hungry eyes, that his every syllable will be caught by avid ears, and that every particular of his dress and demeanor will an hour thence be spread before the great public by eager pens. It has long since been decided that one public execution begets a countless number of murders, in the ambition of ill-trained minds to enjoy the sensation of attracting the attention of a mob as the hero even of a tragedy in which themselves are the victims, and putting upon record the praise, echoed around the foot of the gallows by sympathetic lips, of having died game. As well, we maintain, have public executions as permit the details of them to be made public in print. Yes—better, if the tongue of the press were to be tied as a set off, for while in the former case only a few in the immediate vicinity of the gallows could see or hear what was going on, in the latter thousands at the antipodes become familiar with every detail, and the terror which should be produced in their minds is very often seasoned if not overshadowed by an admiration for the victim's deportment and a vague ambition to exhibit their own fortitude under such trying circumstances. The halter as administered in the western world has an attraction which the Oriental bowstring has not. A silence and mystery surround the latter which do not at all induce men to woo its embrace. And without importing the bowstring we may at least learn a lesson from its teachings, and by making our executions so private that no details of them can be spread before the morbid minds of the multitude, effectually repress all attitudinizing on the part of the doomed in the presence of death, and all desire of the criminal to have it recorded of him that a jest from his lips and the drop fell at the same moment. Gentlemen of the press might object to a deprivation of the accustomed spectacle, but as the privilege would not be denied them of being present at their own executions if events made it necessary, they could not very well complain.

THE Brooklyn Life has appointed Mr. Stephen King general agent for this coast. The "Brooklyn" is a liberal company, and the fact that it has chosen a liberal and popular man for its representative is a favorable augery for its local business success.

LOGIC RUN MAD.

IN an editorial article, last week, we expressed, in a general way, a disbelief of the popular theory, that steamboat companies, captains, and engineers, are constantly plotting against the lives of their passengers. It seemed to us quite as sensible to suppose that stage companies would put rotten axles under their coaches, to save the trifling difference between their value and the cost of sound ones, as to assume that a steamboat company, after spending two or three hundred thousand dollars in building a boat, would put a cheap and rotten boiler into its hold, cocked and primed to go off with a touch, while the employees of the boat who stood around it, were never easy until they pulled the trigger. Assuming as premises what very few will deny, that all their interests lie in the prevention of accidents, the conclusion that they will do all in their power to guard against them can fairly enough be reached, if there is anything in inductive reasoning. But the *Morning Call*, which never permits an opportunity to pass of waging war upon Whately, or manifesting a contempt for Bacon, only equalled by the feeling of a Jew towards a flitch of pork, continues the argument for us, and pushes it to an ultimatum scarcely warranted by the premises, and which we, unassisted, could never have reached. Thus:

"Would a captain be guilty of carelessness that would endanger his own life? Of course not. Ergo, captains are not culpable; companies are not responsible. Like Jack Bunsby's remark, 'the bearings of this 'ere observation lies in the application on it.' Murderers are not responsible, because, first, they take heavy risks from the victim, then from the law. Highway robbers are not responsible, and why? Do they not run the risk of being shot, in the first place, and secondly, are they not amenable to justice?"

We cannot permit the *Call* to avail itself of our premises for the purpose of building up even an illogical defence for murderers. Because we assume that a man would not very likely be guilty of cutting his own throat, it does not exactly follow that he is not culpable for horse-stealing, and that murderers are not responsible for cutting throats in a miscellaneous way. Though we asserted that a man would not be apt intentionally to upset his own mutton chop in the coals, we should still dispute that he had a right to steal his neighbor's sheep. If we printed the very simple fact: Mushrooms are not harmful, would the *Call* adopt it as a major proposition, supply the minor: The mushroom is a fungus; and come in, like the First Grave Digger in *Hamlet*, with an *ergo:* All fungi are wholesome? The *Call* thinks that the editor of THE CALIFORNIAN is better "in making a poem than an argument." Really, we would like to repay the compliment in kind, but, with the article from which the above extract is made before us, we can but express the opinion that the writer thereof is incapable of "making" either. However apt he may be in constructing "star notices," he certainly does not shine in syllogisms.

AMUSEMENTS.

AT Maguire's Opera House, Mr Setchell opened the week and closed his engagement with *Ici on Parle Francais*, 1000 *Milliners*, and *Toodles*. Stormy as the evening was, he had an excellent house, proving, as he modestly remarked in a pathetic speech consequent upon a call before the curtain, that he was indeed destined to continue a raining star to the end. On Tuesday, Mr. Bandmann commenced his farewell engagement, so it may be said that the transition was from gay to grave, and as Mr. Jackson appeared on Thursday evening, it may also be added that it was then "from lively to severe." Tuesday evening Mr. Bandmann played his great character-part in what the *Bulletin* calls the "historial drama" of *Narcisse*. Wednesday evening he appeared as "Shylock" in *The Merchant of Venice*. We have before expressed the opinion that Bandmann's Shylock is not "the Jew that Shakspeare drew." On neither occasion were the houses very good. The Jacksons filled the interregnum on Thursday with *Rip Van Winkle*, Mr. Bandmann resuming last evening with *The Old Corporal*—an adaptation from the French—of which, by the way, the critic of the N. Y. *Leader* positively asserts that Mr. House is *not* the author, and that "the California advertisement is a gross mistake." Says the critic: "It is well known here that Edward H. House was not the author of the Winter Garden play, and he told me himself that George Arnold had written Bandmann's version." This afternoon, the weather having shut off the promised *matinée* last Saturday, Mr. Setchell will appear in *Dombey and Son*—"by request of numerous friends." In the evening Bandmann comes upon the boards, when *The Beauforts*, dramatized from Bulwer's *Night and Morning*, will be brought out for the first time in California.

The Metropolitan opened on Monday evening, with the company that lately held possession of the American—reminding one of the abandonment of Pickens and the occupation of Sumter by the Anderson troupe. Mr. Noah's *Love's Disguises* ruled until Wednesday evening, when *Neighbor Jackwood* was put on. On Thursday evening, Mr. Wheatleigh inaugurated his farewell engagement with *The Whiteboy's Bride*—said to be by Tom Taylor. This drama draws upon a number of others for material, but upon none so much as

Arrah-na-Pogue. We have "Redmond O'Hara," corresponding to "Shaun the Post," "Grace Dwyer" to "Arrah Meelish," "Paddy McKew" to "Michael Feeny," "Capt. Trevor" to "Beamish McCoul," and "Grace Moriarty" to "Fanny Power." In a good portion of the plot, and many of the scenes, it is *Arrah-na-Pogue* inverted. Capt. Trevor gives Grace Dwyer bank notes, and Redmond O'Hara comes to know of it, but, instead of taking it sensibly, as Shaun did, he gets jealous and angry, enlists, and attempts to do murder upon the Captain, only being prevented by a timely *eclaircissement* of the misunderstanding. For the rest there are the elements which enter into all of Lever's novels—an irrascible old Irish gentleman, an English attorney to furnish at once a backing and a butt, a cockney sergeant, and any number of sportive, frolicsome Irishmen, who shoot custom-house officers for occasional relaxation, and stick innocent travellers into bogs for a regular business—all of which is doubtless very funny for the boys, but death on the men who find themselves thus made frogs of. Mr. Wheatleigh appeared as Redmond O'Hara. The fault of this gentleman's Irish personations—and it is a very grave one—is stripping them of all that rollicking humor, so essentially Irish as to have become recognized as part and parcel of the National character. This was the noticeable defect of his Shaun the Post, as which, instead of the light-hearted boy who drove the car, he gave us a prematurely grave and thoughtful person, who might have been a student of Kant, or occupied with the vagaries of Descartes. Mr. Wheatleigh is a careful and finished actor—his Danny Mann is an excellent piece of acting, but he must divest himself of his Danny Mannerisms, and acquire a richer brogue, before he can hope to achieve real success in other Irish parts. The honors of Thursday evening were divided between Miss Chapman—who appeared as "Paudreen," a dumb boy, known to the peasantry as "The Innocent"—and Mr. Leach, who personated "Cicero Rabbits," an English attorney. Miss Chapman's pantomime was excellent, the grace and expression of her gestures receiving such aid from the play of her features, as she communicated her messages, that deaf people must regret that all are not born dumb. Mr. Leach did Cicero Rabbits in a *con amore* way; it seemed to fit him exactly; and a better piece of acting—if so natural a delineation can be called acting—even our exacting public will not ask for. In the scene with Mr. Moriarty—to whom he comes to loan fifteen thousand pounds, but is eventually kicked out of doors by that irrascible gentleman's orders—and in the enlistment scene, he is especially good. Of Mr. Percy's Mr. Moriarty we cannot say as much; he does not make up well for the character. Mrs. Sedley Brown was good; but why do the fates persist in casting a *soubrette* for sentimental parts? As Grace Moriarty, Mrs. Alicia Mandeville Thorne was easy and natural, and looked pretty as a pink—there was little else to do, it being a skeleton part at best. Mr. Beatty's Paddy McKew—the inevitable villain of the plot—scarcely made the hit that crowned Thompson's companion part of Michael Feeny, in the sister drama. Roundy, as Micky Magrath, had little to do, but he did that little so excellently well as to merit promotion in the ranks. Hamilton sank himself in "Sergeant Sidebottom" quite creditably; as Capt. Trevor, Mr. Thayer made no special point. As for the play itself, it went off very well, with the exception of the first act, which is too talky and bare of situations, and needs cutting. A small investment, too, in appropriate scenery would have paid. It will be repeated until further notice. *Sam* is underlined as the next novelty.

The Hiberuicon has done very well during the week. Thursday evening there was no exhibition, the hall being engaged for a ball; nor will there be any on Monday, for the same reason; but this afternoon and evening Ireland will be represented as a rolling country. Madam Blaisdell, the solo harpist, will have a benefit on Thursday evening next. The ensuing week is the last one of the exhibition here.

In the corridor of the Pacific Anatomical Museum—if we can class that which instructs under the head of amusements—the wise virgins in white still continue to hold their flambeaux, kept constantly trimmed and burning, and equally shining waxen lights inside permit man to take an internal view of himself and discover how he is put together and how suddenly and completely he can be taken down, or apart, and divided into small conic sections. On Sunday afternoons and evenings, Dr. Jordan lectures upon topics which undoubtedly have interest for a good proportion of the population.

On Wednesday evening, Brambilla opened her opera season at the Academy of Music with *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She was in excellent voice, and the mad scene, in the third act, was so well rendered that we came very near leaving a *carte blanche* of compliments for her friends to fill up at leisure. Morley also, was in good voice, and made his clear tenor tell.

Arrah-na-Pogue was produced in Sacramento on Tuesday night to an immense house. A slight delay occurred in opening, owing to the cellar's being full of water—a *contretemps* which suggested the expediency of changing the play to the *Colleen Bawn*, with real water in the cave scene. Certainly nothing could more interfere with the dry humor of the piece than a cellar full of water. But after awhile it was pumped out and the curtain rose on a highly excited audience. The *Union*—we like the criticisms of that paper for the critic always writes as though he knew what he was writing about—chronicles a success for Harry Wall's "Shaun the Post," but states that the "Wearin of the Green" which used to enthuse our Metropolitan audiences to such a dangerous degree, does not produce such an excitement there as to call for legislative interference. Miss Thorne receives a compliment; Thompson's "Michael Feeny" of course elicits warm praise; and Pauncefort's "O'Grady" receives an endorsement. Miss Goodrich is spoken of as playing "Fanny Power" "with more than her usual vim; Miss Yeamans is represented as causing "uproarious merriment" in the jig and trial scene, and Pardy, Thayer, and Anderson all get mention. *Arrah-na-Pogue* will be continued for another week—the waters willing.

NEW BOOKS.

THE books which Roman makes no end of sending, have accumulated upon our table with each successive week until we are really at a loss where to begin in the multitude that lie before us. Pluuging *in medias res* is sometimes an excellent way of solving similar difficulties, and thus we find Alexander Smith's *Summer in Skye* open in our hands. Where but in skye should we look for the poet who was so often in the clouds? It can by no means be assumed that the writer of good poetry will also write good prose, but our author furnishes at least one argument in favor of such a conclusion. He reproduces the scenery of Skye in crisp and sparkling language, and, while he tells all he saw, wearies the reader with very few details about himself, and in this respect he may well be held up as a model to tourists and travellers.

Had we been guided by the beauty of the books in deciding which one to begin with, Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, illustrated, would have claimed precedence. For it really seems as though the excellence of typographer's art could not much further go. The contents of the volume are too well known to require criticism, and we prefer to entrust the lately discovered duty of proving that Longfellow is no poet to other pens. But the completeness of the work is somewhat marred we think by the grotesqueness, not to say incongruity, of the author's fancy in making such a company of men as the Student, the Spanish Jew, the Sicilian, the Poet, the Theologian, and the Musician meet under the roof of such a Wayside Inn, presided over by such a Landlord. Had the scene been laid in Utopia it were all well enough, but as it is the consistency which forms so great a charm in the *Canterbury Tales* is lacking.

The Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson furnish an excellent and instructive commentary upon his sermons, and will add greatly to the interest of the latter. The same noble truthfulness and courageous sincerity which characterize his sermons will be found to underlie his private life, and we also discover that tenderness of thought which so won upon his hearers from the pulpit pervading all his intercourse with his fellow men.

The vicissitudes of a single life are told in *A Spinster's Story*. The plot is rather complicated, and at times the story is told with a minuteness approaching to tediousness, but it is a fair representation of a certain class of modern novels.

In *Country Love vs. City Flirtation*, Mr. H. T. Sperry, the author, makes out a very good case in favor of the plaintiff, but, as we are unaware that any one has ever appeared for the defendant, it suggests itself as almost a pity that he had not availed himself of the default, and husbanded an amount of argument in verse which is mainly useful as bringing up memories of Hood, Saxe, and William Allen Butler.

In *Richard Cobden*, we have a reprint of an English work, telling the story of the life of that eminent apostle of free trade and of his philanthropic public services, as nearly as possible in the very words of the subject of biography. Such a work deserves a more extended mention than it is possible to give it in this column of brief notices.

In *Golden Hair*, intended to be a tale of the Pilgrim Fathers, we have very much the book which one would suppose Sir Lascelles Wraxall Bunt would write—after being already familiar with his mutilated translation of *Les Miserables*. It is intended to be a book for boys, but any little fellow who has ever made sail on a wherry, or navigated a raft across a pond in quest of lilies, will laugh at the Baronet's ideas of sea life and sailor phrases, and the story is very bunglingly told.

The honors of the authorship of *The Ordeal for Wives*, lie between Mrs. S. C. Hall and Edmund Yates, but we imagine that an event of very little importance is involved in the decision of the mooted point. It was originally published in a serial form in an English magazine—*St. James* we believe—fair in plot and not inelegantly written, it serves to convey a trite moral, and is a very good novel of modern society.

That political economy is not so dry a science as the common estimation holds it, is amply demonstrated in *Elements of Political Economy*, by Arthur Latham Perry. This work is really an excellent medium for diffusing a very necessary species of information—one with which not alone the masses, but also many who pass for well-read men, are unfortunately very little acquainted. Without verbiage, or a bewildering use of technical terms, Mr. Perry explains and analyses the principles upon which the science is built, and the reader, charmed by the freshness and conciseness of the style, is led along, page by page, until he becomes a student. The work has a special timeliness for our population, in view of the currency question now being so earnestly discussed on all sides, inasmuch as the chapters which treat upon this subject are full, clear, and logical. Few will dispute the conclusion with which the chapter "on currency in the United States" ends: "The most that can be said of any paper money is that it approximates in value and steadiness to gold and silver money. The closer the approximation the better the paper."

There was a time when we were willing to endorse, almost without reading, any book which the Harpers added to their brown-paper-covered series of "select novels," but that time is past. Latterly, they have got to occasionally printing some very stupid stories, though we must do them the justice to say that they seldom reproduce any to which exception can be taken upon the score of immoral tendencies. *Miss Carew*, by Amelia B. Edwards, fresh from their press, is a very good novel, natural and sensible in plot, and well written. Among the collection of stories which are introduced, by means of some waste paper which fell into the hands of one of the characters, we recognize one very thrilling one which we think we remember to have seen published some four or five years since in one of Dickens' Christmas books.

A beautiful edition of Owen Meredith's *Lucille* is issued from the press of Ticknor & Fields. *Lucille* has been before the public for some time, and furnishes an excellent illustration of the peculiarities and powers of the author—perhaps the most accomplished writer of what we may call *vers de société* of the present day.

The *Life of Sheridan* and the *Life of Farragut*, one a land and the other a water hero, by the Rev. P. C. Headley, are companion volumes, the last additions to a series of lives of our heroes which that author is preparing for youths. Mr. Headley throws himself into the spirit of his work, and cannot fail to enlist the attention and excite the ambition of all boy readers, and, perhaps, a few of the girls.

In *The Regular Swiss Round*, the Rev. Harry Jones takes his readers over the ground which tourists in Switzerland tread, without entailing upon them the trouble of climbing mountains. He writes in an easy, vivacious style, erring chiefly in telling us too much about what he ate and drank, and how he slept and smoked. The book is English, and has all the merits of that press.

Mrs. Stowe (whose pen-name is Christopher Crowfield) has set a trap for all the the little nibblers that make homes unhappy, and occasionally undermine them, catching Fault-finding, Irritability, Repression, Persistence, Intolerance, Discourtesy, and Exactingness, therein. These she exhibits to the public in a pretty little book which serves as a cage, the title being *Little Foxes*. Though written professedly for children, older persons can learn good lessons from the book.

"Riverside classics" have a charming addition in *Picciolá*, by X. B. Saintine, illustrated by Leopold Flameng. It is a story of the First Consul's times, naively and sprightlily told, and exquisitely illustrated, printed, and bound.

The Freedmen's Book, as the title indicates, is a compilation by Mrs. Child of the lives of different colored persons who have achieved historical notoriety, and of poems and other things of interest to the newly emancipated. We notice, by the way, that the *Flag's* laureate—J. Madison Bell—is represented in the volume. It is printed in behalf of the Freedmen's Aid Association, and should have a large circulation among the colored, who seemed destined to play so important a part in the future history of the nation.

CAPT. FOSTER advertises his readiness to receive "evening calls" at the Cliff House. No *Morning Calls* are taken there, we believe. A moonlight drive, a good team, a macadamized road, and supper, are enumerated as the attractions. As the Captain does not furnish the moonlight, and we are unaware that it belongs to him particularly, we do not know why he puts it down in his bill of fare. He also advertises that he is "never caught napping." Oh, no! and Ben Butler and the other sea-lions are never caught napping either, we suppose. But just drive out there in the morning, any time before noon, and see if you won't catch-all hands asleep on the rocks. By the way, we see that a bill is going to be brought before the Legislature to authorize Capt. Foster to build a bridge from the Cliff House to the seal-rocks, which will prove more pleasant, perhaps, for visitors than for the seals.

THOSE inveterate wagsters, Barry and Patten, advertise a tonic called "Excellent." "Just die," they say, "or digest." We are sure the pun is a good one, for the compositor laughed in setting it up. But what a fearful example they set to the human family in putting people up to die jesting. And what an inconvenient thing an excellent appetite must be when one has nothing to eat. They should be compelled to furnish food as well as drink.

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Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
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Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage.
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50.
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

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At the South Park Institute.

MISS FLORENCE JAMES, PRINCIPAL.

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The Music Rooms are comfortable and convenient, and the Pianos used from the best manufacturers.

For particulars, call at the Institute, Nos. 55 an South Park. de20

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HEREAFTER, 15TH OF EVERY MONTH.

THURSDAY, FEBUARY 15, 1866.

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FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Steamers of this line will be despatched on the 10th 19th, and 30th of each month. When these dates fall on Sunday, the steamer will leave on Saturday preceding.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock.

Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

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THE "WEARING OF THE GREEN," as sung in the popular drama of *ARRAH NA POGUE*, just published by (oc28) M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

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Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 266 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES
NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY
And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived by thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.
CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!
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TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that

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and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of those new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

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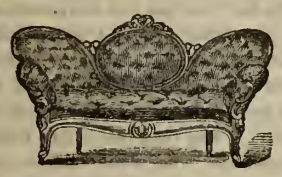

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Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

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Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

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THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge.

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[For the Californian.[

EPIGRAM.

BY AN ANTIQUARIAN.

"Pray tell me, Tom, for you I hear
Are learned without doubt,
How that from Noah's menagerie
He left one species out?"

"He did not, sir," says learned Tom,
"As I read biblic lore;
But gathered two of every kind,
And then had room for more."

"You read not right; he took no prey
To please his favorite cat;
She mewed for forty days before
Discovering *ary rat*."

MODERN MATRIMONY.

[The following article, by the late George Arnold, appears in th. New York *Weekly Review*. It is prefaced by the remark that, one o. the last journalistic efforts of its author, it is now first published:]

THERE has been a good deal of discussion, of late, not only in books and newspapers, but in social circles o all castes, concerning a real or fancied indisposition to marry,[1] on the part of the rising generation, which is believed to threaten alarming consequences.

This anti-connubial tendency is mainly attributed to the masculine portion of the commuuity, and the cause of it is a mooted question. The women aver that the extravagant and irresponsible character of Young America is at fault; a character developed and exaggerated by the iucreasing love of luxury natural to the growth of large cities, and by the turmoil, political and military, which has reigned in almost unchecked supremacy for the past four years.

Naturally enough... for "revenge is sweet"... the young men, thus assailed, retaliate by accusing the other sex of very similar errors; and maintain that it is almost impossible to support the establishment required by the matrimonial relation, upon any reasonable income.

Undoubtedly there is a grain of truth in each of these hypotheses. Youug men of to-dav are certainly less domestic in their tastes than were their grandfathers, and they find, for the most part, a sweet sense of liberty... perhaps of liceuce ... in a celibate life, for which the more tranquil joys of the household seem but a sorry substitute. And again, it is equally certain that the expense attendant upon feeding, clothing, sheltering, and amusing women and children, has augmented to a most unreasonable and alarming degree.

But the real source of the evil lies deeper than the comfort of bachelor-lodgings or the cost of crinoline. If every young man who visits a married friend could be strongly impressed that the relation was invariably, or even generally, an improvement on bachelorhood, he would not long hesitate to enter into it himself. People... especially young people... have a powerful prejudice iu favor of changing their condition for the better.

Unhappily, the connubial tie has nothing in it to make it intrinsically desirable. Everybody knows that it is infinitely better to live and die mateless, than to be mismated. Yet so many rash young couples join hands at the altar without considering the future possibilities, that the land is full of malcontents, more lonely in their homes than the crustiest bachelor. The example of one such pair is more fatal to matrimony than the most interminable milliner's bills.

It is extremely difficult to suggest a proper remedy for this trouble, for its cause appears to lie in the inherent weakness and fallibility ol human nature. Every means hitherto put forward by social philosophers, seem open to considerable and serious objection. Thus, one suggests a far greater degree of intimacy being encouraged between the candidates for hymeneal honors, during the period of betrothal, in order that they may become familiar with each other's merits and demerits, virtues and vices, and judge of the result more clearly. Those who know, however, the feebleuess of human principle under temptation, will realize the dangers of such a theory.

It has been thought that if the divorce system were entirely abolished, people would not enter into the marriage bond without due and careful consideration; but the necessity of some possible means of separating those whom God has *not* joined, is manifest. Still another idea is to render the divorce more easily attainable, so that when two find out their mistake, they can part without the commission of crime on either side. But if one may take a wife, put her away, and take auother, at pleasure, the whole institution of marriage loses its sacredness, and unbridled liceuce would soon destroy the moral foundations of society.

It is no abstract sentimentality to believe that marriage should in all cases be based upon affection. No other object or consideration should be admitted where love does not first exist. This has been said over and over again by poets and novelists, but with little real effect. In fact, people generally regard the utterance of poets as hardly suited to practical, every-day application; and perhaps love as a basis of marriage, would have been more popular among business men had the poets harped upon it a little less persistently.

And it is no small or shallow degree of affection that is required to make the matrimonial tie a permanent reality. A warmish frieudship, gilded by admiration, will hardly staud the shocks and storms that must and will come in every earnest life. A fitful passion, in which intense outward expression and cool indifference alternate, can never form any lasting foundation for happiness. The only love that will long survive the romantic glamour of the houeymoon is that in which there is no doubt and no suspicion. If either one of two affianced persons has ever "the least shadow of an idea" that he or she is animated by another sentiment than genuine conjugal love, the betrothal should terminate then and there.

But boys will be boys, and girls will be girls, aud both will marry in haste, even though such doubts intrude themselves at the very altar. Brides will ask themselves, "Do I *really* love him?" while the clergyman is uttering his final "Ameu," aud... society will take the consequences.

Much has been said and written about the necessity for "mutual forbearance" between husband and wife. This idea would seem to be based on an accepted couclusion that they were natural enemies. If a man loves his wife so that her happiness is his only desire, he will not require to be so very forbearing toward her. If he does not, he has no business to be her husband. The mischief, where there is any, is all done when the service is performed. If you insist on puttiug guupowder into the same box with hot coals, you need not be astonished at an explosion now and theu; and if you insist on advising these incongruous elements to show forbearance, it is a good deal like lameutation over spilled milk.

The only method, then, by which Young America can be convinced of the error of his celibate ways, is his marriage in accordance with the principles before enunciated. Let him try it boldly, and without skepticism as to the result. Not only will he be surprised at his own happiness, but his friends will bless him for offering them such an example. A few generatious, marrying thus, will easily restore the high standing and respect in which matrimony should ever be held; and elevate the moral toue of society to the stature it should maintain in a country so rich in future promise, prosperity, and power, as ours.

"Flowers that Never Die."—Sir Bernard Burke, in his *Vicissitudes of Families*, gives us a most touching instance of the love of flowers to linger upon the spots where they were once tenderly nurtured. "Being in search," he tells us, "of a pedigree with reference to the Findernes, once a great family seat in Derbyshire, I sought for their ancient hall. Not a stone remained to tell where it stood. I entered the church —not a single record of a Finderne was there! I accosted a villager, hoping to glean some stray traditions of the Findernes. 'Findernes,' he said; 'we have no Findernes here, but we have something that once belonged to them: we have Findernes' flowers.' 'Show me them,' I replied, and the old man led me into a field which still retained faint traces of terrace and foundation. 'There,' said he, pointing to a bank of garden flowers grown wild, 'these are Findernes' flowers, brought by Sir Geoffrey from the Holy Land, and, do what we will, they will never die.'"

The old maid sat in her old arm chair, with half-closed eyes and pensive air, and without a blush on her maiden face, fell into old "Murphy's" sweet embrace. She dreamed that her husband kiud and true, her form to his side so fondly drew, while in accents gentle, clear and slow, he called her the dearest name below. A fire was kindled upon the hearth, while the teakettle sang a merrier lay than it had whistled for many a day. New light was diffused into the old maid's heart, as she felt her loneliness now depart; the table all spread, all clean and new, and plates and cups, and saucers for two. [Here the poet kiudly pauses for the laudable purpose of prolonging the "old critter's" bliss. But to resume.] At last, as the dusky, dim twilight was fast giving place to the shades of night, she reached her arms for a sweet embrace, and alas! alas! found but empty space. As from her vision of bliss she awoke, and found that her dream had perished and broke, she arose aud said, with a shuddering sigh: "O, would I had married in days gone by!"

Mr. Sala writes: "Whom the gods love die young, they say: but in our age it would seem as though the most intellectually favored were permitted to arrive at maturity, and were then, without preparation, smitten down. Lord Macaulay, William Makepeace Thackeray, Albert Smith, David Roberts, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, John Leech—all died with awful suddeuess. Now it is Mrs. Gaskell. Who next, and next?"

"Are you a Christian Indian?" asked a benevolent gentleman of one of the Chippewa tribe. "No, sir, was the answer; "I whiskey Ingen."

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every mau has need to be forgiven.

Fun from the Hub.—Boston is not generally considered a facetious town, but the Boston correspondent of the Sacramento *Union*—J. R. Osgood of the publishing house of Ticknor and Fields—tells the following brace of aucedotes in his last letter:

A gentleman who was once the editor of a periodical in New York, tells a good story to the New Bedford *Mercury*. The owner of the magazine was afflicted with the habit of stuttering. One day the editor coming into the office was greeted by the owner aud publisher with: "L-look here—j-just hear, what a d—d p-piece of trash L-L-Longfellow has sent." Whereupon he proceeded to read in his stammering way the famous poem "Excelsior," emphasizing the close of each stanza with a contemptuous expression that won't bear translation into print. He finished the reading, and cursing the manuscript in his hand, declared that he would send it back to the writer, and express his (the publisher's) opinion of his (the writer's) impudence in sendiug such stuff. The magaziue died long ago, and the publisher is forgotten; but the despised poem is known and admired in almost every civilized country in the world.

Speaking of Longfellow, I am reminded of some very ludicrous typographical errors. There is a gentleman in this city, an ex-clergyman of the Unitarian faith, who is enthusiastic in the matter of regenerating the South and educating its people up to the standard of New England intelligence. When, some months ago, the *Union Press* was started in Louisvillo (Ky.) as the organ of radical New England politics, the reverend gentleman volunteered to write letters for it. He receives books from publishers and notices them in his letters. A week or two ago, in one of his letters, he spoke of the "Life and Letters of Rev. F. W. Robertson," Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," and the "Freedmen's Book." Imagine his disgust, on receiving the paper, and reading in his letter that Longfellow's "Wayside *Fun*" was one of the handsomest illustrated books of the season; that Robertson was already well known in America by his "original and eloquent *reunions*" (sermons,) and that a little volume of Mrs. Child, called "The *Tradesman's* Book," deserves special mention, being designed for the class whose name it bears, to instruct and elevato them, teach them to be good citizens and good members of society. The "tradesmeu" who read that letter must have felt complimented and grateful. But what shall be said of the compositor and proof-reader who are responsible for so glaring a mistake?

A Child of Nature.—Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of the well-know novelist, married four wives, by all of whom he had issue. The number of his children, and their unusual differenco in age, a difference amounting, between the eldest and youngest, to more than forty years, gave him unusual opportunities of making experiments in education, and watching their results. His family were brought up almost entirely at home, and with the greatest parental care. He was fond of mechauical pursuits, and new projects of all kinds. Among his numerous schemes was an attempt to educate his eldest son on the plan laid down in Roussean's *Emile*. He dressed him in jacket and trousers, with arms and legs bare, and allowed him to run about wherever he pleased, and to do nothing but what was agreeable to himself. In a few years he found that the scheme had succeeded completely, so far as related to the body; the youth's health, strength, and agility were conspicuous; but the state of his mind induced some perplexity. He had all the virtues that are found in the hut of the savage; he was quick, fearless, generous; but he knew not what it was to *obey*. It was impossible to induce him to do anything that he did not please, or prevent him from doing anything that he did please. Under the former head, learning even of the lowest description, was never included. In fine, this *child of nature* grew up perfectly ungovernable, and never could or would apply to anything; so that there remained no alternative but to allow him to follow his own inclination of going to sea!

If your blood is corrupt, disordered or vitiated, you are liable to be seized at any moment with a fit of sickness. It may appear in the form of pimples, blotches or sores, or it may suddenly prostrate you. One thing is certain: You cannot have health unless your blood is pure. To remove all impure matters from the blood, Adams' Blood Purifier is admitted to be the best preparation yet introduced to the public. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and will harm no one. Its effects are immediate and lasting. It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, produces a healthy action of the liver and kidneys, and restores the patient to perfect health and strength.

Midnight Cry.—Hark! do you hear that hoarse cough and that disturbed breathing? Ah, mother, your darling child, perhaps your only one, has an attack of Croup; run quickly and get your bottle of Newell's Pulmonary Syrup, give it freely, and save the life of "the light of your household." Be watchful in the future, and upon the slightest indication of a cold, resort at once to the "Syrup!"

For sale by all Druggists: Redington & Co., Sole Agents, 416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

Fashion's votaries, with one accord, endorse the fragrance, innocence and elegance of that charming toilet enamel wash for the skin and complexion, removing tan, moth, freckles, pimples, shining grossness of the skin—Davidson's Circassian Bloom.

"IMPORTANT."—It is very important to those who go out to purchase, to know where they can find the article they require of a good quality and at a fair and reasonable price. To those who want anything in *fine and staple Dry Goods*, MOSGROVE & BLAKELY offer inducements equal to any house in San Francisco.

Their DRESS GOODS are *fashionable, well assorted, and tastefully selected.* They are now showing a large lot of HOYLE'S genuine ENGLISH CALICOS, for *Dresses*, and *Shirting* of a very superior quality.

They are fast becoming celebrated for the quality of their IRISH LINEN GOODS, of which they have always a large assortment from the best manufacturers in Belfast, Ireland.

Their store is in Colton's Building, 222 Third street, near Howard.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bonrue cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bonrne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, JOSEPH SPARROW.

ASTROLOGY.—The occult sciences of the middle ages, magic, alchemy, necromancy, and star reading, are not lost to the world. The invisible and secret powers of astrography are still possessed by the chosen student in the mysteries of nature who can interpret the influence of the stars and predict by their occultations the hidden events of the future.

In affairs of Past, Present or Future, be they of Business, Matrimony, Love, or sickness, go and consult the naturally gifted Astrologer, Professor Cohen, 530 California street. Thousands have been benefitted by his knowledge. He has held over 18,000 consultations during the last five years. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 P. M. to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart. Sickness treated and cured through a science unknown to others.

ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—With the details of the dreadful disasters of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *Yosemite* fresh in memory, it is not needful that we should urge on the public the importance of guarding as fully as possible not only against the recurrence of such startling calamities, but also as far as they can against the consequences that arise from them. Accidents are terribly frequent in this new State of ours. Hardly a day passes but we have to record some loss of life, or terrible mangling that leaves the victim with hardly a wish to live. Stringent legislation is demanded to protect travellers from carelessness and criminal negligence of public carriers. It is with great interest that we have watched the rapid growth of Accident Insurance Companies, and we are happy to know that the New York Accidental Insurance Company, established by some of the wealthiest capitalists of the East, have placed their agency in the hands of Bigelow & Brother, Insurance Agents, of this city. We advise every one to take out a policy. The premium is very small—the price of a good cigar only per day—while the benefits are great; $25 per week, if disabled, or $5,000 in case of death. Who would not give $2 50 to be insured for a trip to Washoe, or 25 cents for a trip to Sacramento City? That's all it costs. We predict a large business for the agency in this city. The Company have complied with the State law, and are fully prepared to issue policies, or travelling tickets, at once.—*S. F. Call.*

DR. C. W. MOORE'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

TOYS.—Toys can be purchased of Feldbush & Co., 207 California street, at 25 per cent. below the usual rates. Call and examine stock and prices.

TO POOR WRITERS.—If you would learn to write a good hand, try the Bahhittoniau—the new system of instruction in penmanship. It is the cheapest and best. Purchase the forms, which will be the only instruction you need, and practice will make you an excellent penman. Call on Warren Holt, Room No. 2, Mead House, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, and learn particulars. Read the following:

The Babbittonian system of Penmanship appears to me really to possess all the advantages which it claims in the above printed summary.

REV. P. V. VEEDER,
Principal of City College, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 13, 1865.

The elements and principles of the Bahittonian Penmanship seem to me valuable for their practicability and simplicity. I do not hesitate to add my testimony in favor of this system as one of the best in use. J. C. PELTON,
Superintendent Public Schools.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
Department of Public Instruction,
San Francisco, Oct. 16, 1865.

To Whom it May Concern: I have carefully examined the Bahhittonian system of Penmanship, and take pleasure in recommending it to teachers and others interested, as one which possesses many merits. Its cheapness is one of its more cordent merits.
JOHN SWETT. Supt. Pub. Instruction.

Taking Lessons from Us.—The English are beginning to evince a desire to learn how to read and write the English language. The dictionaries of Webster and Worcester have been republished in England, and are received by a large number of Englishmen as standard authorities for the language. The Babbittonian Penmanship, an American system, has been republished in London and adopted by prominent seminaries there, and may possibly do away with some of the stiffness of style of writing still prevalent there. The New York *Times* remarks that the English first gave us a language, and taught us to speak and write; we give it back to them with interest, improved and made more useful to the mass of the people.—*Morning Call, Jan. 7th.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

MANY OF THE DISEASES which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. BENTON, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

TRIMMINGS.—Mrs. NORCROSS, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and militar at the shortest notice; also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. D. Norcross' goods, for elegance and taste, are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

THE RUSS HOUSE BOWLING SALOON, corner of Pine and Montgomery streets, has reopened under the management of Ferdinand Shrader. There are Eight Alleys—six for Americans and two for Germans. The finest Wines and Liquors can be had at the bar. All lovers of the health-invigorating game of ten pins are invited to pay a visit to the saloon.—*Dramatic Chronicle.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

FOR THE VERY BEST PHOTOGRAPHS, go to Bradley & Rulofson (Vance's old stand.) First premium for the best card pictures, and large photographs.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ADVERTISING AGENCY.
J. J. Knowlton & Co., removed to 120 Montgomery.

BATHS.
Dr. Bourne's, (Medical,) 10 Post, near Montgomery.

APOTHECARY.
George H. Clapp, corner Sixth and Howard.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
F. Schrader, cor. Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.
H. H. Bancroft & Co., Montgomery and Merchant sts.
C. Beach, 34 Montgomery street.
A. Gensoul, 311 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
I. M. Wentworth & Co. (wholesale,) 210 Pine street.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND TRIMMINGS.
E. Weill & Sons, removed to 616 Sacramento street.

COLLECTOR.
B. Pulverman, 526 Montgomery—Office hours, 1 to 3 P.M.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets.
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.

FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.
Wm. Brown & Co., 160 Third street.

FURNITURE.
N. P. Cole & Co., 314 Pine, near Montgomery.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Pierce, 415, 417 and 419 California street
J. A. Shaber, removed to 707 Market, above Third.

GROCERS.
Slossen & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
P. J. Flynn, corner Howard and Eighth streets.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street,

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.
Bigelow & Bro., N.W. cor. Montgomery and Sacramento.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
Occidental Ins. Co., S. W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

MAPS.
Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

MILLINERS.
Mrs. Wheeler, Popper's building, Third, near Mission.

PIANO SCHOOL.
Mr. Gustavo A. Scott, at Miel Institute, 55 South Park.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE.
Fifteen-dollar lots for sale by H. S. Brown, S.E. corner of Battery and Commercial streets.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Ghio's 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
Hunter & Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Agents for Fairbanks' Scales 334 Montgomery street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, J. W. J. Pearson, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr. Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

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WITH THE
SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE CALIFORNIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY will despatch their magnificent new steamship

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Two Thousand Tons Burthen,
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FOR HONOLULU,
ON SATURDAY, - - - - FEBRUARY —, 1866
AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.

The establishment of this Line of Steamers affords a most favorable opportunity for invalids and pleasure seekers to enjoy the salubrious climate of the Hawaiian Group.

The attention of Merchants is especially invited to this new enterprise.

Bills of Lading will be furnished at the office, and none others signed.

For Freight or Passage, having unequalled accommdations, apply at the office of the California Steam Navigation Company.

ja23 JOHN BENSLEY, President pro tem.

RAVEN GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY.
Reese River Mining District, State of Nevada.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in accordance with the laws of the State of California, and in pursuance of an order of the Board of Trustees of the above named company, there will be sold at public auction at the office of the Secretary of said company, 520 Montgomery street, San Francisco, on Saturday, the 17th day of February, A. D. 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, so many shares of the capital stock of said company standing in the names of the following parties as may be necessary to pay the assessments thereon levied on the 4th day of December, A. D. 1863, and on the 4th day of March, A. D. 1864, now due and unpaid, together with costs of advertisements and sale, unless previously paid, as follows:

	Certificate.	Shares.	Bal. due.
A P Cox,	1 to 7 inclusive,	150	$75
H. H. Cooper,	15, 16, 18,	34	$17
B Chamberlin,	19, 20, 22, 24, 29,	84	$42
H. P. Perry,	30 to 35 inclusive,	93	$93
J. H. H. Williams,	40,	10	$5

GEORGE B. MERRILL, Secretary.
Office, 520 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.
ja20 4w

BRITISH PERIODICALS.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative.)
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig.)
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Radical.)
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church.)
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory.)

The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our late Civil War, and though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability, and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and party.

TERMS FOR 1866.

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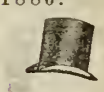

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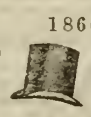

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AS AMENDED MARCH 3, 1865.

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Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoevor, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

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Every additional $100, or fractional part... 05
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If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S. 02
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For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof..... 50
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Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part 25
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Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500.....1 00
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Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered ton nage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons.....5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500..... 50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof.....1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries..... 10
To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1 00
For any other purpose..... 50

Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof..... 50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft, 25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property..... 02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000..... 10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs..... 25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid..... 50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record..... 50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100..... 50

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, *vs.* FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. no11-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Maurice J. Dooley, Plaintiff, *vs.* John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton, her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, children of J. H. and Annie Moore; Helen R. Masterson Ord, and Pacificus Ord, her husband, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, Helen R. Masterson Ord and Pacificus Ord, her husband:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

In and by said complaint, the plaintiff prays the following judgment and relief:

1. That the said defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, and that all adverse claims of the said defendants, or either of them, may be determined by a decree of this Court.

2. That plaintiff be adjudged to be the owner in fee simple, in possession of, and lawfully entitled to the possession of so much of said Lot 77 as is first described in the complaint.

3. That the defendants, and each and every of them, be adjudged and decreed to have no estate, right, title, or interest of, in or to said portion of said Lot 77, legal or equitable; and that they, and all persons claiming, or to claim under them subsequent to the commencement of this action, be barred, and perpetually restrained and enjoined from asserting or pretending to have any right, title, interest, or estate of, in or to the same, and from making any conveyance thereof—other than to plaintiff or his grantees; and for such other and further relief as shall be agreeable to equity—but without costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District in and for the County of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAMES V. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
dc23-3m

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS B. VALENTINE, Plaintiff, *vs.* ERASTUS V. JOICE and ANDREW J. MOULDER, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisc , in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Erastus V. Joice and Andrew J. Moulder, Defendants:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within the county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought that the Defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, &c., to certain real estate particularly described in the complaint, and to obtain a decree that the plaintiff is owner in fee simple absolute thereof, that said defendants have no estate, right, title, or interest therein or to any part thereof, that they be forever debarred and perpetually enjoined from setting up any estate in or claim said real estate, adverse to plaintiff—besides costs of suit and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal of Court. } By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
Int. rev. stamp. } B. S. BROOKS,
dc23-3m Plaintiff's Attorney.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.—IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT of the Second Township, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to S. B. THOMPSON, greeting:

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 13th day of February, A. D. 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to answer unto the complaint of CHARLES M. PECK, who claims to recover from you the sum of two hundred and fifty-three dollars, and interest on one hundred and seventy-five dollars of said sum at two per cent. per month from June 22d, 1865, and on seventy-eight dollars of said sum at the same rate from April 20th, 1865, due on two promissory notes made by you, dated February 17th, 1865, and June 22d, 1865, the same claimed to be recovered in United States gold and silver coin, as per copies of said notes on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you, for the said amount and interest due, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of the city and county of San Francisco greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof. Given under my hand this 6th day of November, A. D. 1865.

Alias H. J. WELLS, (SEAL.)
U. S. Revenue stamp, } Justice of the Peace Second
50c., cancelled. } Township, City and County of
San Francisco. Office, No. 628
no11 3m Merchant street.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS,
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the
BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner
From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from
Roots and Herbs
Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
fe11-6m San Francisco

RELIABLE

AND LIBERAL!

THE BROOKLYN
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK,

HAS MADE ALL ITS POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

Dividends declared and PAID annually on the MUTUAL PLAN. Its policies are INCONTESTABLE after five years from their date.

Thirty days grace in payment of premium.

C. W. BOUCK, President.
A. D. POLHAMUS, Vice President.
L. P. GAUTIER, Med. Examiner, San Francisco.
STEPH. T. KING,
General Agent for the Pacific States and Territories,
412 Montgomery street,
ja20-tf SAN FRANCISCO.

DR. C. W. MOORE'S
Medical and Surgical Institute,

COMMERCIAL STREET,

A few doors below Kearny, - - - San Francisco.

ATTENDING AND RESIDING PHYSICIAN,

C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

Late Surgeon U. S. A., Quarantine Physician at New Orleans and Boston, Lecturer on Morbid Anatomy and Diseases of Women and Children, Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc., etc.

FOR THE CURE OF DISEASES,
WHETHER ACUTE OR CHRONIC,
No. 641 Commercial street,
A few doors below Kearny, where he can be consulted at all hours.

Especial attention paid to all Diseases of the UTERINE and SEXUAL ORGANS, SECONDARY and HEREDITARY AFFLICTIONS in their manifold form,

NERVOUS AFFICTIONS, ETC.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS, of whatever nature, performed scientifically, and the patient boarded at the Institute.

TO THE LADIES.—Private apartments, with female nurses, for those who desire them. CONSULTATIONS FREE.

Parties in the Country may consult the Doctor by letter, and receive, in return, a full description of their disease and its means of cure. All communications strictly confidential. C. W. MOORE, M. D.,
se16-3m 641 Commercial street, San Francisco.

RUPTURE.

RADICAL CURE OF Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and empossessing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

A. FOLLEAU, 624 Washington street,
Between Montgomery and Kearny.
Manufactory, 232 Sutter street. de3

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary. mh25-tf

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3 3m

---

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED have purchased the Eating House known as "Richards'" Restaurant, situate on Clay street, one door below Montgomery. The restaurant has been repaired and refitted throughout, and is now open to the public.

C. H. BRICKWEDEL,
de23 H. F. HEGELER.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY.
SATURDAY, JAN. 27TH,
AT HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,

GRAND MATINEE:

DAN SETCHELL,

IN

DOMBEY AND SON,

FOR THE LAST TIME.

THIS EVENING, JANUARY 27TH,

MR. BANDMANN,

In the Grand Romantic Drama entitled,

The Beauforts!

Dramatized from Bulwer's "Night and Morning." For the FIRST TIME IN CALIFORNIA.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - 50
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - $5 and $10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,

Montgomery street.

STAGE MANAGER, - - - - - C. TIBBETS

FAREWELL ENGAGEMENT
OF
CHAS. WHEATLEIGH!

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, JANUARY 27TH, will be presented Tom Taylor's new Irish Drama, entitled,

The Whiteboy's Bride!!

Grace Dwyer.....Mrs. Sedley Brown
Grace Moriarty.....Miss A. M. Thorne
Redmond O Hara.....MR. C. WHEATLEIGH
Pandreen (the Innocent).....Miss Caroline Chapman
Captain Trevor.....Pierpont Thayer
Paddy McKew.....L. F. Beatty
Cicero Rabbits.....S. W. Leach
Squire Moriarty.....F. Percy
Magrath.....G. Roundy
Barney.....G. Archer
Sergeant Sidebottom.....W. H. Hamilton

With New Scenery and Effects, and Original Music composed for this piece by Mr. George T. Evans.

THE CELEBRATED

Buislay Family,

IN THEIR WONDERFUL FEATS!

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
For Families and Children, - - - - At Half Prices,
Commencing at 2 o'clock.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, JAN. 27TH,
THE WHITEBOY'S BRIDE.
The BUISLAY FAMILY, in Three of their Wonderful Acts.

Dress Circle and Orchestra seats, $1; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Private Boxes, $10 and $5.

A MOONLIGHT DRIVE!

A GOOD TEAM,
AND
Supper at the Cliff House!

CAPTAIN FOSTER, the Proprietor, is always ready to receive "Evening Calls." The delightful Moonlight Nights which we are now enjoying, render a

MOONLIGHT DRIVE
TO THE
CLIFF HOUSE
TRUE ENJOYMENT!

CAPTAIN FOSTER is never caught napping, and the resources of the Cliff House are unlimited. ja27-tf

SCALES!

MANUFACTURERS' Branch House on the Pacific coast. Fairbanks' Standard Hay, Cattle, Miners' Druggists' and Grocers' Scales, adjusted to English, Spanish and Chinese weight.

We also REPAIR (supplying parts when broken or worn out) and re-adjust our Scales to the original standard.
FAIRBANKS & HUTCHINSON,
334 Montgomery street, San Francisco.
☞ Send for Illustrated Catalogue. ja27 3m

JUST DIE!

OR DIGEST!

TAKE YOUR CHOICE! If you cease to digest for a certain time you must do the other thing. If your digestive organs are in good order, you can enjoy the coarsest fare, and thrive upon it. If the digestion is impaired, nothing nourishes; even a Cannibal Chief would growl after dining upon the best Missionary that ever was cooked. USE THE "EXCELLENT."
For sale in glass only, by
ja27 1m BARRY & PATTEN.

PLATT'S HALL.

LAST WEEK OF
BLAISDELL'S
CELEBRATED PAINTING,
THE HIBERNICON!
OR,
A TOUR THROUGH IRELAND!

MADAME JULIA BLAISDELL,
SOLO HARPIST;
MISS CLARA,
The interesting IRISH BALLADIST, and the
SWISS BELL-RINGERS,
Will appear in conjunction with the Painting, each evening, with an
ELABORATE DESCRIPTIVE LECTURE,
BY J. H. WARWICK, ESQ.

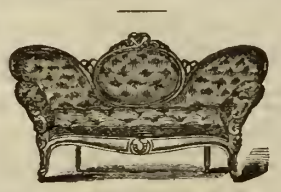
GRAND MATINEE on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY next, at 2 o'clock, for Schools and Family Parties.

Dress Circle and Parquette.....75 cents.
Family Circle.....50 cents.
No extra charge for reserved seats.

FURNITURE

AND

BEDDING!



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LATEST STYLES!
The Best Workmanship,
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LOWEST PRICES!
AT
Goodwin & Co.'s
FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,
Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*
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HOW IS THAT?

Men, Women and Children

GO ON FROM DAY TO DAY, FAILING IN VITALITY, PAINED, CRIPPLED BOTH IN MIND AND BODY, SOLELY FROM DELAY IN RAISING UP THE BLOOD AND CONSTITUTION ABOVE THE EFFECTS OR POWER OF DISEASE.

TAKE THAT GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

LE DOYEN'S
SARSAPARILLA,
YELLOW DOCK,
IODINE ALTERATIVE.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
ja19-1m SAN FRANCISCO.

IRISH LINENS.

FOR THE BEST MAKES OF
IRISH LINEN GOODS!
GO TO
MOSGROVE & BLAKELY,
222 Third street, Colton's Building.
ja13 tf

MRS. WHEELER'S NEW MILLINERY

AND

Children's Clothing

STORE,

Formerly 32 Second street, sign of the "Golden Bandbox," removed to
Popper's New Building,
Third street, near Mission,
OPENS WITH A SPLENDID AND FRESH ASSORTment of Millinery Goods, Flowers, Trimmings, etc. Also, Children's Clothing of the latest and most fashionable styles, and of every variety and price. Fresh assortment of FRENCH FLOWERS, just received. ja27 1m

FEBRUARY 14, 1866.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY!

MISS S. A—'S VALENTINE:

"Take this little flower; take it and think of me!
Thiak, in the hours of loneliness, of the one who gave it thee;
Place it within thy bosom, let it never be forgot,
But let it whisper oft to thee, "Forget me not."

MISS A. M. C——'S VALENTINE:

"The brightest smiles that ever fell
Are not so dear as thine to me;
And oh! these lines but faintly tell
The love that fills my heart for thee."

TO —— ——:

I know no form so graceful,
No face so near divine;
Then haste thee love! oh, hasten
And be my Valentine.

MISS MARY B——N'S VALENTINE:

How dear the dream
In distant hour of ill,
Should all be changed,
To find thee faithful still.

ST. VALENTINE'S ADVICE:

To the unmarried of the nation,
As they would avoid the mortification,
And shun the appellation
Of old maids and old bachelors in this generation,
To make direct application,
Without any flirtation,
To APPLETON'S station,
Where VALENTINE holds his oblation,
For an appropriate commnication,
To suit the occasion,
Which will afford a gratification,
In the highest acceptation,
And be a sufficient remnnerution
For the money spent on the occasion,
From the smallest to the greatest valuation.

VALENTINES in extra fine French Boxes—also in solid Rosewood and Mahogany cases. Sold with or without jewelry.

VALENTINES of every conceivable variety; Valentine Cards, Valentine Mottoes and Stationery.
THIRTY new and origiual California Comics, "Ye Copperheads," etc.

VALENTINE WRITERS, comic and sentimeatal.

Appleton's Valentine Express,

with Eight Horses, will deliver Valentines every hour on Valeutine's Day in every part of the city.
D. E APPLETON & CO.,
ja27-3t 508 Montgomery street.

CHOICE NEW BOOKS.

A. ROMAN & CO.

Have recently received over
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY CASES
OF
Standard Books,
ON EVERY BRANCH OF LITERATURE.

Our Stock is now very large and complete, embracing all the recent Publications of the day, together with all the Standard Authors on

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Also, a LARGE ASSORTMENT of
ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED BOOKS!
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We have also a splendid assortment of
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL JUVENILES, CHILDREN'S BOOKS, TOY BOOKS, AND GAMES.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
In great variety. ELEGANT BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, etc. All of which we offer at the lowest prices.
A. ROMAN & CO.,
de2 417 and 419 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

SILK HOSE AT COST.

IVINS' PATENT HAIR-CRIMPERS!
No Lady should be without one.
TRIMMINGS, FRINGES,
BUTTONS, THREADS,
COTTONS, NEEDLES,
TAPES, FANCY GOODS,
Etc.
HOOP SKIRTS, NEW STYLES,
Best ever Imported.
ALL TO BE FOUND AT THE
PIONEER TRIMMING EMPORIUM
OF
MRS. NORCROSS,
No. 5 Montgomery street, Masonic Temple.
ja21-tf

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM!

A CERTAIN CURE FOR
COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, NIGHT SWEATS, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH,
CONSUMPTION,
And all Diseases of the
CHEST AND LUNGS!

This celebrated Cough Remedy effects a speedy cure by producing a free and easy expectoration, heals abscesses of the lungs, prevents unhealthy secretion of the bronchial tubes, and removes from them those accumulations of morbid matter which cause oppression of the breast, difficulty of breathing, etc, soothes irritation of the respiratory organs which produces cough.
PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists.
HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
401 Battery corner of Clay,
ja27-3m San Francisco.

DR. HUMPHREYS' Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of infants	25
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults	25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding	50
" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing	50
" 22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
" 24	cures *General Debility*, Physical Weakness	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel	50
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life	$1.00
" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 34	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book.....$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book..... 8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book..... 6 00

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The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

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[For the Californian.]

A RHYME OF LIFE.

IF life is as a flame that death doth kill;
Burn little candle lit for me,
With a pure spark, that I may rightly see
To word my song, and utterly
God's plan fulfill.

If life is as a flower that blooms and dies,
Forbid the cunning frost that slays
With Judas-kiss, and trusting life betrays;
Forever may my voice of praise
Untainted rise.

If life is as a voyage, or foul or fair,
Oh! bid me not my banners furl
For adverse gale or wave in angry whirl
Till I have found the gates of pearl,
And anchored there.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

[For the Californian.]

HOW IT FEELS TO BE ROBBED.

THE circumstances were these. My August vacation must needs be spent away from the news and noise of San Francisco. Hence I sent off my silver and manuscripts, locked up my house, and betook myself (both halves and a little hyphen) to the country. We returned in due season. On unlocking my front door, the first peculiar thing I noticed was a playing-card lying just inside the threshold. But this was readily explained. Doubtless it was thrust in by some boy who knew that this was a minister's house and wanted to try his hand at a little teasing. There appeared a second phenomenon. A pane was broken in a door-window of the basement. But a ready explanation of this occurred, also. Without question it was a fruit of that universal propensity to shiver the spectacles of vacated houses. But now a third circumstance led to a discovery of the truth. My favorite boots were wanted. I looked in the larger rooms. I looked in the closets. I even looked in the book-cases. They were in none of these. Then, I took my keys to explore the trunks. But lo! trunk number one opened of itself. The lock was broken! The trunk was in confusion! Instantly a dark suspicion crossed my mind—had not the house been entered? I hurried to the other trunks. These, too, all opened without keys. These, too, were in confusion. From garret to cellar, all was the same. I sounded the alarm. Wife came. Girl came. There was a short period of flushed and eager rummaging. "Yes! all my jewelry has been taken," exclaims wife. "Yes! all mine, too," exclaims girl. And now we hurry to look after other things. We expect to find everything gone. We doubt not that every keepsake and ornament has fled. But no! To our amazement the jewelry, with only a trifle or two besides, is our only loss. It is a serious one to my wife, as she received many of the pieces in remote countries, and from dear friends; and it is a serious one to my poor servant, who had but little, and whose matrimonial prospects are considerably clouded by such a falling off of ornamentation. But we are surprised to find so many other things left.

These, then, are the circumstances of the robbery which I suffered. But I have premised these, only that I may introduce the reader to some of my emotional experiences in connection with the event. And these experiences I record, not for their peculiarity or strangeness, but simply for their genuiness, and as a contribution to the science of human nature. What I write has the simple value of unvarnished truth, and, as such, may be received with confidence by the student of the human heart.

I would say, then, that this event of my life had a twofold moral effect. It excited, on the one hand, several well-defined feelings, which were temporary in their nature; and, on the other hand, it left behind several seuses or impressions not only distinct but permanent.

Of these transient, but well-defined feelings which I remember, the first was a deep sense of relief. Relief on what account? In guessing this, I think the reader would remain at fault for a long time. The chief source of relief with me was not the smallness of my loss. Neither was it the character of my loss, viz: that jewelry, the thing most readily spared, was taken. Neither was it the fact that the robbery occurred in my absence, so that I myself was spared a dangerous affray, and my wife a shock to her nerves. Any one of these circumstances might have been the chief source of relief with another mind, or with my own mind under other circumstances. But I must confess that the principal relieving circumstance to me was the fact that I saw nowhere about the house a sign of personal spite against myself. I had heard of thieves displaying malice as well as covetousness, and cutting carpets, marking walls, and so on. But nothing of this was shown in my case. The feeling of the robbers was a feeling which terminated upon the goods, rather than their owner—upon my property rather than upon myself. Even the two little circumstances which might have been traced to malice, were obviously due to other causes. I allude to the broken window in the first place. But this was proven to me by a detective who visited the premises to have resulted from the efforts of the burglars to cut the pane with a diamond. The other circumstance which at first appeared malicious or contemptuous was the appearance of the playing-card by the door, and others like it in one of the trunks. But the latter, as it soon appeared, had been put away by my wife for some domestic purpose, and the former had probably adhered to something taken by the thieves and conveyed to the threshold. Thus, then, the robbers left no sign behind them of personal ill-will or contempt, and this, I confess, was the principal source of relief to my feelings.

But another very strong sentiment excited by this occurrence was curiosity. This feeling, as well as the other, however, was not due to the most obvious of causes. I was not aware, for instance, of any particular desire to know the time of the robbery, or, indeed, the precise parties who had committed it. To be sure, I took measures to ascertain the time and to detect the parties; but the feeling of curiosity was by no means so decided and emphatic in reference to these points as in respect to others. Why, for example, were the trunks all carefully closed again? Why did my robbers break open certain trunks, and open others equally simple with false keys? Why did they so carefully lock all the doors after them? Why did they not, while they were about it, take away many other things of value? Why did they not mutilate anything? The minor circumstances were what chiefly stimulated my curiosity. In reference to who the burglars might be, it was easy to think that they were in the list of well-known professional robbers, and that one, with the San Quentin calendar before him, could guess their names in a short time. But, about these other little features hung a veil of mystery which excited the imaginative power very sensibly.

Again, there were features of this robbery which excited the emotion of contempt. The reader will sympathize with this feeling, I doubt not, when I remind him that one of the victims was a poor servant girl. The picture of the thief entering the room evidently appropriated to the family help, and stealing the few humble ornaments that she or her friends had procured only by self-denial, and upon which she depended for a slight relief to the plainness of her dress and person, is one which cannot but arouse the contemptuous sentiment. But there was another little circumstance which excited the same feeling in even a stronger degree. A friend had given the baby a little tin safe. Another friend had dropped in it a half-dollar. What should appear to us on the evening of our discovery but this little toy torn rudely open, and the piece of silver taken! Here was something, indeed, to excite scorn. Here was meanness—robbing a child and a poor girl—and meanness must excite contempt.

These, then, were those sentiments and emotions of a more evanescent nature which the different aspects of this robbery excited in passing. But, as we have said, the occurrence left behind it several well-marked impressions of a more permanent character.

One of these was a deep sense of the reality of such things in general. Hitherto, it seems to me, I have never more than half believed the newspaper accounts of thefts and robberies. Or if I have regarded these accounts as strictly speaking true, yet I am sure that I have never really pictured them as realities to my mind. I have passed them by as the necessary filling to newspapers, and as the evidences in general of the depravity of mankind. But I have never taken up one of these accounts as a true history and pictured it in its details and consequences as a part of the experience of a family like my own. This I am sure I have never done, for if I had, I should not have found my own robbery so prolific of unexpected emotions and experiences. Where a man has imagined a thing closely, he will not be so entirely surprised or entertained if suddenly cast upon the thing as a reality.

But a second impression left upon me by this affair was what may be called a sense of connoiseurship in the matter of robberies in general. I seem to myself now to be qualified as a judge in reference to the mildness or severity of a house-breaking affair in any quarter of the globe. Bring on your cases. I have suffered the malady, and profess to be acquainted with it. The features of a mild affair of this sort are the following: absence of the victim; theft of articles easily spared; no traces of personal ill-will. A severe case, on the contrary, involves one or all of the following features: presence of the victim and a bloody affray; capture of table silver and MSS. ready for print; mutilation of articles left behind. Such an occurrence, then, leaves one with a sense of connoiseurship and ability to judge on such matters in general.

Finally, my loss by the burglars left a third strong impression upon my mind of the following character, viz: how valuable a part is played in human society by the permanancy of men's dispositions. How would we ever discover the thieves, if the tendency to crime were not more or less stable and abiding in the heart? What, if every person had his times when his disposition led him to rob? What a quandary we would be in on the occurrence of a burglary! We could never know whom to suspect among all our fellow-citizens, from the highest to the lowest. The criminal might be any one of the whole of them. But, fortunately, men's dispositions are more or less permanent. When a robbery has occurred, we cast about instinctively among those who have committed the same crime before. We feel sure that the name of the criminal will be found in that list. We look around to find out where a certain man is who was lately discharged from prison, or who was lately acquitted by a reluctant jury. We count upon the abiding nature of the dispositions of men, and we are rarely deceived.

Such, then, were the feelings excited and the impressions left, by a robbery. The victim writes these lines within about a week of the discovery of this incident in his history.

SEDGELY.

OUR theory that neither Artemus Ward nor his wife—if he had a wife—could be suffocated by coal-gas, is substantiated by late Eastern advices. An exchange says: "*That* Artemus Ward, who died in Worcester, Mass., last week, from suffocation, was not, we are happy to say, the redoubtable "Arte of wax figger renown. *He* 'still lives.'" So his friends may dispose of their sables.

THE EMERALD STUDS.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE CIRCUIT.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

I HAVE found, by long experience, that it is no use remonstrating with a man who is head-over-ears in love. The tender passion affects us differently, according to our constitutions. One set of fellows, who are generally the pleasantest, seldom get beyond the length of flirtation. They are always at it, but constantly changing, and therefore manage to get through a tolerable catalogue of attachments before they are finally brought to book. Such men are quite able to take care of themselves, and require but little admonition. You no doubt hear them now and then abused for trifling with the affections of young women—as if the latter had themselves the slightest remorse in playing precisely the same game!—but in most cases such censure is undeserved, for they are quite as much in earnest as their neighbors, so long as the impulse lasts. The true explanation is, that they have survived their first passion, and that their faith is somewhat shaken in the boyish creed of the absolute perfectibility of woman. The great disappointment of life does not make them misanthropes—but it forces them to caution, and to a closer appreciation of character than is usually undertaken in the first instance. They have become, perhaps, more selfish—certainly more suspicious, and though often on the verge of a proposal, they never commit themselves without an extreme degree of deliberation.

Another set seem designed by nature to be the absolute victims of woman. Whenever they fall in love, they do it with an earnestness and an obstinacy which is actually appalling. The adored object of their affections can twine them around her finger, quarrel with them, cheat them, caricature them, or flirt with others, without the least risk of severing the triple cord of attachment. They become as tame as poodle-dogs, will submit patiently to any manner of cruelty or caprice, and in fact seem rather to be grateful for such treatment than otherwise. Clever women usually contrive to secure a captive of this kind. He is useful to them in a hundred ways, never interferes with their schemes, and, if the worst comes to the worst, they can always fall back upon him as a *pis-aller*.

My friend Tom Strachan belonged decidedly to this latter section. Mary Rivers, a remarkably clever and very showy girl, but as arrant a flirt as ever wore rosebud in her bosom, had engrossed the whole of his heart before he reached the reflecting age of twenty, and kept him for nearly five years in a state of uncomplaining bondage. Not that I believe she ever cared about him. Tom was as poor as a church-mouse, and had nothing on earth to look to except the fruits of his professional industry, which, judging from all appearances, would be a long time indeed in ripening. Mary was not the sort of person to put up with love in a cottage, even had Tom's circumstances been adequate to defray the rent of a tenement of that description: she had a vivid appreciation not only of the substantials, but of the higher luxuries of existence. But her vanity was flattered at having in her train at least one devoted dangler, whom she could play off, whenever opportunity required, against some more valuable admirer. Besides, Strachan was a man of family, tall, good looking, and unquestionably clever in his way: he also danced the polka well, and was useful in the ball-room or the pic-nic. So Mary Rivers kept him on in a kind of blissful dream, just sunning him sufficiently with her smiles to make him believe that he was beloved, but never allowing matters to go so far as to lead to the report that they were engaged. Tom asked for nothing more. He was quite contented to indulge for years in a dream of future bliss, and wrote during the interval a great many more sonnets than summonses. Unfortunately sonnets don't pay well, so that his worldly affairs did not progress at any remarkable ratio. And he only awoke to a sense of his real situation, when Miss Rivers, having picked a quarrel with him one day in the Zoological Gardens, announced on the next to her friends that she had accepted the hand of a bilious East India merchant.

Tom made an awful row about it—grew as attenuated and brown as an eel—and garnished his conversation with several significant hints about suicide. He was, however, saved from that ghastly alternative by being drafted into a Rowing Club, who plied their gondolas daily on the Union Canal. Hard exercise, beer, and pulling, had their usual sanitary effect, and Tom gradually recovered his health, if not his spirits.

It was at this very crisis that he fell in with this mysterious Miss Percy. There was an immense hole in his affections which required to be filled up; and, as nature abhors a vacuum, he plugged it with the image of Dorothea. The flight, therefore, of the fair levanter, after so brief an intercourse, was quite enough to upset him. He was in the situation of a man who is informed over-night that he has succeeded to a large fortune, and who gets a letter next morning explaining that it is a mere mistake. I was therefore not at all astonished either at his paroxysms or his credulity.

We had rather a dreary dinner that day. The judges always entertain the first day of circuit, and it is considered matter of etiquette that the counsel should attend. Sometimes these forensic feeds are pleasant enough; but on the present occasion there was a visible damp thrown over the spirits of the party. His lordship was evidently savage at the unforeseen escape of M'Wilkin, and looked upon me, as I thought, with somewhat of a prejudiced eye. Bailie Beerie and the other magistrates seemed uneasy at their unusual proximity to a personage who had the power of death and transportation, and therefore abstained from emitting the accustomed torrent of civic facetiousness. One of the sheriffs wanted to be off on a cruise, and another was unwell with the gout. The Depnty Advocate was lagged; Whaup surly as a bear with a sore ear, on account of the tennity of his fees; and Strachan, of course, in an extremely unconversational mood. So I had nothing for it but to eat and drink as plentifully as I could, and very thankful I was that the claret was tolerably sound.

We rose from table early. As I did not like to leave Tom to himself in his present state of mind, we adjourned to his room for the purpose of enjoying a cigar; and there, sure enough, upon the table lay the expected missive. Strachan dashed at it like a pike pouncing upon a parr; I lay down upon the sofa, lit my weed, and amused myself by watching his physiognomy.

"Dear suffering angel!" said Tom at last, with a sort of whimper, "Destiny has done its worst! We have parted, and the first fond dream of our love has vanished before the cold and dreary dawn of reality! O my friend—we were like the two birds in the Oriental fable, each doomed to traverse the world before we could encounter our mate—we met, and almost in the same hour the thunderbolt burst above us!"

"Yes—two very nice birds," said I. "But what does she say in the letter?"

"You may read it," replied Tom, and he handed me the epistle. It was rather a superior specimen of penmanship, and I don't choose to criticize the style. Its tenor was as follows:

"I am hardly yet, my dear friend, capable of estimating the true extent of my emotions. Like the buoyant seaweed torn from its native bed among the submarine forest of the corals, I have been tossed from wave to wave, hurried onwards by a stream more resistless than that which sweeps through the Gulf of Labrador, and far—far away as yet is the wished-for haven of my rest. Hitherto my life has been a tissue of calamity and woe. Over my head since childhood, has stretched a dull and dreary canopy of clouds, shutting me out forever from a glimpse of the blessed sun. Once, and but once only have I seen a chasm in that envious veil—only once and for a few, a *very* few moments, have I gazed upon the blue empyrean, and felt my heart expand and thrill to the glories of its liquid lustre. That once—oh, Mr. Strachan, can I ever forget it?—that once comprises the era of the few hours which were the silent witnesses of our meeting!

"Am I weak in writing to you thus? Perhaps I am; but then, Thomas, I have never been taught to dissemble. Did I, however, think it probable that we should ever meet again—that I should hear from your lips a repetition of that language which now is chronicled in my soul—it may be that I would not have dared to risk an avowal so candid and so dear! As it is, it matters not. You have been my benefactor, my kind consoler—my friend. You have told me that you love; and in the fulness and native simplicity of my heart, I believe you. And if it be any satisfaction to you to know that your sentiments have been at least appreciated, believe that of all the pangs which the poor Dorothea has suffered, this last agony of parting has been incomparably the most severe.

"You asked me if there was no hope. Oh! my Thomas! what would I not give could I venture to answer, yes? But it cannot be! You are young and happy, and will yet be fortunate and beloved; why, then, should I permit so fair an existence to be blighted by the upas-tree of destiny under which I am doomed to languish? You shall not say that I am selfish—you shall not hereafter reproach me for having permitted you to share a burden too great for both of us to carry. You must learn the one great lesson of existence, to submit and to forget!

"I am going far away to the margin of that inhospitable shore which receives upon its rocks the billows of the unbroken Atlantic—or haply, amongst the remoter isles, I shall listen to the seamew's cry. Do not weep for me. Amidst the myriad of bright and glowing things which flutter over the surface of this green creation, let one feeble, choking, overburdened heart be forgotten! Follow me not—seek me not—for, like the mermaid on the approach of the mariner, I should shrink from the face of man into the glassy caverns of the deep.

"Adieu, Thomas, adieu! Say what you will for me to the noble and generous Beerie. Would to heaven that I could send him some token in return for all his kindness, but a good and gallant heart is its own most adequate reward.

"They are putting to the horses—I can hear the rumble of the chariot! Oh, once more, dear friend—alas, too inexpressibly dear!—take my last farewell. Adieu—my heart is breaking as I write the bitter word!—forget me. Dorothea."

"Do you wonder at my sorrow, now?" said Strachan, as I laid down the passionate epistle.

"Why, no. It is well got up upon the whole, and does credit to the lady's erudition. But I don't see why she should insist so strongly upon eternal separation. Have you no idea whereabouts that aunt of hers may happen to reside?"

"Not the slightest."

Because, judging from her letter, it must be somewhere about Benbecula or Tiree. I shouldn't even wonder if she had a summer box on St. Kilda."

"Right! I did not think of that—you observe she speaks of the remoter isles."

"To be sure, and for half a century there has not been a mermaid seen to the east of the Lewis. Now, take my advice, Tom—don't make a fool of yourself in the meantime, but wait until the Court of Session rises in July. That will allow plenty of time for matters to settle; and if the Viscount and that abominable Abiram don't find her out before then, you may depend upon it they will abandon the search. In the interim, the lady will have cooled. Walks upon the sea-shore are uncommonly dull without something like reciprocal sentimentality. The odds are, that the old aunt is addicted to snuff, tracts, and the distribution of flannel, and before August, the fair Dorothea will be yearning for a sight of her adorer. You can easily gammon Anthony Whaup into a loan of that yacht of his which he makes such a boast of; and if you go prudently about it, and flatter him on the score of his steering, I haven't the least doubt that he will victual his hooker and give you a cruise in it for nothing."

"Admirable, my dear Fred! We shall touch at all the isles from Iona to Uist; and if Miss Percy be indeed there—"

"You can carry her off on five minutes' notice, and our long friend will be abundantly delighted. Only, mind this! If you want my candid opinion on the wisdom of such an alliance, I should strongly recommend you to meddle no further in the matter, for I have my doubts about the Honorable Dorothea, and—"

"Bah, Fred! Doubts after such a letter as that? Impossible! No, my dear friend—your scheme is admirable—unexceptionable, and I shall certainly act upon it. But oh—it is a weary time till July!"

"Merely a short interval of green peas and strawberries. I advise you, however, to fix down Whaup as early as you can for the cruise."

The hint was rapidly taken. We sent for our facetious friend, ordered supper, and in the course of a couple of tumblers persuaded him that his knowledge of nautical affairs was not exceeded by that of T. P. Cooke, and that he was much deeper versed in the mysteries of sky-scraping than Fenimore Cooper. Whaup gave in. By dint of a little extra persuasion, I believe we might have coaxed him into a voyage for Otaheite; and before we parted for the evening it was agreed that Strachan should hold himself in readiness to start for the Western Islands about the latter end of July—Whaup being responsible for the provisions and champagne, whilst Tom pledged himself to cigars.

CHAPTER IV.

I never ascertained the exact amount of the sum which Tom handed over to the Bailie. It must, however, have been considerable, for he took to retrenching his expenditure, and never once dropped a hint about the ten pounds which I was so singularly verdant as to lend him. The summer session stole away as quickly as its predecessors, though not, in so far as I was concerned, quite as unprofitably, for I got a couple of Sheriff-court papers to draw in consequence of my M'Wilkin appearance. Tom, however, was very low about himself, and affected solitude. He would not join in any of the strawberry lunches or fish dinners so attractive to the junior members of the bar; but frequented Botanical Gardens, where he might be seen any fine afternoon, stretched upon the bank beside the pond, concocting sonnets, or inscribing the name of Dorothea upon the monument dedicated to Linnæus.

Time, however, stole on. The last man who was going to be married got his valedictory dinner at the close of session. Gowns were thrown off, wigs boxed up, and we all dispersed to the country wheresoever our inclination might lead us. I resolved to devote the earlier part of the vacation to the discovery of the town of Clackmannan—a place of which I had often heard, but which no human being whom I ever encountered had seen. Whaup was not oblivious of his promise, and Strachan clove unto him like a limpet.

We did not meet again until September was well nigh over. In common with Strachan, I had adopted the resolution of changing my circuit, and henceforth adhering to Glasgow, which, from its superior supply of criminals, is the favorite resort of our young forensic aspirants. So I packed my portmanteau, invoked the assistance of St. Rollox, and started for the balmy west.

The first man I met in George's Square was my own delightful Thomas. He looked rather thin; was fearfully sunburned; had on a pair of canvas trowsers most wofully bespattered with tar, and evidently had not shaved for a fortnight.

"Why, Tom, my dear fellow!" cried I, "can this possibly be you? What the deuce have you been doing with yourself? You look as hairy as Robinson Crusoe."

"You should see Whaup—he's rather worse off than Friday. We have just landed at the Broomielaw, but I was obliged to leave Anthony in a tavern for fear we should be mobbed in the street. I'm off by the rail to Edinburgh, to get some decent toggery for us both. Lend me a pound-note, will you?

"Certainly—that's eleven, you recolleet. But what's the meaning of all this? Where is the yacht?

"Safe—under twenty fathoms of blue water, at a place they call the Sneeshanish Islands. Catch me going out again with Anthony as steersman!"

"No doubt, he is an odd sort of Palinurus. But when did this happen?"

"Ten days ago. We were three days and nights upon the rock, with nothing to eat except two biscuits, raw mussels, and tangle!"

"Mercy on us! and how did you get off?"

"In a kelp boat from Harris. But I havn't time for explanation just now. Go down like a good fellow to the Broomielaw, No. 431—you will find Anthony enjoying himself with beef-steaks and bottled stout, in the back parlor of the Cat and Bagpipes. I must refer you to him for the details."

"One word more—you'll be back to the circuit?"

"Decidedly. To-morrow morning: as soon as I can get my things together."

"And the lady—what news of her?"

The countenance of Strachan fell.

"Ah! my dear friend. I wish you had not touched upon that string—you have set my whole frame a jarring. No trace of her—none—none! I fear I shall never see her more!"

"Come! don't be down-hearted. One can never tell what may happen! Perhaps you may meet her sooner than you think."

"You are a kind-hearted fellow, Fred. But I've lost all hope. Nothing but a dreary existence is now before me—but, by Jupiter, there goes the starting bell!"

Tom vanished, like Aubrey's apparition, with a melodious twang, and a perceptible odor of tar; and so, being determined to expiscate the matter, I proceeded towards the Broomielaw, and in due time became master of the locality of the Cat and Bagpipes.

"Is there a Mr. Whaup here?" I inquired of Mrs. M'Tavish, the landlady, who was filling a gill-stoup at the bar.

"Here you are, old chap!" cried the hilarious voice of Anthony from the inner apartment. "Turn to the right, steer clear of the scrubbing brushes, and help yourself to a mouthful of Guinness."

I obeyed. Heavens, what a figure he was! His trousers were rent both at the knees and elsewhere, and were kept together solely by means of whip-cord. His shirt had evidently not benefitted by the removal of the excise duties on soap, and was screened from the scrutiny of the beholder by an extempore paletot, fabricated out of sail-cloth, without the remotest apology for sleeves.

Anthony, however, looked well in health, and appeared to be in tremendous spirits.

"Tip us your fin, my old cox'un!" said he, winking at me over the rim of an enormous pewter vessel which effectually eclipsed the lower segment of his visage. "Blessed if I ain't as glad to see you as one of Mother Carey's chickens in a squall!"

"Come, Anthony! leave off your nautical nonsense, and talk like a man of the world. What on earth have you and Tom Strachan been after?"

"Nothing on earth, but a good deal on sea, and a trifle on as uncomfortable a section of basalt as ever served two unhappy buccaneers for bed, table, and sofa. The chilliness is not off me yet."

"But how did it happen?"

"Very simply: but I'll tell you all about it. It's a long story, though, so if you please I shall top off with something hot. I'm glad you've come, however, for I had some doubts how far this sort of original Petersham would inspire confidence as to my credit in the bosom of the fair M'Tavish. It's all right now, however; so here goes for my yarn."

But I shall not follow my friend through all the windings of his discourse, varied though it certainly was, like the adventures of the venerated Sinbad. Suffice it to say, that they were hardly out of sight of the Cumbraes before Tom confided the whole tale of his sorrows to the callous Anthony, who, as he expressed it, had come out for a lark, and had no idea of rumaging the whole of the west coast and the adjacent islands for a petticoat. Moved, however, by the pathetic entreaties of Strachan, and, perhaps, somewhat reconciled to the quest by the dim vision of an elopement, Anthony magnanimously waived his objections, and the two kept cruising together, in a little shell of a yacht, all round the western archipelago. Besides themselves, there were only a man and a boy on board.

"It was slow work," said Anthony, "deucedly slow. I would not have minded the thing if Strachan had been reasonably sociable: but it was rather irksome, you will allow, when, after the boy had brought in the kettle, and we had made everything snug for the night, Master Strachan began to maunder about the lady's eyes, and to tear his hair, and to call himself the most miserable dog in existence. I had serious thoughts, at one time, of leaving him ashore on Mull or Skye, and making off direct to the Orkneys; but good-nature was always my foible, so I went on, beating from one place to another as though we had been looking for a wrecked vessel.

"I'll never take another cruise with a lover so long as I live. Tom led me all manner of dances, and we were twice fired at from farm-houses where he was caterwauling beneath the windows with a guitar. It seems he had heard that flame of his sing a Spanish air at Jedburgh. Tom must needs pick it up, and you have no idea how he pestered me. Go where we would, he kept harping on that abominable ditty, in the hopes that his mistress might hear him; and, when I remonstrated on the absurdity of the proceeding, he quoted the case of Blondel, and some trash out of Uhland's ballads. Serenading on the west coast is by no means a pleasant pastime. The nights are as raw as an anchovy, and the midges particularly plentiful.

"Well, sir, we could find no trace of the lady, after all. Strachan got into low spirits, and I confess that I was sometimes sulky—so we had an occasional blow-up, which by no means added to the conviviality of the voyage. One evening, just at sundown, we entered the Sound of Sneeshanish—an ugly place, let me tell you, at the best, but especially to be avoided in anything like a gale of wind. The clouds in the horizon looked particularly threatening, and I got a little anxious, for I knew that there were some rocks about, and not a lighthouse in the whole of the district.

"In an hour or two it grew as dark as a wolf's throat. I could not for the life of me make out where we were, for the Sound is very narrow in some parts, and occasionally I thought that I could hear breakers ahead.

"'Tom,' said I, 'Tom, you lubber!'—for our esteemed friend was, as usual, lying on the deck, with a cigar in his mouth, twangling at that eternal guitar—'take hold of the helm, will you, for a minute, while I go down and look at the chart.'

"I was as cold as a cucumber; so, after having ascertained, as I best could, the bearings about the Sound, I rather think I *did* stop below for one moment—but not longer—just to mix a glass of swizzle by way of fortification, for I didn't expect to get to bed that night. All of a sudden I heard a shout from the bows, bolted upon deck, and there, sure enough, was a black object right ahead, with the surf shooting over it.

"'Luff, Tom! or we are all dead men; luff, I say!' shouted I. I might as well have called to a millstone. Tom was in a kind of trance.

"'O Dorothea!' said our friend.

"'To the devil with Dorothea!' roared I, snatching the tiller from his hand.

"It was too late. We went smash upon the rock, with a force that sent us headlong upon the deck, and Strachan staggered to his feet, bleeding profusely at the proboscis.

"Down came the sail rattling about our ears, and over lurched the yacht. I saw there was no time to lose, so I leaped at once upon the rock, and called upon the rest to follow me. They did so, and were lucky to escape with no more disaster than a ruffling of the cuticle on the basalt; for in two minutes more all was over. Some of the timbers had been staved in at the first concussion. She rapidly filled; and down went, before my eyes, the *Caption*, the tidiest little craft that ever pitched her broadside into the hull of a Frenchman!"

"Very well told indeed," said I, "only, Anthony, it does strike me that the last paragraph is not quite original. I've heard something like it in my younger days, at the Adelphi. But what became of you afterwards?"

"Faith, we were in a fix, as you may easily conceive. All we could do was to scramble up the rocks, (which, fortunately, were not too precipitous,) until we reached a dry place, where we lay, huddled together, until morning. When light came, we found that we were not on the main land, but on a kind of little stack in the very centre of the channel, without a blade of grass upon it, or the prospect of a sail in sight. This was a nice situation for two members of the Scottish bar! The first thing we did was to inquire into the state of provisions, which we found to consist of a couple of biscuits that little Jim, the boy, happened to have about him. Of course we followed the example of the earlier navigators, and confiscated these *pro bono publico*. We had not a drop of alcohol among us, but, very luckily, picked up a small keg of fresh water, which, I believe, was our salvation. Strachan did not behave well. He wanted to keep half-a-dozen cigars to himself: but such monstrous selfishness could not be permitted, and the rest of us took them from him by force. I shall always blame myself for having weakly restored to him a cheroot."

"Why, we remained three days upon the rock. Fortunately the weather was moderate, so that we were not absolutely washed away, but for all that it was consumedly cold of nights. The worst thing, however, was the deplorable state of our larder. We finished the biscuits the first day, trusting to be speedily relieved; but the sun set without a vestige of a sail, and we supped sparingly upon tangle. Next morning we were so ravenous that we could have eaten raw squirrels. That day we subsisted entirely upon shell-fish, and smoked out all our cigars. On the third we bolted two old gloves, buttons and all; and, do you know, Fred, I began to be seriously alarmed about the boy Jim, for Strachan kept eying him like an ogre, began to mutter some horrid suggestions as to the propriety of casting lots, and execrated his own stupidity in being unprovided with a jar of pickles."

"O Anthony—for shame!"

"Well, I'm sure he was thinking about it, if he did not say so. However, we lunched upon a shoe, and for my own part, whenever I go upon another voyage, I shall take the precaution of providing myself with pliable French boots—your Kilmarnock leather is so very intolerably tough! Towards evening, to our infinite joy, we descried a boat entering the Sound. We shouted, as you may be sure, like demons. The Celtic Samaritans came up, and, thanks to the kindness of Rory M'Gregor the master, we each of us went to sleep that night with at least two gallons of oatmeal porridge comfortably stowed beneath our belts. And that's the whole history."

"And how do you feel after such unexampled privation?"

"Not a hair the worse. But this I know that if ever I am caught again on such an idiotical errand as hunting for a young woman through the Highlands, my nearest of kin are at perfect liberty to have me cognosced without opposition."

"Ah—you are no lover, Anthony. Strachan, now, would go barefooted through Stony Arabia for the mere chance of a casual glimpse at his mistress."

"All I can say, my dear fellow, is, that if connubial happiness cannot be purchased without a month's twangling on a guitar and three consecutive suppers upon sea-weed, I know at least one respectable young barrister who is likely to die unmarried. But I say, Fred, let us have a coach and drive up to your hotel. You can lend me a coat, I suppose, or something of the sort, until Strachan arrives; and just be good enough, will you, to settle with Mrs. M'Tavish for the bill, for, by all my hopes of a sheriffship, I have been thoroughly purged of my tin."

The matter may not be of any especial interest to the public; at the same time I think it right to record the fact that Anthony Whaup owes me seven shillings and eightpence unto this day.

CHAPTER. V.

"That is all I can tell you about it," said Mr. Hedger, as he handed me the last of three indictments, with the joyful accompaniment of the fees. "That is all I can tell you about it. If the *alibi* will hold water, good and well; if not, M'Closkie will be transported."

Hedger is the very best criminal agent I ever met with. There is always a point in his cases—his precognitions are perfect, and pleading, under such auspices, becomes a kind of realized romance.

"By the way," said he, "is there a Mr. Strachan of your bar at circuit? I have a curious communication from a prisoner who is desirous to have him as her counsel."

"Indeed? I am glad to hear it. Mr. Strachan is a particular friend of mine, and will be here immediately. Is it a heavy case?"

"No, but rather an odd one—a theft of money committed at the Blenheim hotel. The woman seems a person of education, but, as she obstinately refuses to tell me her story, I know very little more about it than is contained in the face of the indictment."

"What is her name?"

"Why, you know that is a matter not very easily ascertained. She called herself Euphemia Saville when brought up for examination, and, of course, she will be tried as such. She is well dressed, and rather pretty, but she won't have any other counsel than Mr. Strachan; and singularly enough, she has positively forbidden me to send him a fee on the ground that he would take it as an insult."

"I should feel particularly obliged if the whole public would take to insulting me perpetually in that manner! But really this is an odd history. Do you think she is acquainted with my friend?"

Hedger winked.

"I can't say," said he, "for, to tell you the truth, I know nothing earthly about it. I hope your friend won't take offence if I mention what the woman said."

"Not in the least; you may be sure of that. And, *apropos* here he comes."

And in effect Whaup and Strachan now walked into the counsel's apartment, demure, shaven, and well dressed—altogether two very different looking individuals from the tatterdemalions of yesterday.

"Good morning, Fred," cried Whaup; "Servant, Mr. Hedger—lots of work going on, eh? Are the pleas nearly over yet?"

"Very nearly, I believe, Mr. Whaup. Would you have the kindness to—"

"Oh, certainly," said I. "Strachan, allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Hedger, who is desirous of your professional advice."

"I say, Freddy," said Whaup, looking sulkily at the twain as they retired to a window to consult, "what's in the wind now? Has old Hedger got a spite at any of his clients?"

"How should I know? What do you mean?"

"Because I should rather think," said Anthony, "that in our friend Strachan's hands the lady runs a remarkably good chance of a sea voyage to the colonies, that's all."

"Fie for shame, Anthony! You should not bear malice."

"No more do I—but I can't forget the loss of the little *Caption* all through his stupid blundering; and this morning he must needs sleep so long that he lost the early train, and has very likely cut me out of business for the sheer want of a pair of reputable trousers."

"Never mind—there is a good time coming."

"Which means, I suppose, that you have got the pick of the cases? Very well: it can't be helped; so I shall even show myself in court by way of public advertisement."

So saying, my long friend wrestled himself into his gown, adjusted his wig knowingly upon his cranium, and rushed towards the court-room as vehemently as though the weal of the whole criminal population of the west depended upon his individual exertions.

"Freddy, come here, if you please," said Strachan; "this is a very extraordinary circumstance! Do you know that this woman, Euphemia Saville, though she wishes me to act as her counsel, has positively refused to see me!"

"Very odd, certainly! Do you know her?"

"I never heard of the name in my life. Are you sure, Mr. Hedger, that there is no mistake?"

"Quite sure, sir. She gave me, in fact, a minute description of your person, which, perhaps, I may be excused from repeating."

"Oh, I understand," said Tom, fishingly; "complimentary, I suppose—eh?"

"Why yes, rather so," replied Hedger hesitatingly; and he cast at the same time a glance at the limbs of my beloved friend, which convinced me that Miss Saville's communication had, somehow or other, borne reference to the shape of a parenthesis. "But, at all events, you may be sure she has seen you. I really can imagine no reason for an interview. We often have people who take the same kind of whims, and you have no idea of their obstinacy. The best way will be to let the Crown lead its evidence, and trust entirely to cross-examination. I shall take care, at all events, that her appearance shall not damage her. She is well dressed, and I don't doubt will make use of her cambric handkerchief."

"And a very useful thing that same cambric is," observed I. "Come, Tom, my boy, pluck up courage! You have an opportunity now for a grand display; and if you can poke in something about chivalry and undefended loveliness, you may be sure it will have an effect on the jury. There is a strong spice of romance in the composition of the men of the Middle Ward."

"The whole thing, however, seems to me most mysterious."

"Very; but that is surely an additional charm. We seldom find a chapter from the Mysteries of Udolfo transferred to the records of the Justiciary Court of Scotland."

"Well, then, I suppose it must be so. Fred, will you sit beside me at the trial? I'm not used to this sort of thing as yet, and I possibly may feel nervous."

"Not a bit of you. At any rate I shall be there, and of course you may command me."

In due time the case was called. Miss Euphemia Saville ascended the trap stair, and took her seat between a pair of policemen with exceedingly luxuriant whiskers.

I must allow that I felt a strong curiosity about Euphemia. Her name was peculiar; the circumstances under which she came forward were unusual; and her predilection for Strachan was tantalising. Her appearance, however, did little to solve the mystery. She was neatly, even elegantly, dressed in black, with a close-fitting bonnet and thick veil, which at first effectually obscured her countenance. This, indeed, she partially removed when called upon to plead to the indictment; but the law of no civilized country that I know of is so savage as to prohibit the use of a handkerchief, and the fair Saville availed herself of the privilege by burying her countenance in cambric. I could only get a glimpse of some beautiful black braided hair and a forehead that resembled alabaster. To all appearance she was extremely agitated, and sobbed as she answered to the charge.

The tender-hearted Strachan was not the sort of man to behold the sorrows of his client without emotion. In behalf of the junior members of the Scottish bar I will say this, that they invariably fight tooth and nail when a pretty girl is concerned, and I have frequently heard bursts of impassionate eloquence poured forth in defence of a pair of bright eyes or a piquant figure, in cases where an elderly or wizened dame would have run a strong chance of finding no Cicero by her side. Tom accordingly approached the bar for the purpose of putting some questions to his client, but not a word could he extract in reply. Euphemia drew down her veil, and waived her hand with a repulsive gesture.

"I don't know what to make of her," said Strachan; "only she seems to be a monstrous fine woman. It is clear, however, that she has mistaken me for somebody else. I never saw her in my life before."

"Hedger deserves great credit for the way he has got her up. Observe, Tom, there is no finery about her; no ribbons or gaudy scarfs, which are as unsuitable at a trial as at a funeral. Black is your only wear to find favor in the eyes of a jury."

"True. It is a pity that so little attention is paid to the æsthetics of criminal clothing. But here comes the first witness—Grobey I think they call him—the fellow who lost the money."

Mr. Grobey mounted the witness-box like a cow ascending a staircase. He was a huge, elephantine animal of some sixteen stone, with bushy eyebrows and a bald pate, which he ever and anon affectionately caressed with a red and yellow bandana. Strachan started at the sound of his voice, surveyed him wistfully for a moment, and then said to me in a hurried whisper—

"As I live, Fred, that is the identical bagman who boned my emerald studs at Jedburgh!"

"You don't mean to say it?"

"Fact, upon my honor! There is no mistaking his globular free-trading nose. Would it not be possible to object to his evidence on that ground?"

"Mercy on us! no. Reflect—there is no conviction."

"True. But he stole them nevertheless. I'll ask him about them when I cross."

Mr. Grobey's narrative, however, as embraced in an animated dialogue with the public prosecutor, threw some new and unexpected light upon the matter. Grobey was a traveller in the employment of the noted house of Barnacles, Deadeye, and Company, and perambulated the country for the benevolent purpose of administering to deficiency of vision. In the course of his wanderings he had arrived at the Blenheim, where after a light supper of fresh herrings, toasted cheese, and Edinburgh ale, assisted, *more Bagmannorum*, by several glasses of stiff brandy and water, he had retired to his apartment to sleep off the labors of the day. Somnus, however, did not descend that night with his usual lightness upon Grobey. On the contrary, the deity seemed changed into a ponderous weight, which lay heavily upon the chest of the moaning and suffocated traveller; and notwithstanding a paralysis which appeared to have seized upon his limbs, every external object in the apartment became visible to him as by the light of a magic lantern. He heard his watch ticking, like a living creature, upon the dressing-table where he had left it. His black morocco pocket-book was distinctly visible beside the looking-glass, and two spectral boots stood up amidst the varied shadows of the night. Grobey was very uncomfortable. He began to entertain the horrid idea that a fiend was hovering through his chamber.

All at once he heard the door creaking upon its hinges. There was a slight rustling of muslin, a low sigh, and then momentary silence. "What, in the name of John Bright, can that be?" thought the terrified traveller; but he had not to wait long for explanation. The door opened slowly—a female figure, arrayed from head to foot in robes of virgin whiteness, glided in, and fixed her eyes, with an expression of deep solemnity and menace, upon the countenance of Grobey. He lay breathless and motionless beneath the spell. This might have lasted for about a minute, during which time, as Grobey expressed it, his very entrails were convulsed with fear. The apparition then moved onwards, still keeping her eyes upon the couch. She stood for a moment near the window, raised her arm with a monitory gesture to the sky, and then all at once seemed to disappear as if absorbed in the watery moonshine. Grobey was as bold a bagman as ever flanked a mare with his gig-whip, but this awful visitation was too much. Boots, looking-glass, and table swam with a distracting whirl before his eyes; he uttered a feeble yell, and immediately lapsed into a swoon.

It was bright morning when he awoke. He started up, rubbed his eyes, and endeavored to persuade himself that it was all an illusion. To be sure there were the boots untouched, the coat, the hat, and the portmanteau; but where—oh where—were the watch and the plethoric pocket-book, with its bunch of bank-notes and other minor memoranda? Gone—spirited away; and with a shout of despair old Grobey summoned the household.

The police were straightway taken into his confidence. The tale of the midnight apparition—of the Demon Lady—was told and listened to, at first with somewhat of an incredulous smile; but when the landlord stated that an unknown damsel had been sojourning for two days at the hotel, that she had that morning vanished in a hackney-coach without leaving any trace of her address, and that, moreover, certain spoons of undeniable silver were missing, Argus pricked up his ears, and after some few preliminary inquiries, issued forth in quest of the fugitive. Two days afterwards the fair Saville was discovered in a temperance hotel: and although the pocket-book had disappeared, both the recognizable notes and the watch were found in her possession. A number of pawn-tickets, also, which were contained in her reticule, served to collect from divers quarters a great mass of *bijouterie*, amongst which were the Blenheim spoons.

Such was Mr. Grobey's evidence as afterwards supplemented by the police. Tom rose to cross-examine.

"Pray, Mr. Grobey," said he, adjusting his gown upon his shoulders with a very knowing and determined air as though he intended to expose his victim—"Pray, Mr. Grobey, are you any judge of studs?"

"I ain't a racing man," replied Grobey, "but I knows an oss when I sees it."

"Don't equivocate, sir, if you please. Recollect you are upon your oath," said Strachan, irritated by a slight titter which followed upon Grobey's answer. "I mean studs, sir—emerald studs for example?"

"I ain't. But the lady is," replied Grobey.

"How do you mean, sir?"

"'Cos there vos five pair on them taken out of pawn with her tickets."

"How do you know that, sir?"

"'Cos I seed them."

"Were you at Jedburgh, sir, in the month of April last?"

"I was."

"Do you recollect seeing me there?"

"Perfectly."

"Do you remember what passed upon that occasion?"

"You were rather confiuscated, I think."

There was a general laugh.

"Mr. Strachan," said the judge, mildly, "I am always sorry to interrupt a young counsel, but I really cannot see the relevancy of these questions. The court can have nothing to do with your communication with the witness. I presume I need not take a note of these latter answers."

"Very well, my lord," said Tom, rather discomfited at being cut out of his revenge on the bagman, "I shall ask him something else;" and he commenced his examination in right earnest. Grobey, however, stood steadfast to the letter of his previous testimony.

Another witness was called; and to my surprise the Scottish Vidocq appeared. He spoke to the apprehension and the search, and also to the character of the prisoner. In his eyes she had long been chronicled as by habit and repute a thief.

"You know the prisoner then?" said Strachan rising.

"I do. Any time these three years."

"Under what name is she known to you?"

"Betsy Brown is her real name, but she has gone by twenty others."

"By twenty, do you say?"

"There or thereabouts. She always flies at high game; and, being a remarkably clever woman, she passes herself off for a lady."

"Have you ever seen her elsewhere than in Glasgow?"

"I have."

"Where?"

"At Jedburgh."

I cannot tell what impulse it was that made me twitch Strachan's gown at this moment. It was not altogether a suspicion, but rather a presentiment of coming danger. Strachan took the hint and changed his line.

"Can you specify any of her other names?"

"I can. There are half-a-dozen of them here on the pawn-tickets. Shall I read them?"

"If you please."

"One diamond ring, pledged in name of Lady Emily Delaroche. A garnet brooch and chain—Miss Maria Mortimer. Three gold seals—Mrs. Markham Vere. A watch and three emerald studs—the Honorable Dorothea Percy——"

There was a loud shriek from the bar, and a bustle—the prisoner had fainted.

I looked at Strachan. He was absolutely as white as a corpse.

"My dear Tom," said I, "hadn't you better go out into the open air?"

"No!" was the firm reply; "I am here to do my duty, and I'll do it."

And in effect, the Spartan boy with the fox gnawing into his side, did not acquit himself more heroically than my friend The case was a clear one, no doubt, but Tom made a noble speech, and was highly complimented by the Judge upon his ability. No sooner, however, had he finished it than he left the Court.

I saw him two hours afterwards.

"Tom," said I, "about these emerald studs—I think I could get them back from Fiscal."

"Keep them to yourself. I'm off to India."

"Bah!—go down to the Highlands for a month."

Tom did so; purveyed himself a kilt; met an heiress at the Inverness Meeting, and married her. He is now the happy father of half-a-dozen children, and a good many of us would give a trifle for his practice. But to this day he is as mad as a March hare if an allusion is made in his presence to any kind of studs whatever.

GOETHE AS A MANAGER.

[From a review in *Dwight's Journal of Music*, of Herr Gotthard's *Pictures of the Weimar Theatre under Goethe*, we extract the following synopsis:

WE have seen Goethe in many lights: the work before us presents him as a theatrical manager. This was not the least active, nor the least significant part of his career. From his disquisitions on the art of acting in *Wilhalm Meister* we might fairly conclude, as we do from the celebrated directions in *Hamlet*, that their author had the theory at his fingers' ends, and could instruct others even if he did not attempt to vie with them. There was always such regularity, such a love of order, in Goethe's whole composition, that he might be safely counted on for the business part. He would never fail, as so many great men have failed, by neglecting minor details as unworthy of his genius. If he had shown any tendency to do so, he would have been quite out of place in Weimar Larger theatres may succoed in wealthier towns without an incessant care for the pence; but Weimar itself was a place of limited incomes, and its Prince was little better off than his subjects. Some of the chief difficulties that beset Goethe's management resulted from the rigid economy that was necessary; and the marvel is that he did so much in such a place and with such resources.

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To Goethe the first reading of a play was as important as the full-dress rehearsal. He was always present when a play was read, prefacing the reading by some words of explauation, and pointed out to the actors the meaning of the whole piece, and the relations of the various parts. He would sometimes read over whole passages of the play, or even declaim them, to make the meaning clear to all the actors. Herr Gotthardi compares him to his own "Serlo," in *Wilhelm Meister*, who could raise the most mediocre talents to wonderful ability by the exact insight that he imparted to them imperceptibly. His way of judging new players was marked by the same care and thoroughness. He looked first at the person of the novice, to see if there was anything engaging about it, and if there was nothing engaging, whether the actor could put on any attractions; for, as he remarked, the life of an actor is a perpetual denial of his own personality—a perpetual assumption of a strange mask; and an actor who cannot put on the mask of attractiveness when he wishes to be favorably judged by a stranger can have very little talent. When this questiou of the exterior was settled, Goethe turned to the voice. He made the actor read to him; gave him some grand passage to estimate his power of feeling—something passionate to test his power of expression. In this way he gradually put him through the whole range of characters, noticing all the while the parts in which he excelled, the weaknesses which he betrayed. If he had any provincial dialect, the expressions of it were noted, and a means recommended him for their cure. If he could not fence and dance, he was handed over to the fencing and the dancing masters; and if he came out satisfactorily from all these trials, Goethe chose parts for him calculated to supply his deficiencies. If he was too fiery, he was put iuto phlegmatic parts; if he was tame, he was given impetuous characters; so that he might put off himself and become a new person.

In his *Conversations with Eckerman*, Goethe says that his interest in the theatre was entirely practical. His delight was to raise the theatre to a higher rank, and he only attended the performances to see that the actors played their parts rightly. If he noticed any faults, he sent a line the next morning to the *régisseur*, and the fault was sure to be avoided the next evening. At the rehearsals, on the other hand, Goethe acted, not as a critic, but as an animated spirit.

Till Goethe (who was extremely punctual) came, the stage was generally in commotion; the actors were walking up and down, the *régisseur* was making his arraugements; there were a thousand little things to be done, and everybody was doing them. But the moment Goethe came in, there was a sudden silence. The strictest order was observed; there was no gabbling through parts with hands in pockets, hats on and cloaks, to give an excuse for the absence of gesticulation. Nor did the slightest fault pass unnoticed. If a sentence was delivered too quickly, the actor was stopped, and made to repeat it slower. At the rehearsal of *Romeo and Juliet*, which Herr Gotthardi witnessed, there were several of these interruptions. Goethe told the Nurse not to move her hands about so much, and not to wear such a constant simper. He paid particular attention to the ball-scene, which had to be practiced several times before he was satisfied. He would not allow too many of the guests to enter at onco by the same door, or to follow each other too quickly: he would not have the masks too far forward or too close together. The fight between Mercutio and Tybalt had to be repeated till the combatants were cunning in fence, for Goethe had already declared in *Wilhelm Meister* that in such scenes it was not enough to thrust about awkwardly, as was mostly done on the stage.

However, all these censures were delivered with the utmost calmness and the classical repose of the Phidian Zeus. It was but seldom that Goethe was excited, even by the greatest blunders. Once, indeed, when he was present at a rehearsal of *Egmont*, the actor who presented "Orange" spoke in such low tones as to be inaudible on the further side of the theatre. Goethe bore it for some time, but at last his patience failed him, and quietly, though loudly enough to be heard throughout the building, he said: "I should be glad to *hear* the piece which I wrote thirty years ago." But another time he was not contented with such a remark. In the performance of Schiller's *Turandot*, a march followed close on a pathetic speech of the heroine, and the musician charged with this interlude broke in upon the speech several times, and at last reduced the heroine to despairing silence. Goethe, who was in the ducal box, and was furious at the interruption, thundered out at last: "Out of my sight with the pig-dog!"

Such was the respect felt by all the actors for their distinguished ruler that neither his habitual rigor nor his occasional expressions were at all resented. One thing he imposed on them, to which players in some other countries would never have consented: the greatest actors in Weimar had to take the smallest parts. Thus the *role* of two insignificant senators in Mozart's opera of *Titus* was confided to Graff and Malkolmi, of whom Weimar was justly proud; and the first of these actors had to appear as one of Sarastro's dancing slaves after Papageno's carillon, in the *Zauberflote*. Some actors would resent this mandate as an indignity; but it was forced upon the Weimar corps partly by the desire of perfection, partly by economical necessities. On this account, the *personnel* of the stage was reduced to the lowest possible limits, and the pinching and pairing which marked the theatrical wardrobe would have done credit to a frugal housewife. When the play of *Count Essex* was to be given, Goethe sanctioned the purchase of a new mantle, if it was absolutely necessary, but could not allow a new dress as well. Could not the lady wear Mary Stuart's white satin dress, part of which had done for Queen Elizabeth? Similar economy confined the representative of Wallenstein to an old cloak which had been patched and mended till it was scarcely presentable. The ducal family did its best to aid the theatre by the gift of cast-off clothes; otherwise we should think the players would have been reduced to the state of those new Parisian pieces, where no clothing is required.

Fines, and even arrests in the guard-house for obstinate men, in their own chamber for disobedient ladies, were not unfrequent punishments in the Weimar Theatre. The list of fines is given by Herr Gotthardi: "Any one who has to be called at a rehearsal, pays eight groschen, and, if outside the theatre at the time, a thaler. Any one coming in too late at a performance pays a thaler. Any one refusing to play a super, either by pleading uncertified illness, or by stating that he has had a part in the play or opera, a thaler. Every member is required to dress in accordance with the character and costume of his part, and not to appear either more gorgeous or younger than the part allows; any one offending against this rule pays two thalers."

In like manner, the actors were forbidden to rehearse in shawls or cloaks, or with sticks in their hands; to make any motions during the rehearsal of a scene, except those prescribed by their part; to make any noise during rehearsals, or performances, or to applaud at either; to play any pranks while acting as super, so as to disconcert the other actors. Some players were fond of making extempore remarks, and a further clause was added, imposing a fine of ten groschen on all such additions. One of the actors most given to this crime, who had often been mulcted for it, made a comical allusion to the rule in some burlesque. The horse of Rochus Pumpernickel had not adhered exactly to its *role* when it brought its master on the stage, and the master shook his finger at it, exclaiming: "Take care! extemporizing is forbidden under a fine of ten groschen."

It is related of the actor who thus told the secrets of his prison-house, and no doubt incurred the fine with which he had threatened his horse, that his powers of persuasion were equal to Sheridan's. He had been long in debt with his washerwoman, and at last paid the money. The poor woman had looked forward for years to this payment, as gamblers in lotteries look forward to their big prize; and as gamblers in lotteries decide how they will employ their fortune when it comes, she had disposed, in imagination, of every farthing. It may be imagined that her delight at getting the money was excessive; but scarcely half-an-hour had elapsed before the actor came back, and persuaded the poor woman to lend him the whole sum, to which she had looked forward with such longings, and which she had got from him with such difficulty. On her relating the story to one of his brother actors, who had probably met with the same experience, he sighed deeply, and said: "Aye, aye, who can resist *him?*" Perhaps the story of Sheridan getting himself bailed by the sheriff's officer who arrested him, occurs most naturally as a parallel instance.

An exchange says that "waterfalls" are prohibited by the English game laws. The clause which applies to them reads as follows: "Netting the hare shall bo punished by fine," etc.

[For the Californian.]

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

THE CAMELLIA JAPONICA.

ALL window gardeners are ambitious of growing Camellias and but fow—very few—succeed, seemingly for the want of a few practical observations. The camellias with some are the most pleasant, and with others the most unsatisfactory plants that they attempt to cultivate.

It is at all times a lively evergreen, and I can hardly imagine a more beautiful object when in bloom. There are hundreds of varieties, but many of them are too much alike to be worthy of special attention. Florists value many of them for their formality and roundness, and their perfect symmetry. Some of the older varieties have not yet been surpassed for their beauty of form and color. What can excel the double white, the double stripe, myrtifolia, chandlerii, and punctata? White, blotched red and white, rose color, blood-red, and carnation? Of course there are many others equally beautiful, but these are cheap, very free bloomers, easily managed, and of good habit. Fimbriata alba also flowers tolerably free, and is always lovely with its delicate, notched petals. Duchess de Berrie is also a beautiful white flower with very handsome foliage. Buy the plants nt a respectable nurscry where they will be healthy, and pick out such as are well set with bloom buds. Always choose bushy plants with bright dark-green foliage. When they are pale there is something wrong. People are misled by forgetting that a forced plant is not in the same state as one that flowers naturally, and thns they often apply the instructions given for much-forced plants to those which are slowly coming on of their own accord, merely requiring a cool and airy placc, and to be preserved from getting really dry at any time. Camellias, for instance, flower naturally in the winter; they should not, therefore, be confounded with plants that are forced to bloom.

Au excellent plan to be adopted with all room plants is to have them in double pots, where they are not so easily affected by changes, nor liable to suffer from want of water. That is, place the pot in which the plant is grown in one of a larger size, filling in the space with sand or moss, which must be kept damp. Some of the beautiful China pots are only suitable for this purpose, and in this way they can be turned to good account.

A large vase with pedestal, standing in a bay window, filled with a suitable collection of plants, would be one of the most attractive features of a room. Take a white Camellia for the centre, and surround it with a few Ferns, Hyacinths, and Sycopodium (all in pots,) plunged in the vase in bright green moss; when done blooming they could be changed by others, so that a perpetual display could be kept up with comparatively few plants, and with but little trouble. The leaves of the camelia should be frequently washed with a soft sponge and warm water, and kept perfectly clean; in fact, all plants should be kept so, as the dirt and dust on leaves do more harm than people are aware of. Plants watered with warm water will show the effect of it, and well repay for the trouble.

This may seem like too much trouble to some, but to the genuine lover of flowers and plants it will be an additional recommendation to furnish them with what they require.

FLORAL DIRECTORY FOR THE WEEK.

28th. St. Margaret of Hungary, Double Daisy, (*Bellis perrennis plenus.*)
29th. St. Francis of Sales, Flowering Fern, (*Osmundia Regalis.*)
30th. St. Martina. Mardenhair Fern, (*Asplenium trichomanes.*)
31st. St. Marcella, Hartstongue Fern, (*Asplenium scolopendrum.*)
1st. St. Bridget, Sweet Bay, (*Laurus nobilis*)
2d. Virgin May, Snowdrop, (*Galanthus nivalis.*)
3d. Blase, Great Water Moss, (*Fontinalis Antepyretica.*)

IRIS.

Among other bits of amusing gossip in Lord Lennox's "Drafts on My Memory" are two instances of expensive dinners: "Three gamblers, who, after winning a large sum, had reduced it to a thousand francs, determined to spend that amount upon one dinner, and spoke to Borel upon the subject. ... The prices of expensive dishes were discussed, but none appeared extravagant, when all of a sudden an idea flashed across the mind of one of the party, which was to have a dish of frogs. As the time of year at which the dinner was held was the month of December, the intensity of tho frost had closed every pond, and, in order to get the frogs, it was necessary to employ at least fifty workmen to break up the ice. The result was that a hundred frogs cost five hundred francs, and a soup was made of them which none of the party tasted.

"The other instanco occurred in London. A party at White's were discussing how much a dinner could be made to cost, when it was agreed that each should order a dish, and whoever selected the most expensive one should dine for nothing. Alvanley came off victorious, having desired the cook to introduce a fricasseo of that part of the fowl called the oyster, which, to make a dish, required at least a hundred fowls, at a cost of four shillings each."

Blaisdell's Hibernicon, successfully exhibited in this city for the last five weeks, goes to San José on Monday.

THE WILLOW.

O WILLOW, why forever weep,
As one who mourns an endless wrong?
What hidden woe can lie so deep?
What utter grief can last so long?

The Spring makes haste with step elate
Your life and beauty to renew;
She even bids the roses wait,
And gives her first sweet care to you.

The welcome redbreast folds his wing
To pour for you his freshest strain;
To you the earliest bluebirds sing,
Till all your light stems thrill again.

The sparrow trills his wedding song
And trusts his tender brood to you,
Fair flowing vines, the summer long,
With clasp and kiss, your beauty woo.

The sunshine drapes your limbs with light,
The rain braids diamonds in your hair,
The breeze makes love to you at night—
Yet still you droop, and still despair.

Beneath your boughs, at fall of dew,
By lovers' lips is softly told
The tale that all the ages through
Has kept the world from growing old.

But still, though April's buds unfold,
Or Summer sets the earth aleaf,
Or Autumn pranks your robes with gold,
You sway and sigh in graceful grief.

Mourn on forever, unconsoled,
And keep your secret, faithful tree!
No heart in all the world can hold
A sweeter grace than constancy.

THE "PREPOSSESSED" JUROR.

[FROM CHARLES DICKENS' NEW SERIES OF CHRISTMAS STORIES.]

I HAVE always noticed a prevalent want of courage, even among persons of superior intelligence and culture, as to imparting their own psychological experiences when those have been of a strange sort. Almost all men are afraid that what they could relate in such wise would find no parallel or response in a listener's internal life, and might be suspected or laughed at. A truthful traveller who should have seen some extraordinary creature in the likeness of a sea-serpent, would have no fear of mentioning it; but the same traveller having had some singular presentiment, impulse, vagary of thought, vision (so-called,) dream, or other remarkable mental impression, would hesitate considerably before he would own to it. To this reticence I attribute much of the obscurity in which such subjects are involved. We do not habitually communicate our experiences of these subjective things, as we do our experiences of objective creation. The consequence is, that the general stock of experience in this regard appears exceptional, and really is so, in respect of being miserably imperfect.

In what I am going to relate I have no intention of setting up, opposing, or supporting, any theory whatever. I know the history of the Bookseller of Berlin, I have studied the case of the wife of a late Astronomer Royal as related by Sir David Brewster, and I have followed the minutest details of a much more remarkable case of Spectral Illusion occurring within my private circle of friends. It may be necessary to state as to this last that the sufferer (a lady) was in no degree, however distant, related to me. A mistaken assumption on that head, might suggest an explanation of a part of my own case—but only a part—which would be wholly without foundation. It cannot be referred to my inheritance of any developed peculiarity, nor had I ever before any at all similar experience, nor have I ever had any at all similar experience since.

It does not signify how many years ago, or how few, a certain Murder was committed in England, which attracted great attention. We hear more than enough of Murderers as they rise in succession to their atrocious eminence, and I would bury the memory of this particular brute, if I could, as his body was buried, in Newgate Jail. I purposely abstain from giving any direct clue to the criminal's individuality.

When the murder was first discovered, no suspicion fell—or I ought rather to say, for I cannot be too precise in my facts, it was nowhere publicly hinted that any suspicion fell—on the man who was afterwards brought to trial. As no reference was at that time made to him in the newspapers, it is obviously impossible that any description of him can at that time have been given in the newspapers. It is essential that this fact be remembered.

Unfolding at breakfast my morning paper, containing the account of that first discovery, I found it to be deeply interesting, and I read it with close attention. I read it twice, if not three times. The discovery had been made in a bedroom, and, when I laid down the paper, I was aware of a flash—rush—flow—I do not know what to call it—no word I can find is satisfactorily descriptive—in which I seemed to see that bedroom passing through my room, like a picture impossibly painted on a running river. Though almost instantaneous in its passing, it was perfectly clear; so clear that I distinctly, and with a sense of relief, observed the absence of the dead body from the bed.

It was in no romantic place that I had this curious sensation. but in chambers in Piccadilly, very near to the corner of Saint James's street. It was entirely new to me. I was in my easy-chair at the moment, and the sensation was accompanied with a peculiar shiver which started the chair from its position. (But it is to be noted that the chair ran easily on castors.) I went to one of the windows (there are two in the room, and the room is on the second floor) to refresh my eyes with the moving objects down in Piccadilly. It was a bright autumn morning, and the street was sparkling and cheerful. The wind was high. As I looked out, it brought down from the Park a quantity of fallen leaves, which a gust took, and whirled into a spiral pillar. As the pillar fell and the leaves dispersed, I saw two men on the opposite side of the way, going from West to East. They were one behind the other. The foremost man often looked back over his shoulder. The second man followed him, at a distance of some thirty paces, with his right hand menacingly raised. First, the singularity and steadiness of this threatening gesture in so public a thoroughfare, attracted my attention; and next, the more remarkable circumstance that nobody heeded it. Both men threaded their way among the other passengers, with a smoothness hardly consistent even with the action of walking on a pavement, and no single creature that I could see, gave them place, touched them, or looked after them. In passing before my windows, they both stared up at me. I saw their two faces very distinctly, and I knew that I could recognize them anywhere. Not that I had consciously noticed anything very remarkable in either face, except that the man who went first had an unusually lowering appearance, and that the face of the man who followed him was of the color of impure wax.

I am a bachelor, and my valet and his wife constitute my whole establishment. My occupation is in a certain Branch Bank, and I wish that my duties as head of a Department were as light as they are popularly supposed to be. They kept me in town that autumn, when I stood in need of change. I was not ill, but I was not well. My reader is to make the most that can be reasonably made of my feeling jaded, having a depressing sense upon me of a monotonous life, and being "slightly dyspeptic." I am assured by my renowned doctor that my real state of health at that time justifies no stronger description, and I quote his own from his written answer to my request for it.

As the circumstances of the Murder, gradually unravelling, took stronger and stronger possession of the public mind, I kept them away from mine, by knowing as little about them as was possible in the midst of the universal excitement. But I knew that a verdict of Wilful Murder had been found against the suspected Murderer, and that he had been committed to Newgate for trial. I also knew that his trial had been postponed over one Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, on the ground of general prejudice and want of time for the preparation of the defence. I may further have known, but I believe I did not, when, or about when, the Sessions to which his trial stood postponed, would come on.

My sitting-room, bedroom, and dressing-room, are all on one floor. With the last, there is no communication but through the bedroom. True, there is a door in it, once communicating with the staircase; but a part of the fitting of my bath has been—and had then been for some years—fixed across it. At the same period, and as a part of the same arrangement, the door had been nailed up and canvassed over.

I was standing in my bedroom late one night, giving some directions to my servant before he went to bed. My face was towards the only available door of communication with the dressing-room, and it was closed. My servant's back was towards that door. While I was speaking to him I saw it open, and a man look in, who very earnestly and mysteriously beckoned to me. That man was the man who had gone second of the two along Piccadilly, and whose face was of the color of impure wax.

The figure, having beckoned, drew back and closed the door. With no longer pause than was made by my crossing the bed room, I opened the dressing-room door, and looked in. I had a lighted candle already in my hand. I felt no inward expectation of seeing the figure in the dressing-room, and I did not see it there.

Conscious that my servant stood amazed, I turned round to him, and said: "Derrick, could you believe that in my cool senses I fancied I saw a——" As I there laid my hand upon his breast, with a sudden start he trembled violently, and said, "O Lord yes, sir! A dead man beckoning!"

Now, I do not believe that this John Derrick, my trusty and attached servant for more than twenty years, had any impression whatever of having seen any such figure, until I touched him. The change in him was so startling when I touched him, that I fully believe he derived his impression in some occult manner from me at that instant.

I bade John Derrick bring some brandy, and I gave him a dram, and was glad to take one myself. Of what had preceded that night's phenomenon, I told him not a single word. Reflecting on it, I was absolutely certain that I had never seen that face before, except on the one occasion in Piccadilly. Comparing its expression when beckoning at the door, with its expression when it had stared up at me as I stood at my window, I came to the conclusion that on the first occasion it had sought to fasten itself upon my memory, and that on the second occasion it had made sure of being immediately remembered.

I was not very comfortable that night, though I felt a certainty, difficult to explain, that the figure would not return. At daylight, I fell into a heavy sleep, from which I was awakened by John Derrick's coming to my bedside with a paper in his hand.

This paper, it appeared, had been the subject of an altercation at the door between its bearer and my servant. It was a summons to me to serve upon a Jury at the forthcoming Sessions of the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey. I had never before been summoned on such a Jury, as John Derrick well knew. He believed—I am not certain at this hour whether with reason or otherwise—that that class of Jurors were customarily chosen on a lower qualification than mine, and he had at first refused to accept the summons. The man who served it had taken the matter very coolly. He had said that my attendance or non-attendance was nothing to him; there the summons was; and I should deal with it at my own peril, and not at his.

For a day or two I was undecided whether to respond to this call, or take no notice of it. I was not conscious of the slightest mysterious bias, influence, or attraction, one way or other. Of that I am as strictly sure as of every other statement that I make here. Ultimately I decided, as a break in the monotony of my life, that I would go.

The appointed morning was a raw morning in the month of November. There was a dense brown fog in Piccadilly, and it became positively black and in the last degree oppressive east of Temple Bar. I found the passages and staircases of the Court House flaringly lighted with gas, and the Court itself similarly illuminated. I *think* that until I was conducted by officers into the Old Court, and saw its crowded state, I did not know that the Murderer was to be tried that day. I *think* that until I was so helped into the Old Court with considerable difficulty, I did not know into which of the two Courts sitting, my summons would take me. But this must not be received as a positive assertion, for I am not completely satisfied in my mind on either point.

I took my seat in the place appropriated to jurors in waiting, and I looked about the Court as well as I could through the cloud of fog and breath that was heavy in it. I noticed the black vapor hanging like a murky curtain outside the great windows, and I noticed the stifled sound of wheels on the straw or tan that was littered in the street; also, the hum of the people gathered there, which a shrill whistle, or a louder song or hail than the rest, occasionally pierced. Soon afterwards the Judges, two in number, entered and took their seats. The buzz in the Court was awfully hushed. The direction was given to put the Murderer to the bar. He appeared there. And in that same instant I recognized in him the first of the two men who had gone down Piccadilly.

If my name had been called then, I doubt if I could have answered to it audibly. But it was called about sixth or eighth in the panel, and I was by that time able to say "Here!" Now, observe. As I stepped into the box, the prisoner, who had been looking on attentively but with no sign of concern, became violently agitated, and beckoned to his attorney. The prisoner's wish to challenge me was so manifest, that it occasioned a pause, during which the attorney, with his hand upon the dock, whispered with his client, and shook his head. I afterwards had it from that gentleman, that the prisoner's first affrighted words to him were, "*At all hazards, challenge that man.*" But, that as he would give no reason for it, and admitted that he had not even known my name until he heard it called and I appeared, it was not done.

Both on the ground already explained, that I wish to avoid reviving the unwholesome memory of that Murderer, and also because a detailed account of his long trial is by no means indispensable to my narrative, I shall confine myself closely to such incidents in the ten days and nights during which we, the Jury, were kept together, as directly bear on my own curious personal experience. It is in that, and not to a page of the Newgate Calendar, that I beg attention.

I was chosen Foreman of the Jury. On the second morning of the trial, after evidence had been taken for two hours (I heard the church clocks strike,) happening to cast my eyes over my brother-jurymen, I found an inexplicable difficulty in counting them. I counted them several times yet always with the same difficulty. In short, I made them one too many.

I touched the juryman whose place was next to me, and I whispered to him, "Oblige me by counting us." He looked surprised by the request, but turned his head and counted. "Why," says he, suddenly, "we are Thirt——; but no, it's not possible. No. We are twelve."

According to my counting that day, we were always right in

detail, but in the gross we were always one too many. There was no appearance—no figure—to account for it; but I had now an inward foreshadowing of the figure that was surely coming.

The Jury were housed at the London Tavern. We all slept in one large room on separate tables, and we were constantly in the charge and under the eye of the officer sworn to hold us in safe-keeping. I see no reason for suppressing the real name of that officer. He was intelligent, highly polite, and obliging, and (I was glad to hear) much respected in the city. He had an agreeable presence, good eyes, enviable black whiskers, and a fine sonorous voice. His name was Mr. Harker.

When we turned into our twelve beds at night, Mr. Harker's bed was drawn across the door. On the night of the second day, not being disposed to lie down, and seeing Mr. Harker sitting on his bed, I went and sat beside him, and offered him a pinch of snuff. As Mr. Harker's hand touched mine in taking it from my box, a peculiar shiver crossed him, and he said: "Who is this?"

Following Mr. Harker's eyes and looking along the room, I again saw the figure I expected—the second of the two men who had gone down Piccadilly. I rose, and advanced a few steps; then stopped, and looked round at Mr. Harker. He was quite unconcerned, laughed, and said in a pleasant way, "I thought for a moment we had a thirteenth juryman, without a bed. But I see it is the moonlight."

Making no revelation to Mr. Harker, but inviting him to walk with me to the end of the room, I watched what the figure did. It stood for a few moments by the bedside of each of my eleven brother-jurymen, close to the pillow. It always went to the right-hand side of the bed, and always passed out crossing the foot of the next bed. It seemed from the action of the head, merely to look down pensively at each recumbent figure. It took no notice of me, or of my bed, which was that nearest to Mr. Harker's. It seemed to go out where the moonlight came in, through a high window, as by an aerial flight of stairs.

Next morning, at breakfast, it appeared that everybody present had dreamed of the murdered man last night, except myself and Mr. Harker.

I now felt as convinced that the second man who had gone down Piccadilly was the murdered man (so to speak,) as if it had been borne into my comprehension by his immediate testimony. But even this took place, and in a manner for which I was not at all prepared.

On the fifth day of the trial, when the case for the prosecution was drawing to a close, a miniature of the murdered man, missing from his bed-room upon the discovery of the deed, and afterwards found in a hiding-place where the Murderer had been seen digging, was put in evidence. Having been identified by the witness under examination, it was handed up to the Bench, and thence handed down to be inspected by the Jury. As an officer in a black gown was making his way with it across to me, the figure of the second man who had gone down Piccadilly, impetuously started from the crowd, caught the miniature from the officer, and gave it to me with its own hands, at the same time saying in a low and hollow tone—before I saw the miniature, which was in a locket—"*I was younger then, and my face was not then drained of blood.*" It also came between me and the brother juryman to whom I would have given it, and so passed it on through the whole of our number, and back into my possession. Not one of them, however, detected this.

At table, and generally when we were shut up together in Mr. Harker's custody, we had from the first naturally discussed the day's proceedings a good deal. On that fifth day, the case for the prosecution being closed, and we having that side of the question in a completed shape before us, our discussion was more animated and serious. Among our number was a vestryman—the densest idiot I had ever seen at large—who met the plainest evidence with the most preposterous objections, and who was sided with by two flabby parochial parasites; all the three empanelled from a district so delivered over to fever that they ought to have been upon their own trial, for five hundred Murders. When these mischievous blockheads were at their loudest, which was towards midnight, while some of us were already preparing for bed, I again saw the murdered man. He stood grimly behind them, beckoning to me. On my going towards them and striking into the conversation, he immediately retired. This was the beginning of a separate series of appearances, confined to that long room in which *we* were confined. Whenever a knot of my brother-jurymen laid their heads together, I saw the head of the murdered man among theirs. Whenever their comparison of notes was going against him, he would solemnly and irresistibly beckon to me.

It will be borne in mind that down to the production of the miniature on the fifth day of the trial, I had never seen the Appearance in Court. Three changes occurred, now that we entered on the case for the defence. Two of them I will mention together, first. The figure was now in Court continually, and it never there addressed itself to me, but always to the person who was speaking at the time. For instance. The throat of the murdered man had been cut straight across. In the opening speech for the defence, it was suggested that the deceased might have cut his own throat. At that very moment, the figure, with its throat in the dreadful condition referred to (this it had concealed before,) stood at the speaker's elbow, motioning across and across its windpipe, now with the right hand, now with the left, vigorously suggesting to the speaker himself the impossibility of such a wound having been self inflicted by either hand. For another instance. A witness to character, a woman, deposed to the prisoner's being the most amiable of mankind. The figure at that instant stood on the floor before her, looking her full in the face, and pointing out the prisoner's evil countenance with an extended arm and an outstretched finger.

The third change, now to be added, impressed me strongly, as the most marked and striking of all. I do not theorize upon it; I accurately state it, and there leave it. Although the Appearance was not itself perceived by those whom it addressed, its coming close to such persons was invariably attended by some trepidation or disturbance on their part. It seemed to me as if it were prevented by laws to which I was not amenable, from fully revealing itself to others, and yet as if it could, invisibly, dumbly and darkly, overshadow their minds. When the leading counsel for the defense suggested that hypothesis of suicide and the figure stood at the learned gentleman's elbow, frightfully sawing at its severed throat, it is undeniable that the counsel faltered in his speech, lost for a few seconds the thread of his ingenious discourse, wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and turned extremely pale. When the witness to character was confronted by the Appearance, her eyes most certainly did follow the direction of its pointed finger, and rest in great hesitation and trouble upon the prisoner's face. Two additional illustrations will suffice. On the eighth day of the trial, after the pause which was every day made in the afternoon for a few minutes' rest and refreshment, I came back into Court with the rest of the Jury, some little time before the return of the Judges. Standing up in the box and looking about me, I thought the figure was not there, until, chancing to raise my eyes to the gallery, I saw it bending forward and leaning over a very decent woman, as if to assure itself whether the Judges had resumed their seats or not. Immediately afterwards, that woman screamed, fainted, and was carried out. So with the venerable, sagacious, and patient Judge who conducted the trial. When the case was over, and he settled himself and his papers to sum up, the murdered man, entering by the judges' door, advanced to his Lordship's desk, and looked eagerly over his shoulder at the pages of his notes which he was turning. A change came over his Lordship's face; his hand stopped; the peculiar shiver that I knew so well passed over him; he faltered. "Excuse me, gentlemen, for a few moments. I am somewhat oppressed by the vitiated air;" and did not recover until he had drunk a glass of water.

Through all the monotony of six of those interminable ten days—the same Judges and others on the bench, the same Murderer in the dock, the same lawyers at the table, the same tones of question and answer rising to the roof the court, the same scratching of the Judge's pen, the same ushers going in and out, the same lights kindled at the same hour when there had been any natural light of day, the same foggy curtain outside the great windows when it was foggy, the same rain pattering and dripping when it was rainy, the same footmarks of turnkeys and prisoner day after day on the same sawdust, the same keys locking and unlocking the same heavy doors—through all the wearisome monotony which made me feel as if I had been Foreman of the Jury for a vast period of time, and Piccadilly had flourished coevally with Babylon, the murdered man never lost one trace of his distinctness in my eyes, nor was he at any moment less distinct than anybody else. I must not omit, as a matter of fact, that I never once saw the Appearance which I call by the name of the murdered man, look at the Murderer. Again and again I wondered, "Why does he not?" But he never did.

Nor did he look at me, after the production of the miniature, until the last closing minutes of the trial arrived. We retired to consider, at seven minutes before ten at night. The idiotic vestryman and his two parochial parasites gave me so much trouble that we twice returned into Court, to beg to have certain extracts from the Judge's notes re-read. Nine of us had not the smallest doubt about those passages; neither, I believe, had any one in the Court; the dunderhead triumvirate, however, having no idea but obstruction, disputed them for that very reason. At length we prevailed, and finally the Jury returned into Court at ten minutes past twelve.

The murdered man at that time stood directly opposite the jury-box, on the other side of the Court. As I took my place, his eyes rested on me with great attention; he seemed satisfied, and slowly shook a great gray veil, which he carried on his arm for the first time, over his head and whole form. As I gave in our verdict "Guilty," the veil collapsed, all was gone, and his place was empty.

The Murderer being asked by the Judge, according to usage, whether he had anything to say before sentence of death should be passed upon him, indistinctly muttered something which was described in the leading newspapers of the following day as "a few rambling, incoherent, and half-audible words, in which he was understood to complain that he had not had a fair trial, because the Foreman of the Jury was prepossessed against him." The remarkable declaration that he really made, was this:

"My Lord, I knew I was a doomed man when the Foreman of my jury came into the box. My Lord, I knew he would never let me off, because, before I was taken, he somehow *got to my bedside in the night, woke me, and put a rope around my neck!*"

LIFE IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

BY mid-day all was quiet, and the streets which had been thronged in the morning were deserted till four o'clock in the afternoon, it being the custom of the country to retiro into the strict seclusion of the home circle, with which "no stranger intermeddleth," from twelve till four, when all who can afford any kind of a vehicle, drawn either by mules or horses, betake themselves to their accustomed drive on the Pasco, and, I am told, look forward to this sort of monotonous "round after round" as an amusement. To a stranger it is entertainnig, as some of the equipages with their postilions and outriders in showy liveries are very magnificent, others in very good taste, and others again giving unmistakable evidence that the "old hidalgo isn't what it used to was." But the occupants of one and all of them, pretty-looking women, "got up" generally in the latest French style, with distracting "coiffures," look perfectly uninterested in themselves and every one else, and had I not been positively assured they really enjoyed the Pasco, I should condole with them, as so many coach bound Mazeppas, and very slow coaches at that, it not being *en regle* to go out of a walk. Her Majesty, the Empress Carlotta, daughter of the King of Belgium, and grand-daughter of Louis Philippe, occasionally enlivens the scene by adding to it the grace of her presence in a modern-built coach, with postilions and outriders in buff tights, blue coats, high-topped beavers, preceded or followed by one or more horsemen in some of the various uniforms that surround the court and fill the streets. The variety of these uniforms is something astonishing, considering there are really so few troops in the Empire, but, as this small army is composed of French, Austrians, Belgians, and Mexicans, it is less to be wondered at. The French, in loose red trousers, predominate, and, if one may judge by the scowls of the Austrians and the malignant glances of the natives, are far from popular with any class. The Empress is represented to be a woman of superior mind and attainments, with remarkable business talents, and speaking several modern languages with facility and elegance. She is consulted on all matters of state, and in the absence of the Emperor, or in case of his death, assumes the throne. *Letter from Mexico.*

SCENTING OF BOOKS.—The following extract from a description of Queen Elizabeth's progress points to a curious custom in bookbinding which prevailed during some part of the sixteenth century: "After one or two removes, she reached Audley End on the 26th of July, where, by arrangement, a deputation from the University of Cambridge waited on her. They had previously announced to Lord Burghley, their chancellor, their desire of doing so, wishing to hold a deputation before her, and to present her with a book; to which he assented, but added, 'that they must have regard that the book had no savor of spyke, which commonly bookbinders did seek to add to make their books savor well; for that her Majesty could not abide such a strong scent.'"—*Notes and Queries.*

EARLY RISING.—Dr. Wilson Phillip says: "Although it is of consequence to the debilitated to go early to bed, there are few things more hurtful to them than remaining in it too long. Getting up an hour or two earlier often gives a degree of vigor which nothing else can procure. For those who are not much debilitated, and sleep well, the best rule is to get out of bed soon after waking in the morning. This at first may appear too early, for the debilitated require more sleep than the healthy; but rising early will gradually prolong the sleep on the succeeding night, till the quantity the patient enjoys is equal to his demand for it. Lying late is not only hurtful by the relaxation it occasions, but also by occupying that part of the day at which exercise is most beneficial."

READERS may be divided into four classes. The first may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand; it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. The second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier. The third class is like a strainer, which allows everything that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only pure gems.

NEW YORK politicians are trying to reconcile the high price of coal with the low price of Wood.

NOTICE.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3. 1866.

THE POET AND THE QUEEN.*

OF all the eminently beautiful women the world has seen, Mary Stuart seems to have been one of the most signally unfortunate in her beauty. Her love was disastrous where it fell; her rank recoiled upon her like a curse, and even that death which hushes the sorrows of the peasant and soothes the troubles of kings, came upon her, when at last it came, so bitterly that her worst enemies stood by the scaffold and mourned. Suffering is accepted by a sympathetic world as atonement for sin, and so History has dealt mercifully with the poor Queen, while Romance and Poesy have delighted to blend with her name their tender lights. Occasionally this leniency and devotion may have been pushed too far, but in this seeming extravagance we have always recognized merely the law of compensation. Numbered among the Delilahs, Phrynes, Aspasias, and Cleopatras of the world during her life, should she not be calendared with the saints after her death? Held up to popular execration until men shuddered even under the spell of her marvellous beauty, is it much wonder that she became to a certain extent the object of a nation's idolatry after her lovely head had fallen under the executioner's axe? True it is that Mary at the present day is mourned more than Elizabeth is admired, though the one postured during her reign as a virgin queen, while the other figured in common as well as in Court report as a royal voluptuary. Alas for *La Reine Blanche*—it has been reserved for a poet's hand to strip her memory of all the soft shades which his predecessors have thrown around it, revealing her to us as a selfish sensualist, a woman wicked in that she was false to love and a plotter against faith. And yet she was called *La Reine Blanche* from having mourned forty days in white for her first husband, Francis II.—for forty days her tears fell, a gentle deluge upon her young king's grave, and still we are to believe that with cold and unpitying eyes she brought a lover's head to the block. The victim having been a poet may we not suppose that Mr. Swinburne is moved by a certain *corps d'esprit*, and, in a desire to avenge his fellow's fate, forgets justice as he sweeps his sounding harp.

With the story of Chastelard, and the Queen, as commonly accepted, most of our readers are undoubtedly familiar. One of her most devoted followers, young, handsome, brave, well born and a poet, wooing military glory, ladies' love and literary fame in the same breath, Ronsard yielded him esteem as the ladies of the Court did admiration and love, and placed more than one chaplet of delicate verse upon his brow. Chastelard followed Mary to Scotland—more than one of the Maries loved him, but his ambition aimed at the Queen—and song and dance gave him many an opportunity of whispering soft syllables in her ear. Indiscreet the young queen certainly was, and the imported freedom of the French Court did great scandal to the austerity of Scottish manners; but that the Queen lost herself in the woman, and stepped over the threshold of innocence in her dalliance with the young poet, it has been reserved for a poet of a later age to prove. Certain it is, however, that, madly in love with Mary, twice was Chastelard caught concealed in her apartments, and the second time he paid the forfeit of his boldness with his head—protesting, as he died, her innocence.

But we will let Mr. Swinburne tell the story—and in his own words as nearly as possible: The scene opens in a chamber in Holyrood—present, the four Maries, severally surnamed Beaton, Seytou, Carmichael and Hamilton. Mary Beatou is singing a French song—and here we must remark that Mr. Swinburne's idea of a French song seems to be based upon a selection of the letters of the alphabet which rhyme and their arrangement in alternate lines—a letter to a line. The Maries are chatting as ladies of honor—and even without honor—are wont to do. The key note of the poem is dexterously struck in the following fragment of the conversation—the reminiscence of France being introduced by the remark, "The wind is like a blade aslant."

MARY HAMILTON.

Would God
I could get back one day I think upon:
The day we four und some six after us
Sat in that Louvre garden and plucked fruits
To cast love-lots with in the gathered grapes;
This way: you shut your eyes and reach and pluck,
And eateh a lover for each grape you get.
I got but one, a green one, and it broke
Between my fingers and it run down through them.

MARY SEYTON.

Ay, and the queen fell in a little wrath
Because she got so many, and tore off
Some of them she had plucked unwittingly—
She said, against her will. What fell to you?

MARY BEATON.

Me? nothing but the stalk of a stripped bunch
With clammy grape-juice leavings at the tip.

MARY CARMICHAEL.

Ay, the queen came first and she won all;
It was her bunch we took to cheat you with.
What, will you weep for that now? for you seem
As one that means to weep. God pardon me!
I think your throat is choking up with tears.
You are not well, sweet, for a lying jest
To shake you thus much.

It is the old story: Mary Beaton in love with Chastelard; he with Mary Stuart. Afterwards, the conversation very naturally runs upon the Queen. The common propensity of these little social gatherings of the fairer sex to finally retire into Committees upon the Characters of the Absent is illustrated, perhaps, in the following little hint of scandal—the Queen being still before the Board:

MARY HAMILTON.

She is the choice of women in the world,
Is she not, sweet?

MARY BEATON.

I have seen no fairer one.

MARY SEYTON.

And the most loving: did you note last night
How long she held him with her hands and eyes,
Looking a little sadly, and at last
Kissed him below the chin and parted so
As the dance ended?

MARY HAMILTON.

This was courtesy;
So might I kiss my singing-bird's red bill
After some song, till he bit short my lip.

MARY SEYTON.

But if a lady hold her bird aniglits
To sing to her between her fingers—ha?
I have seen such birds.

In an interview between Mary Beaton and Chastelard—the lady keeping the secret of her own passion hidden in her breast—asks him how much and why he loves the Queen. Certainly he gives reason enough:

——May be
I love her for sweet eyes, or brows, or hair,
For the smooth temples, where God touching her
Made blue with sweeter veins the flower-sweet white,
Or for the tender turning of her wrist,
Or marriage of the eyelid with the cheek;
I cannot tell; or flush of lifting throat,
I know not if the color get a name
This side of Heaven.

But our poet must bring in a reproach to her beauty when he dwells upon the mouth:

A flower's lip with a snake's lip, stinging sweet,
And sweet to sting with.

And a fertile hint of what comes subsequently is given when the poet concludes:

——I know no whit
How much I love them.

MARY BEATON.

Nor how she loves you back?

CHASTELARD.

I know her ways of loving, all of them:
A sweet soft way the first is; afterward
It burns and bites like fire; the end of that,
Charred dust, and eyelids bitten through with smoke.

At the close of the interview, the maid of honor promises him that night to gain him an interview with the Queen, and with that understanding they part.

Anon we have a dance, and it is Chastelard whom the Queen selects for a partner. This does not at all please Darnley, her future husband, and he "talks about her" to the English lords:

Lo you again sirs, how she laughs and leans,
Holding him fast—the subtle way she hath!
Your Queen hath none such; better as she is
For all her measures, a grave English mind,
Than Queen of snakes and Scots.

Instead of gaining him an interview with her Royal Mistress, Mary Beaton, who has made her own chamber the trysting place, meets him and in the twilight of the room he kisses her, thinking it the Queen. Repenting of her artifice after its discovery—how lamentable that woman's repentances are always afterthoughts—Miss Beaton is overwhelmed with shame and entreats death at the hands of the man she loves. At this juncture lights are brought by the other Maries of the Court, and Chastelard has to defend her honor against all their tongues.

The three Maries who were not kissed i' the dark are naturally somewhat displeased, and hie them to the Queen. "But will you swear it?" quoth the royal lady. "Indeed, I saw them kiss," answers Mary Seyton. Then the Queen sends for Chastelard, and after feeding him with sweet words, and being more than usually gracious, suddenly summons her lords, and from among them all selects Darnley as her husband. In another interview with Mary Beaton, Chastelard asks of her:

I pray you on this wedding night of theirs
Do but one thing that I shall ask of you,
And Darnley will not hunger as I shall
For that good time. Sweet, will you swear me this?

And she makes answer:

Yea: though to do it were mortal to my soul
As the chief sin.

This thing which she promises to do is to conceal the poet in the Queen's bedchamber.

On the fatal night, having kept her word, she still pleads with him to fly while there is time, and save his head. But he asks her if she has never read in French books the song called "The Duke's Song," of the marvellous capture made by a sea-net of

A strange haired woman with sad singing lips,
Cold in the cheek like any stray of sea,
And sweet to touch? so that men seeing her face,
And how she sighed out little Ahs of pain,
And soft cries sobbing sideways from her mouth,
Fell in hot love, and having lain with her,
Died soon?

Expostulation is vain and Beaton leaves him. He rhapsodises over the Queen's bed,

——Here is the very place:
Here has her body bowed the pillows in
And here her head thrust under made the sheet
Smell soft of her mixed hair and spice: even here
Her arms pushed back the coverlet, pulled here
The golden silken curtain half way in
It may be, and made room to lean out loose,
Fair tender fallen arms.

But the Queen and Darnley enter and he hides by the bed. The Queen dismisses Darnley for an hour or two—

Give me this hour to watch with and say prayers—

in spite of all his pleadings and protestations, and muses before her mirror. What had Mr. Swinburne in his mind in this couplet?

Was that the wind in the casement? nay, no more
But the comb drawn through half my hissing hair.

"Hissing hair" is not good. But if he had a Medusa in his mind then, he surely must have had a more than Messalina—a vampyre—there when he makes her, after praising the love of Francis II. say

——Now, God knows,
I have no man to do as much for me
As give me but a little of his blood
To fill my beauty from, though I go down
Pale to my grave for want—I think not.

Chastelard discovers himself. At first Mary is cold while she bids him begone and save his life; he refuses:

But tell me wherein I came short of love;
For doubtless I came short of a just love,
And fell in some fool's fault that angered you.

And what a sad plea is this:

Now that I talk men dig my grave for me
Out in the rain, and in a little while
I shall be thrust in some sad space of earth
Out of your eyes.

She upbraids him with his amour with Beaton. He explains:

——how when I rode in war
Your face went floating in among men's helms,
Your voice went slipping through the shriek of slipping swords;
Yea; and I never have loved women well,
Seeing always in my sight I had your lips
Curled over, red and sweet; and the soft space
Of carven brows and splendor of great throat
Swayed lily-wise; what pleasure should one have
To wind his arms about a lesser love?

There we have an appeal to vanity which few women could resist, and finally the Queen:

——My love!
If I could kiss my heart's root out on you
You would taste love hid at the core of me.

All this while and after she implores him to fly and save his head, but he still refuses:

Here am I set now, sweet,
Till the end come. That is your husband, hark!
He knocks at the outer door. Kiss me but once.
You know now all you have to say.

Enter Darnley, and his surprise and jealousy find speech:

Yea, what thing is here?
Ay, this was what the doors shut fast upon—
Ay, trust you to be fast at prayer, my sweet?
By God, I have a mind—

Chastelard maintains the Queen's innocence, and declares his own folly, but Darnley bids:

Save your sweeth breath now, lest you lack it soon.

The guards enter and he is haled away to prison.

**Chastelard—A Tragedy*—By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. New York: published by Hurd & Houghton. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

The curtain rises again, and the Queen is in consultation with her maids—though once, when Beaton entered at her call and the jealous fit was on her, she said, "What, no maiden here?" The voice of two—Carmichael and Seyton is for mercy (for Beaton's is sealed in her throat by her strong love)—and only Hamilton's, whose heart is hard thewed, wavers and doubts. Exeunt Maries, and enter Murray, the Queen's half-brother. Now comes the damning scene. In the conversation which ensues, the Queen protests against Chastelard's having trial openly lest she be shamed—for it is darkly intimated that he has secrets on his tongue if he should choose to speak, which might peril her good name. The Queen:

> Look sir, he shall not do it:
> Shall not, or will not, either is one way;
> I speak as I would have you understand.

MURRAY.

> Let me not guess at you; speak certainly.

And she finally speaks out to this dire purport;

> I beseech you, sir,
> To seek him out, and lest he prate of me
> To put your knife into him ere he come forth;
> Meseems this were not such wild work to do.

Murray agrees to have him taken off in prison, but re-enters and declares he will not do so cowardly a deed. And then, that no doubt of the Queen's guilt may remain upon the reader's mind, she is made to say:

> O, you will never let him speak to them
> To put me in such shame? why I should die
> Out of pure shame and mine own burning blood;
> Yea, my face feels the shame lay bold on it,
> I am half burnt already in my thought;
> Take pity of me. Think how shame slays a man;
> How shall I live then? Would you have me dead?
> I pray you for our dear dead father's sake,
> Let not men mock at me. Nay, if he speak,
> I shall be sung in mine own towns. Have pity.
> What, will you let men stone me in the ways?

And then determined that he shall not die—only because she dreads that his tongue may be loosed before his head falls, and that he may bring her to shame—she summons Darnley to her side. But his stern answer is

> By God, he dies at once!

She calls her maidens and asks if his bonds may not be loosed by some friend. They reply that such a plan for escape had been designed by his friends, but that he would not be let forth. And then she determines to make use of her queenly power. Calling her lords to her side she asks:

> I may send reprieve—
> With your sweet leaves I may?

And Murray makes answer "assuredly," though he suggests

> It were well to muffle bad men's mouths
> By casting of his head into their laps.

The reprieve is signed and sent. In the next scene we have a crowd of citizens before Holyrood. Like all of the amiable masses on such occasions, they thirst for blood, and chant conventicles, while one brings up in accusation against the prisoner that:

> He used to sit and jangle words in rhyme
> To suit with shakes of faint adulterous sound
> Some French lust in men's ears; she made songs, too,
> Soft things to feed sin's amorous mouth upon—
> Delicate sounds for dancing in at hell;

And the preacher comes in at the close with

> The mercy of a harlot is a sword;
> And her mouth sharper than a flame of fire.

In the next scene we are introduced to Chastelard in prison. Madly in love as ever, but with a strange bitterness underlying all his ecstasies, he beguiles his soul with visions of his mistress. Queer reveries these for a man to indulge in over whose neck the axe hangs quivering:

> Ah, in my weary dusty space of sight
> Her face will float with heavy scents of hair
> And fire of subtle amorous eyes, and lips
> More hot than wine, full of sweet wicked words
> Babbled against mine own lips, and long hands
> Spread out, and pale bright throat and pale bright breasts
> Fit to make all men mad. I do believe
> This fire shall never quite burn out to the ash
> And leave no heat and flame upon my dust
> For witness where a man's heart was burnt up.
> For all Christ's work this Venus is not quelled,
> But reddens at the mouth with blood of men,
> Sucking between small teeth the sap o' the veins,
> Dabbling with death her little tender lips—
> A bitter beauty, poisonous-pearled mouth.
> I am not fit to live but for love's sake,
> So I were best die shortly. Ah, fair love,
> Fair fearful Venus made of deadly foam,
> I shall escape you somehow with my death—
> Your splendid supple body and mouth on fire
> And Paphian breath that bites the lips with heat.
> I had best die.

The reprieve is brought to him by the hands of Beaton, but he:

> We'll have no riddling to make death shift sides:
> Look, here ends one of us—

tears the paper into shreds. Beaton with

> These bitter madmen are not fit to live,

leaves him to a fate she now would not have him avoid lest she should come "to hate him easily," and Chastelard resumes his rhapsodies, prophesying, however, while he counts over his Royal mistress' charms in this last hour as a monk might tell his beads, that she will come to get her warrant back. And come she does—after a weak prelude of love this is the dialogue that ensues:

QUEEN.

> —— Come,
> I know you have it about you: give it me.

CHASTELARD.

> I cannot yield you such a thing again;
> Not as I had it.

QUEEN.

> A coward? what shift now?
> Do such men make such cravens?

CHASTELARD.

> Chide me not:
> Pity me that I cannot help my heart.

QUEEN.

> Heaven mend mine eyes that took you for a man!
> What, is it sewn into your flesh? take heed—
> Nay, but for shame—what have you done with it?

CHASTELARD.

> Why, there it lies, torn up.

QUEEN.

> God help me, sir!
> Have you done this?

CHASTELARD.

> Yes, sweet, what should I do?
> Did I not know you to the bone, my sweet?
> God speed you well! you have a goodly lord.

And at this the Queen confesses that she loves the poet in prison better than her lord in his palace. And the frenzy still being on him, he prays:

> Sit here a little till I feel you through,
> In all my breath and blood for some sweet while.
> O gracious body that mine arms have had,
> And hair my face has felt on it! grave eyes
> And low thick lids that keep since years agone
> In the blue sweet of each particular vein
> Some special print of me! I am right glad
> That I must never feel a bitterer thing
> Than your soft curled-up shoulder and amorous arms
> From this time forth.

But, presently, the bitterness of feeling which runs cocurrent with his love again wells out amid all the fierceness of his passion:

> You are quite fair: to be quite fair is best.
> Why, two nights hence I dreamed that I could see
> In through your bosom under the left flower,
> And there was a round hollow, and at heart
> A little red snake sitting, without spot,
> That bit—like this, and sucked up sweet—like this,
> And curled its lithe light body right and left,
> And quivered like a woman in act to love.
> Then there was some low fluttered talk i' the lips,
> Faint sound of soft fierce words caressing them—
> Like a fair woman's when her love gets way.
> Ah, your old kiss—I know the ways of it:
> Let the lips cling a little. Take them off,
> And speak some word or I go mad with love.

And when the clock strikes, the Queen cries:

> Can the hour be through so soon?
> I bade them give me but a little hour.
> Ah! I do love you! such a brief space for love!
> I am yours all through, do all your will with me:
> What if we lay and let them take us fast,
> Lips grasping lips? I dare do anything.

Swifty now comes the end. Beaton and Carmichael, seated at the upper window in Holyrood, play the part of the old Greek chorus, and tell us how the tragedy goes on. They watch the Queen, and Carmichael interprets:

> She bends and laughs a little graciously,
> And turns half talking to I know not whom—
> A big man with great shoulders; ah, the face,
> You get his face now—wide and duskish, yea,
> The youth burnt out of it. A goodly man,
> Thewed mightily and sunburnt to the bone:
> Doubtless he was away in banishment,
> Or kept some march far off.

This is the new nail that drives out the old one in the coffin lid. Chastelard is brought forth: an axe gleams; it swiftly falls, the doomsman gathers the bright hair in his hand and lifts the poor blood-dripping head to the gaze of the crowd; a shout of "So perish the Queen's traitors!" goes up from their ready throats, and an usher cries:

> Make way there for the lord of Bothwell: room—
> Place for my lord of Bothwell next the Queen!

All is over.

Having given so much of the poem, the reader will be enabled to form his own judgment. A certain want of consistency is visible in the plot at times, and as regards the charge against the Queen we apprehend that the Scotch verdict of "not proven" would be brought in by even an intelligent English jury. The reader will regret with us that the hand of a poet has chosen to divest the unfortunate Queen of all the charm that Romance, by common consent, has thrown around her character, exhibiting her to our wondering gaze as more of a courtesan than a coquette, and putting burning words between her lips, in substantiation of his charge, which even a poetic imagination had no right to invent. If it were necessary that this thing should be done, it certainly seems that the task should be more congenial to a prose writer, and assuredly from a prose pen we would have accepted this amendment to history with a better grace. It will perhaps occur to a few reflective minds that had Chastelard indeed loved the Queen as he professed, he would scarcely have perilled her good name by persisting on being caught by a jealous husband in her bed-chamber, and that a woman might very well be excused for wishing to have such an eccentric lover out of the way. And the verdict of a great many practical persons will be that, whether or not there had been in former days any serious love passages between the poet and the Queen, the former richly deserved the fate which he persisted in bringing upon his head at last. Barring a tendency to sacrifice sense to sound, especially in the love songs, French and English, with which the volume is interspersed; the use of the name of Deity so frequently that the Scottish Court will probably figure for the future—if we are to accept Mr. Swinburne as a faithful interpreter of its customs—as a rival to our army in Flanders when terrible swearing is the subject of comparison; and a sensuousness which at times fairly broadens into sensuality, the poem is an addition to English literature of which we have reason to be glad. It is fervid and forcible in diction, rich in imagery and expression, and as musical as the murmur of a brook throughout.

AMUSEMENTS.

AT Maguire's Opera House, Mr. Bandmann ended his engagement on Saturday evening last. Whatever may be thought of this gentleman's Shaksperean persouations, it is certain that in *Narcisse* he is excellent, and as "The Old Corporal" we do not know that he has a rival. His pantomime is graceful and expressive, and the points with which the play abounds are made with artistic skill. As for the play itself we are somewhat surprised that it did not enjoy a longer run, for it is certainly sensational enough to commend it to the red-pepper-loving taste of our community, and below all its surface coloring there lies a substratum of actual merit. A benefit having been tendered Mr. Bandmann by a number of citizens, Monday evening next is set apart for it, *Richard the Third* being the piece of the occasion.

On Monday last, Miss Crampton resumed her sway at the Opera House as "Julia," in *The Hunchback*. On Tuesday she appeared as "The Countess" in Knowles' play of *Love;* Wednesday, as "Bianca" in *Fazio;* Thursday, as "Evadne" in *The Statue*; and, last evening, as "Margaret Elmore" in *Love's Sacrifice*. In all of these characters Miss Crampton had an opportunity of developing that tragic element in which she delights, pleasing admirers of that old school of which she is an excellent representative. The houses during the week have not been such as gladden managerial eyes, but there must be seed time as well as harvest in even theatrical seasons. Mr. Thorne has dropped into the leading business of the Opera House, and is playing it so well that we fancy he will retain the position. With its present company, the Opera House should draw good audiences. *The Irish Mother*—an adaptation by Dr. Hayne and Mr. Sears—will be brought out next Friday evening, and a success is confidently anticipated for it. This afternoon, *Love's Sacrifice*. In the evening, *Agnes de Vere;* to conclude with *The Spitfire*.

At the Metropolitan, *The Whiteboy's Bride* ran until Wednesday evening, when it was replaced by *The Elves*. An extravaganza is chiefly valuable as affording numerous pegs to hang all other kinds of business upon, and of this one the management availed itself to the most, so that it was quite as *bizarre* in look as a Christmas tree—songs, dances, acrobatic, and gymnastic feats, there was no end to them. In the latter branch the Buislays again gave proof of their signal excellence—we do not know that they have any superiors in the world. The piece was creditably put upon the stage; somewhat draggy the first evening, it improved upon subseqnent representations. Mrs. Brown's "Statue Bride" was excellent, the different stages of that marble creature's experience of vitality being naturally and sprightlily portrayed. Miss Chapman's naive manner and exquisite pantomime added greatly to the success of the piece. Miss Hinckley—who has improved since she came to California to such an extent that she is now scarcely recognizable as the same actress—played "Prince Lubin" capitally. Her make up was good, and her address as well as her dress had a delightful *aplomb* about it. As "Queen of the Elves," Mrs. Alicia Mandeville Thorne—known in her maiden days as Delicious Mandeville—was perfectly at home. Just about the right size for a well-to-do fairy, with a spray of silver lace falling over her and suggesting that she had just come out of a fountain, the "little people" must have been quite proud of their representative. Of course, one of the Buislays, as the green garbed and goggled demon "Blaziui," could not be improved upon. "Count Coldstream" seems scarcely in Mr. Wheatleigh's line. And why does not the management bring out something in which that excelleut actress, Mrs. Judah, will have something to do that is half-way up to her ability? An elve is a shelve for her, nor do we think she would shine as a sylphide, but in her line she has few rivals. Percy and Leach were both good in their respective parts. This afternoon and evening, *The Elves*. *Sam* is underlined to be soon produced. H. J. Clayton, one of the most popular caterers ever on this coast, takes a benefit on Monday evening. Let everybody go.

Dan Setchell sailed on Tuesday morning for New Zealand and Australia in the bark *Trieste*. Few actors have ever won as much or worn as well with our community, and none have ever left more friends behind them. A parting dinner was given him by one who knows all his good qualities and has as yet to discover any very bad ones in his mental make up, and he went away with the bouquet of much red wine clinging to his skirts. Fair winds and smooth seas to him, and if he be served up cold on a New Zealand sideboard, may it not be without Cuttle-sauce and Dutch Governor gravy.

Arrah-na-Pogue is having a successful run in Sacramento. Mr. Maguire will open the Marysville Theatre on Monday evening next, and on the last three evenings of the week *Arrah-na-Pogue* will be produced. It is pleasant to know that the Marysvillians will soon be well Shaun-the-Posted.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

As Amended March 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper..$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right..... 05
Bank Checks. Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand..... 02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100..... 05
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S. 02
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place..... 10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500..... 50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels..... 05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less..... 50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office..... 1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule..... 25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons.....10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50..... 10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part 25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such 25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100..... 05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y, 25
Certificates, other than specified..... 05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale..... 10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500.....1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse..... 50
Ganger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr. 25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons.....5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500..... 50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof.....1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries..... 10
To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1 00
For any other purpose..... 50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof..... 50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance check or draft, 25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property..... 02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000..... 10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs..... 25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid..... 50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record..... 50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100..... 50

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LERCHER, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. no11-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Maurice J. Dooley, Plaintiff, vs. John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton, her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Aunie Moore, children of J. H. and Annie Moore; Helen R. Masterson Ord, and Pacificus Ord, her husband, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, Helen R. Masterson Ord and Pacificus Ord, her husband:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

And by said complaint, the plaintiff prays the following judgment and relief:

1. That the said defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, and that all adverse claims of the said defendants, or either of them, may be determined by a decree of this Court.

2. That plaintiff be adjudged to be the owner in fee simple, in possession of, and lawfully entitled to the possession of so much of said Lot 77 as is first described in the complaint.

3. That the defendants, and each and every of them, be adjudged and decreed to have no estate, right, title, or interest of, in or to said portion of said Lot 77, legal or equitable; and that they, and all persons claiming, or to claim under them subsequent to the commencement of this action, be barred, and perpetually restrained and enjoined from asserting or pretending to have any right, title, interest, or estate of, in or to the same, and from making any conveyance thereof—other than to plaintiff or his grantees; and for such other and further relief as shall be agreeable to equity—but without costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District in and for the County of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk
By JAMES S. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
de23-3m

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS B VALENTINE, Plaintiff, vs. FRASTUS V. JOICE and ANDREW J. MOULDER, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Erastus V. Joice and Andrew J. Moulder, Defendants:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within the county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought that the Defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, &c., to certain real estate particularly described in the complaint, and to obtain a decree that the plaintiff is owner in fee simple absolute thereof, that said defendants have no estate, right, title, or interest therein or to any part thereof, that they be forever debarred and perpetually enjoined from setting up any estate in or claim said real estate, adverse to plaintiff—besides costs of suit and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal of Court. Int. Rev. stamp } By Jas. E. Ashcom, Deputy Clerk.
B S BROOKS,
dc23 3m Plaintiff's Attorney.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.—IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT of the Second Township, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to S B. THOMPSON, greeting:

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 13th day of February, A. D 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to answer unto the complaint of CHARLES M. PECK, who claims to recover from you the sum of two hundred and fifty-three dollars, and interest on one hundred and seventy-five dollars of said sum at two per cent. per month from June 22d, 1865, and on seventy-eight dollars of said sum at the same rate from April 20th, 1865, due on two promissory notes made by you, dated February 17th, 1865, and June 22d, 1865, the same claimed to be recovered in United States gold and silver coin, as per copies of said notes on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you, for the said amount and interest due, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of the city and county of San Francisco greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof. Given under my hand this 6th day of November, A. D. 1865.

Alias U. S. Revenue stamp, 50c., cancelled. } H. J. WELLS, (SEAL.) Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco. Office, No. 623 Merchant street.
no11 3m

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They are the
BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

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Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

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jy20-tf SAN FRANCISCO.

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Annual Premium on $2,500.....$7 50
Annual Premium on 5,000.....15 00
Annual Premium on 10,000.....30 00
(Without coin sensation.)
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Annual Premium on $5,000 with $25 per week compensation.....25 00
Annual Premium on $10,000, with $50 00 per week compensation.....50 00
Other amounts at corresponding rates.
No policy to exceed $10,000.

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Include the Traveling Risk, and also all forms of Dislocations, Broken Bones, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Gunshot Wounds, Burns and Scalds, Bites of Dogs, Assaults by Burglars, Robbers or Murderers—the Action of Lightning or Sunstroke, the Effects of Explosions, Floods, and Suffocations by Drowning or Choking; where such Accidental Injury is the cause of death within three months of the happening of the injury, or of total disability to follow his usual avocations

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Eight Days..... 2
Twelve Days..... 3
Twenty Days..... 1
Thirty Days..... 5

Covering $5,000 against death, with $25 per week in case of disability by reason of accident, by the

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de16-3m San Francisco.

GREAT AMERICAN
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AT
CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE,
Chicago, Illinois, - - February 22d, 1866.

20,000 VALUABLE GIFTS WORTH $96,800
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100,000 *TICKETS ONLY WILL BE SOLD.*

1 Gift of $10,000 cash.....$10,000
1 Gift of $5,000 cash..... 5,000
50 Gifts, 50 English Patent Lever Gold Watches, valued at $400 each..... 20,000
100 Gifts, 100 Amer. Silver Lever Watches valued at $100 each..... 10,000
48 Gifts 48 Silver Lever Watches valued at $50 each..... 2,400
5,000 Gifts, 5,000 Turkey Morocco, gold clasp Albums, valued at $5 each..... 25,000
4,800 Gifts, 4,800 gold clasp Albums, valued at $3 each..... 14,400
10,000 Gifts, 10,000 cash at $1 each..... 10,000

All the above Goods are genuine, as represented, and are listed at a fair valuation.

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Parties will be notified by mail of the result of the drawing.

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HOLT'S MAP
OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA.

THIS MAP has been carefully revised, and all the NEW COUNTIES inserted, and also many other important changes made

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ja13-tf 305 Montgomery street, Room No. 2.

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A sample of this pavement has been prepared and can be seen by those interested, in front of the Windmill and Horsepower Manufactory of E. O. HUNT,
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Liquid Slating for Blackboard;
ARITHMETICAL FRAME;
Babbitonian System of Writing—the Best System known.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in accordance with the laws of the State of California, and in pursuance of an order of the Board of Trustees of the above named company, there will be sold at public auction at the office of the Secretary of said company, 520 Montgomery street, San Francisco, on Saturday, the 17th day of February, A. D. 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, so many shares of the capital stock of said company standing in the names of the following parties as may be necessary to pay the assessments thereon levied on the 4th day of December, A. D. 1863, and on the 4th day of March, A. D. 1864, now due and unpaid, together with costs of advertisements and sale, unless previously paid, as follows:

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CALIFORNIA

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Nos. 64, 66, 68 and 70 Silver street.

THE PRESENT TERM of this Institute commenced Wednesday, Jan. 3d. Catalogues may be obtained by addressing (de30) MISS M. LAMMOND, Principal.

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WE BEG LEAVE TO ANNOUNCE that we have opened a first-class

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At No. 133 *Montgomery street,*

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I do hereby appoint Mr. WM. H FINCH & CO., from this date, my sole Agents in California for the sale of goods manufactured by me. WM. WEED,
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For running Churns, Washing Machines, Grindstones, pumping water, sawing wood, and other light machinery. Price $100, at the Factory.

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Is superior to any machine of the kind in the market. Price, with Governor, all complete to set at work, at the Factory, $300. Manufactured by

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MIGNON.

[Who has not herrd of Mignon?—sweet, delicate little Mignon?—the woman-child, in whose miniature, rather than portrait, it is easy to truce the original of fairy Fenella? We would that we could adequately translate the song, which in its native German is so exquisitely plaintive, that few can listen to it without tears. This poem, it is almost needless to say, is anterior in date to Byron's "Bride of Abydos."]

KNOW'ST thou the land where the pale citron grows,
And the gold orange through dark foliage glows?
A soft wind flutters from the deep blue sky,
The myrtle blooms, and towers the laurel high.
Know'st thou it well?
O there with thee!
O that I might, my own beloved one, flee!

Know'st thou the house? On pillars rest its beams,
Bright is its hall, in light one chamber gleams,
And marble statues stand, and look on me—
What have they done, thou hapless child, to thee?
Know'st thou it well?
O there with thee!
O that I might, my loved protector, flee!

Know'st thou the track that o'er the mountain goes,
Where the mule threads its way through mist and snows,
Where dwelt in caves the dragon's ancient brood,
Topples the crag, and o'er it roars the flood.
Know'st thou it well?
O come with me!
There lies our road—oh father, let us flee!

[*From the German of Goethe.*

FIELD SPORTS.

RAIL SHOOTING.

SUCCESS in this delightful sport depends as much upon the proper accessories, together with skill and practice in minor matters, as in the great art of properly handling the gun. The best shot badly equipped will be surpassed by an inferior marksman accustomed to the business and thoroughly fitted out for it. The shooting is done among high reeds and from small, light, and unstable skiffs, which are poled over muddy shallows with an unsteady motion that puts an end to skill that is not founded on long practice. The sport lasts only during the few hours of high water, when the entire day's bag must be made, and requires, after the bird has been killed, a sharp eye to retrieve him amid the weeds and floating grass.

The number bagged, however, is sometimes prodigious; and although we rarely now hear of hundreds killed "in a tide," as was formerly not unusual, the shots are still frequently rapid, and the result satisfactory. The bird rises heavily, its long legs hanging down behind; flying slowly, it presents an easy mark to any one upon *terra firma*, and, if not shot at, will alight after proceeding thirty or forty yards. It comes on from the north during the early part of September, and disappears so instantaneously with the first heavy frost, that our superstitious baymen imagine it retires into the mud. It can, however, fly strongly, as I have sometimes had unpleasant evideuce under peculiar circumstances and in wild, windy weather. During low water, when it can run upon the muddy bottom among the thick stalks, which it does rapidly, it can hardly be flushed by any but the strongest and toughest dog, and is not frequently pursued; although many persons enjoy the hard walking and exposure of this plan, preferring to tramp the quaking surface of our broad salt meadows, and flushing the rail from amid some tuft of reeds, kill him with the aid of their loved fellow-playmate, a high strung setter or uutiring water spaniel. As the tide rises, however, and covers the bottom with a few inches of water, the rail, caught feeding among its favorite wild oats, or on the grains of the high reeds, and alarmed at the advancing boat, is forced to take wing and presents an easy mark to its destroyer. But if missed, although marked down to an inch, it rarely rises a second time, having probably escaped by swimming—a thorough knowledge of which is among its numerous accomplishments. The rail has a long, thin and soft body, which it appears to have the faculty of compressing, as it can glide amid the thick stems of reed and grass with wonderful rapidity; and, if wouuded, it will dive and swim under water, leaving its bill only projecting so as to bid defiance to pursuit.

The first necessity of equipment for this sport is a breech-loading gun, which not only enables the sportsman to kill double the uumber of birds, but will occasionally give him the benefit by a rapid change in the charge, of a favorable presentation of a chance flock of ducks. But as many persons, out of a want of knowledge or of funds, still cling to the old muzzle-loader, it may be well briefly to mention the articles that tend to modify its inferiority. Of course, as the shooting occupies but a few hours and in good days the birds are perpetually on the wing, it is essential to load rapidly; and to do this the sportsman places on a thwart before him a tin box divided into compartments for powder, shot, caps and wad, or, as I prefer, two boxes, one filled with powder and the other with the other materials. For many reasons there should he a lid over the powder—to prevent its being ignited by a chance spark or blown away by a strong wind—and the ordinary flask is frequently used in spite of the consequent delay. A double scoop, made of tin or brass, and regulated to the precise load, is placed among the powder and the shot, and a solid loading stick lies near at hand. By these means the rapidity of loading is more than doubled; the powder is dropped into both barrels at once by means of the double scoop, wads are driven home by a single blow of the rod, both barrels are charged with shot at once in the same manner, the caps are within easy reach, and the gun is loaded in less than half the time consumed in the ordinary process. The shot may be made into cartridges of paper with a wad at the upper end, and thus a few additional of the precious seconds saved.

Both barrels are discharged before either is reloaded, and the birds are retrieved immediately. The sportsman stands erect, without any support to modify the unsteadiness consequent upon the irregular motion of the boat, and requires practice, not merely to enable him to take aim, but even to retain his footing. Where the water is low and the reeds strong, this difficulty is augmented, as the boat entirely loses its way after every push, and advances by jerks that utterly confound a novice. Experience, however, being acquired in loading rapidly and in retaining his balance, and the sportman's labors are easy; but the punter requires many different qualities, and upon his excellence mainly depends the final result. He must possess judgment to select the best ground, strength to urge on the boat unflaggingly, and an inordinate development of the bump of locality to mark the dead birds. The bird once killed and the sportsmau's part ended, then the punter displays his ability; and if thoroughly versed in his craft will push the boat through tall reeds, and matted weeds, and fallen oat stalks, and drifted grass with wonderful accuracy to the very spot, and peering down amid the roots will distingnish the brown feathers almost covered with water and hidden by the vegetable growth.

In order to retrieve quickly, a wide meshed scap-net is a great convenience; but to mark well a man must be endowed by nature with that peculiar gift. Among the vast mass of undistinguishable marine plants that spring from the muddy bottom and rise a few inches or many feet above the surface, it would seem impossible to determine, within an approach to accuracy, where some bird, visible only for a moment and cut down when just topping the reeds, has fallen; and when another bird rises to meet the same fate, and perhaps a dozen are down before the first is retrieved, successful marking becomes a miracle. With some punters on the Delaware, where their names are famous, so wonderful is the precision that every bird, if killed outright, will be recovered, and even a poor marksman will make a respectable return; but when the gentleman shoots badly and the man marks worse, rail shooting is unprofitable.

For this sport, thus followed, it will be seen that a punter is indispensable, and it is made the business of a large class of men along the salt marshes where the rail most do congregate; and wherever a punter cannot be obtained, as in the wilder portions of our country, rail shooting cannot be had.

From the necessity for rapid firing the immense advantage of a breech-loader must be apparent; the tide rarely serves for over two or three hours and to kill more than a hundred birds in that time with the muzzle-loader is a remarkable feat, as it requires almost the entire time for the mere loading and firing of the gun; but the breech-loader may be charged in an instant, and enables the sportsman to improve the lucky chance of coming upon a goodly collection of birds, and make the most of the scanty time permitted to him. None of those vexatious mistakes that occasionally happen to the best sportsmen can befall him, the shot cannot get into the wrong barrel nor the cap be forgotten; the powder is not exposed to ashes from a careless man's cigar, and there being no hurry there is more probability of steady nerves and a true aim.

The charge should he light—three-quarters of an ounce of shot and two drams of powder being abundant to kill the soft and gentle rail—and pellets at least as fine as No. 9 are preferable to courser sizes. Old cartridges that have been split and mended by gumming a piece of paper over the crack, may be used in the breech-loader, provided the sportsman desires to indulge in praiseworthy economy or is deficient in a supply.

The sport is extremely exciting: the boat is forced along with considerable rustling and breaking of stems and stalks, the bright sun streams down upon the yellow reeds and lights up the variegated foliage of the distant shore; the waves of the bay or river, rising apparently to a level with the eye, sparkle in the gentle breeze that bends the sedge grass in successive waves; neighboring boats come and go, approach and recede; the rapid reports are heard in all directions like fireworks on the fourth of July; the sportsman stands erect, and eager with delirious excitement near the bow; the punter balances himself and wields his long pole dexterously on a small platform at the stern. Silently a bird, rising close to the boat, wings its way, with pendent legs and feeble strokes, towards some one of its numerous hiding-places; instantly the punter plants his pole firmly in the bottom, holding the skiff stationary, the sportsman brings up his piece and with deliberate aim sends the charge straight after the doomed rail, which pitches headlong out of sight. The punter has marked him by that single wild rice stalk with the broken top, and heads the boat at once towards the place: but ere he has advanced a dozen feet, another bird starts and offers to the expectant sportsman, who has his gun still "at a ready," another favorable chance, and meeting the same fate falls into that low bunch of matted wild oats. The breech-loader opens, the charges are extracted and others inserted, just in time to make sure of two rail that rise simultaneously, still ere the first has been reached, and which are both tumbled over and marked down—one, however, wing-tipped, and never to be seen by mortal eye again. Thus have I experienced it on the Delaware, at Hackensack, and in former days among the tributaries of Jamaica Bay, and at many other places where more or less success has attended me. Although never having enjoyed great luck, never having advanced beyond the first hundred, and claiming to be no such marksman as several of my friends, I have had wondrous sport. Of a good day, when the tide is favorable and the game plenty, the excitement is continuous and increased by a sense of competition.

Other sportsmen are on the same ground, stopping probably at the same hotel, and shooting in close proximity—occasionally too close, if they are thoughtless or careless. Not only will a charge of mustard seed sometimes rattle against the boat, but is apt, now and then, to pierce the clothes and penetrate the skin, followed by an irritation of mind and body; but when the tide has fallen, and the sport is over, a comparison of the bag made by each sportsman is inevitable, and no general assertions of round numbers will answer, but the birds must be produced. It is vain to claim what cannot be exhibited, and more than useless to talk of the immense quantities that were killed but not retrieved; such excuses are answered by ridicule, and, if the poor shot would avoid being a butt, he must be modest and submissive. As the humiliation of defeat is great, so is the triumph of superiority delicious; not only to have made the best bag and the best shooting, but to have it acknowledged by all is glorious, and makes of earth a sportsman's Paradise. Many are the excellent shots, and even day's shooting that we make by ourselves, but their narration meets with an evident incredulity that diminishes the pleasure of relation, but when the fact is established beyond dispute and is admitted, that is triumph indeed.—*Citizen.*

How Nelson Lost an Eye.—Nelson, in the year 1780, appeared off the Castle of San Carlos de Nicaragua in command of a small boat flotilla. There he made his arrangements, (says Señor Abarca,) with the energy and activity characteristic of English sailors, and determined to take the castle by storm. The people who composed the garrison of the said castle, awed by so bold a resolution, made up their mind to abandon the place. The commander of the fort was seriously ill, and his daughter, Dona Rafaela Mora, being aware of the intention of the garrison, and of their actual dereliction of duty, came also to her own resolution, which was worthy of an ancient heroine of Saguntum or Numancia. Leaving the commander in his helpless state, and hastening to the batteries, she soon perceived that the loss of the fortress was inevitable, and that her father would have to endure ill-usage, and would besides be exposed to the sorrow and shame of having his name associated with that national disaster. She looked about the spot, and without hesitation she took up the still burning match which the soldiers, on deserting the place, had thrown on the ground, and fired all the cannons which she found loaded and pointed at the invading flotilla. This noble deed was rewarded with the happiest results that the Señora could possibly have looked forward to. One of the many projectiles fell on board the boat in which was the commander of the flotilla, and a splinter of the bulwark struck the bone below his left eye, knocking him down as if dead, whereupon the flotilla of boats rowed back down the stream in the greatest haste. They reached their ship without any further accident, and left those waters. The Señora was rewarded with a captaincy, and an annuity from the Spanish Government.

If your blood is corrupt, disordered or vitiated, you are liable to be seized at any moment with a fit of sickness. It may appear in the form of pimples, blotches or sores, or it may suddenly prostrate you. One thing is certain: You cannot have health unless your blood is pure. To remove all impure matters from the blood, Adams' Blood Purifier is admitted to be the best preparation yet introduced to the public. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and will harm no one. Its effects are immediate and lasting. It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, produces a healthy action of the liver and kidneys, and restores the patient to perfect health and strength.

Mothers, Read.—Mothers, why will you allow your little ones—the light of your household—to suffer and languish from that most distressing of all infantile diseases, Whooping Cough, when speedy and certain relief can be given by the administration of Newell's Pulmonary Syrup, the most agreeable and safest remedy known? Try it and be blessed.

For sale by all Druggists: Redington & Co., Sole Agents, 416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

How to be Beautiful.—Ladies, Davidson's Circassian Bloom combines all the delicacy of a toilet dressing, unequalled in the world for beautifying, preserving and whitening the complexion, making it soft, fair, smooth and transparent, removing pimples, blotches, freckles and all discolorations, and imparts a life-like beauty unsurpassed. Use Davidson's Circassian Bloom.

Drawing-room Music.—The most fashionable music for social gatherings, surprise, or children's parties—piano or orchestral—will be furnished by Walter S. Pierce, by applying at his Piano Rooms 26 Montgomery street.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protructed and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordiuary success. No. 10 Masouic Temple, Post street entrance:

San Francisco, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for ubout five weeks, without uny hope of relief, when a friend, bearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and curried into it by three stout men, and wus hy them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I wus able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the buth to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) aud home again, uud so ou until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple trutb, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, Joseph Sparrow.

Astrology.—The occult sciences of the middle ages, magic, alchomy, necromancy, and star reading, are not lost to the world. The invisible and secret powers of astrography ure still possessed by the chosen student in the mysteries of nature who can interpret the influence of the stars and predict by their occultations the hidden events of the future.

In uffairs of Past, Present or Future, be they of Business, Matrimony, Love, or sickness, go and consult the naturally gifted Astrologer, Professor Coheu, 530 Califoruia street. Thousunds have been heuefitted by his knowledge. He has held over 18,000 cousultatious duriug the lust five years. Office hours from 8 A. M. to I P. M., and from 2 P. M. to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart. Sickness treated aud cured through a scieuce unknown to others.

Accident and Loss of Life.—With the details ot the dreadful disasters of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *Yosemite* fresh in memory, it is not ueedful that we should urge on the public the importance of guarding as fully as possible not only against the recurrence of such startling calamities, hut also as far as they can against the consequences that arise from them. Aecidents are terribly frequent in this new State of ours. Hardly a day passes but we huve to record some loss of life, or terrihle mangling that leaves the victim with hardly a wish to live. Stringent legislation is demanded to protect travellers from carelessness and criminal negligence of public carriers. It is with great interest that we have watched the rapid growth of Accident Insurance Companies, and we are happy to know that the New York Accidental Insurance Company, established by some of the wealthiest cupitalists of the East, have placed their ageucy in the hands of Bigelow & Brother, Insurance Agents, of this city. We advise every one to take out a policy. The premium is very small—the price of a good cigar only per day—while the benefits are great; $25 per week, if disubled, or $5,000 in cuse of death. Who would not give $2 50 to be insured for a trip to Washoe, or 25 ceuts for a trip to Sacramento City? That's all it costs. We predict a large business for the agency in this city. The Company huve complied with the State law, and are fully prepared to issue policies, or travelling tickets, at once.—*S. F. Call.*

Dr. C. W. Moore's Medical and Surgical Institute.—In speaking of this Iustitution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy und elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the putients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

The Russ House Bowling Saloon, corner of Pine and Montgomery streets, has reopened under the managemeut of Ferdinund Shrader. There are Eight Alleys—six for Americans aud two for Germans. The finest Wines and Liquors can be hud at the bar. All lovers of the heulth-invigorating game of ten pins are invited to pay a visit to the suloon.—*Dramatic Chronicle.*

Many of the Diseases which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. Benton, whose proccsses of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves ure directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, und rupidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physiciau of excellent reputation, uud as a Medical Electriciun occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

To Poor Writers.—If you would learn to write a good hund, try the Babbittonian—the new system of instructiou iu penmanship. It is the cheapest and best. Purchase the forms, whicb will be the only instruction you need, and practice will make you an excellent pensman. Call on Warren Holt, Room No. 2, Mead House, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, aud learn particulars. Read the following:

The Babbittonian system of Penmanship appears to me really to possess all the advantages which it cluims in the above printed summary.

Rev. P. V. Veeder,
Principal of City College, Sun Francisco.

San Francisco, October 13, 1865.

The elements and principles of the Babittonian Penmunship seem to me valuable for their practicability und simplicity. I do not hesitate to add my testimouy in favor of this system as one of the best in use.

J. C. Pelton,
Superintendent Public Schools.

State of California,
Department of Public Instruction,
San Francisco, Oct. 16, 1865.

To Whom it May Concern: I have curefully examined the Babbittonian system of Penmanship, and take pleasure in recommending it to teachers and others intcrested, as one which possesses many merits. Its cheapness is one of its more cordent merits.

JOHN SWETT. Supt. Pub. Instruction.

Taking Lessons from Us.—The English are beginning to evince a desire to learn how to read and write the English language. The dictionaries of Webster and Worcester have been republished in England, and are received by a large number of Englishmen as standurd authorities for the language. The Babbitonian Penmanship, an American system, has been republished in London and adopted by prominent seminaries there, and may possibly do away with some of the stiffness of style of writing still prevalent there. The New York *Times* remarks that the English first gave us a langnage, and taught us to speak and write; we give it back to them with interest, improved and made more useful to the mass of the people.—*Morning Call, Jan. 7th.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

Dr. Wm. K. Doherty's Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years uuder chronic disease, aud who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifyiug to anuounce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamution of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruiu of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute iu a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject ut pleasure. Iu no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is uble to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no douht the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons ufflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to cousult the Doctor; ut all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks uo fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patieut places himself uuder his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received iu monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to mouth. Apply to the California Building aud Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's

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For the very best Photoaphs, go to Bradley & Rulofson (Vance's old stand.) First premium for the best card pictures, and lnrge photographs.

TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that

Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,

and in half the time, required hy pursning the method now in uso. An enormous waste ot time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, hut because housewives persist in treading in the heaten track followed hy their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of those new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try tho

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will he amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may he saved by its use. It may he obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the sovere drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

The following certificate from the State Assayer, furnished after an analysis of the EXTRACT, speaks for itself:

A. ENQUOIS—Dear Sir: I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would he injurious to clothing.

Very respectfully, B. B. THAYER.

FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle.

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SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ADVERTISING AGENCY.

J. J. Knowlton & Co., removed to 120 Montgomery.

BATHS.

Dr. Bourne's, (Medical,) 10 Post, near Montgomery.

APOTHECARY.

George H. Clapp, corner Sixth and Howard.

BOWLING ALLEYS.

F. Schrader, cor. Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.

C. Beach, 34 Montgomery street.
S. Friedman, 1168 Stockton street.
A. Gensoul, 311 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
I. M. Wentworth & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine st

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND TRIMMINGS.

E. Weill & Sons, removed to 616 Sacramento street.

COLLECTOR.

B. Pulverman, 526 Montgomery—Office hours, 1 to 3 P.M.

CLOTHING.

H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Dr. L. W. Dennis, removed to 14 Geary.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.

Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.

DRUGGISTS.

R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.

FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.

Wm. Brown & Co., 160 Third street.

FURNITURE.

N. P. Cole & Co., 314 Pine, near Montgomory.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Peirce, 415, 417 and 419 California street
J. A. Shaber, removed to 707 Market, above Third.

GROCERS.

Slossen & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
P. J. Flynn, corner Howard and Eighth streets.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market

HATTER.

Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street,

HOTELS.

Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.

Bigelow & Bro., N.W. cor. Montgomery and Sacramento.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.

Roseublatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

MAPS.

Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

MILLINERS.

Mrs. Wheeler, Popper's building, Third, near Mission.

PAPER HANGINGS, WINDOW SHADES, ETC.

H. Ward, 132 Third street.

PIANO SCHOOL.

Mr. Gustave A. Scott, at Miel Institute, 55 South Park.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.

M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.

Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

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Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.

Ghio's 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
Hunter & Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Loidesdorff street.

SCALES.

Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 334 Montgomery street.

SEWING MACHINES.

Grover & Baker, J. W. J. Pearson, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

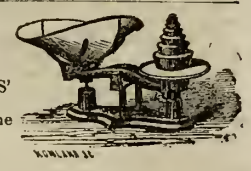
TOYS, ETC.

Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.

Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

SCALES!



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We also REPAIR (supplying parts when broken or worn out) and re-adjust our Scales to the original standard.

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☞ Send for Illustrated Catalogue. ja27 3m

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING
Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, hetween Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

Aud possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important considerationparticularly where fuel is scarce The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they ure moved back and forward by crunk or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderato strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constunt state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smuller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flut-bottomed Pans. The spirul springs greutly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diumond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantuge derived by thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be appareut to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with severul of the Amulgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motiou given to these urms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

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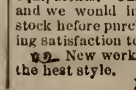

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Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

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On which occasion will be presented,

RICHARD III.

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Mr. C. B. Plummer,

As - - - - SOL. SHINGLE

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Daphne.....Miss Katy
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A Grand Ballet, Tableaux,

SONGS, GLEES, AND DUETS.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
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Glucolein contains a large per cent. of oil, and, from the facts above stated, one teaspoonful is more efficacious than one tablespoonful of crude oil.
Put up in glass jars—price, $1 50 each. fe3

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Cures Rheumatism in three to ten days. Warranted, or no pay required. Howard's Medical and Surgical Institute, No. 648 Washington street, near Kearny.
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fe3 ASA WILLEY, Drytown, Amador county.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the estate of SARAH McLAUGHLIN, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above-named estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, at his residence on the west side of Guerrero street, north of and near Sixteenth street, in said city and county of San Francisco.
JOHN CRORCH, Administrator of the estate of Sarah McLaughlin, deceased.
San Francisco, January 30, 1866. I. N. THORNE,
fe3-5t Att'y for Administrator.

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Can be engaged for PRIVATE PARTIES, at Piano Rooms, No 26 Montgomery street, opposite Lick House. fe3-2m

FEBRUARY 14, 1866.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY!

MISS S. A—'S VALENTINE:

"Take this little flower; take it and think of me!
Think, in the hours of loneliness, of the one who gave it thee;
Place it within thy bosom, let it never be forgot,
But let it whisper oft to thee, "Forget me not."

MISS A. M. C——'S VALENTINE:

"The brightest smiles that ever fell
Are not so dear as thine to me;
And oh! these lines but faintly tell
The love that fills my heart for thee."

TO —— ——:

I know no form so graceful,
No face so near divine;
Then haste thee love! oh, hasten
And be my Valentine.

MISS MARY B——N'S VALENTINE:

How dear the dream
In distant hour of ill,
Should all be changed,
To find thee faithful still.

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The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME IV., No 11.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 10, 1866.

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A Few Words Concerning Bantingism.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

[For the Californian.]

PEACE!

LORD, give us peace!
Who smoothed the frowning wrinkles of the sea,
And tamed the waves in their fierce revelry;
Walk in Thy merciful and kind control,
Upon the troubled waters of the soul!
Bid the vain yearnings of our spirits cease:
Lord, give us peace!

Lord, give us rest!
Who stayed the swift wings of the flying wind,
Calm Thou the restless currents of the mind;
High on the mountain-top the drifting ark
At last found rest—from tempests wild and dark,
So let my soul float onward to Thy breast,
There to find rest.

EMILIE LAWSON.

INIGOINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, February 10th, 1866.

SOME one says that it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die.

Perhaps not; but I don't see where the rest of it comes in on either side.

On the same principle, it might be said that it is not all of loafing to loaf, nor all of dinner to dine. Very many people, when they cannot understand a thing, at once conclude that it must be super-excellent, simply because it is above their comprehension.

For my part, I think it is about time that a few of these alliterative absurdities were kicked out of the language.

A weakness for turning pretty sentences sometimes beguiles a writer into obscurity, not only making it impossible for others to understand him, but also rendering it difficult for him to understand himself. A phrase as jagged as a thunderbolt is preferable to one so smoothly set and so colorless that you cannot tell what it is.

Since "Bret" became bucolic, and retired under the shade of that Rinconian Hill, upon whose summit Kip and Kittle sit comfortably side by side, I have longed to see him, that he might explain to me the preface of his little book... for it reached me simultaneously with a pamphlet upon the Schleswig-Holstein question, and as yet I have not succeeded in comprehending either...

You will think perhaps that I come to bury Bret, not to praise him.

Premising that he was my friend, faithful and just... that is, just so... to me, perhaps I ought to go back on him now, for such is the custom of the literary world. But, on the contrary, I intend to stand by him... staunch and true.

For aside from my estimation of him as an individual, so high in the confidence of the Government that he occupies a high, responsible, and lucrative position in the Mint... with very little to do... I recognize in him a writer of idiomatic English who has few equals at the present day. The only trouble being that occasionally, as in the matter of this preface, he is so idiomatic that I do not exactly understand him.

Besides, he is a family man... he has given pledges to fortune.

He has two pretty little boys, with whom he is on such confidential and familiar terms that the elder calls him "Bret," while the other pulls his whiskers and jokes him about being THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELIST.

It is amusing to see this young father playing with his children. Calling on him the other day I found him in the parlor, flat on his back, tossing one of his boys in the air with his feet, precisely as Buislay *père* does Buislay *fils*, at the Metropolitan.

It was very funny indeed. Not quite as dexterous as Buislay is, he yet succeeded in turning the little fellow over like a butter-ball, and making him throw all sorts of somersets and hand-springs.

A summary stop was put to the amusement when Mrs. Bret entered the room, and, from the rapidity with which the curtain fell on the performance, I've an idea that she does not wish to see her children made a circus of.

But to the preface. Says Bret:

"It might be expected that a country whose scenery is remarkable for sublimity and grandeur would have inspired some suitable expression here. But the attempts at descriptive and pastoral poetry have not been generally successful: perhaps a monotonous climate, lacking those vicissitudes of seasons which elsewhere inspire the imagination, has obliged the poet to look oftener in his own heart for that Spring and Autumn from which so much imagery is supposed to flow, or in the fortunes of his fellow-men, which are mostly exempt from this climatic influence. It has therefore been thought preferable to select poems relating to a lower plane of incident and experience, as less likely to exhibit a contrast between the subject and its treatment than more ambitious efforts. For these reasons, some verses have been excluded from this work for which many readers will confidently look, and some admitted which will be equally unexpected."

No preface could be prettier. But if it is appropriate, I intend to put to a work which I am now compiling, to be called *Mintdrops, being Specimens of California Coins*, the following preface:

It might be expected that a country whose mines are remarkable for richness and extent, would have inspired some persons with the idea of imitation. But the attempts at counterfeiting and shoving the queer have not been generally successful: perhaps a monotonous currency, lacking those vicissitudes of value which elsewhere inspire the imagination, has obliged the prig to look oftener in his own pocket for that gold and silver from which so many blessings are supposed to flow, or in the pockets of his fellow-men, which are mostly exempt from this metallic influence.

I do not see how the monotonousness of the climate can interfere with pastoral and descriptive poetry, when grand and sublime scenery abounds, nor why the poet should look into his own heart or the fortunes of his fellow-men to find a Spring and Autumn, unless he contemplated an ode to the seasons.

A look into his own heart or the fortunes of his fellow-men would teach him something about the first Fall perhaps, but for Spring, Summer, and Winter he might better look in the heart of the Andes.

Nor do I see how inspiration drawn from the human heart and the fortunes of men, possessing a human interest, replete with the mighty and mysterious workings of human passions can produce poems "relating to a lower plane of incident and experience," than rain, snow, heat, frost, valleys and mountains supply.

The lower plane is not plain to me.

For no landscape is complete without a human figure in it. Looking at Church's Heart of the Andes you feel that something is wanting until you discover the man and woman in the foreground, near the old cross. Before, you have felt no sympathy with the picture, grand as it is; now, you are drawn to it by the feeling that it contains something common to you.

Shakspeare drew the greater part of his inspiration from his own heart and the fortunes of his fellow-men, but it has not yet been discovered that his creations have to do with a lower plane of incident and experience than the water-colored pictures of Wordsworth or the pastoral pipings of Thompson.

Ah! good friends, Bret is modest: for I do insist that by and by, when he publishes that book with which he is big, we will all take it up and look for and find inspiration in the pages of our own Harte.

Encouraged by the success of *Outcroppings*... of which nearly a hundred copies have been sold, after raising a hue and cry, which, in a civilized country like Kamskatka or Patagonia, would have sold ten editions... Bancroft intends to issue a volume to be called *Poetry of the Pacific*—

In contradistinction, I suppose, to Roman's little book, which has turned out anything but a pacific production—

"May Wentworth" is to be the editor, and a number of gentlemen vouch for her competency. Prominent among these I recognize the name of Sam Brannau... so the thing may be considered as settled... for what he does not know about art and the higher branches of literature, especially poetry, is scarcely worth knowing.

In consequence of this notable head and front to their proposed offending, will all the contributors to the new volume be called Sam-singers?

We trust that many May flowers of fancy may be brought forth under the smiles of the editress, and that the enterprise may be a successful one... it can scarcely be a failure, as the work is contingent upon a certain number of subscriptions.

Ho! ye sucking-bards of the Sage Brush, callow minstrels of the cow-counties, to the rescue!

— The out-going steamer to-day carries away a great many actors and actresses... good, bad, and indifferent.

I hardly know whether to congratulate our community or to condole with it... whether to sympathize with San Francisco or New York.

Prominent among the number, Mr. Charles Wheatleigh goes. It was expected on some sides that he would take a farewell benefit on the wharf, but failing this it is tolerably certain that he will put himself up for two or three before reaching Panama.

From a fondness which this gentleman has lately manifested for sandwiches it was thought that he might be bound for the Sandwich Islands. But to appreciate the joke, you must hear the story.

On the fiftieth night of the representation of *Arrah-na-Pogue*... the most successful play ever produced by any management in San Francisco... an extraordinary epoch occurred in Mr. Wheatleigh's history.

He took a Benefit.

Before, he had advised his troupe of his intention at the close of the unprecedented run of the piece to give them a banquet.

A degree of Sardanapalism was to prevail only equalled by those old time feasts, of which mention is made in the legends handed down to us from the dusty shelves of antiquity. The little breakfasts that Lucullus used to give his friends, and the dinners that Dionysius indulged in occasionally, were to pale their ineffectual dishes before the splendor of this sop to the buskin and Boucicault.

The eventful evening came. The benefit to the manager was a rousing one, and the whole strength of the company was assembled behind the scenes, hungry and expectant: Enter a waiter bearing a bottle of whiskey and a tray full of ham-sandwiches...

At the close of the benefit of Thursday evening, after the farewell speech had been spoken, a small box, with an accompanying note, was handed to the retiring actor. The box was full of ham sandwiches; the note of warm wishes for the future of the beneficiary.

To have purchased the respect of that company would not have cost much. A hundred dollars even, judiciously laid out, would have feted them well, and avoided being made the recipient of such a parting compliment.

Or, had nothing been said about a banquet at all, none would have been expected, and the expense even of the sandwiches would have been saved.

When will men learn that there is a golden mean between economy and extravagance, and that generosity never yet lost a man anything in the long run!

INIGO.

[For the Californian.]

COMPENSATION.

THE lovely violet smiles more saintly sweet
After the rain;
More golden shines, after the summer's heat,
The waving grain.

And purer still, from out the furnace gloom,
Cometh the gold;
And brighter to the wanderer gleams his home
Through storm and cold.

How fair to watch the white ship seek the strand,
That left us, once, in tears;
How thrilling is the clasping of a hand
After long years.

How dearly prized the love that stays to light
Our lonely way,
While others—false ones—faded as the night
Before the day.

And sweeter yet are kisses, when from lips
Not pressed for years;
And closer far the clasping of an arm
After long grief and tears.

So, looking backward o'er the weary road
Our feet have prest
An hundred times more lovely seems at last
Eternal rest.

INGLE.

RIDDLING BY RULE.

ONE OF "DR. MARIGOLD'S PRESCRIPTIONS."

DOES any one know who gives the names to our streets? Does any one know who invents the mottoes which are inserted in the cracker-papers, along with the sugar-plums? —I don't envy him his intellectual faculties, by-the-by, and I suspect him to be the individual who translates the books of the foreign operas. Does any one know who introduces the new dishes, Kromeski's, and such-like? Does any one know who is responsible for new words, such as shunt and thud, shimmer, ping (denoting the crack of the rifle,) and many others? Does any one know who has obliged us to talk forever about "fraternizing" and "cropping up?" Does any one know the Sage to whom perfumers apply when they have invented a shaving-soap, or hair-wash, and who furnishes the trade with such names for their wares as Rypophagon, Euxesis, Depilatory, Bostrakeison? Does any one know who makes the riddles?

To the last question—only—I answer, Yes; *I* know.

In a certain year, which, I don't mind mentioning may be looked upon as included in the present century, I was a little boy—a sharp little boy, though I say it, and a skinny little boy. The two qualities not unfrequently go together. I will not mention what my age was at the time, but I was at school not far from London, and I was of an age when it is customary, or *was* customary, to wear a jacket and frill.

In riddles, I had at that early age a profound and solemn joy. To the study of those problems, I was beyond measure addicted, and in the collecting of them I was diligent in the extreme. It was the custom at the time for certain periodicals to give the question of a conundrum in one number, and the answer in the next. There was an interval of seven days and nights between the propounding of the question, and the furnishing of the reply. What a time was that for me! I sought the solution of the enigma, off and on (generally on,) during the leisure hours of the week (no wonder I was skinny!) and sometimes, I am proud to remember, I became acquainted with the answer before the number containing it reached me from the official source. There was another kind of puzzle which used to appear when my sharp and skinny boyhood was at its sharpest and skinniest, by which I was much more perplexed than by conundrums or riddles conveyed in mere words. I speak of what may be called symbolical riddles—rebus is, I believe, their true designation—little squalid woodcuts representing all sorts of impossible objects huddled together in incongruous disorder; letters of the alphabet, at times, and even occasionally fragments of words, being introduced here and there, to add to the general confusion. Thus you would have: a Cupid mending a pen, a gridiron, the letter x, a bar of music, p. u. g., and a fife—you would have these presented to you on a certain Saturday, with the announcement that on the following Saturday there would be issued an explanation of the mysterious and terrific jumble. That explanation would come, but with it new difficulties worse than the former. A bird-cage, a setting sun (not like,) the word "snip," a cradle, and some quadruped to which it would have puzzled Buffon himself to give a name. With these problems I was not successful, never having solved but one in my life, as will presently appear. Neither was I good at poetical riddles, in parts—slightly forced—as "My first is a boa-constrictor, My second's a Roman lictor, My third is a Dean and Chipter, And my whole goes always on tip-ter." These were too much for me.

I remember on one occasion accidentally meeting with a publication in which there was a rebus better executed than those to which I had been accustomed, and which mystified me greatly. First of all there was the letter A; then came a figure of a clearly virtuous man in a long gown, with a scrip, and a staff, and a cockle-shell on his hat; then followed a representation of an extremely old person with flowing white hair and beard; the figure 2 was the next symbol, and beyond this was a gentleman on crutches, looking at a five-barred gate. Oh, how that rebus haunted me! It was at a sea-side library that I met with it during the holidays, and before the next number came out I was back at school. The publication in which this remarkable picture had appeared was an expensive one, and quite beyond my means, so there was no way of getting at the explanation. Determined to conquer, and fearing that one of the symbols might escape my memory, I wrote them down in order. In doing so, an interpretation flashed upon me. A—Pilgrim—Age—To—Cripple—Gate. Ah; was it the right one? Had I triumphed, or had I failed? My anxiety on the subject attained such a pitch at last, that I determined to write to the editor of the periodical in which the rebus had appeared, and implore him to take compassion upon me and relieve my mind. To that communication I received no answer. Perhaps there was one in the notices to correspondents—but then I must have purchased the periodical to get it.

I mention these particulars because they had something—not a little—to do with a certain small incident which, small though it was, had influence on my after life. The incident in question was the composition of a riddle by the present writer. It was composed with difficulty, on a slate; portions of it were frequently rubbed out, the wording of it gave me a world of trouble, but the work was achieved at last. "Why," it was thus that I worded it in its final and corrected form, "Why does a young gentleman who has partaken freely of the pudding, which at this establishment precedes the meat, resemble a meteor? Because he's effulgent—a full gent!"

Hopeful, surely! Nothing unnaturally premature in the composition. Founded on a strictly boyish grievance. Possessing a certain archæological interest in its reference to the now obsolete practice of administering pudding before meat at educational establishments, with the view of damping the appetite (and constitution) of the pupils.

Though inscribed upon perishable and greasy slate, in ephemeral slate-pencil, my riddle lived. It was repeated. It became popular. It was all over the school, and at last it came to the ears of the master. That unimaginative person had no taste for the fine arts. I was sent for, interrogated as to whether this work of art was the product of my brain, and, having given an answer in the affirmative, received a distinct, and even painful, punch on the head, accompanied by specific directions to inscribe straightway the words "Dangerous Satirizing," two thousand times, on the very slate on which my riddle had been originally composed.

Notwithstanding this act of despotism on the part of the unappreciative Beast who invariably treated me as if I were not profitable (when I knew the contrary,) my reverence for the great geniuses who have excelled in the department of which I am speaking, grew with my growth, and strengthened with etc. Think of the pleasure, the rapture, which Riddles afford to persons of wholesomely constituted mind! Think of the innocent sense of triumph felt by the man who propounds a riddle to a company, to every member of which it is a novelty. He alone is the proprietor of the answer. His is a glorious position. He keeps everybody waiting. He wears a calm and placid smile. He has the rest at his mercy. He is happy—innocently happy.

But who makes the Riddles?

I DO.

Am I going to let out a great mystery? Am I going to initiate the uninitiated? Am I going to let the world know *how it is done?*

Yes. I am.

It is done in the main by the Dictionary; but the consultation of that work of reference, with a view to the construction of riddles, is a process so bewildering—it puts such a strain upon the faculties—that at first you cannot work at it for more than a quarter of an hour at once. The process is terrific. First of all you get yourself thoroughly awake and on the alert—it is good to run the fingers through the hair roughly at this crisis—then you take your Dictionary, and, selecting a particular letter, you go down the column, stopping at every word that looks in the slightest degree promising, drawing back from it as artists draw back from a picture to see it the better, twisting it, and turning it, and if it yielded nothing, passing on to the next. With the substantives you occupy yourself in an especial manner, as more may be done with them than with any of the other parts of speech; while, as to the words with two meanings, you must be in a bad state indeed, or have particularly ill luck, if you fail to get something out of them.

Suppose that you are going in for a day's riddling—your dinner depending on the success of your efforts. Take your Dictionary, and open it at hap-hazard. You open, say, among the Fs, and you go to work.

You make several stoppages as you go down the column. You pause naturally at the word Felt. It is a past participle of the verb to feel, and is a substance used in making hats. You press it hard. Why is a hatter—No—Why may a hatter invariably be looked upon as a considerate person? Because he has always *felt* for—No. That won't do. You go on. "Fen"—a chance here for a well-timed thing about the Fenian Brotherhood. This is worth a struggle, and you make a desperate one. A Fen is a marsh. In a marsh there is mud. Why was it always expected that the Irish rebels must ultimately stick in the mud? Because theirs was a *Fen* ian movement. Intolerable! Yet you are loth to abandon the subject. A Fen is a Morass. More-ass. Why is an Irish rebel more ass than knave? No, again it won't do!

Disconsolate, but dogged, you go on till you arrive at "Fertile." Fer-tile. Tile—Tile, a hat. Why is a Hat made of Beaver, like land that always yields fine crops? Because it may be called Fertile (Fur-tile.) That will do. Not first-class, but it will do. Riddling is very like fishing. Sometimes you get a small trout, sometimes a large one. This is a small trout, but it shall go in to the basket, nevertheless. And now you are fairly warming to your work. You come to "Forgery." You again make a point. For gery—For Jerry. A complicated riddle of a high order. Intricate, and of the Coleridge kind. Why—No, If—If a gentleman having a favorite son of tender years, named Jeremiah, were in the course of desert to put a pear in his pocket, stating, as he did so, that the fruit was intended for his beloved boy, why, in making such an explanation, would he mention a certain act of felony once punishable by death? Because he would say that it was Forgery—For Jerry. Into the basket.

It never rains but it pours. Another complex one, of the same type. Fungus! I a well-bred lady should, in sport, poke her cousin *Augustus* in the ribs with her lilac and white parasol, and hurt him, what vegetable product would she mention in facetiously apologising? Fungus—Fun Gus. In with it.

The Fs being exhausted, you take a short rest. Then, screwing your faculties up afresh, and seizing the Dictionary again, you open it once more. Cs this time lie before you, a page of Cs. You pause, hopeful, at corn. The word has two meanings, it ought to answer. It shall be made to answer. This is a case of a peculiar kind. You determine to construct a riddle by rule. There is no genius needed here. The word has two meanings; both shall be used; it is a mechanical process. Why is a reaper at his work like a chiropodist? Because he's a corn-cutter. Made by rule, complete, impregnable; but yet not interesting. The Cs are not propitious, and you apply to the Bs. In your loitering mood you drop down upon the word "Bring," and with idiotcy at hand sit gazing at it. Suddenly you revive—Bring, Brought, Brought up. Brought up will do. Why is the coal-scuttle which Mary has conveyed from the kitchen to the second floor, like an infant put out to dry nurse? Because it's brought up by hand. You try once more, and this time it is the letter H on which your hopes depend. The columns under H, duly perused, bring you in due time to Horse. Why is a horse attached to the vehicle of a miser like a war steamer of the present day? Because he's driven by a screw. Another? Hoarse. Why is a family, the members of which have always been subject to sore-throats, like "The Derby?" Because it's a hoarse-race (Horse-race.)

It is by no means always the case, however, that the Dictionary affords so large a yield as this. It is hard work—and, worst of all, *there is no end to it.* You get, after a certain time, incapable of shaking off the shop even in your moments of relaxation. Nay, worse. You feel as if you *ought* to be always at it, lest you should miss a good chance, that would never return. It is this that makes epigrammatic literature wearing. If you go to the play, if you take up a newspaper, if you ensconce yourself in a corner with a blessed work of fiction, you find yourself still pursued and haunted by your profession. The dialogue to which you listen when you go to the theatre, the words of the book you are reading, may suggest something, and it behoves you to be on the look-out. Horrible and distracting calling! You may get rid of your superfluous flesh more quickly by going through a course of riddling, than by running up-hill in blankets for a week together, or going through a systematic course of Turkish baths.

Moreover, the cultivator of epigrammatic literature has much to undergo in the disposal of his wares, when they are once ready for the market. There is a public sale for them, and, between ourselves, there is a private ditto. The public demand for the article, which it has been so long my lot to supply, is not large, nor, I am constrained to say, is it entirely cordial. The periodicals in which your rebus or your conundrum appears hebdomadally, are not numerous; nor are the proprietors of such journals respectfully eager for this peculiar kind of literature. The conundrum or the rebus will knock about the office for a long time, and, perhaps, only get inserted at last because it fits a vacant space. When *we* are inserted, we always—always mind—occupy an ignoble place. We come in at the bottom of a column, or occupy the very last lines of the periodical in which we appear—in company with that inevitable game at chess in which white is to check-mate in four moves. One of the best riddles—*the* best, I think, that I ever made—was knocking about at the office

of a certain journal six weeks before it got before the public. It ran thus: Why is a little man who is always telling long stories about nothing like a certain new kind of rifle? ANSWER: Because he's a small-bore.

This work was the means of bringing me acquainted with the fact that there was a Private as well as a public sale for the productions of the epigrammatic artist. A gentleman, who did not give his name—neither will I give it, though I know it well—called at the office of the periodical in which this particular riddle appeared, on the day succeeding its publication, and asked for the name and address of its author. The sub-editor of the journal, a fast friend of mine, to whom I owe many a good turn, furnished him with both, and, on a certain day, a middle-aged gentleman of rather plethoric appearance, with a sly twinkle in his eye, and with humorous lines about his mouth—both eye and mouth were utter imposters, for my friend had not a particle of humor in his composition—came gasping up my stairs, and introducing himself as an admirer of genius—"and therefore," with a courteous wave of the hand, "your very humble servant"—wished to know whether it would suit my purpose to supply him, from time to time, with certain specimens of epigrammatic literature, now a riddle, now an epigram, now a short story that could be briefly and effectively told, all of which should be guaranteed to be entirely new and original, which should be made over wholly and solely to him, and to which no other human being should have access whatever. My gentleman added that he was prepared to pay very handsomely for what he had, and, indeed, mentioned terms which caused me to open my eyes to the fullest extent of which those organs are capable.

I soon found out what my friend Mr. Price Scrooper was at. I call him by this name (which is fictitious, but something like his own,) for the sake of convenience. He was a diner-out, who held a somewhat precarious reputation, which, by hook or crook, he had acquired as a sayer of good things, a man sure to have the last new story at the end of his tongue. Mr. Scrooper liked dining-out above all things, and the horror of that day when there should come a decline in the number of his invitations was always before his eyes. Thus it came about that relations were established between us—between me, the epigrammatic artist, and Price Scrooper, the diner-out.

I fitted him with a good thing or two even on the very day of his paying me a first visit. I gave him a story which I remembered to have heard my father tell when I was an infant—a perfectly safe story, which had been buried for years in oblivion. I supplied him with a riddle or two which I happened to have by me, and which were so very bad that no company could ever suspect them of a professional origin. I set him up in epigram for some time, and he set me up in the necessaries of life for some time, and so we parted mutually satisfied.

The commercial dealings thus satisfactorily established were renewed steadily and at frequent intervals. Of course, as in all earthly relations, there were not wanting some unpleasant elements to qualify the generally comfortable arrangements. Mr. Scrooper would sometimes complain that some of the witticisms with which I had supplied him, failed in creating an effect—had hardly proved remunerative, in short.

What could I reply? I could not tell him that this was his fault. I told him a story given by Isaac Walton, of a clergyman who, hearing a sermon preached by one of his cloth with immense effect, asked for the loan of it. On returning the sermon, however, after having tried it on his own congregation, he complained that it had proved a total failure, and that his audience had responded in no degree to his eloquence. The answer of the original proprietor of the sermon was crushing: "I lent you," he said, "indeed, my fiddle, but not my fiddle-stick;" meaning, as Isaac explains, rather unnecessarily, "the manner and intelligence with which the sermon was to be delivered."

My friend did not seem to feel the application of this anecdote. I believe he was occupied, while I spoke, in committing the story to his memory for future use—thus getting it gratuitously out of me—which was mean.

In fact, Mr. Scrooper, besides his original irreparable deficiency, was getting old and stupid, and would often forget or misapply the point of a story, or the answer to a conundrum. With these last I supplied him freely, working really hard to prepare for his use such articles as were adapted to his peculiar exigencies. As a diner-out, riddles of a convivial sort—alluding to matters connected with the pleasures of the table—are generally in request, and with a supply of these I fitted Mr. Scrooper, much to his satisfaction. Here are some specimens, for which I charged him rather heavily:

Why is wine—observe how easily this is brought in after dinner—why is wine, made up for the British market, like a deserter from the army?

Because it's always brandied (branded) before it's sent off.

Why is a ship, which has to encounter rough weather before it reaches its destination, like a certain wine which is usually adulterated with logwood and other similar matters?

Because it goes through a vast deal before it comes into port.

What portion of the trimming of a lady's dress resembles East India sherry of the first quality?

That which goes round the Cape.

One of his greatest difficulties, my patron told me—for he was as frank with me as a man is with his doctor or his lawyer—was in remembering which were the houses where he had related a certain story, or propounded a certain conundrum; who were the people to whom such and such a riddle would be fresh; who were the people to whom it was already but too familiar. Mr. Scrooper had also a habit of sometimes asking the answer to a riddle instead of the question, which was occasionally productive of confusion; or, giving the question properly, he would, when his audience became desperate, and gave it up, supply them with the answer to an altogether different conundrum.

One day my patron came to me in a state of high indignation. A riddle—bran new, and for which I had demanded a high price, thinking well of it myself—had failed, and Mr. Scrooper came to me in a rage to expostulate.

"It fell as flat as ditch-water," he said. "Indeed, one very disagreeable person said there was nothing in it, and he thought there must be some mistake. A very nasty thing to say, considering that the riddle was given as my own. How could I be mistaken in my own riddle?"

"May I ask," said I, "how you worded the question?"

"Certainly. I worded it thus: Why are we justified in believing that the pilgrims to Mecca undertake the journey with mercenary motives?"

"Quite right," said I; "and the answer?"

"The answer," replied my patron, "was as you gave it me: Because they go for the sake of Mahomet."

"I am not surprised," I said, coldly, for I felt that I had been unjustly blamed. "that your audience was mystified. The answer, as I gave it to you, ran thus: Because they go for the sake of the profit (Prophet)!"

Mr. Scrooper subsequently apologized.

I draw near to the end of my narrative. The termination is painful; so is that of King Lear. The worst feature in it is that it involves the acknowledgment of a certain deplorable piece of weakness on my own part.

I was really in the receipt of a very pretty little income from Mr. Scrooper, when one morning I was again surprised by a visit from a total stranger—again, as on a former occasion, a middle-aged gentleman—again an individual with a twinkling eye and a humorous mouth—again a diner-out, with two surnames—Mr. Kerby Postlethwaite I will call him, which is sailing as near the wind as I consider safe.

Mr. Kerby Postlethwaite came on the errand which had already brought Mr. Scrooper to the top of my stairs. He, too, had seen one of my productions in a certain journal, (for I still kept up my relation with the public press,) and he, too, having a similar reputation to maintain, and finding his brain at times rather sterile, had come to me to make exactly the same proposal which had already been made by Mr. Scrooper.

For a time the singularity of the coincidence absolutely took my breath away, and I remained staring speechlessly at my visitor in a manner which might have suggested to him that I was hardly the man to furnish him with anything very brilliant. However, I managed to recover myself in time. I was very guarded and careful in my speech, but finally expressed my readiness to come to terms with my new employer. These were soon settled: Mr. Kerby Postlethwaite having even more liberal views as to this part of the business than those entertained by Mr. Price Scrooper.

The only difficulty was to supply this gentleman quickly enough with what he wanted. He was in a hurry. He was going that evening to a dinner-party, and it was supremely important that he should distinguish himself. The occasion was a special one. It must be something good. He would not stick at a trifle in the matter of terms, but he did want something super-excellent. A riddle—a perfectly new riddle—he would like best.

My stores were turned over, my desk was ransacked, and still he was not satisfied. Suddenly it flashed into my mind that I had something by me which would exactly do. The very thing—a riddle alluding to a subject of the day; a subject just at that time in everybody's mouth. One which there would be no difficulty in leading up to. In short, a very neat thing indeed. There was but one doubt in my mind. Had I already sold it to my original employer? That was the question, and for the life of me I could not answer it with certainty. The life of one addicted to such pursuits as mine, is chaotic; and with me more particularly, doing an extensive public *and* private trade, it was especially so. I kept no books, nor any record of my professional transactions. One thing which influenced me strongly to believe the riddle to be still unappropriated, was, that I had certainly received no intelligence as to its success or failure from Mr. Scrooper, whereas that gentleman never failed to keep me informed on that momentous point. I was in doubt, but I ended, (so princely were the terms offered by my new patron,) in giving myself the benefit of that doubt, and handing over the work of art in question to Mr. Kerby Postlethwaite.

If I were to say that I felt comfortable after having brought this transaction to a close, I should not speak the truth. Horrible misgivings filled my mind, and there were moments when, if it had been possible to undo what was done, I should have taken that retrogressive step. This, however, was out of the question. I didn't even know where my new employer was to be found. I had nothing for it but to wait and try my best to feel sanguine.

The circumstances which distinguished the evening of that eventful day on which I first received a visit from my new patron, were subsequently related to me with great accuracy, and not without rancorous comment, by both of those who sustained leading parts in the evening's performances. Yes, terrible to relate, on the following day both my patrons came to me, overflowing with fury, to tell me what had happened, and to denounce me as the first cause of the mischief. Both were furious, but my more recent acquaintance, Mr. Postlethwaite, was the more vehement in his wrath.

It appeared, according to this gentleman's statement, that having repaired at the proper time to the residence of the gentleman whose guest he was to be that evening, and who, he took occasion to inform me, was a personage of consideration, he found himself in the midst of a highly distinguished company. He had intended to be the last arrival, but a fellow named Scrooper, or Price, or something of that sort—both names, perhaps—was yet expected. He soon arrived, however, Mr. Postlethwaite said, and the company went to dinner.

Throughout the meal, the magnificent nature of which I will not dilate upon, these two gentlemen were continually at loggerheads. They appear—and in this both the accounts which reached me tally—to have contradicted each other, interrupted each other, cut into each other's stories, on every occasion, until that sort of hatred was engendered between them which Christian gentlemen sharing a meal together do sometimes feel towards each other. I suspect that each had heard of the other as a "diner-out," though they had not met before, and that each was prepared to hate the other.

Adhering to the Postlethwaitean narrative faithfully, I find that all this time, and even when most aggravated by the conduct of my earliest patron, he was able to comfort himself with the reflection that he had by him in store the weapon wherewith, when the proper moment should arrive, to inflict the *coup de grace* upon his rival. That weapon was my riddle—my riddle fitted to a topic of the day.

The moment arrived. I shudder as I proceed. The meal was over, the wines had circulated once, and Mr. Kerby Postlethwaite began gently, insidiously, and with all the dexterity of an old performer, to lead the conversation in the direction of THE TOPIC. His place was very near to the seat occupied by my original patron, Mr. Price Scrooper. What was Mr. Postlethwaite's astonishment to hear that gentleman leading such conversation, as was within his jurisdiction, *also* in the direction of THE TOPIC! "Does he see that I want a lead, and is he playing into my hands?" thought my newest client. "Perhaps he's not such a bad fellow, after all. I'll do as much for him another time." This amicable view of the matter was but of brief duration. Madness was at hand! Two voices were presently heard speaking simultaneously:

MR. PRICE SCROOPER.—The subject suggested a riddle to me this morning, as I was thinking it over.
MR. KERBY POSTLETHWAITE.—A view of the thing struck me in the light of a riddle, this morning, quite suddenly.
Both at once.

The two were silent, each having stopped the other.

I beg your pardon," said my first patron, with ferocious politeness, "you were saying that you—"

"Had made a riddle," replied my second patron. "Yes. I think that you also alluded to your having done something of the sort?"

"I did."

There was silence all round the table. Some illustrious person broke it at last by saying, "What a strange coincidence!"

"At all events," cried the master of the house, "let us hear one of them. Come, Scrooper, you spoke first."

"Mr. Postlethwaite, I insist upon having your riddle," said the lady of the house, with whom Mr. P. was the favorite.

Under these circumstances both gentlemen paused, and then, each bursting forth suddenly, there was a renewal of duet.

MR. PRICE SCROOPER.—Why does the Atlantic cable, in its present condition—
MR. KERBY POSTLETHWAITE.—Why does the Atlantic cable, in its present condition—
Both at once.

At this there was a general roar and commotion among those present. "Our riddles appear to be somewhat alike!" remarked Mr. Postlethwaite, in a bitter tone, and looking darkly at my first patron.

"It is the most extraordinary thing," replied that gentleman, "that I ever heard of!"

"Great wits jump," said the illustrious person who had previously spoken of an "extraordinary coincidence."

"At any rate, let us hear one of them," cried the host. "Perhaps they vary after the first few words. Come, Scrooper."

"Yes, let us hear one of them to the end," said the lady of

the house, and she looked at Mr. Postlethwaite. This last, however, was sulky. Mr. Price Scrooper took advantage of the circumstance to come out with the conundrum in all its integrity.

"Why," asked this gentleman once more, "is the Atlantic cable, in its present condition, like a schoolmaster?"

"That is my riddle," said Mr. Postlethwaite, as soon as the other had ceased to speak. "I made it myself."

"On the contrary, it is mine, I assure you," replied Mr. Scrooper, very doggedly. "I composed it while shaving, this morning."

Here again there was a pause, broken only by interjectional expressions of astonishment on the part of those who were present—led by the illustrious man.

Again the master of the house came to the rescue. "The best way of settling it," he said, "will be to ascertain which of our two friends knows the answer. Whoever knows the answer can claim the riddle. Let each of these gentlemen write down the answer on a piece of paper, fold it up, and give it to me. If the answers are identical, the coincidence will indeed be extraordinary.

"It is impossible that any one but myself *can* know the answer," remarked my first patron, as he wrote on his paper and folded it.

My second patron wrote also, and folded. "The answer," he said, "*can* only be known to me."

The papers were unfolded by the master of the house, and read one after the other.

Answer written by Mr. Price Scrooper: "Because it's supported by buoys (boys.)"

Answer written by Mr. Kerby Postlethwaite: "Because it's supported by buoys (boys.)"

There was a scene. There were recriminations. As I have said, on the following morning both gentlemen visited me betimes. They had not much to say after all. Were they not both in my power?

The curious thing is, that from that time dates the decline of my professional eminence. Of course, both my patrons took leave of me forever. But I have also to relate that my powers of riddling took leave of me also. My mornings with the Dictionary became less and less productive of results, and, only a fortnight ago last Wednesday, I sent to a certain weekly publication a rebus presenting the following combination of objects: A giraffe, a haystack, a boy driving a hoop, the letter X, a crescent, a human mouth, the words "I wish," a dog standing on its hind legs, and a pair of scales. It appeared. It took. It puzzled the public. But for the life of me I cannot form the remotest idea of what it meant, and I am ruined.—*Dickens' New Christmas Story.*

FOR THE LADIES.

REPRESENTING to the editor of The Californian, in my mild but persuasive manner, that one great fault with The Californian was, that it has not now and never has had from the beginning—if we exeept the earlier numbers, when an accomplished lady, now wandering on the continent, discoursed in its columns upon dress and dresses—any distinctive feature about it to recommend it to the ladies; no column or corner where they could sit down safe from the intrusion of boots, and read about fashions, flowers, feathers, and other light, graceful topics, without stumbling over horrid murders or worse witticisms, from which a weak woman always turns with an instinctive shudder—representing this to my friend: "Suppose that you take a department in hand, and manage it in your own way for the entertainment of your own sex."

I was forcibly reminded of the suggestion of the old rat, when it was proposed to bell the cat—he proposed that the one that origiuated the idea should be appointed a committee to tie on the bell. But, aside from being amused, I was also shocked in no small degree. For I have never "written for the papers," my whole efforts at composition having hitherto been confined to little notes written with little pens upon little sheets of papers, enclosed in little envelopes, and sealed with the tiniest crest in the world, and the idea of writing on the great broad sheets of foolscap that my friend kindly placed at my disposal, and staining my fingers with ink, startled me. But when he explained to me how easy it was to "clip," and how I could be a free scissorer, as he claims to be a "free lance," my objections were overcome, and I concluded at least to try. And now for it. Out of compliment to my friend, the first selection shall be headed:

"THE REVENGE OF THE RED-HEADED."

Under the above title, M. Jules Denizet has published an article in Paris. He shows that in the time of the Cæsars, certain Roman women were compelled by the authorities to wear no hair; but all this is now changed.

"The Romans," says he, "got enormous quantities of hair from Germany. Most of it in the present day comes also from Germany, as well as Brittany and Normandy. Paris annually exports upwards of 100,000 kilogrammes (about 200,000 pounds) to England and America. A few years ago its price, from a living head, was from five to ten francs the kilogramme, according to the length and color. Red hair, which was formerly unsalable, except for dyeing, is this year at a premium; but the rage cannot last long. Hair of this color is generally coarse and harsh; and taste will, no doubt, soon return to black and blonde, which are twice as fine and three times as soft and glossy. Red hair dries, black and blonde thicken. The first preparation which hair undergoes immediately raises its price to eighty francs the kilogramme. In our time the rehabilitation of the red-haired commenced in the *Juif Errant*, in which Eugène Sue depicted Mlle. de Cordoville in such glowing colors that, for her charming sake, the hitherto despised shade rose a little in public opinion. How many persons have we known seeking by every means in their power to turn the hated red into brown or chestnut? Oils, pomades, brass and leaden combs, were the supposed remedies, and, these failing, dye was resorted to.

"Now, all that is changed; red hair is the *mode*. The young mother prays that her coming babe, if a girl, may have red locks, and if it has, its fortune is made. The red-haired beauty is taking her revenge; she carries her *chignon* like a flag, and gathering under it, aided by fashion, every shade of chestnut, blonde, and black, transforms them all into red. But *tout passe, tout lasse;* and to-morrow the *mode* may change. However, although the triumph of the red-haired may prove but that of a season—their glory but ephemeral—still there is no doubt that they will never descend to their former disgraceful position. The prejudice of ages having once been removed, they have been admitted to an equality with their more favored sisters. But now a word of advice and warning: let them descend a few steps from the ladder they have climbed so triumphantly, lest a speedy reaction may precipitate them therefrom."

THE SECRET OF GOLDEN HAIR.

The *Nation* is not a very lively journal, but I really find the following valuable information in it. Attention, raven-haired beauties who would be golden:

"The Venetian method of dyeing the hair yellow was simple enough, and has been many times described. The illustrissima of that day, when she would be blonde, dipped her hair in a certain solution, and combed it out carefully over the broad brim of a crownless straw hat, and then went to the roof of the palace at noon-day, and, removing the trap-door, sat there and broiled her delicate brain in a sun which knows how to shine with fervor. Repeating this expiation several days, her hair became of that rich ruddy yellow which we admire so much in the paintings of Titian and Paolo Veronese; no doubt the Bella of Titian herself, the fair Violante Palma, had been thus dyed and grilled before she sat to her father for Santa Barbara, and to her lover for his ideal of lovely woman. No doubt—

"But the certain solution—the certain solution! What was the solution in which the Venetians dipped their hair before broiling?" demands the multitudinous treble of the fair who hang upon these words, already resolved, if blonde hair becomes the mode, to undergo any degree of broiling to achieve it. And here, if we were cynical, we should refuse to tell; and if we were sensational, we should coolly write

"To be Continued,"

and leave the whole subject to another week. But we are neither cynical nor sensational, and we have happily found in a French journal the receipe of the solution in question. Beauteous beings, desirous to have the heavenly-golden hair, must stoop to facts and apothecaries, and take three drachms of rock-alum, three of sandarac, one of saffron, four of madder, and two of grape-vine ashes. Let them then pulverize the ashes and the madder together, and boil them to one-half their bulk in water, and mix the residue with the alum, the sandarac, and saffron. The precious mixture must then be applied with a sponge, and when the hair is dried (in the Venetian manner,) let it be washed with a decoction of trefoil, barley, cummin, and soap. So shall the most midnight beauty surprise the secret of the noon, and wean away the captive sunshine in her radiant locks."

PARISIAN BONNETS.

A correspondent of that excellent ladies paper, *The Boudoir*, writing from Paris so late as December 10th, tells us that "Pearl-gray and Regina-blue are the favorite colors for bonnets this winter. A drawn Empire bonnet, made of pearl-gray terry velvet, trimmed with a border of pigeon's feathers, selected to match the terry, is considered in very good taste. Gray *crêpe lisse* is used for trimming gray velvet bonnets, and silver *grecques* are added around the edge of the front, as well as upon the narrow curtain and inside the cap; a small white wing is added to stand upright, at the left side of the bonnet. This style of bonnet is made for evening wear in white tulle, the three puffings which form the front being separated by a gold *grecque;* the curtain, the strings, and coronet inside being ponceau velvet. There appears to be no end to the new bonnet shapes this winter, for since the Pamela, the Talhan has been introduced. This latest novelty is a combination of the Marie Stuart and the Empire, the front of it being Marie Stuart and the crown *à la Empire*. It is something like a Swiss head dress, and is not so graceful as the Pamela. This newest of bonnets is made of velvet and is embroidered by hand. For example, a large butterfly is worked in chain-stitch, with jet, and sometimes even crystal beads upon the bonnet. Bonnets trimmed with swansdown are very popular for festive occasions, such as weddings, afternoon parties, etc. The swansdown is very light, and there is no necessity to weave borders to ribbons in imitation of it, for the strings can be trimmed with the veritable article. Very fanciful but still pretty collarets have made their appearance with the cold weather. They are called Polish collars, and are made in the form of a victorine without ends. Either curled plush or velvet is the material used for them, and they are edged with swansdown. For wearing over the shoulders, either at home or over a paletot out of doors, these Polish collarets are very comfortable.

THE COIFFURE.

There is much good sense in the following remarks about head dressing: "The *coiffure* is a matter which demands the greatest amount of individual taste. Every lady ought to consider what suits her own particular style. A single red or white rose is often more harmonious than a wreath, and a simple jewelled comb is perfection on a well-shaped head. We think too little of the beauty of form, and yet how much the *tournure* depends on it. Nothing can be more ridiculous than to see a fashion promiscuously adopted by tall and short figures, with heads of all sizes and shapes. What can be more odious than to see a *piquante* beauty with a *nez retroussé* crowned with a tiara or a severe bandeau—or a girl with a massive head, and a forest of hair, wearing a big wreath? To march with the times is necessary; still, no one's head should be a mere milliner's block, without any individuality of character."

A HIP FOR A BALL DRESS.

Ladies undergarments may seem a somewhat queer subject to discuss in public, but masculine eyes being strictly forbidden a single peep into this column, my own sex will perhaps be glad of a hint about petticoats: "White silk petticoats under white dresses, and self-colored under-skirts, are a great improvement in ball dresses. We prefer all muslin for quite young girls. When muslin petticoats are worn, there should not be less than two clear ones, and a nice worked cambric or fine long-cloth beneath. Book-muslin petticoats are made with Cluny insertion, and one finely goffred frill at the edge, or with Cluny lace edge. The skirts immmediately under the dress should be plain book or Swiss muslin, with a very deep hem."

LOADING WITH SHOT.

"Mark Twain" loaded his frog with shot, and the author of this paragraph intends to carry out the fashion with ladies. He says: "A lady's riding-habit may be kept down very well, so that it will give no inconvenience, by putting up a small quantity of shot in tiny cloth bags, and sewing them around the inside of the habit, a little distance from the side. About five or six bags will be enough, and each should be about an inch square, or even less."

AN AFFECTING FEMALE TRAIT.

Extravagant as we women are, *perhaps* we don't take good care of our clothes. "Oh, no; certainly not," as Luigo would say: "It is remarked (says a London reporter) by the police of the waterside, as a characteristic circumstance, that nearly every female who throws herself into the water is careful to divest herself of her bonnet and shawl, which are placed on the ground in such a manner as not to be in the least damaged."

THE COMING SPINSTERS.

A great deal having been said about the shipload of young ladies coming out here, and they already being on their perilous way—having put in at Norfolk on the 22d of December—a little description of the ship in which they are embarked ought to be interesting to our young ladies, as some of them may have to be shipped to a foreign port when the market here becomes overstocked. "The *Continental*," says my authority, "is a large screw-propeller of 1623 tons burden, is 244 feet long and 38 feet beam. She was built in Philadelphia, in 1862. Those competent to judge pronounce her to be one of the finest as well as fastest vessels of her class that ever sailed from this port. The alterations are of the most extensive character, the present accommodations being found entirely inadequate for the large number of passengers which she will take to the Territory. A fine hurricane deck has just been completed, covering about two-thirds of the ship. Underneath this deck is a saloon about seventy-two feet long and twelve wide. This will be used as a general sitting-room; on each side of this saloon is a fine set of state-rooms. On going below we find ourselves in a large and commodious cabin. The stairway leading to this room has been removed back twenty-four feet, making a handsome saloon of about seventy-five long and sixteen feet wide. It will be used as the dining-room. On each side are large and pleasant state-rooms, which will be used by those ladies who have families. Running back from the stair-way to the fore part of the ship is the young ladies' cabin. This is the largest cabin in the ship, being about one hundred and sixty-five feet long, and

from sixteen to eighteen feet wide. On each side are state-rooms, as pleasant and cozy as the most fastidious young lady could desire. This cabin will be the exclusive sanctum of the ladies, and no gentleman will, under any circumstances, obtain admittance. A number of sewing-machines are fastened to the floor, which the ladies can use when they feel inclined to work. The sanitary arrangements are very fine. A large bathing room is attached to each cabin for the use of the passengers. An Inspecting Committee will be appointed, who will make it their business to visit all the state-rooms every morning and report their condition to the doctor. A room has been fitted up expressly for the doctor, where he can always be found by the sick, and it is expected that he will be overwhelmed with business the first few days out. One of the rooms in the upper saloon is fitted up as a library, and will be furnished with interesting and instructive reading matter. The arrangements in case of accident are complete. There are from four hundred and seventy-five to five hundred feet of hose on board, which can be rapidly carried to any part of the ship in case of fire, sixty-nine buckets, and fourteen axes. There will be ten large life-boats, most of them metallic, and a life-preserver for each passenger."

ADVICE TO A YOUNG FRIEND, ON HER MARRIAGE.

Do not think that I purpose to give advice to any young friend on the eve of her marriage, for all my counsel could be summed up in these few words: Don't marry at all. Having been twice married, I ought to know something about it. But if the precepts inculcated in the following verses were carried out, I think there would be more and happier marriages than there are. They are sent to me by a young lady, to whom they were handed on the eve of her marriage, having been written and handed to her mother on the eve of her marriage, thirty years ago. The authoress has long been dead. "I suppose," writes my young friend, "these associations, the old-fashioned handwriting, and the quaint folding in the old love-letter style, make it the treasure it is to me. I expect the aroma will all be gone when it is stripped of these—certainly, it can never have the preciousness in other eyes that it has in my mother's and mine. Their author is dead now, and this child of her heart can bring her no added joy." Was there ever a delicate sentiment more tenderly expressed? May only the brightest of roses bloom in the pathway of her who pens it!

Let not my friend, though now a wife,
Bid all her cares adieu;
Comforts there are in married life,
And there are crosses, too.

I do not wish to mar your mirth
With an ungrateful sound,
But know, that perfect bliss on earth
No mortal ever found.

Your prospects and your hopes are great,
May God those hopes fulfill!
Yet you will find, in every state,
Some difficulty still.

The rites which lately joined your hands
Cannot ensure content;
Religion forms the strongest bands,
And love the best cement.

But yet, God's daily blessings crave,
Nor trust your youthful heart;
You must divine assistance have
To act a prudent part.

Though you have left a parent's wing,
Still longer ask its care;
It is not often husbands bring
A lighter yoke to bear.

They have their humors and their faults—
So mutable is man:
Excuse his foibles in your thoughts,
And hide them if you can.

No anger nor resentment keep,
Whatever is amiss,
Be reconciled before you sleep,
And seal it with a kiss.

AN UNFORGIVING HUSBAND.

I cannot give this anecdote without commenting on the folly of the woman in asking permission of her dead husband to do what she had a perfect right to do. Does any one suppose that a man ever went to his wife's grave and asked her to forgive him for filling her vacant chair at the head of his table with another woman? Why, some of them would have to make almost as many calls as they do on New Year's Days among their buried ribs: "Four years ago a needlewoman of Paris lost her husband, and, in the violence of her grief, made a vow she would never marry again. Last October she was re-married. She went, on the Feast of the Dead, to pray on her first husband's grave; she begged him to pardon her violation of the vow; her excited imagination seemed to hear a voice from the grave exclaim, 'Never!' She fainted away, and remained in a swoon for six hours, and died next day."

ARAB LOGIC.

Before closing, let me ask why have we no lovers in this land as ready-witted as this one: "An Arabian having brought a blush to a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her: 'My looks have planted roses on your cheeks; why forbid me to gather? The law permits him who sows to reap the harvest.'" I have no doubt that the maiden told him to "gather"—and perhaps "put a pucker" in her lips, as she made the "biassed" remark. There—that's a technical joke for you. Now, in conclusion, if a line is crowded out of my selections, or if I hear a word of unfavorable criticism on any side, this first attempt may be taken as the P. P. C. of

CLARA MORTON.

[For the Californian.]

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

WINDOW-BOXES.

HOW is it that we see so few windows decorated with plants, when it can be so easily accomplished, and is sure to afford so much pleasure both to the occupants and the passer-by? How forcibly the contrast strikes the foreigner, after having for years seen every window and porch of the humblest cottage in his native country filled with choice plants and flowers, and often under great disadvantages, to see the windows of American cottages so generally destitute of floral decoration. It is true in some portions of our city there are to be seen a few straggling pots setting on the edge of a window-sill, ready to be knocked down upon the head of the passer-by, by some stray gust of wind. Many persons think it is too much trouble to have plants inside of their rooms, and are afraid the sun will fade their carpets and the dirt and dust will soil their rooms. To these we say, have a window-box made to fit on the outside of your window, resting on the sill for support, and fastened at the sides for security. Get some carpenter to make you a box of good stout boards strongly nailed together, from eight to twelve inches wide, and about six inches deep, extending the whole width of the window; the front can be ornamented by mouldings in keeping with the style of the windows, and be painted and sanded to match; there should be a few holes bored in the bottom for draining. These boxes can be used as receptacles for the pots of plants, or the plants themselves may be planted in the box. If there is a large supply of plants about the house and gardens, this will be an excellent place to display them to the best advantage, as they can be changed and replaced by others as soon as out of bloom, so keeping up a regular display. Where such is not the case, it is better to plant the various plants directly in the box; besides, the care and attention to watering is much less than when in pots. In planting such a box, put a good layer of charcoal in the bottom for drainage; it also prevents the soil from becoming sour by continued waterings, and is an excellent fertilizer for all kinds of plants. Over this put your soil; the best is good leaf-mold, such as can be obtained from any of the gardeners, or in the suburbs of the city, composed of black sand, decomposed leaves, etc.

The variety of plants which may be grown in such a box, is only limited by the taste and resources of the owner. There are none too poor to extemporize a box and fill it with slips, cuttings, and seeds from some of their more fortunate neighbors, who will esteem it a privilege to contribute to such a display. By those whose means enable them them to gratify their taste, a great variety of rare and beautiful plants may be grown in the greatest perfection. In planting a window-box, the aspect must be taken into consideration, and suitable plants must be chosen for it. Where the window is sheltered from our summer winds and dust, an endless variety of even the tender and delicate plants usually kept in the greenhouse may be cultivated.

The daphne odora, the orange, and the jasmine with their sweet odorous flowers, fill the room with exquisite perfume; to these may be added the violet, the pansy, the mignonette, the lily of the valley, the hyacinth, interspersing among them some of the ferns; over the surface of the ground may be grown the stone-crop and lycopodium; along the front edge may bloom some of the variegated vinca, and the charming little blue lobelia, with its bird-like flowers. At the sides of the window, attached to the ends of the box, may be a trellis of wire for climbing plants, such as the jasmine, honeysuckle, or ivy, the blue maurandia, or even a sweet pea, running up the sides and meeting at the upper centre of the window. From this point, suspend a hanging basket filled with some drooping plants, or a birdcage with your pet bird for a change. In early spring what more delightful than in the morning to open your window and be greeted by the cheerful looks and sweet odors of opening flowers? Plants seen thus *against* the light, have the most charming appearance possible; every vein and pore is visible as the light streams through them, and in the room the light falls beautifully tinted with a soft green, and chequered with a thousand interlacing shadows. With the bright glare of our long summers what can be more grateful to the weary eyes than the cheerfulness of such a window? To the invalid who is confined to a room, what a source of pleasure such a collection of plants would afford; the facility with which they can be attended to is one of the greatest recommendations.

In this way how many unpleasant views may be shut out, and how much beauty added to the immediate neighborhood. Of all kinds of gardening this is the easiest. Many a person is deterred from growing plants, by the difficulty of getting to the garden or the inclemency of the weather, but by this plan it is at one's hand, and, whenever in the mood, our pets are ready for our care and attention.

"No works indeed,
That ask robust, tough sinews, bred to toil,
Servile employ; but such as may amuse,
Not tire, demanding rather skill than force.'

Nothing would tempt those who have once possessed such a treasure to be without it. Each leaf and bud has a history, and becomes a part of our life.

FLORAL DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.

Feb. 4th. St. Margaret of England, Indian Bay, (*Laurus Indica.*)
Feb. 5th. St. Adelaide, Red Primrose, (*Primula Aculis.*)
Feb. 6th. St. Barranuphius, Blue Hyacinth (*Hyacinthus Orientalis coeraleus.*)
Feb. 7th. St. Romula, Cyclamen, (*Cyclamen coum.*)
Feb. 8th. St. John of Matha, Spring Moss, (*Maium Androgynum.*)
Feb. 9th. St. Apollonia, Roman Narcissus, (*Narcissus Romanus.*)
Feb. 10th. St. Coteris, Mezereon, (*Daphne Mezereon.*)

IRIS.

A FEW WORDS CONCERNING BANTINGISM.

AS every one knows, Mr. Banting was a stout man who became reduced to more seemly dimensions by the adoption of a particular code of diet. As every one also knows, "Bantiugism," or the struggle to become thin by following Mr. Banting's example, is at present the fashion in many quarters. Is, then, this fashion to be encouraged, or is it to be discouraged? Dr. Radcliffe is of opinion that it ought to be discouraged, and the present "few words" are intended to show in brief why it ought to be.

Mr. Banting's rule is to take abundance of lean meat, claret, sherry, Madeira, and tea, and to abstain as much as possible from bread, butter, milk, sugar, beer, and potatoes—articles containing starch and saccharine matter—to abstain as much as possible from the articles upon which Mr. Banting had lived almost exclusively in the days when he was a victim to obesity. The diet in Bantingism, indeed, is essentially the same as that prescribed in training for the ring or for the boat race. The chief peculiarity in each case is to allow a large amount of lean meat, and if there be any difference, it is that the Bantingist deals more liberally with himself in this respect than the athlete. What Mr. Banting allows himself is rather more than is eaten by the average-size man in training. It may be expected, therefore, that the known results of the process of training may throw some light upon some of the consequences of Bantingism. It may be expected that Bantingism cannot be carried beyond a certain point with advantage. In training, this is certainly the case, for after a certain time, longer or shorter, as the case may be, within four months at the longest, the person in training rapidly gets "out of condition." Nor is it otherwise with Bantingism; at any rate Dr. Radcliffe says that he met with several persons who, after trying Bantingism for a while with no disadvantage, have thus got "out of condition" in an unmistakable manner, some of them becoming very gouty, and all of them experiencing a decided failure in strength and spirits.

Dr. Radcliffe is disposed to look upon this loss of "condition" in these two cases of training and Bantingism as depending partly upon excess of nitrogenized food, and partly upon deficiency of fatty matter. The nitrogen of the food escapes in the main by the kidney, as urea or uric acid, and if the kidney be not up to its work, the system is apt to become gouty from the accumulation of these products in the blood. Hence it is not difficult to see how excess of nitrogenized food may, sooner or later, lead to ill-health, and that, especially, in the case in which a proper amount of exercise is neglected. Nor is it difficult to see how deficency of fatty matter may tend to bring about the same result, if, as Dr. Radcliffe supposes, a certain quantity of fatty matter be necessary to the proper nourishment of nerve-tissue. It is not difficult to see that nerve-tissue, which contains a large quantity of fat, may be starved if the food do not contain a sufficient quantity of fat, and that this starving of the tissue may involve a corresponding want of nervous energy. At any rate, Dr. Radcliffe is disposed to look upon the diet in training and in Bantingism as calculated to nourish the muscles rather than the nerves, and he believes that this may be one reason why prize-fighters, like Heenan, have often been so seriously wanting in the power of sustained action, and why the followers of Mr. Banting have after a while begun to flag in the spirit which animated them at first.

In a word, Dr. Radcliffe considers that it is not safe to ignore the old standards of food so completely as is done in Bantingism. He thinks that milk and bread are still typical articles of food. He gives reasons for believing that the farinaceous, and saccharine, and oily articles of food are, in proper proportion, not to be dispensed with without risk, inasmuch as they are the most suitable fuel for keeping up the heat of the human body at the proper point; and he gives reasons also for doubting whether farinaceous matters in excess have the same tendency to favor the formation of fat as oily matters in excess. He is of opinion that certain persons may incline to the type of vegetable feeders rather than to the type of animal feeders, and that these persons may find the nitrogenized part of their food better in the albumen, fibrine, and caseine of vegetables than in the albumen, fibrine, and caseine of animals.—*Dublin Medical Press.*

THE New York *Times* has been enlarged to the size of the London *Times*, and is now the largest paper in the United States.

THE CHEST WITH THE SILVER MOUNTINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

SHE was sailing out of Madeira, the good ship *South Star*, a fine trim British vessel. built more for cargo than for passengers, but carrying the latter when she could get them. On her way home from Brazil she had encountered a succession of bad weather, and had to put into Madeira for repairs and provisions. Some of the crew quitted her there, and whispers went about that they were afraid of her, or something in her. Two passengers only had come in her from Rio de Janeiro, a gentleman and his servant. At Madeira she took on board a Major Gore, his wife, two elegant young ladies, and their maid servant, all in mourning. The major's means were straitened, and the moderate charges of the sailing vessel as compared with the passage-money of the regular packets, had been the inducement to choose the *South Star*. They had come on board at the last moment, and the usual confusion prevailed.

"Not down there, please; that's the state cabin, and it belongs to the Don," cried a young boy, in a sort of uniform, whose duty seemed to be to show himself in all parts of the ship at once. "The Don doesn't choose for anybody to go into it."

It was the elder-looking of the two young ladies whose descent he thus interrupted. She turned her imperiously handsome face upon the boy, and her fine dark eyes flashed forth the haughty questions, just as plainly as her tongue:

"The Don! Who is the Don? What do you mean, boy?"

"That's him," said the boy, pointing to a distant part of the deck. "He is as rich as all the mines in Brazil knocked into one, and he's as good as master of the ship, for his will's law. If he had nothing else but the chest in his cabin, he'd be richer than he could count, for it's full of gold and diamonds."

In spite of her hauteur, which was natural to her, she gazed in curiosity. Leaning inertly over the side of the ship was a tall, slender man, with a pale fine face, and sleepy dark eyes. She remembered to have seen him there when they came on board, and she had noticed that he never once turned his eyes towards them, but remained utterly indifferent to the new comers and the commotion they were causing.

"He was our only cabin passenger," continued the speaker, "until you came on board. We brought him from Rio. He's English born. So's his servant, Vincent; a fellow that's always larking. The Don can check him, though, with half a turn of his sleepy eyelids. You must get a sight of the chest—such a big one! It is of carved ebony, with silver mountings."

"Why is he called the Don?"

"Because he's so rich, I suppose. He lost his wife and child out there, they say, and he's coming home for good. She was Spanish or Portuguese, and there was something odd about her, I fancy. The sailors, I know, whisper about it, but they won't tell me."

"And pray who are you?" demanded the young lady, resenting the familiar manner.

"Oh, I'm a middy. That's what they call us, at least; and a precious sham it is, only we don't know it before we sail. The skipper——"

To the temporary surprise of his listener, the young gentleman suddenly vanished. Looking round, she saw the "skipper" advancing, along with the gentleman passenger. The captain stopped as he came up, probably thinking it his duty to introduce them to each other.

"Mr. Valencia; Miss Gore."

Mr. Valencia raised his straw hat and bowed. She bent also, but haughtily, as if in resentment of what the captain had done, and her voice carried a sound of scorn to that functionary's ear, as she corrected his mistake.

"I beg your pardon, sir; it is as well to be correct. Mrs. Clytton, not Miss Gore."

"I beg yours, ma'am," replied the captain. "I had understood you were the Major's daughter."

Vouchsafing no explanation, Mrs. Clytton turned away, drawing her flowing black-and-white muslin gown around her slight and stately form, and carrying with her the remembrance of a stern face when in repose, but of a wonderfully attractive one when a smile illumined it—the face of Mr. Valencia. She was accosted by the maid.

"What do you want, Simms?"

"If you please, ma'am, Miss Auta is waiting to know which of the two berths you would be pleased to choose?"

Mrs. Clytton descended to the cabin, one with two berths in it. A young lady, quite as elegant in form as herself, but with a face of little beauty, save what lay in its fair blue eyes and its sweet expression, stood there, patiently waiting.

"Geraldine, will you be so kind as choose your berth?"

"Which is the most comfortable?"

"I think that one; it seems more airy than this."

"I'll take it, then," said Mrs. Clytton. And the younger lady meekly began to put her own things upon the other.

For a few days there was no great approach to intimacy, Mr. Valencia holding himself aloof. He was deferred to in every way, the new passengers found: and perhaps if there was one thing held in more reverence on board than Mr. Valencia himself, it was Mr. Valencia's ebony chest that he kept secluded in his cabin, and before which a handsome curtain was generally drawn. It was of curious value in itself, that chest, with its elaborate carvings and their adjuncts of silver.

The Gores had left their only son in a grave in Madeira, whither they had gone a year before, hoping to prolong his life. So much depended on it. Had he lived but two months longer, he would have come into a large fortune, and could have willed it to his family. He died, and it went from them; and the major was returning to England a bitterly disappointed man; returning to poverty and debt, and all sorts of humiliations, for he had fully counted on this coming money for years, and had lived accordingly. Mrs. Clytton, his only daughter, had been a wife for six months only, and had been back under her father's roof, a widow, these three years. She was five-and-twenty now, and had no fortune whatever, but plenty of pride. Auta Gore, an orphan and the major's niece, lived with them: she possessed about a hundred a year, ninety of which the major and Mrs. Gore took, leaving her the rest for clothes and pocket-money. Tolerated as a dependent more than a relative, poor Auta had been taught the lesson of humility, and had learnt it effectively.

Certainly the ship did not appear to be a lucky one. Contrary weather pursued it after quitting Madeira, just as it had previously; violent head-winds one day, utter calm the next; and the voyage promised to be unusually prolonged. It seemed to Mrs. Clytton, who was a remarkably shrewd observer, that some sort of dissatisfaction reigned amidst the sailors, which was not allowed to transpire beyond themselves. Meanwhile an intimacy sprang up between the Gores and the Anglo-Spaniard, rather remarkable from his previous coldness. They were together always; he pacing the deck with one or other of the young ladies—generally Mrs. Clytton—at his side, or sitting under the awning in the autumn sun, while he told them tales of Brazilian life. And Geraldine Clytton had begun to think the wealthy Don worth her notice. The hidden treasures of that chest, filled to its very lid with diamonds and jewels, floated before her in a dazzling vision by night and by day. Simms had craftily thrown out delicate questions on the subject to the servant, Vincent, and he responded without reserve. They were almost priceless jewels, he affirmed; necklaces, rings, armlets, all fit for a queen; one tiara of diamonds was said to be worth eight thousand pounds. Geraldine Clytton turned half faint with delirious hope as she gathered this: and made up her mind, in the consciousness of her irresistible charms, to be George Valencia's second wife. Not for himself did she care; but to be the mistress of such gems, she would have well nigh bartered her soul. The chest was of curious shape, beautiful as it was, very long and narrow; and Mrs. Clytton sometimes saw the sailors look askance at it, more in dread than in admiration. That some mystery, and not a pleasant one, was connected with it in their minds was evident, and she wondered greatly. Did they fear temptation? Not so, she. "I would give all I am worth to lift the lid!" she passionately murmured, gazing in at it one day from the cabin door, as it stood revealed behind the undrawn curtain. "And I'd not go anigh it to be made skipper tomorrow," shuddered a passing sailor, in whose hearing she had unwittingly spoken.

"Have you been long in the Brazils?" asked Major Gore one day, as they were all, except Mrs. Gore, who suffered from sea sickness, sitting on deck, Mr. Valencia leaning over the side in his customary listless manner, while he watched the waves.

"Ten years."

"Ten years of exile! A short while, though, to make a fortune in: which you have done, I believe?"

"A larger fortune than I shall know how to spend," said Mr. Valencia. "We were originally Spaniards ourselves, and have connections still in Brazil, so that I went out under good auspices. The lady I married was also very rich."

"She must have died young. You cannot be more than forty."

"I am thirty six. I dare say I look forty."

Geraldine Clytton's lips parted as she waited for more. She had become anxious to know somewhat of his first wife. Major Gore continued.

"What did your wife die of, Mr. Valencia?"

Mr. Valencia extended his arm. "See! Is that a petrel? We shall have bad weather again."

Major Gore took his glass. "I think it's only a sea-gull. Your wife, Mr. Valencia—has she been dead long?"

Mr. Valencia turned round and faced the major; his countenance stern, his lips drawn in. "Pardon me, Major Gore, but I would prefer to speak on some other subject. That *is* a petrel."

Major Gore stared and bowed. He was not gifted with superfluous delicacy, and he presently entered on his questions again.

"Why do the sailors call you the Don?"

Mr. Valencia burst into a laugh. "*They* know, I suppose; I don't. Perhaps they take me for a Spaniard."

"Nothing less than a Don—whatever that important title may imply—would travel with a chest of jewels such as yours," interposed Geraldine Clytton in a tone between jest and earnest; as she moved to his place at the ship's side, and looked after the bird, the harbinger of storm.

The words seemed to surprise Mr. Valencia. "Who told you I travelled with a chest of jewels, Mrs. Clytton?"

"Who told me? Oh, it's the talk of the ship. That large, beautiful ebony chest, you know, in your cabin."

Had his face turned pale? or was it only Mrs. Clytton's fancy, as she closely watched him? It changed; and the next moment sarcasm was pervading its every line.

"Joking apart, though, Mr. Valencia," she persisted, "does the chest contain jewels?"

"It does. Valuable jewels."

"And what shall you do with so many?"

"Bestow them on my wife, when I marry again," he replied, looking full into her handsome face.

Had he divined her secret thoughts? For once Mrs. Clytton showed that she was annoyed: she turned to her cousin, speaking tartly. "Auta, how neglectful you are! Poor mamma keeps her cabin, and you sit here, never looking after her!"

Auta Gore, meek as ever, and lovely in her meekness, was hastening away, when Mr. Valencia offered his arm. She blushed as she took it.

"Your cousin is curious as to my jewels, Miss Gore. It does seem strange, I suppose, for a single man to possess so many. They were my wife's. Had my child lived, they would have been hers: but she likewise died. My wife had a passion for costly gems. Many of them were heirlooms."

"But do not talk of your wife if it pains you to do so," said Auta, simply, remembering the recently passed scene. "We cannot always bear to speak of the lost when they have been very dear to us."

"True. But my case is the opposite one. I did not love my wife, Miss Gore. Her memory is painful to me: I had almost said hateful."

"Oh!" exclaimed Auta.

"She gave me cause to hate her," he continued, in a low tone. "It was not a happy marriage from the first: "she was older than I by some years, and we did not assimilate. I married her for money, not for love, more shame to me; still I—I—tried to do my duty by her. There's a confidence for you, Miss Gore. But I'm sure I don't know why I've told you: unless it is that you have seemed to belong to me since I knew your name was Auta—it was my child's. Let the confidence rest between us."

She blushed again in the prettiest manner possible, by way of answer, and glanced up an assent from her blue eyes, as Mr. Valencia resigned her at the stairs leading to Mrs. Gore's cabin.

And the contrary winds continued, interspersed with dead calms; and the sailors looked gloomy as death. How long was the voyage to last? One thing it favored—and that was the close and ripening intimacy between the passengers; and Mrs. Clytton might always be seen by the side of Mr. Valencia. For hours together they would pace the deck, her arm in his. Whispers went abroad in the ship that he surely meant to make her his second wife. It might be so: Mr. Valencia was not the first man who has succumbed, spite of will, to the charms of an attractive woman.

Was it a dream? Mrs. Clytton sat up in her berth, the drops of horror gathered on her brow. The ship was tossing about in a fearful storm, and she suspected they were in danger. Not at that was her terror awakened, for she was constitutionally brave; but at the whispered words of two of the crew who had come down to secure something or other that had broken from its fastenings close by her head. Snatches of words, at the best, but their import all distinct and terrible. The ebony chest, which had been the subject of so much comment on board, so much covetousness to *her*. did not contain jewels, but the *wife* of Mr. Valencia; the wife whom he was strongly suspected of having murdered. The remains had been smuggled on board in that chest, out of the way of the South American authorities, and he himself set afloat the false report that it held jewels. *There* had lain the cause of all the ill the ship had encountered; it had led to the desertion of most of the crew at Madeira; and these two sailors lamented in rather strong language that they had not deserted too; and they spoke mutinously of the captain for not hurling the chest overboard, instead of keeping it there to curse the ship and put their lives in danger. Geraldine Clytton's hair stood on end as she listened, and her face turned cold and damp with faintness.

The storm subsided. Not so the tumult in the brain of Mrs. Clytton. Over and over again she asked herself, and did she really hear such words, or were they but the fancies of a troubled dream? In the broad light of day, in the reassuring bustle of social life, she laughed at the utter absurdity of the strange tale; nevertheless, down deep in her heart lay a doubt—true, or untrue? And she saw the sailors exchange discontented whispers one with the other, and heard them say, as they glanced around with ominous faces, that they should never see land again.

"I cannot stand this suspense," she murmured on the evening of the second day. "Yet how end it? It is not a thing I can speak about. The ship would conclude that the fright of the storm had turned me mad—"

"A regular gale, ma'am, that last, wasn't it? But we shall go along well, I hope, now. The weather seems to have cleared."

"Vincent, tell me!" she cried out, laying her hand upon the man's arm in her feverish impulse—for the interruption had come from him, as he was passing her. "Tell me truly, as though you were speaking for your life, what is it that your master really has in that ebony chest?"

"My master has jewels in it, ma'am," was the ready and evidently truthful answer. "Beautiful gems that belonged to his wife. They were to have been her child's, but the little lady died too. When Mr. Valencia was packing them in the chest he said he had half a mind to leave them behind, so little does he care for them. Only there were no relatives to leave them to."

She heaved a sigh of intense relief. "I heard the sailors whispering the night of the storm, Vincent. They said the ship could not get along for what was in the chest; they spoke of a dead body. Of course I knew it was nonsense."

Mr. Vincent swayed himself to and fro in a perfect delirium of laughter. It was some moments before he could beg pardon for it, or speak at all.

"That was my doing, Mrs. Clytton. When we were getting on board at Rio, it somehow came out to the sailors that the chest had jewels in it. Knowing what a light-fingered lot Jack is on occasions, I thought it well to put them on another scent, and confided to them, as a weighty secret, that the chest really contained the ashes of Mrs. Valencia, which were being brought home for interment. And they have believed it all this while! What soft fellows sailors are!"

Entirely reassured, thoroughly convinced, Mrs. Clytton forgave the man's familiarity and laughed with him, forgetting her dignity. She dismissed the subject from her mind from that moment. Vincent entered on a description of some of the treasures of the chest, and she listened till her pretty mouth watered. Two whole hours that evening was she chattering by the side of Mr. Valencia.

The ship did arrive in port, and safely, in spite of the prognostics of the sailors; and the passengers parted at Southampton, only to meet again early in December, for Mr. Valencia had given a cordial invitation to the Major and his family to meet him in his paternal home at Norfolk—his, now—and spend a long Christmas with him. And they arrived early in December, nothing loth, finding a home replete with every convenience, every luxury, and a warm welcome from Mr. Valencia, who in his turn had been warmly welcomed by old friends around. It was an old-fashioned house, full of winding passages, in which Mrs. Clytton and Auta Gore lost themselves perpetually.

"It is a perfect home!" cried the Major, in a rapture of admiration. "You have given it everything, Mr. Valencia, that can assure happiness and comfort."

"Not quite perfect yet," dissented Mr. Valencia. "It wants one thing more, Major, which I suppose I shall have to give it—a mistress."

"Shall you add that?" inquired the Major, his eye resting, perhaps unconsciously, on his daughter.

"I hope so. The happiness denied to me in my first wife may be mine in a second. What do you think, Miss Auta?"

Auta Gore colored so vividly at the unexpected question, that she was glad to escape in very self-consciousness: and Mrs. Clytton, full of contemptuous pity, said Auta was growing more absurdly shy every day.

The days went on for all parties in a sort of Elysium. Major and Mrs. Gore had never been so luxuriously off in their lives; Geraldine was indulging blissful visions, their whole basis, gold; and Auta was in the mazy depths of a first love-dream, whose idol was George Valencia. Her heart had gone out to him in those days when they were on the broad sea, when he had talked to her in low tones, unsuspected by anybody, and gazed into the depths of her blue eyes.

And the ebony chest? It was in Mr. Valencia's private rooms in the west wing of the house, its contents (as was understood) as yet undisturbed. Geraldine Clytton's desire to see those princely jewels, so shortly, as she hoped, to be hers, was growing almost irrepressible, fevering her spirit with its excitement. *Why* could he not show them to her? The question began to torment her more than was good for her equanimity, and it gave rise to thoughts not justifiable.

But, let us hope that accident alone led to the step she finally took. On Christmas Eve they were sitting out of doors, when Mr. Valencia, in taking something from his pocket, let fall a key, with a small silver chain attached to it. He did not perceive the loss, and Mrs. Clytton stealthily secured it. It was one of the mildest days ever know at that season, the sun shining, the air balmy as in spring, the violets and primroses raising their modest heads. Nothing of the unusual beauty saw Geraldine Clytton; that key, lying unsuspected in her hand, was obscuring her vision physically and mentally. Instinct had told her it was the key of the chest, and she had resolved to take a sly peep for herself, like Bluebeard's wife.

She had to wait for the opportunity, and some delay there must necessarily be; yet her mind was in that feverishly excited state that brooks it not. At the dinner-table that evening an excuse was made for Mrs. Clytton; she was "lying on her bed with a violent headache, and must on no account be disturbed." Half-an-hour of impatient waiting yet, that they might be fairly settled into the dinner, and then she stole away on her expedition. She hated to lose her dinner; but what was dinner, even though taken by the side of George Valencia, compared to the gratification of that irrepressible longing—the sight of those glorious gems.

The moonlight was streaming in at the corridor windows as she made her way to the opposite wing of the house, shielding with her hand the candle she had brought. Her heart was beating, her veins were throbbing; not at the dishonor of the act she was about to commit; not at the dread of detection, but with the morbid eagerness for the sight she had so long and ardently coveted. Of detection there was little fear at that hour. Mr. Valencia was heading his own table, and Vincent was safe behind his master's chair. Opening the green baize door that shut in the wing, and closing it softly after her, she turned into the second room on the left. There it was! the long, beautiful ebony chest; it stood against the wall, opposite the window, in the moonbeams, which glittered on its mountings of silver. There was no time to go to work deliberately; for interruption, involving the awful agony of detection and shame, was not impossible, though unlikely; and she hastily put the key into the lock. Even as she did so a tremor shot through her whole frame; for, in that moment, she knew not how or why, the whispers of the two sailors, that memorable, stormy night on board the *South Star*, flashed into her mind. What if the chest should contain, not jewels, but ——? As she turned the key, the lid shot back with a spring, startling her well nigh to death. Surely so large and long a lid had never so shot back before! But Geraldine Clytton was not one to yield needlessly to superstition, and she took a good look in at the chest. It was about three parts filled, and evidently had been unpacked, perhaps set in order, since its arrival at its present resting-place. Numbers of small parcels, covered respectively with paper, with cotton wool, with cardboard boxes, as the case might be, completely lined the chest all round, to the width of some inches; they were, no doubt, the jewels; but Mrs. Clytton's attention was caught by what was lying in their midst. Nearly all down the middle of the chest was laid a snow-white damask of cloth, lightly covering what might be underneath. Parures of diamonds, no doubt; and she picked off this cloth with so impatient a jerk that the current of air whiffled against the candle, and put it out. But not before she had caught a glimpse of what looked like a human face lying there, with wide-open flashing black eyes. At first, she could see nothing, the moonlight being so faint as contrasted with the recent light of the candle, and a superstitious terror assailed her, and turned her heart to sickness.

"What a fool I am!" she ejaculated in a few minutes, "I'm thinking of what the sailors said. Those two things that looked like eyes must be gleaming jewels. And the candle out!—and I not to have had the sense to bring matches with me!"

She put out her hand; she meant to pull them forth, those gleaming jewels, and look at them in the moonlight; but her fingers came in contact with—what? A face. A dead face, beyond a doubt, for it was cold and stiff. A cry of awful terror broke from her, echoing in the silence of the dread room; and Geraldine Clytton flew away, she knew not how or where. Instinct took her towards her own chamber, and near it she ran against Simms, the maid.

"Ma'am! whatever is the matter?"

Seizing the astonished servant by the arm, she pulled her into the chamber, and closed the door. She clung to her as as though she would never let her go again. She crouched down in the warmth and light of the fire, her teeth chattering, her breath coming in gasps.

"But what is it?" reiterated Simms, more and more amazed. "Has anything frightened you, ma'am?"

"I—thought—I—saw something in the corridor," came the evasive answer. "Perhaps an owl had got in, Simms."

She caused herself to be dressed: she was alive to the importance of diverting all suspicions from herself, when Mr. Valencia should come to discover the raid on the chest; and she descended to the drawing-room. Mrs. Gore, its only inmate, was asleep by the fire; the Major was sure to be in the dining-room, for he liked to sit long and enjoy a private cigar: but where were Auta and Mr. Valencia? A soft silvery, happy laugh seemed to answer from the conservatory, and Geraldine Clytton turned to it; the mirrors, as she passed them, reflected her own scared face, into which the warm blood would not come.

Auta was indeed there, with Mr. Valencia. But how? Her hands were clasped in his; his face was all close to her bent and blushing one. For one blissful moment Geraldine Clytton truly thought she saw some deceptive vision that had no place in reality—that could have none. The next, she had awakened to the truth, and stood there spell-bound. She had never dreamt of this. *Auta* his love! when she had surely thought——But whispered words were stealing distinctly on her ear; words that well nigh drove her mad, and turned the current of every pulse she possessed into one living anger.

"My heart went out to you from the first, Auta; and I think you could not have misunderstood me. Geraldine? nonsense! She sought me; I did not seek her. I never had a thought of love but for you. My darling! my darling!"

Auta Gore started from his arm with a cry. That angry woman, with inflamed face and haughty mien, was bearing down upon them like one possessed of an evil spirit. Auta never distinctly remembered what followed. There were raised voices, recriminating words, and some strange charge that lifted her very hair from her head. Major Gore stood holding his daughter back; and Mrs. Gore, only half awake, was staring with her cap hanging to one ear by a single string. Mr. Valencia alone remained calm and cool. The first consecutive words came from him.

"I do not understand it any more than you do, Major. I do know that this is the happiest hour of my life, for your niece has promised to be my wife; but what it is Mrs. Clytton would accuse me of, I really don't know."

"She can never be your wife," retorted Mrs. Clytton. "*You* marry again! Would you take a second wife, to murder her as you did your first?"

Mr. Valencia's sleepy eyes for once were opened as wide as his antagonist's.

"Murdered my first wife!" he quietly rejoined. "Thank you. I was not aware I had done anything of the sort."

"You know you did," came the panting answer. "You know that you have got her concealed in that ebony chest; that you had her in it on board, while falsely pretending it was filled with jewels. The sailors knew what was in the chest, and nearly broke out in a mutiny; they said it brought a curse on the ship. *I* accuse you, George Valencia, though you have escaped accusation from others. I have seen the chest and its horrible burthen; I have touched it—the cold dead face of her you keep concealed there."

The bewilderment in Mr. Valencia's countenance gave place to a sudden smile of light, as if the puzzle had cleared itself. "We will go and see this dead face, if you please, Major, all of us. Mrs. Clytton, I must particularly request your company. It will not alarm you, believe me, Mrs. Gore. Auta, my dearest, do not tremble so; I will take care of *you*."

It lay in the ebony chest, exposed at once to their view—calm, peaceful, infinitely pretty. Not the dead face of a once-living woman, but the wax-work model of a lovely child, its dark eyes wide open, and a rose-leaf color on its smooth cheeks.

"When my child died—my little Auta, who was more precious to me than anything I have yet possessed on earth—I was fond and foolish enough to have a wax model taken of her," said Mr. Valencia in a low tone. "I brought it home in my treasure chest. As you may perceive, I have not yet disturbed it. Mrs. Clytton, it seems, thought she would do so for me. My wife was not murdered, I beg leave to state, Mrs. Clytton; she died peacefully in her bed, surrounded by servants and friends, and she lies buried in Brazil. *May* I be allowed to inquire, madam, what can have given rise in your mind to so extraordinary a delusion?"

They were soon to know. The culprit was Vincent. The explanation he had given to Mrs. Clytton, on board the *South Star*, was the simple truth, though not quite all the truth. In his propensity for joking—and perhaps really wishing to guard the chest from sacrilege—he had whispered the foolish invention (of the *body*, not the ashes, and hinting at foul play) to the sailors, as the ship sailed out of port at Rio de Janeiro; hence the disaffection and fear that arose among them—Mr. Vincent himself being perfectly aware of the state of things, but enjoying the joke too greatly to contradict it. Geraldine Clytton listened to the man's shamefaced explanation to his master, and rather wished the boarded floor would give way and let her in.

And those *were* jewels, the parcels lining the chest! And as Mr. Valencia took them out, parure after parure, and tried their glittering beauty upon the shrinking, timid, happy girl, so soon to be his wife, she—that other one—had to stand and bear it.

"But what shall you do with them all, Mr. Valencia?" asked Mrs. Gore. "I never saw so many precious stones in my life!"

"They are Auta's from this hour," he replied. "I did not intend to give them to her until our wedding day. Mrs. Clytton has obligingly caused me to forestall the gift. Some of them must be reset."

"I don't believe they are so very valuable, after all," burst forth Mrs. Clytton, her agitated voice vacillating between a sneer and a sob; "and—no, mamma, there's no necessity for you to say it! it's *not* a case of sour grapes."

"Of course not," said Mr. Valencia, the faintest shade of a smile at the corners of his sleepy eyelids. "But the next time you accuse a man of murder, Mrs. Clytton, I'd make sure beforehand, if I were you, that it did not end in wax-work."—*Once a Week.*

NOTICE.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1866.

THE "WHITE SWALLOW" FLIGHT.

DIBDIN has sung the charms of the sea and the delights of a sailor's life; other poets have chanted the attractions of salt water until very many men have come to think that it must be pleasant to be pickled. The traditional tar of the stage is a jolly fellow, wearing white duck trousers, a shirt with small anchors embroidered in the collar, a jaunty hat, shining pumps, and if the wardrobe of the theatre will allow it, silk stockings. He is forever hitching up his trousers, rolling his quid of tobacco like a sweet morsel in his larboard or starboard cheek, and swearing oaths that have a nautical flavor. In our visions we have always seen him swaying on halyards, rounding in braces with a cheery yo, ho! sheeting home the courses, clewing up topsails, furling top gallant sails, or doing something else nice, clean, and pleasant.

But gone is the forecastle Jack of our imagination from the fond fancy forever. The arrival of the *White Swallow* and the trial now progressing before Judge Hoffman of the sailors for mutiny, have let in a different light upon the nautical picture. It is less pretty, but we recognize the sober lines of truth. Sailors, clad in patched breeches and smelling loudly of tar, are suspended over the sides of a swift-sailing ship while their legs dip in the water with every lurch of the vessel. They are not catching skipjacks for dinner; the vessel is just out of harbor and they are scraping her sides. When they come in on deck they are knocked down by way of shaking them up after their cramped positions, and captain and mate have little matches in swearing and obscenity, making the sailors their targets, and generally ringing the bell every time. Wormy biscuit, measley pork and very little of it, bad duff and less of it, with a fluid mixture which resembles water bewitched rather than coffee, constitute the regular food of these jolly sons of Neptune. If indeed they are, as captain and mate so often assure them, the unworthy sons of female dogs, the reflection must often come across them that their mothers in comfortable kennels would turn up their noses at *pabulum* which even the Gold Hill *News*—which is a judge of such things—could not pronounce proper "purp-stuff."

If the farmer on shore who hired men to plough and sow, to reap and to mow, slung them over the lee bulwarks of the hogpen to scrape its sides, he would probably find himself short of hands soon after. And if he indulged in the amusement of knocking them over once and a while by way of keeping his hand in for knocking down bullocks, there would perhaps be music in the farmyard. It might not be safe even to call a stout-fisted fellow a demnition bow-wow, let alone going back to a former generation and boldly stating that his mother was a bow-wow before him. If the farm hand struck back it would be justifiable self defence, or if he had the farmer haled before the courts he could procure his conviction for assault and battery, and using oaths and obscene language. But if the hand strikes back at sea it is mutiny, and oaths and obscenity seem to constitute the recognized vernacular of the quarter-deck. One reason, perhaps, why ship-captains go so little in society on shore is because they feel conscious that their language is limited to a number of adjectives, substantives, interjections, and similes not heard in parlors and seldom used in the presence of ladies.

It is time that this was changed. Men at sea have rights as well as masters. It was inhumane to do away with the regular cat-o-nine-tails at sea, if the belaying pin, marlin spike and hand spike are to be permitted to supplant it. Reading the testimony in the *White Swallow* case—and it bears the unmistakable impress of truth—one's wonder is not that the sailors at last rose and put the officers in irons—the only surprising thing about the transaction is that, after putting the officers securely in irons, they did not throw the irons overboard in company with the brass knuckles, slung shots, and other implements of the modern marine inquisition. Certainly, the officers have every reason to congratulate themselves on not occupying uncomfortably wet beds at the present time.

The main thing to be regretted is the bad precedent the affair furnishes to sailors. Under the circumstances, it hardly seems that they deserve punishment, and yet it will never answer to allow sailors to rise and seize a ship with impunity. An unpleasant dilemma is the result. It is proven that the life of at least one sailor was sacrificed, and that the lives of others were in jeopardy. The law cannot demand that sailors lie supinely as sheep while skippers cut their throats. Neither can it justify them in rising and taking the command of the ship out from the hands in which it is vested. Because, once establish such a precedent, and crews may avail themselves of it upon a very slight pretext. We are somewhat curious to know what judgment will be prononnced.

On the whole, we think the captain of the *White Swallow* has gone a little too far for the interests of his fraternity in pushing his sailors to this most mild and respectable rebellion. Sailors all the world over will see that they are not so much at the mercy of officers as they supposed, and the balance of power will stand ready to assert itself on all similar occasions. This one *White Swallow* seems destined to make a summer for sailors. But what will underwriters and shipowners say? If the direct result be to make them entrust their vessels only to humane officers, while the ultimate one be to sweep the sea of the quarter-deck brutes that infest it, perhaps Justice can afford to let the *White Swallow* men go free.

THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

AT the present writing it looks as though a repeal of the Specific Contract Law would be effected.

While we are not prepared to take grounds against the repeal, we must confess that we do not share in the general anticipations of the financial millennium which is expected to follow. Introduce greenbacks, cries the needy borrower, and all our troubles are at an end. Money will become plenty, rates of interest will be reduced, and on a tidal wave of paper currency we shall all float to the upper heights of prosperity!

We have grave apprehensions that the halcyon days so confidently predicted on some sides will be slow in dawning, even after an Atheling of Chase's creation is established upon a paper throne to sway the finances of this country.

Greenbacks are a representative of value, and the capitalist will part with them no sooner than he would with gold. He will require quite as good security before he unlocks his coffers and counts out legal-tender notes as he would were he shovelling out the same value in gold. There is no scarcity of money in our market. The only trouble lies in the depreciation of securities, in the general want of confidence that has been begotten in mining stocks. The man possessed of unencumbered real estate can get all the money he wants, and at a not very extravagant interest. But the man who has only certificates of stock in a mining company which has been or promises to be valuable, finds it very difficult to effect a loan. Would it be any different were greenbacks the currency of the country? We see no reason for believing that it would.

At the same time, had California adopted the national currency in the beginning, times would have been better with us, we fancy. Capital would have flowed in and immigration would have been greater. It required a deal of nerve in an Eastern man to invest in this country when the money which he sent out was sheared down sixty cents on the dollar, and the prospective emigrant to our shores very often changed his mind when he found how his little capital would dwindle down after underdoing the necessary translation into metallic currency.

Now we fear it is too late for the breaking down of the barrier to be of any practical good. Other avenues are opened to capital since the close of the war, the South in particular offering a field for its employment with which even our golden coast cannot vie. The introduction of greenbacks would have the effect of advancing the prices of labor and of all commodities, but in reality values would remain unchanged, for a gold basis would of course underlie all. If the wages of the laboring man are advanced twenty-five per cent., and he has to pay twenty-five per cent. more for the necessaries of life, he is no better off than he was before. Three years ago, when the gates of the great South were locked and barred, capital, pent within the confines of the Northern States, swelled and sought an outlet until, in all probability, it would have flowed over the mountains and found our shores, had not our old women stood in the door and swept back the panting waters with the besom of bullion. The South is now opened to trade, and capital will avail itself of contiguous borders rather than seek an isolated point like the Pacific. And with present prejudices it will be no easy matter to bring legal-tender notes into general circulation, even were the Specific Contract Law repealed. The most ready way that we can suggest for effecting the object is to declare that gold and silver is the currency of the country, but at the same time pass a specific contract law, allowing debts to be paid in greenbacks, at the debtor's option. With such a specific contract law in existence, we apprehend that payments would all be made in greenbacks, and that gold would very soon be withdrawn from circulation.

THE "EIGHT-HOUR SYSTEM."

IF the project which has lately passed the Assembly, of cutting down the hours in which we are to labor and do all our work, from ten hours to eight, has not before received that attention at our hands which the importance of the innovation demands, it is only because, amid the whirl and clang of the wheels of commerce, mechanics, and literature, we were unable to arrive at a clear understanding of the subject.

It is now clear to us—thanks to a pamphlet lately issued by J. A. Magagnos, Esq., "of the *Evening Bulletin*." Whether J. A. M. is leading editor, or simply one of those contributing ones whose pens at regular intervals corruscate and scintillate in the columns of that brilliant journal, we are not informed, but we infer the former, for on every page we see evidences of that profundity of research, that sweep of thought, that keen analyzation of men and principles, that fervor of diction and polish of style, which have made the *Bulletin* the superior of the *Flag*, the peer of the *Call*, and but a few steps below the *Alta*.

With the preamble with which the pamphlet favors us we have not time to deal. Lost in the mazes of its philosophy, we prefer to stand patiently one side until it emerges from the labyrinth and tosses to us one end of the silken clue. Lamenting that "laborers are deprived by the prejudices of the community from availing themselves of the only day they have for recreation," this Gamaliel of the workmen speaks in their behalf, and says, "therefore we propose to work less hours each day."

What are we to understand from this conclusion of the *Bulletin's* man—Mr. J. A. M.? Because the unfortunate prejudices of the community prevent him from cheating the Almighty of his Sabbath, does he cast about to see what may be done with man? Certainly, if this be the case, while we mourn that such prejudices should exist on the part of a bigoted community—weep a very river of regrets that these prejudices should cut off the "laborer" in the *Bulletin's* vineyard from capering nimbly in a lager beer cellar of Sunday evenings to the lascivious pleasing of the rieketty piano forte which constitutes the orchestra of those places of popular resort—debar him from going to the Willows of Sunday afternoons to see patient old bulls worried by vagabonds in red shirts, until they turn over and die in the sublime consolation that they will be totally unfit for beef—while we lament, we say, that these prejudices should subject J. A. M. or his editorial associates to any one or all of these deprivations, compelling him instead to remain at home in the bosom of his family, or offer to them that unexciting but also inexpensive amusement which church-going affords, our sympathy is materially lessened by this proposition to exact from his employer upon earth those hours which he so grudgingly gives to his Master in Heaven.

However, when J. A. M. represents to us that by the introduction of the eight-hour system, "we will get rid of the evil of early rising," he wins upon us to a degree which we are loth to confess. Fully agreeing with him that early rising is prejudicial to the working man's health—yes, going farther and asserting that even the health of the professional man is injured thereby, that whole hecatombs of human victims have been sacrificed upon the altar of the rising sun, that early rising has brought many a promising young man to a premature grave—we join hands with J. A. M. upon this issue, in all faith, and deplore the necessity of anybody's having to get up at all.

That most laborers will prefer the eight-hour system to the ten we are prepared to believe. But when it is further argued that an increase of wages will be the certain result of the movement we are at last obliged to file an exception. Manufacturers certainly cannot afford to pay their employees more for eight hours labor than they hitherto have for ten—or if they can the advance will be so small we apprehend as to be scarcely worth minding. Perhaps printers who set type by the thousand, and a few other working men who work by the piece, will continue to work just as many hours as usual. One thing is certain, the editor who gets out the newspaper which the laborer wishes to read before he goes to his work will have to work quite as long and as far into the night as usual in order to meet the expectations of his master, the public, for whom he labors. And the physician must still be called at all hours of the night, for if J. A. M. lay ill of the measles, or any important event or advent was expected in his family, he would not like to have the physician on being summoned refer him to the eight-hour statute, and plead that he had already worked ten.

Seriously, we are sorry to see a mistaken view taken of this matter by so many intelligent men—exclusive of J. A. M. Cut down the hours of labor, and a curtailment of wages is the inevitable result. No employer will pay a man as much for one hour's work as for two—for eight as for ten. As before remarked, with mechanics and artisans who work by the piece, no change in working hours seems likely to be effected, for the industrious man who has a family dependent upon him will get as much out of daylight as he can. So far as we see, the eight-hour system can only result in bringing all labor down to piece and contract work, and cutting off the present

custom of day wages altogether. In this view we are not opposed to the movement, for such a system of compensation would, in our apprehension, be better for all parties. Much as we regret to be obliged to differ from the conclusions arrived at in the pamphlet of Mr. Magagnos "of the *Bulletin*," we are thus compelled to differ at last.

AMUSEMENTS.

MAGUIRE'S Opera House, on Monday evening, was devoted to Bandmann's complimentary benefit, the beneficiary appearing in "Richard III." He dressed the character unlike any other actor whom we remember to have seen in it, and certainly played it after a conception of his own. Without disputing that in all cases Mr. Bandmann's interpretation of the Great Master is correct, we cannot forbear expressing the opinion that had the Great Master dreamed how this Anglo-German pupil would interpret him in the present century, there would not have been such a discrepancy between Shakspeare and Bandmann. For the former would certainly have yielded and colored his chief characters according to Bandmann's taste. The house was well filled, and at the conclusion of the performance the beneficiary was called before the curtain and presented with a gold medal; he responded with a silver speech—silver, we say, for silence is said to be golden.

On Tuesday evening, *The Ticket of Leave Man* was produced, Chas. Thorne as "Bob Brierly." We never remember to have seen this actor so wrap himself up in a character as to lose his personal identity, but, from his noble self-sacrifice on this occasion, we confidently predict that he is destined to make a valuable leading-man. So thoroughly, apparently, was he saturated with handsome villain parts, that the odor clung to him as a grain of musk does to a wig. When he stepped out upon the veraudah in honest parts, it was still palpable. But on this occasion he buried Thorne, and at the very bottom of the grave lay "Iago," "Captain Levison," "Hawkshaw," and a whole hectacomb of ennuing rascals. The resurrection was a very good Bob Brierly. Handsome locks were hidden under yellow hair rather closely cropped, the moustache was not the one he sports on the street, nor were the clothes—figure and taste were sacrificed to costume, and he looked the ticket-of-leave-man. And for the first attempt at a dialect part, the character was well played. In the beginning he seemed rather uneasy under the novelty of the situation, but after a full comprehension dawned upon him that for once he was the injured one, the persecuted and not the persecutor, he rose to the sublimity of his new position and filled it. Mrs. Edwin, as the sweetheart and wife—the ticketess of the ticket—was correct as usual; the "Mrs. Willoughby" of Mrs. Saunders was excellent; Franks made a rather festive "Tiger;" Leman's "Hawkshaw" was very good, and Jackson's "Melter Moss" was the traditional Fagin, with a tow wig and whiskers, instead of the dark hirsuteness of the memorial Jew.

Wednesday evening, C. R. Plummer made his *début* as "Solon Shingle," John Owen's great *role*. Whether the thinness of the audience encouraged or depressed the *débutant* we do not know, but the attempt, if not a positive success, was certainly far from a failure. In a very few modest words Mr. Plummer announced his intention, now that he found he could face the foot-lights, of entering upon the profession, beginning at the lowest round of the ladder, and endeavoring to work up.

Miss Crampton appeared in *Hamlet* on Thursday evening—the occasion being her benefit. As might have been augured from the fact that no one on our stage stands more in need of a full house, she had no house at all, while Mr. Wheatleigh, at the Metropolitan—who neither needed nor deserved a benefit—had a crowded house the same evening. But as some one sententiously remarks, "sich is life." The critic of the *Examiner*—good authority, perhaps—announces that this lady's Hamlet "is acknowledged to be the greatest on the American stage, excepting Edwin Booth's." This is rather a peremptory way of letting out Murdoch, Barry, Sullivan, Anderson, and Dillon, to say nothing of Bandmann and Frank Lawlor. Having several other Hamlets in our mind's eye just now, we must be pardoned for saying that we do not see Miss Crampton's.

Last evening the Sears-Hayne drama of *The Irish Mother*, an adaptation from *La voleuse d'Enfants*, was announced for presentation; it will also constitute the Opera House performances this afternoon and evening.

At the Metropolitan *The Elves* had a successful run, benefitting Mr. Clayton on Monday evening so handsomely as to please everybody. After *Elves* on Tuesday, *Elves* Wednesday, *Sam* came on Thursday. It may briefly be said of *Sam* that a more loose-jointed comedy is seldom seen upon the stage. Long and limp, it provokes laughter by its absurd contortions and not by wit or humor, for it is equally destitute of both. And we have known audiences that would drown the *double entendres* which Mr. Wheatleigh brings out so offensively in their directness, under a storm of hisses. These things are like compliments, and should never be fired point-blank. As in Irish parts this gentleman carries "Danny Mann" into everything, so in English ones his horns as a Bull in a China Shop are everywhere visible. Mrs. Judah, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Thorne, and Miss Hinckley were all very good—Miss Chapman succeeding, contrary to the intention of the author, in making "Miss Euphemia Roslyn" *the* part of the piece. The wardrobe of Miss Hinckley revived recollections of Mrs. Jordan's dressing—fifteen different dresses she is said to have mounted—silk, satin, and lace relieving each other at regular intervals like sentinels on outposts. As "Richard Jenkins"—who plays the part of an inebriated kangaroo in a wilderness of bad dialogue and improbable situations—Mr. Percy developed an agility only to be rivalled by the grasshopper, and a litheness in which we apprehend he has no equal save the eel. On Thursday, Mr. Wheatleigh took another farewell benefit. As he has taken a benefit every five minutes since he has been in the country, we think he might have dispensed with this one. And as he retires with a nice little fortune, accumulated here, a benefit to some charitable institution would have been in better taste. We regret that he preferred to pattern after the Keans, and go away wealthy and mean. Our public may remember it against his return.

Friday, and Saturday afternoon and evening, *The Elves* at the Metropolitan. The hobby of the coming week will probably be *The Bronze Horse*.

NEW BOOKS FROM ROMAN'S.

IT is pleasant among the current novels of the day to occasionally find one like Charles Kingsley's *Hereward, the Last of the English*. Turning over its pages after reading through the stuff which a vitiated taste receives as fiction, is much like stepping out from a crowded room with its stifling heats and smells into the open air, where a mountain breeze is blowing. The prominent characteristic of the book—as indeed of all of Kingsley's works—is its masculiuity. The voice of Vikings and Bersarkers is heard, stirring the reader's blood like a trumpet call. We have saga and scald, knights, men-at-arms, and outlaws, until amid the clang of arms and the twang of bows the peaceful man rather rejoices that he did not live in those "true old times"

> When every morning brought a noble chance
> And every chance brought out a noble knight.

Beyond doubt it is much pleasanter to read about such things than to have one's skull split with a sword forged by dwarfs in the bowels of mountains, or find oneself of a bright morning "riding Odin's horse"—that is, suspended by the neck from the top of a white ash tree. For hanging is hanging, despite the periphrasis of the middle ages. "Hereward," the hero—son of Godiva, the lady who once rode through Coventry "clothed in naught but her own chastity"—excites the displeasure of his mother, by relieving a monk of a few silver pennies, and is outlawed therefor at the request of his own father. Leaving England, his adventures are without end. First he slays the Witch-bear; then succors the Princess of Cornwall, by which performance he wins a magic sword, called Brain-biter; fights in Flanders, and finally makes all Europe ring with his name and the fame of his doughty deeds. He falls in love with Torfrida, who gives him a suit of magic armor. But we have not space to tell the story of his courtship, nor how, as always, the course of true love did not run smooth. When William the Norman made his raid upon England, and stories came to the Continent, of the iron hand with which he ruled the rightful owners of the land, Hereward sailed away for its green shores, slew the villains who were in possession of his mother's lands, and who had sworn that she should ride through them as she erst did through Coventry; and, altogether, did such feats of arms in his long struggle against the tyrant's power as were never done before—and have not been done since. Torfrida turns out a true womanly help to him—Kingsley's women are real, and a far remove from the sickly creations of modern fiction. But, alas! he yields at last, and the sun of the Viking, Bersarker, scald, outlaw, and true knight, is dimmed in shame before it sets. He is faithless to Torfrida, and she retires to a convent. Could not Kingsley have spared the reader this? for it is unpleasant to see the hero in whose fortunes we have become so interested acting like one of the everyday school, and cruelly wronging the woman by whose aid he reached his greatness. Hereward is good to read.

—To say that H. H. Brownell is a poet who, having risen with the war, will end with the war, would perhaps be untrue. But in his *War Lyrics* we find very little promise that he will ever reach a permanent eminence. There is a certain vitality in his verse, but the force seems galvanic, suggesting the idea that there are copper wires, zinc plates, and all the other paraphernalia of a battery behind it. And his similes are too perfect, too minute in detail—they seem cut out by rule, and smell of the dictionary. In "Bury Them," for instance, amid all the talk of incisors, molars, and cuspids, it would be hard to persuade the reader that the author had not consulted a work on dentistry in the progress of the poem. Consequently one feels all through it that one is face to face with a false set of teeth. Nor do we like the comparison of our soldiers who fell at Wagner to the Dragon's teeth. It is rather far-fetched to style the whites "The incisors swart and stark;" the blacks "The molars heavy and dark." And it may be urged that a tooth as black as a negro would augur that the dragon didn't pick and brush his teeth with his tail so often as he ought to.

—One of the most real of the crop of poets which flourishes so luxuriantly at the present day is Robert Buchanan. A charming trait about him is that, though a Scottish poet, he does not write in the Scotch jargon. For we must confess to being so heartily tired of all that sort of stuff that we would turn to an epic in pigeon-English or Chinook with a feeling of pleasurable relief. Mr. Buchanan only uses a very few Scotch words—and for this he apologizes, besides affixing a glossary at the close of the book. A companion and friend of David Gray—the youth who came to London to look for fame, and found what so many find instead, disappointment—Mr. Buchanan opens his book with a prologue to "David in Heaven." Of this it may briefly be said that it is the worst piece in the volume. It is allowable to make such rhymes as "also" and "falls so" in burlesque verses, but not in a threnody, and this fault is repeated in the prologue several times. The first part of the volume, "Undertones"—published separately a few months since—is severely classic. Like Algernon Charles Swinburne, Mr. Buchanan has attempted to deal with Greek poetry, but we do not think with the same success which attended the former author in his *Atalanta in Calydon*. The poet is seen to the best advantage in "Idyls and Legends of Inverburn"—also published separately—which form the second portion of the book. Here his foot is on his native heath, and his verse has the charm of being fresh and natural. "A London Idyl" is the title of a poem which we imagine must have been appended by the American publishers, as it does not appear in the English edition. The subject is that which Hood treats so deftly in his "Bridge of Sighs," and though it may seem strong praise, Buchanan's "London Idyl" is in our thinking not one whit inferior to that remarkable poem. Mr. Buchanan has established a present, but we look to see him build up a still more glorious future.

—In the volume of selections entitled *The Late English Poets*, Richard Henry Stoddard has produced a work which can very successfully vie with *Outcroppings*. Perhaps we ought to confess at once that the book is larger and handsomer and everyway better, but as the public will probably make this discovery we will not forestall their verdict. Mr. Stoddard does not show us the paces of Tennyson, the Brownings, and some other of the greatest poets in his compilation, very sensibly concluding that he could not make our people much better acquainted with them than they already are, but he introduces to us others who are not very generally known. For instance, two brothers of the Laureate, Frederick Tennyson, and Charles Turner—the latter having changed his patronymic—find place. Very many will be surprised to find that poetry runs in the Tennyson family. Were Alfred Tennyson not so great, Frederick would be held in no mean estimation, and magazines might struggle for Charles Turner's sonnets—but alas, as it is, people speak only of Tennyson, and no confusion of the brothers' names ever arises. Mr. Stoddard has done his work well, and we are glad that in his selections from Buchanan he leads off with "A London Idyl," for, to our thinking, it shows that notable young poet at his best.

—From all this poetry to prose, the transition is but a step: *The Resources of California*, "comprising agriculture, mining, geography, climate, commerce, etc., and the past and future development of the State." Verily, here is a book which should not be disposed of in a paragraph! The author, John S. Hittell, is well known as the statistician of the Pacific coast. Of a peculiarly inquiring mind—which sometimes leads him to question propositions which are accepted as abstract and practical truths by other good Christians—Mr. Hittell is peculiarly well fitted for the prosecution of a work of this kind. His head is always brimming with facts and figures, the result of his indefatigable delvings in the legendary history of the country as well as that which is written. No gopher was ever more industrious. And notwithstanding his being employed upon the *Alta*, it is a singular circumstance that Mr. Hittell's facts and figures are generally found to be correct. Nearly three years since, when the book before us came into our hands for review, we remarked that it was pity that so many statistics conveying such valuable information were not grouped with more care—or art. But this was in ignorance of California and its peculiarities. Now we think the arrangement is in keeping with the country. The treasures lie outspread before you—pick out and assort at will. Mr. Hittell deserves the credit of preparing the first approach to a thorough compilation and estimate of the resources of California yet attempted, and that the need of such a work was felt is demonstrated in the sale the book has met with. It has done us more good at the East than many of our late representatives in Congress.

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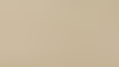

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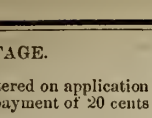

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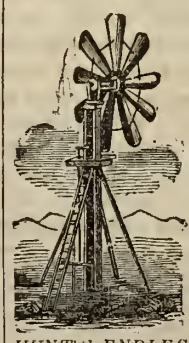

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Also, the

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Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will make them.

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Will continue teaching all the Fashionable Dances, Department, etc., at the above New, Splendid and Spacious Hall.

REGULAR CLASSES—Mondays and Wednesdays. Ladies at 2 P. M.; Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1 2 P. M.

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The elegantly furnished Hall, and other convenient rooms, for Balls, Private Parties, Weddings, etc. The Hall is 60 by 66; also, large Dining Room. For particulars, apply at the Academy. no11-3m

"MARK TWAIN" AMONG THE SPIRITS.

I ATTENDED the *seance* last night. After the house was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Foie stepped out upon the stage and said it was usual to elect a committee of two gentlemen to sit up there and see that everything was conducted with perfect honesty and fairness. She said she wished the audience to name gentlemen, whose conscientiousness—in a word, whose high moral character, in every respect, was notorious in the community. The majority arose with one impulse and called my name. This handsome compliment was as grateful as it was graceful, and I felt the tears spring to my eyes. I trust I shall never do anything to forfeit the generous confidence San Francisco has thus shown me. This touching compliment is none the less grateful to me when I reflect that it took me two days to get it up. I "put up" that hand myself. I got all my friends to promise to go there and vote for me to be on that committee—and having reported a good deal in Legislatures, I knew how to do it right. I had a two-third vote secured—I wanted enough to elect me over the medium's veto, you know. I was elected, and I was glad of it. I thought I would feel a good deal better satisfied if I could have a chance to examine into this mystery myself, without being obliged to take somebody else's word for its fairness, and I did not go on that stand to find fault or make fun of the affair—a thing which would not speak well for my modesty when I reflect that so many men so much older and wiser than I am see nothing in Spiritualism to scoff at, but firmly believe in it as a religion.

Mr. Whiting was chosen as the other committeeman, and we sat down at a little table on the stage with the medium, and proceeded to business. We wrote the names of various departed persons. Mr. W. wrote a good many, but I found that I did not know many dead people; however, I put in the names of two or three whom I had known well, and then filled out the list with names of citizens of San Francisco who had been distinguished in life, so that most persons in the audience could tell whether facts stated by such spirits concerning themselves were correct or not. I will remark here that not a solitary spirit summoned by me paid the least attention to the invitation. I never got a word out of any of them. One of Mr. Whiting's spirits came up and stated some things about itself which were correct. Then some five hundred closely folded slips of paper were dumped in a pile on the table, and the lady began to lay them aside one by one. Finally a rap was heard. I took the folded paper; the spirit, so-called, seized the lady's hand and wrote "J. M. Cooke" backwards and upside down on a sheet of paper. I opened the slip I held, and, as Captain Cuttle would say, "J. M. Cooke" was the "didentical" name in it. A gentleman in the audience said he sent up the name. He asked a question or so, and the spirit wrote "Would like to communicate with you alone." The privacy of this ghost was respected, and he was permitted to go to thunder again unmolested. [I would remark here that I cannot discover any dissimilarity in the handwriting of these spirits—there is a very powerful family likeness in it, and they have all that absurd fashion of writing backwards, upside down, and wrong end foremost. They are a rum lot, altogether.] "William Nelson" reported himself from the other world, and in answer to questions asked by a former friend of his in the audience, said he was aged twenty-four when he died; died by violence; died in battle; was a soldier; had fought both in the infantry and cavalry; fell at Chickamauga; had been a Catholic on earth—was not one now. Then, in answer to a pelting volley of questions, the shadowy warrior wrote: "I don't want to answer any more about it." Exit Nelson.

About this time it was suggested that a couple of Germans be added to the committee, and it was done. Mr. Wallenstein, an elderly man, came forward, and also Mr. Ollendorff, a spry young fellow, cocked and primed for a sensation. They wrote some names. Then young Ollendorff said something which sounded like—

"Ist ein geist hieraus?" [Bursts of laughter from the audience.]

Three raps—signifying that there *was* a geist hieraus.

"Vollen sie sehrichen?" [More laughter.]

Three raps.

"Finzig stollen, linsowfterowlickterhairowfterfrowleinerunhackfolderol?" [Oh, this is too rough, you know. I can't keep the run of this sort of thing.] Incredible as it may seem, the spirit cheerfully answered yes to that astonishing proposition.

The audience grew more and more boisterously mirthful with every fresh question, and they were informed that the performance could not go on in the midst of so much levity. They became quiet.

The German ghost didn't appear to know anything at all—couldn't answer the simplest questions. Young Ollendorff finally stated some numbers, and tried to get at the time of the spirit's death; it appeared to be considerably mixed as to whether it died in 1811 or 1812, which was reasonable enough, as it had been so long ago. At last it wrote "12."

Tableau! Young Ollendorff sprang to his feet in a state of consuming excitement. He exclaimed:

"Laties und shentlemen! I write de name fon a man vot lifs! Speerit-rabbing dells me he ties in yahr eighteen hoodert uud dwelf, but he yoos as live und helty as—"

The Medium—"Sit down, sir!"

Ollendorff—"But I vant to—"

Medium—"You are not here to make speeches, sir—sit down!" [Mr. O. had squared himself for an oration.]

Mr. O.—"But de speerit cheat!—dere is no such speerit—" [All this time applause and laughter by turns from the audience.]

Medium—"Take your seat, sir, and I will explain this matter."

And she explained. And in that explanation she let off a blast which was so terrific that I half expected to see young Ollendorff shot up through the roof. She said he had come up there with fraud and deceit and cheating in his heart, and a kindred spirit had come from the land of shadows to commune with him! She was terribly bitter. She said in substance, though not in words, that perdition was full of just such fellows as Ollendorff, and they were ready on the slightest pretext to rush in and assume anybody's name, and rap, and write, and lie, and swindle with a perfect looseness whenever they could rope in a living affinity like poor Ollendorff to communicate with! [Great applause and laughter.]

Ollendorff stood his ground with good pluck, and was going to open his batteries again, when a storm of cries arose all over the house, "Get down! Go on! Clear out! Speak on—we'll hear you! Climb down from that platform! Stay where you are! Vamose! Stick to your post—say your say!"

The medium rose up and said if Ollendorff remained, she would not. She recognized no one's right to come there and insult her by practicing a deception upon her and attempting to bring ridicule upon so solemn a thing as her religious belief.

The audience then became quiet, and the subjugated Ollendorff retired from the platform.

The other German raised a spirit, questioned it at some length in his own language, and said the answers were correct. The medium claims to be entirely unacquainted with the German language.

About this time a gentleman called me to the edge of the platform and asked me if I were a Spiritualist. I said I was not. He asked me if I were prejudiced. I said not more than any other unbeliever; but I could not believe in a thing which I could not understand, and I had not seen anything yet that I could by any possibility cipher out. He said, then, that he didn't think I was the cause of the diffidence shown by the spirits, but he knew there was an antagonistic influence around that table somewhere; he had noticed it from the first; there was a painful negative passing to his sensitive organization from that direction constantly. I told him I guessed it was that other fellow; and I said, Blame a man who was all the time shedding these infernal negative currents. This appeared to satisfy the mind of the inquiring fanatic, and he sat down.

The spirit of "Henry Wandell" wrote his name, but it was so long before the gentleman in the audience who called for him would acknowledge him, that Henry grew offended and meandered back to Heaven again. The medium said he was offended at any rate. And just here I want to remark that those spirits appear to be uncommon sticklers for etiquette. You call up an old dead scalliwag of a shoemaker, and he will put on more frills and require more polite attentions than a prince of the blood. You have to tackle him right off or he will get mad at the delay and go off in a huff. And yet the mediums all say that spirits have no appreciation of time whatever.

A lady in the audience (holding up a slip of paper) said: "I have got the name of a dear spirit friend here, and I would like to communicate with him. He promised to be here this evening—said he would come, and I never knew him to fail before. But I have sent his name up twice to-night and he has not manifested his presence yet. I want to send it up again."

Medium—"It will be hardly worth while. If he had been present he would have said so before this."

Anxious Friend of Progress—"But he *promised* to come; he promised, and I never knew him to fail before."

Medium—"Still there may be influences around us which deter him, or he may be here and still not desirous of communicating. Suppose you address him."

The anxious Friend of Progress called on her spectral friend, but he failed to qualify. Circumstances over which he had no control put it out of his power to be at Congress Hall, and so he went back on his promise. The anxious inquirer seemed very much disappointed—she really seemed distressed at this execrable conduct of her pet ghost.

A spirit seized the medium's hand and wrote "G. L. Smith" very distinctly. She hunted through the mass of papers, and finally the spirit rapped. She handed me the folded paper she had just picked up. It had "T. J. Smith" in it. [You never can depend on these Smiths; you call for one and the whole tribe will come clattering out of hell to answer you.] Upon further inquiry it was discovered that both these Smiths were present. We chose "T. J." A gentleman in the audience said that this was his Smith. So he questioned him, and Smith said he died by violence; he had been a good deal tangled in his religious belief, and was a sort of a cross between a Universalist and a Unitarian; has got straightened out and changed his opinions since he left here; said he was perfectly happy. Mr. George Purnell, having been added to the committee, proceeded, in connection with myself, Mrs. Foie and a number of persons in the audience, to question this talkative and frolicsome old parson. Among spirits I judge he is the gayest of the gay. He said he had no tangible body; a bullet could pass through him and never make a hole; rain could pass through him as through vapor and not discommode him in the least (wherefore I suppose he don't know enough to come in when it rains—or don't care enough;) says heaven and hell are simply mental conditions: spirits in the former have happy and contented minds, and those in the latter are torn by remorse of conscience; says as far as he is concerned, he is all right—he is happy; would not say whether he was a very good or a very bad man on earth (the shrewd old water-proof nonentity!—I asked the question so that I might average my own chances for his luck in the other world, but he saw my drift;) says he has an occupation there—puts in his time teaching and being taught; says there are spheres—grades of perfection—he is making very good progress—has been promoted a sphere or so since his matriculation; (I said mentally, "Go slow, old man, go slow—you have got all eternity before you"—and he replied not;) he don't know how many spheres there are (but I suppose there must be millions, because if a man goes galloping through them at the rate this old Universalist is doing, he will get through an infinitude of them by the time he has there as long as old Sesostris and those ancient mummies; and there is no estimating how high he will get in even the infancy of eternity—I am afraid the old man is scouring along rather too fast for the style of his surroundings, and the length of time he has got on his hands); says spirits cannot feel heat or cold (which militates somewhat against all my notions of orthodox damnation—fire and brimstone); says spirits commune with each other by thought—they have no language; says the distinctions of sex are preserved there—and so forth and so on.

The old parson wrote and talked for an hour, and showed by his quick, shrewd, intelligent replies, that he had not been sitting up nights in the other world for nothing; he had been prying into everything worth knowing, and finding out everything he possibly could—as he said himself, when he did not understand a thing he hunted up a spirit who could explain it; consequently he is pretty thoroughly posted; and for his accommodating conduct and his uniform courtesy to me, I sincerely hope he will continue to progress at his present velocity until he lands on the very roof of the highest sphere of all, and thus achieve perfection.—*Enterprise, Feb. 4th.*

DEPOSITORS IN SAVINGS BANKS.—We think the most equitable mode of receiving deposits is that adopted by the California Building and Loan Society. First, the money draws interest at one per cent. per month from the day it is lodged, provided it remains with the Company thirty days. Second, it may be drawn at pleasure, but no interest will be given unless the money is thirty days lodged. Third, the interest, if not drawn half yearly, is compounded and becomes capital and draws new interest. Fourth, as all the loans made by the Company are on city real estate, under the provisions of the Specific Contract Law the borrowers are constrained, under penalty of losing their Homesteads, to pay up their loans in gold coin, wherefore the Company cannot lose by any possible *future* enactments of the Legislature. Fifth, the Company guarantees on the face of the Bank book given to their depositors that their "deposits shall be repaid with interest in United States gold coin." Come what may, the shares, property, and assets, are pledged and ample to pay the depositor in gold coin. Sixth, an excellent rule, no charge is made as an "entrance fee." No charge is made either entering or departing. *Morning Call.*

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY will be Wednesday next. Appleton, who may justly be termed the god-father of the day in this locality, has, as usual, pretty well established the fact in the minds of Love's devotees, by his lengthy poetical advertisements, which adorn the columns of the local press, thus rendering a dissertation on the day and its associations unnecessary. We can only add that his depots for the sale of those elegant gold and silver embossed, and racy, comic and satirical Valentines, that have made his name famous, will be open on Monday morning, and are to be located at No. 8 Montgomery street, opposite the Lick House; 618 Washington street, in Baley & Cramer's lower reception rooms; and No. 2 Virginia Block, Stockton street, above Pacific. Headquarters at Appleton's Store, 508 Montgomery street.

INVESTING IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.—The first corporation in this State investing its capital in United States Bonds, is the National Insurance Company, lately organized in this city, which has so invested its entire capital—one million dollars; thus insuring a monthly income of over six thousand dollars from interest alone, besides guaranteeing policy holders a certain security against loss, even in the contingency arising of the entire city being burned, as was the case in the earlier days of its existence. This company was organized, its capital stock subscribed and paid in within a period of five weeks, and is now doing business in a temporary office, corner of Montgomery and California streets, while awaiting the completion of the improvements the old "Adams & Co.'s Express" building a few doors above is undergoing, for its occupancy as a permanent place of business.

IF your blood is corrupt, disordered or vitiated, you are liable to be seized at any moment with a fit of sickness. It may appear in the form of pimples, blotches or sores, or it may suddenly prostrate you. One thing is certain: You cannot have health unless your blood is pure. To remove all impure matters from the blood, Adams' Blood Purifier is admitted to be the best preparation yet introduced to the public. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and will harm no one. Its effects are immediate and lasting. It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, produces a healthy action of the liver and kidneys, and restores the patient to perfect health and strength.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—To whom it may concern: Thousands of lives are annually sacrificed for want of properly directed and timely use of the only remedy that will surely check Incipient Consumption. Delay is dangerous, and may end in death! Why then put off the use of Newell's Pulmonary Syrup—a strictly scientific and efficient remedy for all lung complaints.

For sale by all Druggists: Redington & Co., Sole Agents, 416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

THE CHARM OF YOUTH.—Ladies, have you that delicious toilet article, for rendering the complexion pure and fragrant, free from all blemishes—a skin of parian beauty, clear, smooth and life like—Davidson's Circassian Bloom. Try it, for it is beyond all praise

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and nggravated misery is endured by the victims of medieal inefficiency and ignorance, which eonld be cured just as speedily ns was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other eases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which neeounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Musonic Temple, Post street entrance:

San Francisco, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an uttack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most exeruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me wulking about the streets in tbree days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I diseharged my earringe and walked with n friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly u mile) and home again, and so on until eured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I um happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends nnd acquaintances as may elunce to see this. Your friend, Joseph Sparrow.

Astrology.—The oeeult sciences of the middle ages, magie, nlchemy, necromaney, and star reading, are not lost to the world. The invisible and secret powers of astrography are still possessed by the chosen student in the mysteries of nature who ean interpret the influenee of the stars and predict by tbeir oeeultations the hidden events of the future.

In uffairs of Past, Present or Fulnre, be they of Business, Matrimony, Love, or sickness, go nnd consult the naturally gifted Astrologer, Professor Cohen, 530 California street. Thousands have been benefitted by his knowledge. He has held over 18,000 consultations during the last five years. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 P. M. to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart. Siekness treated nnd eured through a science unknowu to others.

Accident and Loss of Life.—With the details of the dreadful disasters of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *Yosemite* fresh in memory, it is not needful that we should urge on the public the importance of guarding us fully as possible not only against the reeurrence of such startling calamities, but also as far as they can against the eonsequences that arise from them. Aceidents are terribly frequent in this new State of ours. Hardly a day passes bnt we have to record some loss of life, or terrible mangling that leaves the victim with hardly a wish to live. Stringent legislatiou is demanded to protect travellers from carelessness and criminal negligence of public carriers. It is with great interest that we have watched the rapid growtb of Aecideut Insurnnce Companies, and we are happy to know that the New York Aecidental Insurance Company, established by some of the wealthiest capitalists of the East, have placed their ageney in the hands of Bigelow & Brother, Insurance Agents, of tbis city. We advise every one to take out a policy. The premium is very small—the price of a good cigar only per day—while tbe benefits are great; $25 per week, if disabled, or $5,000 in ease of death. Who would not give $2 50 to be insured for a trip to Washoe, or 25 cents for a trip to Sacramento City? That's all it eosts. We prediet a large business for the agency in this city. The Company have complied with the State law, and are fully prepared to issue policies, or travelling tickets, at once.—*S. F. Call.*

Dr. C. W. Moore's Medical and Surgical Institute.—In speaking of this Institutiou, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment nnd nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

Wagons.—Every species of wagons that any one can need, made of the best material, well fitted and finished, can be found at the Depot of Mills & Evans, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lead Burs, are kept constantly on hand.—*California Leader.*

Many of the Diseases which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medieal skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. Benton, whose proeesses of applying eleetricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of exeellent reputation, and as a Medieal Eleetrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

To Poor Writers.—If you would learn to write a good hand, try the Babbittonian—the new system of instruetion in penmanship. It is the eheapest and best. Purchase the forms, which will be the only instruction you need, and practice will make you an excellent penman. Call on Warren Holt, Room No. 2, Mead House, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, and learn particulars. Read the following:

The Babbittonian system of Penmanship appears to me really to possess all the advantages which it claims in the above printed summary.

Rev. P. V. Veener,
Prineipal of City College, San Francisco.

San Francisco, October 13, 1865.

The elements and prineiples of the Babbittonian Penmanship seem to me valuable for their practicability and simplicity. I do not hesitate to add my testimouy in favor of this system as one of the best in use.

J. C. Pelton,
Superintendent Public Schools.

State of California,
Department of Public Instruction,
San Francisco, Oct. 16, 1865.

To Whom it May Concern: I have carefully examined the Babbittonian system of Penmanship, and take pleasure in recommending it to teachers and others interested, as one which possesses many merits. Its cheapness is one of its more eordent merits.

JOHN SWETT. Supt. Pub. Instruetion.

Taking Lessons from Us.—The English are beginning to evince a desire to learn how to read and write the English language. The dictionaries of Webster and Worcester have been republished in England, and are received by a large number of Englishmen as standard nuthorities for the language. The Babbitonian Penmanship, an Amerieau system, has been republished in London and adopted by prominent seminaries there, and may possibly do away with some of the stiffness of style of writing still prevalent there. The New York *Times* remarks that the Englisb first gave us a language, and taught us to speak and write; we give it back to them with interest, improved and made more useful to the mass of the people.—*Morning Call, Jan. 7th.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

Dr. Wm. K. Doherty's Medieal and Surgical Institute is beeoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted witb gentlemeu who had suffered for years under chronie disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Dohertv, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to annonnce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to estahlish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no ease does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a eure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronie disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his eare. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

A REMARKABLE CURE.

DR. HOWARD'S RHEUMATIC MIXTURE

Cures Rheumatism in three to ten days. Warranted, or no pay required. Howard's Medical and Surgieal Institute, No. 648 Washington street, near Kearny.

The following card will explain itself without comment:

San Francisco, Jan. 19, 1866.

Dr. P. Howard—Dear Sir: I have been for seven years afflicted with rheumatism, and during that time I suffered more than generally falls to the lot of any human being in a life time. My ankles at times would measure six inches in diameter; my fingers were drawn into the palms of my hands; pains the most excruciating in my extremities, my hips and back, until I almost wished for death to relieve me of my sufferings. I tried every known remedy, and spent many hundred dollars without obtaining any relief. I have been swindled so many times by miserable Quacks, that I was afraid to try your remedy. Fortunately while reading one of your bills, a friend of mine told me that he had been cured by you. I eoncluded to try once more, though I had little confidence in it, because my ease was of so many years standing; but judge of my surprise, when, after using it two days all my pain left me, and the swelling in my ankles decreased, and I am now, after using your remedy ten days, well and able to leave for my home. God bless you, Doctor. You will be considered a benefactor. Gratefully yours,

fe3 Asa Willey, Drytown, Amador county.

Buggies and Carriages.—If you want a trim, neat, light, and yet durable style of buggy or carriage, go to Nos. 37 and 39 Webb street, between Sacramento and California, where you will find just such a vehicle as will suit your taste. Pollard & Carvill not only deal in these artieles, but manufacture them to order, and do repairing, painting, trimming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neatness. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ADVERTISING AGENCY.

J. J. Kaowlton & Co., removed to 120 Moatgomery.

BATHS.

Dr. Bourne's, (Medical,) 10 Post, near Montgomery.

APOTHECARY.

Georgo H. Clapp, coruer Sixth and Howard.

BOWLING ALLEYS.

Cosmopolitan, basement Cosmopolitan Hotel.
Wbolers & Sturke, Pine and Moutgouery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.

C. Beacb, 34 Montgomcry street.
S. Friedman, 1168 Stockton street.
A. Gensoul, 311 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Moatgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
Adolph Levy, 19 Secoad street.
I. M. Wentworth & Co. (wholesale maaufae.) 210 Pine st.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND TRIMMINGS.

E. Weill & Sons, removed to 616 Sacramento street.

CONFECTIONERY.

Marcus Pezold, 46 Secoad street.

COLLECTOR.

B. Pulverman, 526 Montgomery—Office hours, 1 to 3 P.M.

CLOTHING.

H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washingtoa street.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearay.
Dr. L. W. Dennis, removed to 14 Geary.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.

Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgo mery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Moatgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.

DRUGGISTS.

R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Saasome, cor. Pine.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.

FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.

Wm. Brown & Co., 160 Third street.

FURNITURE.

N. P. Cole & Co., 314 Pine, near Montgomery.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Pierce, 415, 417 and 419 California street
J. A. Shaber, removed to 707 Market, above Third.

GROCERS.

Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
P. J. Flynn, corner Howard and Eighth streets.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market

HATTER.

Lamott (wholesalo and retail) 227 Montgomcry street,

HOTELS.

Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heinburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.

Bigelow & Bro., N.W. cor. Moatgomery and Sacramento.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swam & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Moutgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 Californaia street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.

Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

MAPS.

Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Moatgomery.

MILLINERS.

Mrs. Wheeler, Popper's building, Third, near Mission.

PAPER HANGINGS, WINDOW SHADES, ETC.

H. Ward, 132 Third street.

PIANO SCHOOL.

Mr. Gustave A. Scott, at Miel Institute, 55 South Park.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.

M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.

Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Moutgomery st.
W. H. Pillner & Hunter, Gallery 14 Secoud street.

REAL ESTATE.

Fifteen-dollar lots for sale by H. S. Brown, S.E. corner of Battery and Commercial streets.

RESTAURANTS.

Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Moutgomery street.

SALOONS.

Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N.E. cor Third and Howard.
Concordia, Bothman & Ketchum, Third and Mission.
Donahue & Phelan, 31 Second street.
Ohio's 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
Hunter & Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.

SCALES.

Fairbanks & Hutchiason, Depot for Fairbanks' Scale 324 Moutgomery street.

SEWING MACHINES.

Grover & Baker, J. W. J. Pearson, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Moutgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Moutgomery and Sacramento

TOYS, ETC.

Feldbush & Co., 207 Moatgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.

Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

BREWSTER & CO.'S
Carriage Manufactory,

372 *Broome street, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made exteusive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructivo effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture

THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,

and solicit the continued patronage of our Californaia friends, which braneh of trade

WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,
The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, *Broome street,*
NEW YORK.

PATENT APPLIED FOR.

HUNT'S
California Street Pavement.

THIS PAVEMENT IS A NEW AND NOVEL IDEA, being a combination of Redwood, Asphaltum and Gravel. The Pavement consists of Redwood blocks, six inches in diameter, turned round from the top, half-way down; these blocks are laid upon either a board or gravel surface, the blocks laid so as to break joints; the openings around the blocks are then filled in with a composition of asphaltum and gravel, and the whole surface of the pavement covered with a coat of the same composition, thus making a complete asphaltum roadway. The asphaltum, confined by the redwood blocks in this manner, cannot crack, and as every one knows, will last for a long period. The redwood, being firmly secured by the asphaltum, *cannot split*, and the inventor claims that the redwood and asphaltum, so combined, will make a pavement that for evenness, cleanliness, durability and noiseless aess, has not yet been equalled.

A sample of this pavement has been prepared and can be seen by those interested, in front of the Windmill and Horsepower Manufactory of E. O. HUNT,
de2 28 Second street, San Francisco.

CHARLES BERNARD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FAMILY CHARTRES COFFEE

AND SPICES OF ALL KINDS,

No. 707 *Sansome-st., cor. of Gold,*

Between Jackson and Pacific.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED BY THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,
FOR THE BEST COFFEE AND SPICES.

THE PROPRIETOR having introduced Steam Power in his Manufactory, has now increased facilities to supply the trade and the public in general. All articles from his establishment are guaranteed to be sure and unadulterated The public are respectfully invited to call and convince themselves. Country orders promptly attended to.
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THE NEW WARM
SWIMMING BATH,

THIRD STREET, OPPOSITE SOUTH PARK,

IS NOW OPEN!

ja6

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS.

WE BEG LEAVE TO ANNOUNCE that we have opened a first-class

Boot and Shoe Store,

At No. 133 *Montgomery street,*
OPPOSITE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

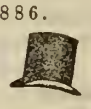
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street. Boots, Shoes, etc.
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street. Boots, Shoes, etc.
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street. Boots, Shoes, etc.

Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.
Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.
Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.

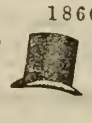
NEW YORK, July 1st, 1865.

do hereby appoint Mr. WM. H FINCH & CO., from this date, my sole Agents in California for the sale of goods manufactured by me. WM. WEED,
de30-3m No. 86 Bowery, New York city.

1886. 1866. 1866.



AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.



LAMOTT,

THE LEADER AND INTRODUCFR OF *FASHIONS,*

HAS OPENED HIS MAMMOTH HAT AND CAP ESTablishmeot at

227 Montgomery street, near Pine, Russ Block,

Where can be found the greatest variety nf Hats and Caps for Gents', Youths' and Children's wear ever offered on this coast.

He outshines them all, and defies competition in the Hat Business.

His Factory at the East makes all his Goods expressly for his California market, which is something that has never been done before. Give him a call at

227 MONTGOMERY STREET.

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,
de30 3m San Francisco.

HUNT'S PATENT

Circular Sweep Horse-Powers,

For running Churns, Washing Machines, Grindstones, pumping water, sawing wood, and other light machinery. Price $100, at the Factory.

HUNT'S PATENT SELF-REGULATING TREAD HORSE-POWER

Is superior to any machine of the kind in the market Price, with Governor, all complete to set at work, at the Factory, $300. Manufactnred by

E. O. HUNT,
oc29-3m 28 Second street, San Francisco.

E. CAMPIONI,

COSTUMER,

No. 710 *Washington street,*

(A few doors above Kearney,)

SAN FRANCISCO.

THEATRICAL AND MASQUERADE COSTUMES MADE TO ORDER.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.
de30 3m

ADAMS'

BLOOD PURIFIER!

FOR DISEASES HAVING THEIR ORIGIN FROM THE IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD AND DERANGEMENT OF THE SYSTEM.

This Blood Purifier is a concentrated compound of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Wild Cherry, Dandelion, with Iodide of Potass, and several other of the most efficacious remedies known in the vegetable world, and will exert an immediate effect on the system, and if persisted in for a reasonable length of time, will eradicate all latent poison from the blood.

IT CONTAINS NO MERCURY OR MINERAL POISON.

Prepared only by

SAMUEL ADAMS,
AT THE UNITED STATES DRUG STORE,
SAN FRANCISCO
Corner of Bush and Powell streets

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN THE STATE
no18-3m

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

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Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
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THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at he last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
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FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

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RANKIN'S PATENT SCHOOL DESK;
Liquid Slating for Blackboard;
ARITHMETICAL FRAME;
Babbitonian System of Writing—the Best System known.

W. HOLT,
de9-3m 305 Montgomery street, Room No 2.

BRITISH PERIODICALS.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative.)
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig.)
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Radical.)
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church.)
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory.)

The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our late Civil War, and though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability, and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and party.

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For any one of the Reviews, per annum.....$4
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A discount of *twenty per cent.* will be allowed to clubs of four or more persons. Thus, four copies of Blackwood, or of one Review, will be sent to *one address* for $12 80. Four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood, for $48, and so on.

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When sent by mail, the Postage to any part of the Union will be but *Twenty-four Cents* a year for Blackwood, and but *Eight Cents* a year for each of the Reviews.

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A few copies yet remain of all the Four Reviews for 1863 at $4 a set, or $1 50 for any one.

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SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE CALIFORNIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY will despatch their magnificent new steamship

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Two Thousand Tons Burthen,
CHRISTOPHER GODFREY, - - - Commander,

FOR HONOLULU,

ON SATURDAY, - - - - FEBRUARY —, 1866
AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.

The establishment of this Line of Steamers affords a most favorable opportunity for invalids and pleasure seekers to enjoy the salubrious climate of the Hawaiian Group.

The attention of Merchants is especially invited to this new enterprise.

Bills of Lading will be furnished at the office, and none others signed.

For Freight or Passage, having unequalled accommodations, apply at the office of the California Steam Navigation Company.

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THE OBJECT OF THIS INSTITUTION IS TO IMPART a sound practical education at the lowest possible cost, thereby placing its advantages within the reach of all. The Course of Instruction, besides the usual English Branches, comprises Mathematics, Book Keeping, Ancient and Modern Languages, so that boys, whether destined for Mechanical, Commercial or Professional Pursuits, can select such studies as will best fit them for their future avocation.

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No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

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For further information, application may be made to any of the Catholic Clergymen of the State, or to

jy1 REV. P. I. GREY, President.

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MANUFACTURERS' Branch House on the Pacific coast.

Fairbanks' Standard Hay, Cattle, Miners' Druggists' and Grocers' Scales, adjusted to English, Spanish and Chinese weight.

We also REPAIR (supplying parts when broken or worn out) and re-adjust our Scales to the original standard.

FAIRBANKS & HUTCHINSON,
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Send for Illustrated Catalogue. ja27 3m

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Furniture and Bedding

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NOS. 415, 417, AND 419 CALIFORNIA STREET, NEAR MONTGOMERY.

THIS STOCK OF FURNITURE, etc., was selected with great care, and special attention given to the wants of this market, ENTIRELY AT THE EAST. It is NOT COMPOSED OF REFUSE GOODS, ODDS AND ENDS OF OTHER HOUSES that have lately closed out here, but CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF NEW GOODS, made after the latest patterns and in the most durable manner.

The present Stock is fully TWICE as large as that of any other house here. Parties having any doubts of this, or that the assortment is not superior to any in the city, can easily satisfy themselves by calling.

The stock of Case Goods is larger than ever before.

J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,
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Formerly 32 Second street, sign of the "Golden Bandbox," removed to

Popper's New Building,
Third street, near Mission,

OPENS WITH A SPLENDID AND FRESH ASSORTment of Millinery Goods, Flowers, Trimmings, etc. Also, Children's Clothing of the latest and most fashionable styles, and of every variety and price. Fresh assortment of FRENCH FLOWERS, just received. ja27 1m

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IVINS' PATENT HAIR-CRIMPERS!
No Lady should be without one.

TRIMMINGS, FRINGES,
BUTTONS, THREADS,
COTTONS, NEEDLES,
TAPES, FANCY GOODS,
ETC.

HOOP SKIRTS, NEW STYLES,
Best ever Imported.

ALL TO BE FOUND AT THE
PIONEER TRIMMING EMPORIUM
OF
MRS. NORCROSS,
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ja21-tf

IRISH LINENS.

FOR THE BEST MAKES OF

IRISH LINEN GOODS!

GO TO

MOSGROVE & BLAKELY,
222 Third street, Colton's Building.
ja23 tf

JUST DIE!

OR DIGEST!

TAKE YOUR CHOICE! If you cease to digest for a certain time you must do the other thing. If your digestive organs are in good order, you can enjoy the coarsest fare, and thrive upon it. If the digestion is impaired, nothing nourishes; even a Cannibal Chief would growl after dining upon the best Missionary that ever was cooked. USE THE "EXCELLENT."

For sale in glass only, by
ja27 1m BARRY & PATTEN

GUSTAVE A. SCOTT,

(Organist of Cavalry Church.)

TEACHER OF MUSIC.

Residence, "Miel Institute," 55 and 56 South Park.

Class Lessons every day, from 3 till 8 P. M. Terms, $6 per month.

Private Lessons at the Institute or Pupils' Residence, at the usual prices. ja30 3m

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MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

ja25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

As Amended March 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper	$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right	05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand	02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100	05
Every additional $100, or fractional part	05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.	
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S.	02
Every additional $100, or fractional part	02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place	10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500	50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels	05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less	50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof	50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office	1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule	25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons	10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulatious of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50	10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000	25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part	25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons actiug as such	25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100	05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y,	25
Certificates, other than specified	05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale	10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500	1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse	50
Ganger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr.	25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.	1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction.	50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons	5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels	25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500	50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.	
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less	01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1	02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof	05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof	05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof	1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon	25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries	10
To receive or collect rents	25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate	1 00
For any other purpose	50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof	50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft,	25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.	
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property	02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value. 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000	10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for	25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs	25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State	50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid	50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record	50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100	50

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. no11-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Maurice J. Dooley, Plaintiff, vs. John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton, her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, children of J. H. and Annie Moore; Helen R. Masterson Ord, and Pacificus Ord, her husband, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, Helen R. Masterson Ord and Pacificus Ord, her husband:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

In and by said complaint, the plaintiff prays the following judgment and relief:

1. That the said defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, and that all adverse claims of the said defendants, or either of them, may be determined by a decree of this Court.

2. That plaintiff be adjudged to be the owner in fee simple, in possession of, and lawfully entitled to the possession of so much of said Lot 77 as is first described in the complaint.

3. That the defendants, and each and every of them, be adjudged and decreed to have no estate, right, title, or interest of, in or to said portion of said Lot 77, legal or equitable; and that they, and all persons claiming, or to claim under them subsequent to the commencement of this action, be barred, and perpetually restrained and enjoined from asserting or pretending to have any right, title, interest, or estate of, in or to the same, and from making any conveyance thereof—other than to plaintiff or his grantees; and for such other and further relief as shall be agreeable to equity—but without costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District in and for the County of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
de23-3m By JAMES C. ASUCOM, Deputy Clerk.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of SARAH McLAUGHLIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above-named estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, at his residence on the west side of Guerrero street, north of and near Sixteenth street, in said city and county of San Francisco.

JOHN CRORCH, Administrator of the estate of Sarah McLaughlin, deceased.

San Francisco, January 30, 1866. I. N. THORNE,
fe3-5t Att'y for Administrator.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDICIAL District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS B. VALENTINE, Plaintiff, vs. ERASTUS V. JOICE and ANDREW J. MOULDER, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Erastus V. Joice and Audrew J. Moulder, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within the county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought that the Defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, &c., to certain real estate particularly described in the complaint, and to obtain a decree that the plaintiff is owner in fee simple absolute thereof, that said defendants have no estate, right, title, or interest therein or to any part thereof, that they be forever debarred and perpetually enjoined from setting up any estate in or claim said real estate, adverse to plaintiff—besides costs of suit and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal of Court. Int. rev. stamp. de23-3m } By JAS. E. ASUCOM, Deputy Clerk.
B. S. BROOKS,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.—IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT of the Second Township, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to S. B. THOMPSON, greeting:

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 13th day of February, A. D 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to answer unto the complaint of CHARLES M. PECK, who claims to recover from you the sum of two hundred and fifty-three dollars, and interest on one hundred and seventy-five dollars of said sum at two per cent. per month from June 22d, 1865, and on seventy-eight dollars of said sum at the same rate from April 20th, 1865, due on two promissory notes made by you, dated February 17th, 1865, and June 22d, 1865, the same claimed to be recovered in United States gold and silver coin, as per copies of said notes on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you, for the said amount and interest due, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of the city and county of San Francisco greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof. Given under my hand this 6th day of November, A. D. 1865.

Alias U. S. Revenue stamp, 50c., cancelled. } H. J. WELLS, (SEAL.) Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco. Office, No. 623 Merchant street.

no11 3m

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the
BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner
From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from
Roots and Herbs
Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
fe11-6m San Francisco

RELIABLE

AND LIBERAL!

THE BROOKLYN
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK,
HAS MADE ALL ITS POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

Dividends delared and PAID annually on the MUTUAL PLAN. Its policies are INCONTESTABLE after five years from their date.

Thirty days grace in payment of premium.

C. W. BOUCK, President.
A. D. POLHAMUS, Vice President.
L. P. GAUTIER, Med. Examiner, San Francisco.

STEPH. T. KING,
General Agent for the Pacific States and Territories,
712 Montgomery street,
ja20-tf SAN FRANCISCO.

NEW YORK ACCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 141 Broadway, New York,
FOR INSURING AGAINST
Accidents of All Kinds!

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - $250,000

THE BUSINESS OF THIS COMPANY is the insuring against accidents of all kinds, whether by travelling or otherwise.

This Company issues two classes of policies: one to secure the payment of a fixed sum to the event of death caused by an accident of any description; the other securing a weekly allowance in case of injury causing total disablement, and a fixed sum in case of death arising as above.

Annual Premium on $2,500	$7 50
Annual Premium on 5,000	15 00
Annual Premium on 10,000	30 00
(Without compensation.)	
Annual Premium on $2,500, with $12 50 per week compensation	12 50
Annual Premium on $5,000 with $25 per week compensation	25 00
Annual Premium on $10,000, with $50 00 per week compensation	50 00

Other amounts at corresponding rates.
No policy to exceed $10,000.

GENERAL ACCIDENTS

Include the Traveling Risk, and also all forms of Dislocations, Broken Bones, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Gunshot Wounds, Burns and Scalds, Bites of Dogs, Assaults by Burglars, Robbers or Murderers—the Action of Lightning or Sunstroke, the Effects of Explosions, Floods, and Suffocations by Drowning or Choking; where such Accidental Injury is the cause of death within three months of the happening of the injury, or of total disability to follow his usual avocations

INDUCEMENTS.

The rates of premiums are very low.
The plan is so simple that any one can comprehend all its workings.

No Medical Examination is Required.

Any who have been rejected by Life Companies, in consequence of hereditary or other diseases, can effect insurance in this Company at a very small cost.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS!

REMEMBER THE WASHOE, YOSEMITE, THE GOLDEN GATE AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

Persons about to visit Europe or New York can obtain Insurance against the Risks of the Voyage.

PREMIUM—Two Dollars per One Thousand Dollars.

GENERAL ACCIDENT TICKETS (Including the Traveling Risk)
ISSUED BY ALL AGENTS. $5,000 for 24 hours, 25c.
Weekly Compensation, $25.

Four days	$1
Eight Days	2
Twelve Days	3
Twenty Days	4
Thirty Days	5

Covering $5,000 against death, with $25 per week in case of disability by reason of accident, by the

NEW YORK ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
141 Broadway, N. Y.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS,
NORTHWEST CORNER MONTGOMERY AND SACRAMENTO STREETS,
de16-3m San Francisco.

GREAT AMERICAN
PRIZE CONCERT!
AT
CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE,
Chicago, Illinois, - - February 22d, 1866.

20,000 VALUABLE GIFTS WORTH $96,800
PRESENTED TO THE TICKET HOLDERS.

100,000 *TICKETS ONLY WILL BE SOLD.*

1 Gift of $10,000 cash	$10,000
1 Gift of $5,000 cash	5,000
50 Gifts, 50 English Patent Lever Gold Watches, valued at $400 each	20,000
100 Gifts, 100 Amer. Silver Lever Watches valued at $100 each	10,000
48 Gifts 48 Silver Lever Watches valued at $50 each	2,400
5,000 Gifts, 5,000 Turkey Morocco, gold clasp Albums, valued at $5 each	25,000
4,800 Gifts, 4,800 gold clasp Albums, valued at $3 each	14,400
10,000 Gifts, 10,000 cash at $1 each	10,000

All the above Goods are genuine, as represented, and are listed at a fair valuation.

Each ticket is registered before being sent out.

Parties will be notified by mail of the result of the drawing.

40,000 Tickets already sold. Send in your orders if you wish to secure them.

Tickets ONE DOLLAR each in Greenbacks, or 11 for $10, sent by mail to any address upon receipt of price and Postoffice stamp.

BRIGGS, LEMON & CO.,
no11 3m 141 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

HOLT'S MAP
OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA.

THIS MAP has been carefully revised, and all the NEW COUNTIES inserted, and also many other important changes made.

For sale, Mounted or in Book Form, by
WARREN HOLT,
ja13-tf 305 Montgomery street, Room No. 2.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
SATURDAY, FEB. 10,
AT HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,

GRAND MATINEE:

THE IRISH MOTHER!

THIS EVENING, FEBRUARY 10,

Miss Charlotte Crampton

SUPPORTED BY THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY,
IN
DR. HAYNE'S AND J. F. SEARS'
ADAPTATION FROM "LA VOLEUSE D'ENFANTS,"
ENTITLED,

THE IRISH MOTHER,

OR

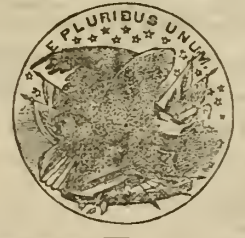
THE WILD BRIAR PATH.

Ellen O'Brien.....Miss Charlotte Crampton
John Atkins.....C. R. Thorne, Jr.
Lord Trevallian.....W. M. Leman
Oliver Sidney.....Fred Franks
Jacobson.....W. Barry
Pibroch.....Harry Jackson
Daniel Wickfield.....J. H. Ruby
Jonathan Bugle.....F. Woodhull
Adams.....C. L. Graves
Lady Helen.....Mrs. Fred Franks
Miss Fanny.....Miss F. R. Gass
Mistress Maggie.....Mrs. W. Smitten

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - 50
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - $5 and $10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

NATIONAL

Insurance Company.



TEMPORARY OFFICE,
Brannan's Express Building,
402 Montgomery street, (second floor.)
PERMANENT OFFICE,
(After March 1st,)
408 *Montgomery street,*
Adjoining London and San Francisco Bank, and opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

Capital.....One Million of Dollars,
Paid Up in Full.

LOSSES PAYABLE IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

This company is prepared to insure brick, frame, and other BUILDINGS, MERCHANDISE, FURNITURE, and other insurable property, on the most favorable terms. Losses will be adjusted promptly in GOLD coin.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
Albert Dibblee, Chairman, Joseph A. Donohoe,
John G. Bray, Richard G. Sneath,
George W. Gibbs, Henry Pierce.

WILLIAM PIERCE, President.
D. W. C. THOMPSON, Vice President.
W. W. WIGGINS, Secretary. fe10 3m

CHOICE NEW BOOKS.

A. ROMAN & CO.

Have recently received over
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY CASES
OF
Standard Books,
ON EVERY BRANCH OF LITERATURE.

Our Stock is now very large and complete, embracing all the recent Publications of the day, together with all the Standard Authors on

Miscellaneous Literature, History, Biography, Travels, Fiction, Poetry, etc., etc.

Also, a LARGE ASSORTMENT of
ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED BOOKS!
CHOICE EDITIONS OF FAVORITE AUTHORS, IN FINE BINDINGS,
SUITABLE FOR PRESENTATION BOOKS.

We have also a splendid assortment of
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL JUVENILES, CHILDREN'S BOOKS, TOY BOOKS, AND GAMES.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
In great variety. ELEGANT BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, etc. All of which we offer at the lowest prices.
A. ROMAN & CO.,
de2 417 and 419 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,

Montgomery street.

STAGE MANAGER, - - - - - - C. TIBBETS

CONTINUED SUCCESS
OF
THE ELVES!

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
For Families and Children, - - - - At Half Prices,
Commencing at 2 o'clock.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, FEB. 10,

The Elves,

And THE BUISLAY FAMILY, in their Wonderful Acts.

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, FEBRUARY 10TH, will be presented the Grand Romantic Fairy Spectacle, entitled,

THE ELVES.

Count Coldstream.....Mr. L. F. Beatty
Prince Pomp.....S. W. Leach
Colin.....F. Percy
Blazini.....Senor Buislay
Daphne.....Miss Katy
Sylvia.....Mrs. Sedley Brown
Prince Lubin Jockey Club.....Miss Hinckley
Phillis.....Miss Caroline Chapman
Mme Chloe.....Mrs. Judah
Princess Jonquil.....Miss Julia Gould
Eoline.....Miss A. M. Thorne
Perdita.....Madame Buislay

A Grand Ballet, Tableaux,

SONGS, GLEES, AND DUETS.

MONDAY NIGHT:
The Grand Spectacular Play entitled,

The Bronze Horse,

Will be produced.

Dress Circle and Orchestra seats, $1; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Private Boxes, $10 and $5.

HOW IS THAT?

Men, Women and Children

GO ON FROM DAY TO DAY, FAILING IN VITALITY, PAINED, CRIPPLED BOTH IN MIND AND BODY, SOLELY FROM DELAY IN RAISING UP THE BLOOD AND CONSTITUTION ABOVE THE EFFECTS OR POWER OF DISEASE.

TAKE THAT GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

LE DOYEN'S

SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK,

IODINE ALTERATIVE.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
ja19-1m SAN FRANCISCO.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

From Folsom street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M., punctually,
FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the company.

Steamers of this line will be despatched on the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month. When these dates fall on Sunday, the steamer will leave on Saturday preceding.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and steamer running to Guayquil, touching at Tumaco, the port of the new mines, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

FEB. 19TH, - - - - - - GOLDEN CITY
Captain F. R. Baby.
(Connecting with the *NEW YORK*, Captain Horner.)

FEB. 28th, - - - - - - COLORADO,
Captain Watkins.
(Connecting with the *HENRY CHAUNCEY*, Capt. Gray.)

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
ja27-tf between California and Pine.

FEBRUARY 14, 1866.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY!

MISS S. A—'S VALENTINE:

"Take this little flower; take it and think of me!
Think, in the hours of loneliness, of the one who gave it thee;
Place it within thy bosom, let it never be forgot,
But let it whisper oft to thee, "Forget me not."

MISS A. M. C——'S VALENTINE:

"The brightest smiles that ever fell
Are not so dear as thine to me;
And oh! these lines but faintly tell
The love that fills my heart for thee."

TO —— ——:

I know no form so graceful,
No face so near divine;
Then haste thee love! oh, hasten
And be my Valentine.

MISS MARY B——N'S VALENTINE:

How dear the dream
In distant hour of ill,
Should all be changed,
To find thee faithful still.

ST. VALENTINE'S ADVICE:

To the unmarried of the nation,
As they would avoid the mortification,
And shun the appellation
Of old maids and old bachelors in this generation,
To make direct application,
Without any flirtation,
To APPLETON'S station,
Where VALENTINE holds his oblation,
For an appropriate communication,
To suit the occasion,
Which will afford a gratification,
In the highest acceptation,
And be a sufficient remuneration
For the money spent on the occasion,
From the smallest to the greatest valuation.

VALENTINES in extra fine French Boxes—also in solid Rosewood and Mahogany cases. Sold with or without jewelry.

VALENTINES of every conceivable variety; Valentine Cards, Valentine Mottoes and Stationery.

THIRTY new and original California Comics, "Ye Copperheads," etc.

VALENTINE WRITERS, comic and sentimental.

Appleton's Valentine Express,

with Eight Horses, will deliver Valentines every hour on Valentine's Day in every part of the city.
D. E APPLETON & CO.,
ja27-3t 508 Montgomery street.

STEAM COMMUNICATION

WITH THE
SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE CALIFORNIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY will despatch their magnificent new steamship

AJAX,

Two Thousand Tons Burthen,
CHRISTOPHER GODFREY, - - - - Commander,
FOR HONOLULU,
ON THURSDAY, - - - - - MARCH 1, 1866,
AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M.

The cabin accommodations of the Ajax are unsurpassed for comfort and elegance.

To invalids and tourists this trip offers unequalled inducements, not only on the point of economy, but also in the superior accommodations of the ship, and the pleasure of a voyage to these Islands.

Freight taken at the lowest current rates.

Bills of Lading will be furnished to shippers, and none others signed.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office of the California Steam Navigation Company.
ja23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

A MOONLIGHT DRIVE!

A GOOD TEAM,
AND
Supper at the Cliff House!

CAPTAIN FOSTER, the Proprietor, is always ready to receive "Evening Calls." The delightful Moonlight Nights which we are now enjoying, render a

MOONLIGHT DRIVE
TO THE
CLIFF HOUSE
TRUE ENJOYMENT!

CAPTAIN FOSTER is never caught napping, and the resources of the Cliff House are unlimited. ja27-tf

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of SARAH McLAUGHLIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above-named estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, at his residence on the west side of Guerrero street, north of and near Sixteenth street, in said city and county of San Francisco.

JOHN COUCH, Administrator of the estate of Sarah McLaughlin, deceased.
San Francisco, January 30, 1866. I. N. THORNE,
fe10-5t Att'y for Administrator.

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THE

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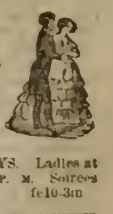

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VOLUME IV., No 12. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 17, 1866. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE; 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

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INIGOINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, February 17th, 1866.

IF the inquisitive Dutchman were to enter almost any house in town with his question of, Who's been here since I've been gone? I think the universal answer would be: St. Valentine.

Traces of his late presence are visible on every side. And his coming was heralded by signs which could not be misinterpreted. Rhyming dictionaries had an immense sale, and books of poetical quotations could not be had in the market for love or money—

And what can't be had for love isn't worth having—

Young ladies, for a week back, have been writing mysterious notes in disguised hands in surreptitious corners. In the fly-leaves of bibles, and other secret hiding places, where it is supposed that the casual caller would never think of looking, you found valentines in various stages of progression—some just budding and others full blown.

I haven't received many valentines of late years. Why it is I cannot tell, but, for some reason or another, they've quit on me. Last Wednesday, for instance, beyond a brief, but warm and expressive little valentine from a tailor, and an eloquent reminder from another noble gentleman whose family crest is a Golden Boot—it is displayed over his door, so that he may be said to sit under the shade of his own vine and boot-tree—beyond these testimonials of consideration and remembrance, I got no valentines at all.

And yet I went on writing them just as industriously as ever. You will see them in several newspapers with which I have the honor to be connected—don't ask me what newspapers they are, nor over what signatures I write, for these are secrets which are kept inviolate. But just take up the first respectable journal that comes to hand, and, if there be anything brilliant in it, give me the credit.

But, aside from valentines about the weather, the immortality of the soul, our foreign relations, Judge Hagar's School Bill, the Eight-hour System, the Repeal of the Specific Contract Law, and other topics of public interest, I wrote a valentine to a young lady in Sonoma county, which rather pleased me. Of course, it was an impromptu, for all writers are accustomed to do their best things in this way. Very often, while we sit thinking of many things in general and nothing in particular—perhaps at the tea table, or while playing billiards on a carom table—the spell comes upon one, a spirit seizes your hand, and you dash off a few brilliant verses in an upside-down hand, which very few people can read. This it is to be an impromptist.

It is curious how my Valentine came to be written. I was up in Sonoma spending Sunday. Sonoma is a great place for porches. Every one that has a house has a porch—and sometimes two porches, if the family happens to be a large one and in easy circumstances. I sat in a porch, and beside me sat a maiden of sixteen summers—

Or some'eres thereabouts—

Suddenly the conversation turned upon bees. How it happened I can't for the life of me remember, but I think I was playfully pressing her hand and she said: Let me be.

Upon which, such a subtle thing is suggestion, I said I wished I were a bee.

And she, kindly leading the conversation up to me and not afraid of a sell, asked: What would you do if you were?

I instantly, with a diamond ring which I wear for such occasions, traced the following lines upon the window. To understand them you must know that the young person was baptized as Louisa Jane, but that we call her Lily because it is a much prettier name:

"IF I WERE A BEE-BIRD."

If I were a bee-bird,
What would I do?
I'll tell to no other,
Darling, but you.
On the breast of the lily,
Folding my wings—
Think it no harm, darling,
'Tis a bee sings—

The tears of the blue-bell
Ever might fall;
The rose and the woodbine
Cling to the wall;
The cowslip and daisy
Lie in the sun—
I would not kiss them,
Never a one.

But alone with my lily
Ever I'd rest
Kissing the blossom
Of her white breast—
Think it no harm, darling,
Not mine the tongue,
I but interpret
What the bee sung.

The success of my valentine did not equal my anticipations. The head of the family, though he did not pronounce it purp-stuff, remarked that he didn't like to have his windows scratched up, and besides he did not think it proper that such sentiments should be expressed to "the young person." And the glazier was called and the light was taken out and my light put out in the same breath.

And such is life:

C'est un verre qui luit
Q'un souffle peut detruire et q'un souffle a produit.

Oddly enough, St. Valentine's day was also Ash Wednesday. In my native town there was a family named Ash, and Wednesday was their reception day. What a famous joke that was of mine about the Ash Wednesdays! No one had thought of it before, and so I was patted on the head for it, called a bright boy, and a brilliant future predicted for me.

How pleasant the prediction of a brilliant future is to a young and ambitious man. One is cheered upon his lonely way by it much as the donkey is by the bunch of turnips that is tied before his nose, and which he jogs along in a vain endeavor to reach. It is good to have something to look forward to, you know—

—And just at this moment the Poet Stoddard... dreamy-eyed and silver-voiced, with a song upon his lips before which my Lily-putian verses pale and wither into nothingness... comes into the room. And the tenor of his song leads me to believe that he, too, has been to Sonoma. Had I addressed my valentine to a sunflower, would a similar coincidence have occurred?

And another friend has just dropped in, calling my attention to a little valentine addressed to me through the columns of my favorite *Flag* a few days since.

In its course I am called "a despicable libeller," because I last week gave the current news item about the sandwich symposium of a late manager. And the author signs himself "Vindicator."

Restaurateur would perhaps have been a more appropriate signature, for I am told that he is the proprietor of the lunch stand from which the sandwiches were ordered.

It is eminently unkind of Vindicator to do this thing; I did not say the sandwiches were bad. Peculiarly honest in all my relations with the public, I am persuaded that they were made of the best wheat... should I say Wheatleigh?... bread and butter that the market afforded.

Bless Vindicator's heart, I have no prejudice or malice against his patron.

With my present understanding of his versatility of talent, I would go very far to see him in any *role*... a hot roll would be preferred to cold bread... and I certainly think he might now play an excellent Hamlet.

Besides the stripes of the *Flag* I received a delicate little compliment in a badly printed and worse edited little advertising sheet.

Some time ago, it seems, I had occasion to use the word "mollusk." By a typographical error, a *c* got sandwiched where the *s* should have been... is it any wonder I am somewhat prejudiced against sandwiches after that?... and it read "mclluck." And in a notice of *Chastelard*, some two weeks since, a word was omitted, making the conclusion of a sentence read "the masses chant conventicles," instead of *like* conventicles.

No one possessed himself of even a common school education would assume that these errors lay with the writer, for they are palpably typographical. Malice alone could place any other construction upon them.

For the favor of yesterday, and similar ones, they tell me I am indebted to some one called "Trem"... short, I suppose, for Tremens, his first name being Delirium....and that this constant snapping at my heels is because he fancies that I set a mouse trap of his out in the cold.

Because the interests of the paper demanded the abatement of a nuisance, why should I, who had nothing to do with the matter, be held responsible? The *Sunday Mercury* is said to have also concluded that the Mouse-Trap is scarcely the cheese... should it be thrown overboard from its deck, will the sanitary precaution of that exigeant vessel bring a double clatter about my ears?

Toward the misguided mouser I bear no dislike... the result, perhaps, of having no acquaintance with him... I cannot see, however, why... with an excellent situation as dramatic critic on one of the few daily papers in the city that is actually worth its subscription price, knowing that his criticisms of the performances at the Olympic are read and admired by all the patrons of that establishment, and that by virtue of his position he enjoys a good social *status*... he should constitute himself my constant censor. My proverbia good-nature will not let him become an incensor.

INIGO.

THE second *bal masqué* of the Eureka Club came off at Platt's Hall on Thurday evening, according to announcement. The floor was filled with gay masquers, and the gallery above fairly groaned with the weight of spectators. Fun and jollity ruled until morning had well dawned. The prizes were awarded to a personation of Emperor Norton, and a "wild Irish mother"—very much after the pattern which Sears has lately created. Mr. Barry (Norton I.) received a gold-headed cane; Miss Goldstein (the wild Irish mother) a beautiful watch.

YESTERDAY'S leader in the *Flag* was headed "Concerning Salt-marsh and Tide Lands." Being vindicative now instead of vindictive, might not an instructive essay upon salt-ham and sandwiches have been more to the point? for, aside from being more competent to grapple with the theme, that journal is fond of picking bones.

MODERN COURTSHIP.

Young Arthur, when his Maud he left,
A ringlet from her *chignon* cleft:
"Dear curl!" cried he. "Dear? yes, you ninny!
My *chignon*, stupid, cost a guinea!"

ANTONY IN ARMS.

LO, we are side by side!—One dark arm furls
Aronnd me like a serpent warm and hare;
The other, lifted 'mid a gleam of pearls,
Holds a full golden goblet in the air:
Her face is shining through her clondy cnrls
With light that makes me drunken nnaware,
And with my chin upon my breast I smile
Upon her, darkening inward all the while.

And through the chamber cnrtains, backward roll'd
By spicy winds that fan my fever'd head,
I see a sandy flat slope yellow as gold
To the brown banks of Nilus wriukling red
In the slow sunset; and mine eyes behold
The West, low down beyond the river's bed,
Grow sullen, ribb'd with many a brazen bar,
Under the white smile of the Cyprian star.

A bitter Roman vision floateth black
Before me, in my dizzy brain's despite;
The Roman armor brindles on my back,
My swelling nostrils drink the fumes of fight:
But then, she smiles upon me!—and I lack
The warrior will that frowns on lewd delight,
And, passionately proud and desolate,
I smile to answer to the joy I hate.

Joy coming uninvoked, asleep, awake,
Makes sunshine on the grave of buried powers;
Oft-times I wholly loathe her for the sake
Of manhood slipt away in easeful hours;
But from her lips mild words and kisses break,
Till I am like a ruin mocked with flowers;
I think of Honor's face—then turn to hers—
Dark, like the splendid shame that she confers.

Lo, how her dark arm holds me!—I am bound
By the soft touch of fingers light as leaves:
I drag my face aside, hnt at the sound
Of her low voice I turn—and she perceives
The cloud of Rome upon my face, and round
My neck she twines her odorous arms and grieves,
Shedding upon a heart as soft as they
Tears 't is a hero's task to kiss away!

And then she loosens from me, trembling still
Like a bright throbbing robe, and bids me "go!"
When pearly tears her drooping eyelids fill,
And her swart beauty whitens into snow;
And lost to use of life and hope and will,
I gaze upon her with a warrior's woe,
And turn, and watch her sidelong in annoy—
Then snatch her to me, flush'd with shame and joy!

Once more, O Rome! I would be son of thine—
This constant prayer my chain d sonl ever saith—
I thirst for honorable end—I pine
Not thus to kiss away my mortal breath.
But comfort such as this may not be mine—
I cannot even die a Roman death:
I seek a Roman's grave, a Romau's rest—
But, dying, I would die upon her breast!

[*Robert Buchanan.*

HOW HEREWARD SLEW THE BEAR.

ALL this is not only possible, but probable enough, the dates considered: the chroniclers, however, are silent. They only say that Hereward was in those days beyond Northumberland with Gisebert of Ghent.

Gisebert, Gislebert, Gilbert, Guibert, Goisbricht, of Ghent, who afterwards owned, by chance of war, many a fair manor about Lincoln city, was one of those valiant Flemings who settled along the east and northeast coast of Scotland in the eleventh century. They fought with the Celtic princes, and theu married with their daughters; got to themselves lands "by the title-deed of the sword;" and so became—the famous "Freskin the Fleming" especially—the ancestors of the finest aristocracy, both physically and intellectually, in the world. They had their connections, moreover, with the Norman court of Rouen, through the Duchess Matilda, daughter of their old Seigneur, Baldwin, Marquis of Flanders; their connections, too, with the English Court, through Countess Judith, wife of Earl Tosti Godwinsson, another daughter of Baldwin's. Their friendship was sought, their enmity feared, far and wide throughout the north. They seem to have been civilizers and cultivators and traders—with the instinct of true Flemings—as well as conquerors; they were in those very days bringing to order and tillage the rich lands of the northeast, from the Frith of Moray to that of Forth; and forming a rampart for Scotland against the invasions of Sweyn, Hardraade, and all the wild Vikings of the northern seas.

Amongst them, in those days, Gilbert of Ghent seems to have been a notable personage, to judge from the great house which he kept, and the "milites tyrones," or squires in training for the honor of knighthood, who fed at his table. Where he lived, the chroniclers report not. To them the country "ultra Northumbriam," beyond the Forth, was as Russia or Cathay, where

> "Geographers on pathless downs
> Put elephants for want of towns."

As indeed it was to that French map-maker who, as late as the middle of the eighteenth century (not having been to Aberdeen or Elgin,) leaves all the country north of the Tay a blank, with the inscription: "*Terre inculte et sauvage, habitée par les Higlanders.*

Wherever Gilbert lived, however, he heard that Hereward was outlawed, and sent for him, says the story. And there he lived, doubtless happily enough, fighting Highlanders and hunting deer, so that as yet the pains and penalties of exile did not press very hardly upon him. The handsome, petulant, good-humored lad had become in a few weeks the darling of Gilbert's ladies, and the envy of all his knights and gentlemen. Hereward the singer, harp-player, dancer, Hereward the rider and hunter, was in all mouths; but he himself was discontented at having as yet fallen in with no adventure worthy of a man, and looked curiously and longingly at the menagerie of wild beasts enclosed in strong wooden cages, which Gilbert kept in one corner of the great court-yard, not for any scientific purposes, but to try with them, at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, the mettle of the young gentlemeu who were candidates for the honor of knighthood. But after looking over the bulls and stags, wolves and bears, Hereward settled it in his mind that there was none worthy of his steel, save one huge white bear, whom no man had yet dared to face, and whom Hereward, indeed, had never seen, hidden as he was all day within the old oven-shaped Pict's house of stone, which had been turned into his den. There was a mystery about the uncanny brute which charmed Hereward. He was said to be half-human, perhaps wholly human; to be the son of the Fairy Bear, near kinsman, if not uncle or cousin, of Siward Digre. He had, like his fairy father, iron claws; he had human intellect, and understood human speech, and the arts of war—at least so all in the place believed, and not as absurdly as at first sight seems.

For the brown bear, and much more the white, was, among the Northern nations, in himself a creature magical and superhuman. "He is God's dog," whispered the Lapp, and called him "the old man in the fur cloak," afraid to use his right name, even inside the tent, for fear of his overhearing and avenging the insult. "He has twelve men's strength, and eleven men's wit," sang the Norseman, and prided himself accordingly, like a true Norseman, on outwitting and slaying the enchanted monster.

Terrible was the brown bear: but more terrible "the white sea-deer," as the Saxons called him; the hound of Hrymir, the whale's bane, the seal's dread, the rider of the iceberg, the sailer of the floe, who ranged for his prey under the six months' night, lighted by Surtur's fires, even to the gates of Muspelheim. To slay him was a feat worthy of Beowulf's self; and the greatest wonder, perhaps, among all the wealth of Crowland, was the twelve white bear-skins which lay before the altars, the gift of the great Canute. How Gilbert had obtained his white bear, and why he kept him there in durance vile, was a mystery over which men shook their heads. Again and again Hereward asked his host to let him try his strength against the mouster of the North. Again and again the shrieks of the ladies, and Gilbert's own pity for the stripling youth, brought a refusal. But Hereward settled it in his heart, nevertheless, that somehow or other, when Christmas time came round, he would extract from Gilbert, drunk or sober, leave to fight that bear; and then either make himself a name, or die like a man.

Meanwhile Hereward made a friend. Among all the ladies of Gilbert's household, however kind they were inclined to be to him, he took a fancy but to one—and that was to a little girl of eight years old. Alftruda was her name. He liked to amuse himself with this child, without, as he fancied, any danger of falling in love; for already his dreams of love were of the highest and most fantastic; and an Emir's daughter, or a Princess of Constantinople, were the very lowest game at which he meant to fly. Alftruda was beautiful, too, exceedingly, and precocious, and, it may be, vain enough to repay his attentions in good earnest. Moreover she was English as he was, and royal likewise; a relation of Elfgiva, daughter of Ethelred, once King of England, who, as all know, married Uchtred, prince of Northumberland and grandfather of Gospatrick, Earl of Northumberland, and ancestor of all the Dunbars. Between the English lad then and the English maiden grew up in a few weeks an innocent friendship, which had almost become more, by the intervention of the Fairy Bear.

For as Hereward was coming in one afternoon from hunting, hawk on fist, with Martin Lightfoot trotting behind, crane and heron, duck and hare, slung over his shoulder, on reaching the court-yard gates he was aware of screams and shouts within, tumult and terror among man and beast. Hereward tried to force his horse in at the gate. The beast stopped and turned, snorting with fear; and no wonder; for in the midst of the court-yard stood the Fairy Bear; his white mane bristled up till he seemed twice as big as any of the sober brown bears which Hereward yet had seen: his long snake neck and cruel visage wreathed about in search of prey. A dead horse, its back broken by a single blow of the paw, and two or three writhing dogs, showed that the beast had turned (like too many of his human kindred) "Berserker." The court-yard was utterly empty: but from the ladies' bower came shrieks and shouts, not only of women, but of men; and knocking at the bower door, adding her screams to those inside, was a little white figure, which Hereward recognized as Alftruda's. They had barricaded themselves inside, leaving the child out; and now dared not open the door, as the bear swung and rolled towards it, looking savagely right and left for a fresh victim.

Hereward leaped from his horse, and, drawing his sword, rushed forward with a shout which made the bear turn round.

He looked once back at the child; then round again at Hereward: and, making up his mind to take the largest morsel first, made straight at him with a growl which there was no mistaking.

He was within two paces; then he rose on his hind legs, a head and shoulders taller than Hereward, and lifted the iron talons high in air. Hereward knew that there was but one spot at which to strike; and he struck true and strong, before the iron paw could fall, right on the muzzle of the monster.

He heard the dull crash of the steel; he felt the sword jammed tight. He shut his eyes for an instant, fearing lest, as in dreams, his blow had come to naught; lest his sword had turned aside, or melted like water in his hand, and the next moment would find him crushed to earth, blinded and stunned. Something tugged at his sword. He opened his eyes, and saw the huge carcass bend, reel, roll slowly over to one side dead, tearing out of his hand the sword, which was firmly fixed into the skull.

Hereward stood awhile staring at the beast like a man astonished at what he himself had done. He had had his first adventure, and he had conquered. He was now a champion in his own right—a hero of the heroes—one who might take rank, if he went on, beside Beowulf, Frotho, Ragnar, Lodbrog, or Harald Hadraade. He had done this deed. What was there after this which he might not do? And he stood there in the fulness of his pride, defiant of earth and heaven, while in his heart arose the thought of that old Viking who cried, in the pride of his godlessness: "I never on earth met him whom I feared, and why should I fear Him in heaven? If I met Odin, I would fight with Odin. If Odin were the stronger, he would slay me; if I were the stronger, I would slay him." And there he stood, staring and dreaming over renown to come—a true pattern of the half-savage hero of those rough times, capable of all vices except cowardice, and capable, too, of all virtues save humility.

"Do you not see," said Martin Lightfoot's voice, close by, "that there is a fair lady trying to thank you, while you are so rude or so proud that you will not vouchsafe her one look?"

It was true. Little Alftruda had been clinging to him for five minutes past. He took the child up in his arms and kissed her with pure kisses, which for a moment softened his hard heart; then, setting her down, he turned to Martin.

"I have done it, Martin."

"Yes, you have done it; I spied you. What will the old folks at home say to this?"

"What care I?"

Martin Lightfoot shook his head, and drew out his knife.

"What is that for?" said Hereward.

"When the master kills the game, the knave can but skin it. We may sleep warm under this fur in many a cold night by sea and moor."

"Nay," said Hereward, laughing: "when the master kills the game he must first carry it home. Let us take him and set him up against the bower door there, to astonish the brave knights inside." And stooping down, he attempted to lift the huge carcass; but in vain. At last, with Martin's help, he got it fairly on his shoulders, and the two dragged their burden to the bower and dashed it against the door, shouting with all their might to those within to open.

Windows, it must be remembered, were in those days so few and far between that the folks inside had remained quite unaware of what was going on without.

The door was opened cautiously enough; and ont looked, to the shame of knighthood be it said, two or three knights who had taken shelter in the bower with the ladies. Whatever they were going to say the ladies forestalled, for, rushing out across the prostrate bear, they overwhelmed Hereward with praises, thanks, and, after the straightforward custom of those days, with substantial kisses.

"You must be knighted at once," cried they. "You have knighted yourself by that single blow."

"A pity, then," said one of the knights to the others, "that he had not given that accolade to himself, instead of to the bear."

"Unless some means are found," said another, "of taking down this boy's conceit, life will soon be not worth having here."

"Either he must take ship," said a third, "and look for adventures elsewhere, or I must."

Martin Lightfoot heard those words; and knowing that envy and hatred, like all other vices in those rough-hewn times, were apt to take very startling and unmistakeable shapes, kept his eye accordingly on those three knights.

"He must be knighted—he shall be knighted, as soon as Sir Gilbert comes home," said all the ladies in chorus.

"I should be sorry to think," said Hereward, with the blun-

dering mock humility of a self-conceited boy, "that I had done anything worthy of such an honor. I hope to win my spurs by greater feats than these."

A burst of laughter from the knights and gentlemen followed.

"How loud the young bantam crows after his first little scuffle!"

"Hark to him! What will he do next? Eat a dragon? Fly to the moon? Marry the Sophy of Egypt's daughter?"

The last touched Hereward to the quick, for it was just what he thought of doing; and his blood, heated enough already, beat quicker, as some one cried, with the evident intent of picking a quarrel: "That was meant for us. If the man who killed the bear has not earned knighthood, what must we be, who have not killed him? You understand his meaning, gentlemen—don't forget it!"

Hereward looked down, and setting his foot on the bear's head, wrenched out of it the sword which he had left till now, with pardonable pride, fast set in the skull.

Martin Lightfoot, for his part, drew stealthily from his bosom the little magic axe, keeping his eye on the brain-pan of the last speaker.

The lady of the house cried "Shame!" and ordered the knights away with haughty words and gestures, which, because they were so well deserved, only made the quarrel more deadly.

Then she commanded Hereward to sheathe his sword.

He did so; and turning to the knights, said with all courtesy: "You mistake me, sirs. You were where brave knights should be, within the beleagured fortress, defending the ladies. Had you remained outside, and been eaten by the bear, what must have befallen them, had he burst open the door? As for this little lass, whom you left outside, she is too young to requite knight's prowess by lady's love; and therefore beneath your attention, and only fit for the care of a boy like me." And taking up Aftruda in his arms, he carried her in and disappeared.

Who now but Hereward was in all men's mouths? The minstrels made ballads on him; the lasses sang his praises (says the chronicler) as they danced upon the green. Gilbert's lady would need give him the seat, and all the honors of a belted knight, though knight he was none. And daily and weekly the valaint lad grew and hardened into a valiant man, and a courteous one withal, giving no offence himself, and not over ready to take offence at other men.

The knights were civil enough to him, the ladies more than civil; he hunted, he wrestled, he tilted; he was promised a chance of fighting for glory, as soon as a Highland chief should declare war against Gilbert, or drive off his cattle—an event which (and small blame to the Highland chiefs) happened every six months.

No one was so well content with himself as Hereward; and therefore he fancied that the world must be equally content with him, and was much disconcerted when Martin drew him aside one day, and whispered: "If I were my lord, I should wear a mail shirt under my coat to-morrow out hunting."

"What?"

"The arrow that can go through a deer's blade-bone can go through a man's."

"Who should harm me?"

"Any man of the twelve who eat at the same table."

"What have I done to them? If I have had my laugh at them, they have had their laugh at me; and we are quits."

"There is another score, my lord, which you have forgotten, and that is all on your side."

"Eh?"

"You killed the bear. Do you expect them to forgive you that, till they have repaid you with interest?"

"Pish!"

"You do not want for wit, my lord. Use it, and think. What right has a little boy like you to come here, killing bears which grown men cannot kill? What can you expect but just punishment for your insolence—say, a lance between your shoulders when you stoop to drink, as Sigfried had for daring to tame Brunhild? And more, what right have you to come here, and so win the hearts of the ladies, that the lady of all the ladies should say, 'If aught happen to my poor boy—and he cannot live long—I would adopt Hereward for my own son, and show his mother what a fool some folks think her.' So, my lord, put on your mail shirt to-morrow, and take care of narrow ways, and sharp corners. For to-morrow it will be tried, that I know, before my Lord Gilbert comes back from the Highlands; but by whom I know not, and care little, seeing that there are half a dozen in the house who would be glad enough of the chance."

Hereward took his advice, and rode out with three or four knights the next morning into the fir-forest; not afraid, but angry and sad. He was not yet old enough to estimate the virulence of envy; to take ingratitude and treachery for granted. He was to learn the lesson then, as a wholesome chastener to the pride of success. He was to learn it again in later years, as an additional bitterness in the humiliation of defeat; and find out, as does many a man, that if he once fall, or seem to fall, a hundred curs spring up to bark at him, who dared not open their mouths while he was on his legs.

So they rode into the forest, and parted, each with his footman and his dogs, in search of boar and deer; and each one had his sport without meeting again for some two hours or more.

Hereward and Martin came at last to a narrow gully, a murderous place enough. Huge fir-trees roofed it in, and made a night of noon. High banks of earth and great boulders walled it in right and left for twenty feet above. The track, what with pack-horses' feet, and what with five hundred years' rain-fall, was a rut three feet deep and two feet broad, in which no horse could turn. Any other day Hereward would have cantered down it with merely a tightened rein. To-day he turned to Martin and said:

"A very fit and proper place for this same treason, unless you have been drinking beer and thinking beer."

But Martin was nowhere to be seen.

A pebble thrown from the right bank struck him, and he looked up. Martin's face was peering through the heather overhead, his finger on his lips. Then he pointed cautiously, first up the pass, then down.

Hereward felt that his sword was loose in the sheath, and then griped his lance with a heart beating, but not with fear. The next moment he heard the rattle of a horse's hoofs behind him; looked back; and saw a knight charging desperately down the gully, his bow in hand, and arrow drawn to the head.

To turn was impossible. To stop, even to walk on, was to be ridden over and hurled to the ground helplessly. To gain the mouth of the gully, and then turn on his pursuer was his only chance. For the first and almost the last time in his life, he struck spurs into his horse, and ran away. As he went, an arrow struck him sharply in the back, piercing the corslet, but hardly entering the flesh. As he neared the mouth, two other knights crashed their horses through the brushwood from right and left, and stood awaiting him, their spears ready to strike. He was caught in a trap. A shield might have saved him; but he had none.

He did not flinch. Dropping his reins, and driving in the spurs once more, he met them in full shock. With his left hand he hurled aside the left-hand lance, with his right he hurled his own with all his force at the right-hand foe, and saw it pass clean through the felon's chest, while his lance-point dropped, and passed harmlessly behind his knee.

So much for lances in front. But the knight behind? Would not his sword the next moment be through his brain?

There was a clatter, a crash, and looking back Hereward saw horse and man rolling in the rut, and rolling with them Martin Lightfoot. He had already pinned the felon knight's head against the steep bank, and, with uplifted axe, was meditating a pick at his face which would have stopped alike his love-making and his fighting.

"Hold thy hand," shouted Hereward. "Let us see who he is: and remember that he is at least a knight."

"But one that will ride no more to-day. I finished his horse's going as I rolled down the bank."

It was true. He had broken the poor beast's leg with a blow of the axe, and they had to kill the horse out of pity ere they left.

Martin dragged his prisoner forward.

"You?" cried Hereward. "And I saved your life three days ago!"

The knight answered nothing.

"You will have to walk home. Let that be punishment enough for you," and he turned.

"He will have to ride in a woodman's cart, if he have the luck to find one."

The third knight had fled, and after him the dead man's horse. Hereward and his man rode home in peace, and the third knight, after trying vainly to walk a mile or two, fell and lay, and was fain to fulfil Martin's prophecy, and be brought home in a cart, to carry for years after, like Sir Lancelot, the nickname of the Chevalier de la Charette.

And so was Hereward avenged of his enemies. Judicial, even private, inquiry into the matter there was none. That gentlemen should meet in the forest and commit, or try to commit, murder on each other's bodies, was far too common a mishap in the ages of faith to stir up more than an extra gossipping and cackling among the women, and an extra cursing and threatening among the men; and as the former were all but unanimously on Hereward's side, his plain and honest story was taken as it stood.

"And now, fair lady," said Hereward to his hostess, "I must thank you for all your hospitality, and bid you farewell for ever and a day."

She wept, and entreated him only to stay till her lord came back; but Hereward was firm.

"You, lady, and your good lord I will ever love; and at your service my sword shall ever be: but not here. Ill blood I will not make. Among traitors I will not dwell. I have killed two of them, and shall have to kill two of their kinsmen next, and then two more, till you have no knights left; and pity that would be. No; the world is wide, and there are plenty of good fellows in it who will welcome me without forcing me to wear mail under my coat out hunting."

And he armed himself *cap-a-pie*, and rode away. Great was the weeping in the bower, and great the chuckling in the hall: but never saw they Hereward again upon the Scottish shore.

From Kingsley's "Hereward, or The Last of the English."

[For the Californian.]

LOST IN THE MOUNTAINS.

IN the State of New Hampshire, the most important accumulation of earth is Mount Washington; the most beautiful collection of water is Lake Winnipiseogee. The measurements in North Carolina have stolen from the former the honor of being the highest mountain east of the Rocky; but it may be doubted whether the latter will soon yield the palm of beauty to any other lake.

In passing southward from one of these points to the other, the traveller follows half way the valley of the Saco river. Near the point where it leaves him to seek the rising sun, its left current is touched by the far-reaching skirt of Kearsage mountain, and its right ready to enjoy the same honor from the garment of Mote, did not precipitous walls of rock, just at the water's edge, suddenly bear the unmoistened hem a thousand feet toward the sky. To ascend Kearsarge mountain—at sunrise to behold in the westward valley its clearly defined shadow of fourteen miles in length, or, at sunset, to admire the golden lakes of its western sky, and the silver ones of its eastern plain, and then be left alone with its night-hawk—is quite common.

But Mote is pathless and perilous: rough, from its thick, prostrate, and charred forests; rough, from its sharp and heaped up rocks; and hence rarely asceuded by man—never by woman. But three of us attempted the ascent, accomplished it, returned to our homes, and are now alive to tell our story. Yet we are diffident about it, after all. Strong and hardy pioneers have heard our tale, and come out of their shell of reserve enough to shake their heads solemnly. Tender ladies have heard it, sighed deeply, and turned pale. Good talkers have lent us their ears, and afterwards made a first-rate thing out of it. And all parties in a leading *earthing* place (not watering,) have looked at us and talked about us a very great deal. Yet these persons have all had the advantage of knowing the locality, or assisting their imaginations by our personal presence and gestures and explanations, whereas, my gentle reader, in your case there is both the probability that you were never in New Hampshire, and the certainty that we must talk to you by words only, and not at all by looks and gestures. Thus, you see, we run the risk of paining ourselves afresh by leaving you with a feeble conception of our distresses, and consequently a slight contempt for our ado about them. But we are reminded that our risk is one common to all writers, and we proceed.

We were three, representing the Eastern and Middle States, and Ireland. Suffer us each to lay aside the name of his *almissima* mater, and take his Alma mater. Our names, then, were Yale, Nassau, and Belfast. Soon after eight o'clock in the morning, we crossed the valley of the Saco to the foot of the precipitous rocks before mentioned, which overhang its right and western bank. Though presenting to the river these high, broad, flat faces of rock, they descend behind very gradually into the valley between them and Mote mountain. They resemble two huge bridge abutments, intended to lift one end of a mighty "suspension" across the valley of the Saco. The other valley behind these, and between them and Mote mountain, is several miles in length and width, and traversed by a stream, which, at the northern outlet, forms a series of cascades by way of beauty, and turns a mill by way of utility. I hope I need not tell the reader who has been on the spot, that I have been describing White Horse and Hart's Ledges, Diana's Baths and Merrill's Mills.

Going around from the base of the Ledges, we came to the Mill and the Baths, and here commenced our ascent of the valley and the stream. For several miles we were helped on our way very comfortably by a logging-road. As often before, so here especially, we had occasion to remark the almost intoxicating purity of the air, and the unutterable stillness of the forest. While the air braced every faculty to do double service, and there were delicate hues and odors for the eye and nose, the ear was positively unfed save by our own footfalls. Not a song, not a chirp, not a nut-fall—hardly the hum of an insect—awakened the air. Expecting to return over the same path, we strewed here and there leaves and berries to welcome us, and assure us of our being in the same way. At last the road terminated, just beside a clear, dark-bottomed brook, in which large trout floated, all unscared by our approach and gaze.

Pressing towards the base of the mountains, we were obliged to cross several acres of almost impassibility in the shape of prostrate birch trees which had been overrun with fire, and the soil between which, rendered fertile by the burning, gave forth every variety of prickly, thorny, and tangled undergrowth. But the base of the mountain was won, and the Alpine and travelled staff in the hands of one of our trio, being mated by a virgin and unjourneyed one cut by the wayside in the hands of another, we began the ascent. This was steep, but relieved by many stops to regale ourselves with the most luscious blackberries, and to obtain delightful views of the surrounding country. The first point won was a ledge of rock which we followed upward and southward to the base of the cone which forms the extreme top of Mote. Here we paused to dine. Our keen appetites easily persuaded us that

our basket was very heavy and would be a great incumbrance in surmounting the last dread ascent.

Forgetting various traditional sanitary precepts, we rose immediately from our half-emptied basket, and braced ourselves for the last struggle. And struggle indeed it was! The cone of Mote mountain combines the elements of mandefiance and inaccessibility very happily. Within the memory of the inhabitants of Conway this cone bristled with pine trees. But, a few years ago, a whirlwind descended upon it from a vengeful heaven, and in a few terrible sweeps around it, every tree was laid flat. Then, over this heaped-up forest, swept a conflagration, which added the only element lacking to complete its difficulty of ascent. The trees were charred to begrime the pilgrim, their roots and branches sharpened into so many daggers to stab him, and the rocks below them loosened and disintegrated into untrustworthiness. But a good staff, a resolute spirit, strong pantaloons, and perseverance, carried us through triumphantly. Following the invaluable rule not to look ahead and borrow that trouble which all the future was so ready to lend, we found ourselves at last triumphantly at the tip-top.

The view was fine. Old Kearsarge rose in unparalleled majesty at the end of the valley between Mote and the Ledges. Yale declared somewhat poetically that the lofty parapet of Kearsarge (who would rather have been excused, I presume,) and the far-sweeping amphitheatre between that and ourselves formed a fitting place for the Miltonic spectacle of Satan exalted, and addressing the numberless hosts of hell! But we thought more of triumphing than of enjoying Milton or nature, and forthwith lighted for ourselves two flaming beacons—the aspiring tongues of which we hoped might seem to the dwellers on the plain to lick the very stars! (P. S. They were not seen.) Nassau also engaged himself in planting a graduated candle in a sheltered nook with a mass of powder at its base. He pictured himself leading forth a certain maiden that evening to a point whence the top of Mote could be seen, and mysteriously predicting a strange flame soon to appear. He says, Abracadabra!—bracadabra!—cadabra!—dabra!—bra!! and the summit of the mountain is ablaze! Meanwhile his companions laugh at him, grumble at his delaying them, then get interested in his work, and finally help him—though pretending of course that they do it merely to expedite a return.

That return is decided upon, and at four o'clock begins. But, lo, in the meantime a fog has gathered, and we take the wrong direction in leaving the top—a mistake which we do not feel, however, till we have advanced sufficiently far to be rid of the evils of the cone of mountain and to have reached the northward-stretching ledge by which we ascended. In fact, we left the cone to enter a gorge reaching down the side of the mountain almost directly to the base, but even worse than the cone to traverse. Paved with rocks, piled in endless confusion, and slippery from occasional streamlets as well as from a rain which had arisen to complicate our miseries; covered with the same sharp, charred forest of prostrate trees which had before bled and blackened us; often hopelessly steep, and offering to the foot rocks which not only betrayed it but rolled and threatened the lives of companions below, it was the wild, dismal, fearful track of an ancient land-slide.

Yet sunset found us at its foot, with the fog somewhat lifted so as to show us the backs of the Ledges opposite, and a cleared space toward the north that seemed to be near the Mill and Baths. Toward this point, through a part of the valley that made up for its lacking the slippery rocks and the steepness of the gorge by a maze of undergrowth, we tiresomely but hopefully plodded our way.

Soon we struck the bed of a dried-up stream. This was what we wanted. It would doubtless lead us, we thought, to the main stream beside which was the logging road, and at the foot of which was the Mill. We clung to it faithfully and forgetfully of all other means of extrication. This, we thought, is the clue to the labyrinth, and the points of the compass and the landmark mountains and the sense of direction need be retained or remembered no longer. Without reserve, mental or actional, we cast ourselves upon the stream-bed as our guide. But it played us false. Treacherously it soon ramified itself towards every point of the compass, and with involutions and complications in endless variety through a black and dismal swamp. Now this way, now that; now hopeful, now despairing; now in soft places, now on pebbles; now up stream, now down; now fording the stream, now crossing it on a log; now in dark places, and now in darker, we plodded and dragged, and conjectured, and picked, and fought our way for a good, long, brave time. But the truth had dawned upon us. Bleeding, ragged, soaked, muddy, worn out, we were lost!—lost in a complication of forests, standing and prostrate; of swamps; of tracts of tangled and prickly undergrowth; between mountains: miles from a house; in the rain; in the night; without a landmark: with matches and kindling wet; starless; pathless, and almost hopeless!

We resolved to halt and await the appearance of some token indicating our position. That we might take advantage of any lifting of the fog, or of the appearance of any stray star or the moon, we emerged from the forest, and, in spite of the drenching rain, began to clear for ourselves a spot under the open sky. It was now only half-past eight in the evening, and the dismal prospect was before us of remaining in that place and under these circumstances till daybreak. To while away the time we at first, of course, occupied ourselves as long as possible in clearing our camping-ground. In that ten feet square the most insignificant weeds and bushes received unnatural attention. Bushes which could not be pulled with innumerable random and superfluous pulls were whacked down with innumerable, blind and superfluous whacks. Logs and stumps, which needed elephants or powder for their removal, were tugged at in vain, by each separately, and then by all together. Logs and stumps which could be moved occupied an astonishingly long time in the process. But, finally, the last whack, the last pull, and the last lift for which there was the least apology in the world, were expended, and the fiction of clearing our camping ground was at an end. Then we danced. Positions, figures, movements, for which the speech of ball rooms has no name, served a while longer to keep us employed. But while the world lasts never may dancer again carry through gay motions a body body dispirited by so sombre a heart as ours. Then we walked backwards and forwards, around and around, across and returning, together and alone, walked, walked, till nature seemed ready to sink under the tedious attrition. Meanwhile, we talked as cheerfully as possible. We summed up the redeeming features of our situation. We were one in age, and could sympathize strongly: it was not freezing cold—we still had some life left. We told one another stories. We recited the gems of the poets. There among the Alps of America, Belfast showed us that the "Excelsior" was a household word in Ireland. There, in sight of death, Nassau recalled the "Thanatopsis" of Bryant. There, shut out from light, Yale remembered the "Offspring of Heaven, First-born." We recited original poetry. With no premonition of the present, our Belfast had written

LINES COMPOSED ON A CLOUDY DAY.

Post Nubila Phabus.

High above the ken of mortals
On a cloudy day,
Bright upon the heavenly portals
Shines the sun alway.
Though we see him not, resplendant,
Beaming from the sky,
Still he runs his course transcendent
In the empyrean high.

Clouds and darkness round may hover,
Trials sore may come;
And, bereft of friend and lover,
Sad may be our home.
But above us far exalted
On his kingly throne,
Far above the heavens vaulted,
Sits our God alone.

Through the gloom that o'er us lowers
Soon his light shall shine;
Gladly shall our earthborn flowers
Greet the rays divine!
Soon shall tears and sighs be banished,
Joys eternal given;
Then, life's troubled dreamings vanished,
Hail, blest Day of Heaven!

With no foresight of the value of a compass at this time, another had composed a

SONG OF THE MARINER'S NEEDLE.

Ho! burnish well, ye cunning hands,
A palace-home for me,
For I would ride in royal state
Across the briny sea.
Bring ivory from the Indian main,
To pave my mystic floor,
And build my dome of crystal sheen,
My walls of shining ore.

Now mount the wave, ye fearful ones,
Though raging storms assail,
My sparry lance o'ercometh all—
My arm is sheathed in mail.
The Storm-Fiend wraps his murky clouds
Around your trembling sight,
But I can pierce that gloomy vail,
And soar beyond the night.

The lone Enchantress of the Deep,
I rule its boisterous realm;
Watch ye my lithe and quivering wand,
To guide your straining helm.
Ay, bend your anxious gaze on me!
The Polar Star is dim,
And waves and tempests fill the night,
With Ocean's awful hymn.

For I commune with spirit-forms
Within my wizard cell,
And brooding shadows wing their flight
Before my magic spell.
O, angel of my constant heart
O, peerless Northern Star!
What midnight shall our spirits part—
Our sweet communings mar!

And sapient eyes have watched me long,
And science has grown gray,
And still ye dream not how nor why
I keep my wondrous way.
Ye know me as ye know the storm
That heaps your heaving path;
Ye love me, though, since mine is not
The mystery of wrath!

Then each buried himself in his own painful reflections. Moving, moving, movi g—with bodies in poor condition to move; thinking, thinking, thinking—with minds in sad condition to think; the hours were leaden-paced, indeed. Twice did one of our number seat himself worn out in body and despouding in soul. But, moved more by the evident pain that his thus exposing himself to be overtaken by numbness gave to his companions, than by regard to his own welfare, he lifted himself to his feet again. Three times aloud, and, who shall say how many times to ourselves, did we unite in another exercise, the value of which we believe ourselves to have experienced in the common impulse which, near midnight, came over us, to leave our place on another excursion in search of a path. Yale had suggested a theory as to where we were. At first the others dissented from it totally, but at last each, reflecting upon it himself, came to the conclusion that it was plausible. Forcing ourselves to take a mouthful of food, and fortifying ourselves with a thimbleful apiece from our nearly wasted flask, we set forth once more into the woods and swamps.

For a while our theory lasted us, but the landmark on which it was based at last disappeared on our becoming involved in the woods, and again we were without any thought of where we were. Still we pressed on, following wherever accessibility invited. The same difficulties with which we had before struggled, aggravated by the deeper night, our greater fatigue, and less hope, again obstructed our every footstep. To our bleeding hands and aching limbs the mud seemed more clogging, the logs more difficult to overcome, and the thorns and broken branches more relentlessly piercing, than before we stopped.

At last, near one o'clock, we were following one another's steps amid the blackness of a small piece of woods. But, what is this? We have certainly come to a cleared place of several rods square! We grope around with a grateful struggling of something like hope. The staff of one strikes something white and hard. He hails his companions—it is a chip! Joyfully each grasps it and feels its sharp edges. It is a chip, and not a very old one—doubtless we are near the logging-road, or some branch of it. We grope further, and find a stump. This, too, feels sharp, and rasps gratefully on our torn hands. We grope further and find an outlet!—but, whither will it lead us? Perhaps back again to the mountain; perhaps into a labyrinth, like the false stream-bed. At wide intervals and carefully exploring every side outlet we follow it. At last it crosses a stream whose waters are so dark that we are unable to see which way they run, for we know this much, that to follow any stream *up* must lead us wrongly. We find some large leaves and throw them in. They sail in the opposite direction to that in which we are on. Doubtless we are wrong, and must retrace our steps to the clearing. Now we search for an opening opposite to this. It is found, and we enter it eagerly. Onward, onward we follow it for what seems a long, long time. Yet no familiar tree or combination of trees greets us. We doubt whether we are not following some forsaken road off, off into the deep forest. Ah, ye berries and branches that we strewed here on our morning journey! though we did tear you from your clinging places yet we know ye would have smiled encouragement upon us there, in very pity, had the moon given ye leave.

Soon another source of hope is opened. We find a pool in the road, and by its side is certainly the footprint of a cow! Into such importance may circumstances elevate the most insignificant objects! And now only a little longer are we in doubt. The sound of falling water bursts upon us. "The Falls! it must be the falls near the Mill!" A little further, and the Mill itself leaps upon our view! We are safe! Five miles yet must be traversed; our twelve hours of walking must be filled up; the risen Saco must be forded in three places; the rain is yet pouring, and the mud and sand make the roads almost impassable—but who cares? we are safe! Thanks to God above, we are safe! One shall rave on the subject feverishly for two days; another in his absence of mind shall report himself in person to an inquirer as reclining in the other room, but—we are safe!

SEDGELEY.

DEPOSITORS IN SAVINGS BANKS.—We think the most equitable mode of receiving deposits is that adopted by the California Building and Loan Society. First, the money draws interest at one per cent. per month from the day it is lodged, provided it remains with the Company thirty days. Second, it may be drawn at pleasure, but no interest will be given unless the money is thirty days lodged. Third, the interest, if not drawn half yearly, is compounded and becomes capital and draws new interest. Fourth, as all the loans made by the Company are on city real estate, under the provisions of the Specific Contract Law the borrowers are constrained, under penalty of losing their Homesteads, to pay up their loans in gold coin, wherefore the Company cannot lose by any possible *future* enactments of the Legislature. Fifth, the Company guarantees on the face of the Bank book given to their depositors that their "deposits shall be repaid with interest in United States gold coin." Come what may, the shares, property, and assets, are pledged and ample to pay the depositor in gold coin. Sixth, an excellent rule, no charge is made as an "entrance fee." No charge is made either entering or departing. *Morning Call.*

FOR THE LADIES.

I AM indignant—and not without reason. Unlike all the other contributors to THE CALIFORNIAN, I do not write for money—I write for fame, for glory.

It was a new sensation for me last week, seeing my name in print—"CLARA MORTON"—I read it over and over, and thought how nice it looked and sounded. It is so appropriate as the colophon and final flourish of a fashion article: Morton—more *ton*—do you see? And Clara is a nice name too. It sounds honest, and has a certain significancy besides. Behold in me the de-*Clara*-tion of woman's supremacy as well as independence. Talk of woman's rights! I tell you she has more than rights—she has privileges, and immunities—and it is only right that she should have them, for she has her sorrows as well—sorrows to which man is a stranger.

I can't say I agree with Mrs. Cuppy—and I must say I wish that such women were not taken as the exponents of our sex. Mrs. Cuppy says that woman has a mission, and I think she has, but if Mrs. Cuppy really thought so I think she'd be at home fulfilling it instead of making us ridiculous by spouting all sorts of nonsense in public places.

But I started out by saying I was indignant, and perhaps I might as well tell why.

When I write "A *slip* for a ball-dress," I don't like to have it printed "A HIP for a ball-dress." I used to like THE CALIFORNIAN for its correctness, but now my respect for it is gone. I say to the editor as somebody says to somebody in one of Shakspeare's plays, "Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip." If it had only been a respectable blunder, but such an awkward, such an inexcusable one. Why, the great stupid, sprawling *Alta* couldn't have done worse. "A hip for a ball-dress!" how could a printer make such a mistake, and how could a proof-reader overlook it? To make a ball-dress or any other dress set well, *two* hips are necessary—so you see it was indeed a singular mistake. But "whatever" did *Monsieur le rédacteur* think I meant? Oh, but I'm provoked at him. And at the same time I feel a little pleased, for he always assumes airs of superior wisdom about things, and lectures me on graces of style, and sticks commas all through my articles as though he were planting carrots, and paragraphs my articles, and chops them up like cold meats for a cheap breakfast. Now I can crow over him a little—he doesn't know so much after all. *Hip, hip*—hurrah! How it may be about a *hip* I don't know, but he's got no *eye* for a ball-dress—that's certain.

Still he's in a measure pardonable, for he isn't a married man. But those wretched *Alta* people—I will not forgive them. Last week I printed something about the young ladies who were coming out here—how they are coming at least. And in Tuesday's great grimy bed-quilt of an *Alta*—it can't be called a sheet—which blacks your fingers if you handle it, and drives you crazy if you attempt to get any sense out of it—there was an article about these poor women. That there may be no mistake about the authorship they print over it "From the resident correspondent of the *Alta California*"—it is dated in New York. This statement occurs:

"It is said, and I have no doubt with a good deal of truth, that many of the females who came to New York to secure passage on the *Continental*, were, in consequence of the length of their stay in this city, coupled with the fact that they were without money, compelled to obtain a livelihood by means and in places which the finer feelings of humanity abhor."

And not satisfied with printing the infamous scandal in one part of the paper, the weak-minded young man who calls himself "Fitz Smythe," and gets up the jokes which appear among the news items—and cannot be distinguished from them—calls attention to it in another part of the paper.

"It is said, and I have no doubt with a good deal of truth," indeed! Now, do you know, not knowing who "the resident correspondent of the *Alta California*," writing from New York is, I feel perfectly confident that he is a wretch whom 't were base flattery to call coward. "It is said"—the *on dit* under cover of which all lies which stab at reputations start, you know—and then he adds that he "hasn't a doubt." These young women are coming out here to seek a home—not with us, but in a still more uncivilized country. And this creature attempts to blast their reputations in advance, with the *on dit* of anonymousness and his own equally worthless endorsement of *sans doute*. Ladies have never had any cause for liking the *Alta*, but now let them despise it, and if their husbands will persist in taking it, consign it to the coal-hole as soon as they get out of the house.

I'm afraid you'll think I'm angry—well I am. And though an angry man is bad enough, there is nothing on earth so unattractive as an angry woman. So let me smooth the wrinkles from my brow and harvest some of the fashions and follies I reap by the aid of my sharp scissor blades.

NEW COIFFURES.

One is of blonde hair, arranged in short puff-curls on the brow, and surmounted by a coronet of scarlet velvet dotted with pearl. A band corresponding to the coronet crosses the middle of the head, and a comb back of the same projects above a fall of short curls. The peculiarity of these ornaments is, that they do not extend to the sides of the head but form three brilliant bars on the top. The sides are full of short clustering curls, and the back hair is drawn up high from the back of the head, showing the roots at the nape of the neck, after the manner of English ladies a century ago. (Ladies who have not good "napes" can acquire them by following the recipe given in another column, headed "The Toilet," which I have appropriated bodily from *The Boudoir*.) There is another pretty style in blonde hair called the St. Cecelia. It consists of a row of Metternich curls on the brow. A half wreath of white violets in their leaves begins near the middle of the brow and extends along the side; the hair is combed back from the temples and puffed; the back is formed of one loop of very large braid; two ringlets hang in the centre of the loop, and two on the right side of the braid: zephyr curls on the nape of the neck. Another—demanding a classical face—curled *a la Metternich* on the brow, the side hair combed plainly back, showing the temples, a gloriole of apple-blossoms around the crown, and sprays descending among the curls on the brow and the knot of hair behind; said knot being curled here and there, affecting carelessness with most artistic effect.

BONNETS.

Parepa's farewell concerts in New York were largely attended by the *elite*, and the dressing is said to have been magnificent. I am glad to learn that not a lady's *hat* was in the house, except a few scattering ones in the gallery. Among the bonnets, says the *Boudoir*, one which particularly struck us was made of pink uncut velvet, trimmed with white blonde. It was Empire-shape, and the bandeau in front was a large leaf of Lily of the Valley, with its beautiful blossoms nestling under it as if for protection. A white tulle veil, vandyked, blonde bordered, and tasselated, was held at the right side, in the beak of a bird of paradise. The tail of the Edenic bird streaming on the left, formed at once a plume and a balance to the veil on the right. Near it was an *Empire*—so "Empirey" as to look like a Fanchon. "How can that be?" you ask. Imagine a small flaring front, one puff for crown, same width and following the same general outline of the front; a frill of doubled satin for the band or bavelot, sticking up *retrossé* to a frightful degree. This, too, followed the sweep of the flaring front, and the whole had the effect of three puffs of satin tied *a la Fanchon* across the back slope of the head. We would not note this ugly bonnet, were it not significant as indicating the extent to which some ladies will go in *outré* lines in quest of novelty. Across the house from this was a bonnet of the same material—white satin; an Empire, too, yet so different! The front did not flare, nor yet stick close to the side of the face *a la* nightcap, after the manner of too many Empires; but preserved the golden mean between. It was bound in front with blue pleated velvet. The crown consisted of three puffs arranged across—each headed by a roulen of blue velvet—a blue velvet band, instead of curtain. A bunch of white margarites, yellow-hearted and silver-leaved, adorned the left side. The face-trimming was a bandeau of blue velvet, blonde-edged, with a cluster of margarite on the right. white satin string. Divided from this by an ugly salmon-colored satin "Josephine," with heavy black velvet trimmings, was one of the prettiest, if not the prettiest, bonnets in the room—for evening wear, we mean. It was a "Marie Stuart." The front was of white satin, covered with bloude in basket design. A white tulle crown-covering, disposed in irregular plaits almost simulating gathers, was continued diagonally across to the front of the bonnet, where it was met by a large cluster of hyacinths with silver leaves. A spray of white hyacinths was continued along the lower side of the crown-covering, and hung, or rather swung, at the bottom of the crown. A blue velvet ribbon described with seeming carelessness about the same line, and hung behind near the spray. On the left side, a triangular piece of blue velvet, edged on two sides with wide blonde, formed the principal ornament. From under the blonde fell a couple of ends of blue ribbon, which were carelessly knotted. A baudeau of blue velvet, and the large cluster of hyacinths before mentioned, formed the face-trimming, though the large cluster was so arranged that it did duty also as outside bouquet. Strings of white silk, frosted with silver.

A PICTURESQUE TOILET.

At a ball recently given by the Empress Carlotta, at Vera Cruz, many picturesque toilets were exploited. Her Majesty wore a white silk jupon, over which was looped an elegant tunic of Scotch plaid in brilliant colors. Her head-dress consisted of three bandeaux of plaid ribbons, the front puffs and curls, the back in Alexandrine curls, arranged into loose coils, fastened with knots of plain ribbon.

THE SPACE A WOMAN IS ENTITLED TO.

An important decision has been rendered in England, which determines that a diameter of seven feet is not unreasonably large for a lady's hoop skirt. A lady, walking along the street in London, caught her dress on a nail of a packing box, which a merchant had left on the sidewalk, and sued for damages. The merchant showed that the box occupied only three feet on the inner side of the sidewalk, and that seven feet were left for the lady, and claimed that the accident was due to her negligence. But the court decided in favor of the lady, holding that seven feet was not an unreasonable space for her to cover. To this decision I wish to call the attention of our merchants who leave boxes with nails sticking out on the sidewalks. I am little, but for the future I shall claim seven feet "in the clear" for my pathway. And I have several suits for damages already cut out.

A CLEVER ENIGMA.

The following clever enigma will perhaps amuse some of my lady friends. It is not very difficult—and let me do the friend whom I have so abused about that slip—I mean that hip—the justice of saying that he solved it in less than two minutes:

"First find out a word which doth silence proclaim,
Which backwards and forwards is always the same.
Then next you must find out a feminine name
Which backwards and forwards is always the same.
An act or a writing on parchment, whose name
Both backwards and forwards is always the same.
A fruit that is rare, whose botanical name
Read backwards and forwards is always the same.
A note used in music, which time doth proclaim,
And backwards and forwards is always the same.
Their initials connected a title will frame,
That is justly the due of a fair married dame,
Which backwards and forwards is always the same."

WOMEN WRITERS IN ITALY.

Who says that ladies do nothing for literature? It seems that Italian Signoras and Signorinas have laid aside their daggers and taken up the pen.

A letter from Florence, the new capital of Italy, in speaking of Italian authors and writers, says: "I have been rather surprised to learn that the other sex have a large representation in letters. I have before me now a list of sixty female writers who are to contribute to a New-Year's book to be published at Venice; and, large as the list is for a country in which only two hundred and ten females in a thousand can read, my personal knowledge of female writers enables me to extend the number to more than one hundred. Madame Enrichetta Caraccialo, an ex-nun, excited quite a sensation last year by her disclosures of the secrets of monastic life, which have been translated into English, French, and German. She is expected to 'continue the subject' this year."

MEASURING DROPS IN MEDICINE.

And now, having given so much about the ornamental, I may as well end off with something useful. Doctors tell mothers to give their children so many drops of such a medicine. But *Chambers' Journal* says here comes a very remarkable question: are the drops the same size, whether they succeed each other rapidly or slowly? Most of us say, yes, if all the other conditions remain the same; but our learned experamentalist says no. He arranges his apparatus (which he calls a stagometer or drop-measurer) in such a way that he could make the drops of cocoanut oil fall from the little ivory ball at intervals varying from one-third of a second up to twelve seconds. He finds that the drops are twice as large and twice as heavy in the first instance as in the last; that is, when the drops succeed each other more rapidly, they are individually larger than when they fall slowly, amounting actually to double when the difference is as great as that above stated. The Lady Bountiful and Mrs. Nurse need not be troubled with a scientific explanation of the fact—how it depends on the time which the gravitation of the drop has to overcome the adhesion between the oil and the ivory ball; but they were very much concerned in knowing that when they administer medicine "as the fore," in so many drops per dose, the quantity will vary according to the interval of time between the drops. If they hurry, by dropping too much, they may administer thirty drops to baby instead of twenty, and then—we draw a veil over the consequences. Even medical practitioners themselves are cautioned. "A pharmaceutist who administers one hundred drops of a liquid at the rate of three drops per second may give half as much again as one who measures the succession at the rate of one drop in two seconds." Another caution to the dispensers of drops: Look to the size of the neck and lips of the phial containing medicines; if the vessel is thick and rounded at the spot from which the drops are made to fall, rely upon it that the drops themselves will be individually larger than when a thin-lipped phial is used.

And I wish to suggest that gentlemen, in drinking, perhaps had better look to the contents of their glasses as well as to the thickness of their rims, for, otherwise, they may perhaps get "a drop too much," which is quite as bad for men as for babies.

CLARA MORTON.

ON CHLORIS WALKING IN THE SNOW.

[1654.]

I saw fair Chloris walk alone,
When feathered rain came softly down;
Then Jove descended from his tower,
To woo her in a silver shower.
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
Like little birds unto their nest,
But overcome with whiteness there
For grief it thawed into a tear,
Then falling down her garment hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

DRESS AND ITS CRITICS.

IT has recently become popular, if not fashionable, to promulgate diatribes against the extravagant toilets of American women. On the other hand, many foreigners have openly remarked, and not a few natives more quietly observed, a growing inattention to dress, a tendency to shabbiness and sloveliness, on the part of American men. The misogynist would probably explain at once that the former phenomenon was the direct cause of the latter; the lords of creation cannot attire themselves properly because the ladies of creation —their wives and daughters—spend all the money for their own adornment. But the complaint against female extravagance is as old as imperial Rome, nay, as republican Athens: it has often coincided with the greatest displays of male dandyism; and besides, this hypothesis omits all consideration of unmarried men.

Many of the distinctive features of modern male dress may be explained on the obvious principle of convenience and common sense. Take, for instance, the trousers of to-day as compared with the breeches of our great-grandfathers. By-gone wits, in various languages, have handed down to us several descriptions of the beaux in former centuries getting into their breeches; an operation which took nearly as much time and trouble as it now does to launch a man-of-war. For a later example take the cloak. Men by no means old enough to be grandsires can remember when they sported the "full circle," with its dozen yards or threabouts of blue cloth. Elegant and graceful it was, and, for a carriage ride to a full-dress party, very convenient, but for all other purposes very inconvenient, wherefore it has everywhere given place to some form of great-coat. Even the "stove-pipe" hat is gradually yielding to the "wide-awake."

Influences like these affect all nations; but something further seems to be at work among ourselves. It would hardly be safe to accept as gospel the dicta of all foreigners, such as Prince Napoleon's friend, who asserted that tailors proper were unknown in the land: "the American buys his clothes at a slop-shop and wears the same suit till it is worn out;" or the more recent writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who says that the millionaires of St. Louis dress like hodmen, and the only decently attired males in the West are the professional gamblers; but, after paring down these exaggerations, there is a very positive amount of truth in the charge, and it is the more singular from the fact that, till within a very few years, Americans were noted for the very opposite quality, too great attention to dress. (*Vide* Thackeray's "Kicklebury's on the Rhine," and almost any foreign visitor's book between 1840 and 1860.)

Shall we say that this change is merely another illustration of our national tendency to run from one extreme to another? If so, why do not the women participate in it to a greater extent? Or is it a necessary result of war? Hardly; for the war has not put down equipages, or dinners, or many things that cost quite as much as a man's wardrobe. Besides, the deficiency is one of care rather than expense; a lack of wash-tub and brush, rather than of new broadcloth. Still, war prices may well have had their share in the result. A comparatively minor expense may change all a man's habit of dress. If he has to pay three dollars instead of one for his dress-gloves, he will begin to economize in them, and, from wearing shabby gloves, he comes rapidly to neglect other details.

One of the main causes of negligence in dress doubtless is the increasing size of our cities and the want of any decent transport for persons of moderate means. Men will not dress themselves carefully to go to places of public resort if they have no reasonable prospect of making a cleanly voyage thither; hence the very rusty appearance presented by the pit, not merely of our best theatres, but even of the opera. Another is the increasing pressure of the public demands upon every man whose labor is of any value to the public. He is obliged to take the shortest cut to his business, in dress as in all other things. He cannot afford the time necessary to take precautions against soiling his clothes. He does not change them or buy new ones as often as he ought to for the same reason.

But whatever be the cause of the evil, we decidedly maintain that it is *not* inherent in the modern shape and style of dress: and we cannot join in the condemnation of that dress often uttered under artistic pretences. Thus, it is frequently said that our attire is "unpicturesque," which really means little more than that we are too familiar with it. Horner praised the beauty of a formal garden because the "uncivilization" of his day made it a rare object. The want of color is a commonly urged fault; but we must remember that grave tints for gentlemen's wear are no modern invention; the Spaniards adopted them centuries ago. One strong objection to colored upper garments, is their glaring shabbiness when ever so little worn or faded; an old claret-colored coat, for instance, is ten times seedier to view than an old black one.

But then, there is no need of men's wearing either a claret-colored coat or a black one. The love of black broadcloth is, perhaps, that weakness of the Yankee character which is best known to foreigners, and has afforded foreign tourists most opportunities of making little jokes in their diaries upon the personal appearance of the American traveller. Not that there is any inherent impropriety in wearing black. On the contrary, there is, perhaps, no color so suitable to the great mass of men. In some sorts of material—velvet, for instance—it furnishes the most becoming suit for almost any kind of wear ever devised by the wit of tailor. But the fact is, it is a bad working or lounging color, the worst that ever a man amused himself or did business in. The consequence is that it has been discarded in Europe for morning wear, and is now there mainly restricted to clergymen, notaries, and tradesmen in their best clothes, and gentlemen in deep mourning. A person presenting himself at a great London house to make a morning call in a full suit of black, would, probably, be received by the footman as a person who had come to take my lady's measure for a pair of boots; and in Paris a *flaneur* who appeared on the Boulevards in such melancholy attire would be set down by his friends as being engaged in a "lark" or an intrigue, or, in fact, as having some special reason for disguising himself.

And this conventional prohibition of the color has, like nearly every other fashion in modern dress—such, for instance, as the low collars and light cravats of our day—a certain basis in common sense and convenience. Modern life is not the stiff and stately thing that it was when Vandyke and Velasquez painted noblemen and grandees in lace and ruffles and black velvet doublets. Men, even gentlemen, are now-a-days all *actively* engaged either in business or in pleasure. They are either hard at work in offices, or in the fields, or in libraries. They flit about muddy streets on foot, ride in dirty hacks, or stand in dirtier cars, exposed to mud, dust, tobacco smoke, and all the other plagues of modern life. They are constantly rubbing against something with back or elbows. Consequently, the grand requisite in their clothes is that they shall not soil easily, show the dust readily, or wear out rapidly. Black cloth, however, grows seedy-looking sooner than most other colors, shows dust sooner, and, therefore, has been most wisely discarded by "good society," except for evening dress and state occasions, when dress is a subject of great care and a matter of importance. Through a large portion of the United States, however, this distinction is unknown, black broadcloth being considered the proper thing to wear to church; at home it is considered the proper thing to wear on all occasions when a man wishes to appear "dressed," no matter at what hour of the day. Consequently, when the untravelled American goes to Europe, he arrays himself carefully in the usual color, and appears at all the railway stations and hotels as black as midnight.

At the South, where, owing to the wild life led by most of the population, one would expect black to be rarely seen, it is, or rather was before the war—we presume now any color is welcome—the color *par excellence* which a "gentleman" was bound to wear, and, as every white man is *ex officio* a gentleman, everybody who could afford it wore black, the other colors being left somewhat scornfully to stage-drivers and such like. Every keeper of a wretched tavern in the Southwest did his best to dawn on his guests every morning in a full suit of black and patent-leather boots, and many a Northern traveller will remember being consigned to the state-room over the boiler on a Mississippi steamboat, owing to the shabby appearance which he presented in a good suit of travelling grey to the "polite and gentlemanly clerk," who sat behind the window black as a crow, but resplendent with diamonds. The fact is, that as there is no country in which there is so much work and so much travelling done as in this, in which men's lives are so intensely active, there is none in which black broadcloth as an everyday dress should be more carefully avoided by everybody who does not wish to look both dirty and shabby most of his time. The same remark applies to patent-leather and prunella boots with patent-leather toes, to which third-rate "swells," and, for some inscrutable reason, young farmers, most of whose time is passed in muddy or dusty fields or roads, are greatly addicted.

Long hair is another piece of personal ornamentation which, in old countries, is being gradually laid aside by the class which devotes most attention to personal appearance. And yet amongst us those who, being least able to take care of their hair, are least entitled to wear it long, are the very men who cling most tenaciously to it. It may be laid down as a general rule, with regard to all matters of dress, that a man's first duty is to be clean, and to look clean and neat. Therefore, if he insists on having ringlets flown on his shoulders, he ought either to keep them clean himself or have a valet to do it, or ought not to expose them to the dust and dirt of everyday life. Moreover, if he considers it his duty to grease them every day, he ought not to let them lie on the collar of his coat, as the shiny appearance assumed by woollen cloth after repeated applications of pomatum is not pleasing, to say the least. By soldiers and men actively engaged during the day, with any real love of work and any real dislike of dirt, the scissors ought to be unsparingly applied to their "luxuriant locks," which ought to be kept at such a length that a brush and a sponge will keep them in order. In other words, we as a nation, ought to be as remarkable for the shortness of our hair as we are for its length.

Timothy Titcomb, in one of the bits of advice which he gives to young men, lays it down somewhere, that there should be in every man's dress some central point, from which everything else should radiate, and this point he declares to be the shirt-front, which he would, doubtless, have of expansive dimensions and snowy whiteness. But in this Timothy must have spoken without due consideration. Snowy linen and plenty of it is a pleasing spectacle, but it is a species of display in which nobody should indulge who has not time enough or money enough to change very frequently, or whose occupation is of a nature to soil or ruffle his shirt-front rapidly. And yet, in this matter, as in the matter of hair, we are apt to find that those who can bestow least attention on their shirt-fronts are the very men who make most display of them. No class, probably, wear so few buttons in their waistcoats as street-car conductors. The fact is that workers should button well up, and, if they show any more linen than their shirt-collars, they should show only as much as they can fairly protect from being soiled. The whole question of modern dress is in fact, or ought to be, determined by the exigencies of modern life. In this, as in other things, we are growing daily more practical.—*The Nation.*

CURIOUS ETYMOLOGIES.

TAKE the very fertile Latin root, *port*. From this, among many others, we have port, meaning a gate, a harbor for ships, and a kind of wine. It came to signify a gate from the circumstance that when Romulus caused a plough furrow to be drawn to show the position of the walls of future Rome, the plough was carried over the places meant for gates. The transition from port, a gate, to port, a harbor, is easy, but from that to Port wine is not so apparent, but that species of wine was brought from what was then considered the furthest west harbor in the world—hence called Portugal or West Port, and hence Port wine. I may mention here that brandy is a contraction of brand (or burned) wine. As port is derived from the vine, so we have a very curious derivation from the fig—namely, the word sycophant, used to signify a selfish flatterer, but originally a shower of figs, which is accounted for in this wise: Once on a time, in a certate State of Greece, the Chancellor of Exchequer, if such an officer then existed, being at his wits' end how to raise ways and means for the exigencies of the Government, happily recollected that figs formed a necessary article of consumption by the people, so he resolved to put the screw on that fruit, and thereby squeeze out the needful sinews of war. Naturally, those possessed of figs tried to evade the impost by concealing their store. But persons were not found wanting ready enough to inform the Greek gaugers as to the whereabouts of these stores, and to share in the plunder. These informers got the name of sycophants, or showers of figs—a class of men not unrepresented at the present day. The word panic, signifying sudden fear without cause, is derived from Pan, the god of shepherds, and the original inventor of Pan's pipes. He was of monstrous size, partly like a man, partly like a goat. This homo-hirsute (as good a word as hermaphrodite, any day in the week.) seen leaping along the tops of the mountains, inspired the shepherds with great but groundless terror, because they were under his special protection—hence a sudden fear without cause is called a panic.

When a person sought election to any office in the Roman republic, he had to appear in the forum wearing a white tunic, in order that the citizens might recognize their candidate, which term is still applied to a person seeking any office, though the word simply means appearing white. The word pagan originally signified the inhabitant of a village, and came to have its present meaning from the circumstance that the propagators of Christian doctrines first addressed themselves to large towns, as the speediest means of disseminating the truths they were sent to teach among the greatest number. Consequently, the inhabitants of the remoter villages remained longer in heathen darkness than the citizens of towns—hence a pagan and a heathen became terms of of equal import. Those dreaded devotees, trained unhesitatingly to execute the fatal fiat of the Old Man of the Mountain, either upon themselves or on others, were called hesch-heschins, from which is derived the word assassin. In our own language there are some words very curiously formed; for instance, the plant foxglove, apparently the fox's glove. Now, though Reynard is known to have a keen eye to his own comfort and interest, he cannot be charged with the dandyism of covering his fox-clad paws with party-colored gloves. There was, however, believed to be a race of beings who delighted to deck themselves with such ornaments as the woods and glens could supply; these were the fairies, otherwise good-folk. The plant was termed the fairies', or good-folk's glove, shortened into folk's glove, and again contracted into foxglove. By a similar process, the daisy has been contracted from day's eye, or eye of the day—a most appropriate name for this favorite little flower. It is well known that

bread and highly-flavored toasted cheese form one of the most esteemed viands among the Welsh. Being imported thence by English tourist, the pabulum and its condiments were together called a Welsh rarebit. By pronouncing these two syllables rapidly, and, in English fashion, eliding the middle *r*, you will get a Welsh rabbit, with little trouble and no expense.

Names of men who have rendered themselves famous or infamous by their deeds, or misdeeds, are formed into words expressive of similar conduct in others. The story of Tantalus furnishes a good instance of this sort. He, for divulging the secrets of the gods, was placed up to the chin in water, yet so fixed as in that position to die of thirst; hence, when one is almost within reach of something he desires much, yet cannot attain, he is said to be tantalized. The German general, Merode, who rendered himself universally feared and detested by subsisting his troops on supplies forced from the people among whom they were quartered, suggested the word marauder. For a word of similar formation we are indebted to the genius of Mr. William Burke, who, in the former part of this century, favored the West Port of Edinburgh with his residence and exploits, and, by his ingenious method of putting troublesome subjects to silence, first suggested the idea —greatly expanded since—of Burking a question.

The names of many articles in common use are derived from the places where they were first known, or whence imported; thus, we have calico from Calicut, damask from Damascus, muslin from Mosul, tobacco from Tabac, coffee from Caffa, the bayonet from Bayonne, sherry from Xeres, Cordovan leather from Cordova, delft-ware and Gouda cheese from towns of the same name in Holland, etc. The feminine occupations of mantua-maker and milliner are recent imports from Mantua and Milan. It is not very long since the mysteries of these arts were understood and practiced by men; one of Falstaff's ragged recruits, and the most valiant of the corps, having been a woman-tailor.

In Glasgow and London are two streets, which, though pronounced differently, are identical in derivation—the former, a wretched pile of rickety buildings, called the Rattanraw; the latter, Rotton Row. These are derived from *route au roi*, the route or road of the king. Anthony Trollope mentions a curious instance of word-degeneracy. One of Oliver Cromwell's Ironsides, after the civil wars, settled down as landlord of a village inn. True to his training, he selected a scriptural motto for his signboard, on which he inscribed the words, "God encompasseth us." The words became obliterated through time, but something of their sound remained; and when, long after, the signboard was renewed by a new landlord, the motto reappeared, with a suitable device in the centre, as the "Goat and Compasses.'—*Chambers' Journal.*

National Peculiarities.—Edmund About says: At the age of twenty-five an American has tried a dozen ways of life, made four fortunes, a bankruptcy, and two campaigns, pleaded a cause, preached a religion, killed six men with a revolver, enfranchised a negress and conquered an island. An Englishman has passed two examinations, been attached to an embassy, founded a counting-house, converted a Catholic, made the tour of the world, and read the complete works of Sir Walter Scott. A Frenchman has rhymed a tragedy, written in two journals, received three sword wounds, attempted two suicides, troubled the peace of fourteen husbands, and changed his political opinions nineteen times over. A German has scarred the faces of fourteen of his intimate friends, swallowed sixty tons of beer and the philosophy of Hegel, sung eleven thousand couplets, compromised a maid servant, smoked a million of pipes, and been concerned in two revolutions. The Romish prince has done nothing, learnt nothing, suffered nothing. The grate of a cloister is thrown open, a young girl with no more experience than himself is led forth, and these two innocents proceed to kneel before a priest, who licenses them to begin a fresh stock of innocents.

Turtles.—The Chinese gourmands have, it is recorded, a method of cooking turtles that even a London alderman would esteem rare. A turtle is put into water at first only moderately warm, and covered over with a lid just sufficient to admit the animal all but the head and neck. Within reach of his mouth is placed a bowl filled with highly spiced wine. As the water gets warmer the turtle gets thirsty, and is thus induced to drink the spiced wine, and with more and more eagerness, until he becomes so completely saturated with it that when cooked every part of his body is impregnated with a delicate flavor of wine and spices that is highly prized.

There is an amusing story of an Irish reporter who, having fallen asleep while Mr. Wilberforce was upon his thin legs in the House of Commons, was told by his mischievous companions that the philanthropist had been sounding the virtues of the potato and lamenting that he had not in his youth been nourished upon that homely vegetable. The poor man fell plumply into the snare, and the next morning he amused the British breakfast-table by printing the kindly gentleman's praises of the great Hibernian root.

THE TOILET.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE HAIR.

As the ladies of this country consider the growth of hair upon the upper lip, arms, and on the back of the neck, to be detrimental to beauty, those who are troubled with such physical indications of good health and vital stamina, have long had recourse to rusma or depilatories for removing it. We must, however, caution our fair readers not to apply them to the little tufts of hair which grow on moles. The most simple depilatory is moistened quicklime, but it is less energetic than the following:

Depilatory Powder.—Best slaked lime, 3 lbs. Orpiment, in powder, ½ lb.

Mix the materials by means of a drum sieve; preserve the same in well-corked bottles.

Directions for use.—Mix the powder with sufficient water to render it of a creamy consistency; lay it upon the hair for about five minutes, or until its caustic action upon the skin renders it necessary to be removed. A similar process to shaving is then to be gone through, but instead of using a razor, operate with an ivory or bone paper-knife; then wash the part with plenty of water, and apply a little cold cream, made as follows:

Almond oil, ½ pint; Rose water, ¼ pint; White wax, 1 oz.; Spermaceti, 1 oz.; Oil rose, ½ drachm.

In a well-glazed thick porcelain vessel, which should be deep in preference to shallow, and capable of holding twice the quantity of cream that is to be made, place the wax and sperm. Now put the jar into a bath of boiling water. When these are melted, add the oil, and again subject the whole to heat until the flocks of wax and sperm are liquified. Now remove the jar and contents, and very gradually add the rose water, stirring the mixture rapidly all the while with a perforated ladle. An egg beater will answer the purpose admirably. When the whole of the water has been incorporated, add the oil of rose, and pour the cream into jars for use. This makes a beautiful snow-white cream—which will keep for one or two years if kept from the air.

We need hardly inform our readers that, with respect to the hair, particular cleanliness is absolutely necessary. It must be thoroughly brushed and combed every morning and evening. The brush should be brought into requisition at each time of dressing, or the dust will accumulate upon the long hair of ladies.

If the hair does not require thickening or strengthening, the free use of the brush, the occasional use of rosemary hair wash to cleanse the hair, and a liberal use of oil or pomade, will keep it in a high state of perfection.

Having well cleansed the hair, a liberal use of pomade, or oil, will tend much to thicken and strengthen it. One of the best unguents for the hair that is made is termed "Philocome," the name of which is a compound of Greek and Latin, signifying a friend to the hair:

White Wax, 5 ozs.; Almond Oil, 2 lbs.; Oil Bergamot, 1 oz.; Oil Lemon, ½ oz.; Oil Lavender, ¼ oz.; Oil Cloves, 1 drachm.

Melt the wax in the oil of almonds by a water bath at as low a temperature as possible; stir the mixture as it cools, first adding the essential oils. Do not pour it out into jars until it is nearly cool enough to set, and let the jars it is to be poured into be slightly warmed.

PERFUMED OILS FOR THE HAIR.

The basis of these oils is either almond, olive oil, or oil of ben. Whichever is used should be perfectly fresh, and of the best quality.

Macassar Oil.—This oil is made by the natives in the island. It is obtained by boiling the kernel of the fruit of a tree resembling the walnut, called in Malay *badean*. The oil is mixed with other ingredients, and has somewhat of a creosote smell. But the Macassar oil sold in this country has probably no relation to the above, except in name. The following will produce a good article of Macassar oil:

Olive oil, 1 lb.; Oil of Origanum, 1 drachm; Oil of Rosemary, 1 drachm. Mix.

Rose Hair Oil is made of fine olive or almond oil, 1 pint; oil of rose, 20 drops. If required red, color the oil with alkanet root, and strain before adding the perfume.

BANDOLINE FOR KEEPING THE HAIR IN PLACE.

Mucilage of quince seeds is used—mucilage of picked Irish moss, carefully strained, is said to answer still better. The following is particularly recommended:

Gum Tragacanth (finest picked,) 1 oz.; reduce it to a coarse powder; rose-water, 1 pint.

Put them into a wide-mouthed vessel and shake them together for two or three days, then strain with gentle pressure through fine linen.

The world over, the practice of dyeing the hair is adopted by persons who have gray hair. The following is an excellent recipe for hair dye:

Powdered Litharge, 2 lbs.; Quick-lime, ½ lb.; Calcined Magnesia, ½ lb.

Slake the lime, using as little water as possible to make it disintegrate, then mix the whole. *Directions for use:* Mix the powder with enough water to form a thick, creamy fluid; with the aid of a small brush completely cover the hair to be dyed with this mixture. To dye a light brown, allow it to remain on the hair four hours; dark brown, eight hours; black, twelve hours. As the dye does not act unless it is moist, it is necessary to keep it so by wearing an oiled silk cap. After the hair is dyed, the refuse must be thoroughly washed from the head with plain water. When dry, the hair must be oiled.

An excellent application for the hair, which is also a remedy for skin diseases, blemishes of the complexion, etc., is as follows: take of precipitated sulphur and sugar of lead, each 1 drachm; rose water, 4 ozs.; mix well.

This is not an instantaneous dye, but should be applied twice a day till it gradually restores the color to its natural shade. The addition of half an ounce of glycerine will take from it a drying property which is undesirable.—*Boudoir.*

THE DANGER OF NEGLECTING COLDS.

Colds are generally considered but simple things, and, as a natural consequence, are too much neglected. How often do you hear the remark: "Oh! it's only a cold?" True, only a cold; but what is being done for it? Frequently nothing. Many a long and dangerous, and sometimes fatal, fit of illness might be prevented by paying that proper attention to a cold which it so seriously demands. Most of the causes of consumption come from cold being in the first instance neglected. To many other diseases does it also give rise. In a climate where frequent changes in the temperature occur, it is impossible to avoid cold unless due precaution be observed. Persons should clothe themselves as much as possible in keeping with the temperature of the atmosphere.

Ladies are very apt to dress for going out, and then sit in a warm room for half an hour, perhaps more, if something delays them, by which perspiration is produced, and in that state from the warm house into the cold air they go. It must be remembered that to the corresponding temperature of the atmosphere do the pores close or open; a uniform temperature should be observed, as by so doing the circulation is regularly maintained. Any one leaving an atmosphere of eighty degrees, and going to one of sixty degrees, experiences a great change, and to avoid cold should be clad in such manner as to make up for the proportionate difference in the temperature. For this reason great uniformity in the temperature of the house should be observed. Change the atmosphere in the house frequently by admitting as often as possible during the day, fresh air.

Another thing to which we wish to draw attention is that of neglecting to change shoes and stockings after being out on a damp or rainy day. Though they may neither appear nor feel damp, yet they should be changed, care being observed to keep the feet always warm. As long as one is walking the circulation is kept up, no matter how wet the feet may be, but the instant you remain quiet it is checked, unless the stockings and shoes be changed. Holding the feet but a few minutes to a fire or over a register, is not sufficient, as you only by that means dry the external part of the shoe. If the feet are cold, they should be rubbed thoroughly with a rough towel until warmth has been restored, when they might be, if desired, held for a short time before the fire. Jumping out of bed and walking about on the carpet, as is too often done, should be avoided. A pair of slippers can be so placed by the bed at night, when retiring, as to be accessible on rising. *New York Lancet.*

How to Fall Asleep.—The great point to be gained in order to secure sleep, is escape from thought, especially from that clinging, tenacious, imperious thought, which in most cases, of wakefulness has possession of the mind. I effect this by the following simple process: "I turn my eyeballs as far to the right or left, or upward or downward, as I can without pain, and then commence rolling them slowly, with that divergence from a direct line of vision around in their sockets, and continue doing thus until I fall asleep, which occurs generally within three minutes—always within five at the most. The immediate effect of this procedure differs from that of any other I have ever heard, to procure sleep. It not merely diverts thought into a new channel, but actually suspends it. Since I became aware of this I have endeavored, innumerable times, while thus rolling my eyes, to think upon a particular subject, and even upon that which before kept me awake, but I could not. As long as they were moving around, my mind was bland. If any one doubts this, let him try the experiment for himself. I wish he would; let him pause just here and make it. I venture to assure him that, if he makes it in good faith in the manner described, the promise of 'a penny for his thoughts,' or for each of them, while the operation was in progress, will add very little to his wealth. Such being its effects, we cannot wonder that it should bring sleep to a nervous and wakeful man at night. The philosophy of the matter is very simple. A suspension of thought is to the mind what a suspension of travel or labor is to a weary body. It enjoys the luxury of rest; the strain upon its faculties is removed; it falls asleep as naturally as the farmer in his chair after toiling all day in his fields."

NOTICE.

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C. H. WEBB, } *Publishers.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1866.

A NEEDED REFORM.

OUR Legislature is busy just now with plans for the moral reformation of this most wicked community. Some time since it swung-to the doors of theatres on Sunday evenings, and sealed them with a statute. It is taking a severe stand against gambling, as well as the common school system, and there is no telling what a model and moral people we may become if our Solons only push their work of reformation to the end.

But let us make a suggestion to them. Our city abounds with cellars where women are employed and more vice is generated in one night than the sermons of a century can root out. These females, known as "pretty waiter girls" at the East, by one of those euphemisms of which our shores are so prolific are here termed "beer slingers." All the night through these cellars are open, and drunkenness and damnation are ladled out to all ages with liberal hand by the attendant women. You will see the youth, his chin yet destitute of beard, sitting cheek by jowl with a woman old and ugly enough to be his mother, drinking in moral as well as physical defilement. All the night through the screeching and howling from these places comes shrilling upon the ear like the cry of hungry hyenas. They are brothels without that certain reticence, quiet, and air of decency which brothels are compelled to maintain. What use to open church doors and close theatres on Sunday, if these foul sinks are to be kept open, week in and week out, doing their work of iniquity even upon that sacred day when honest labor is forbidden? Do away with the "pretty waiter girls"—an excellent illustration of the *lucus a non lucendo* is found in the phrase—and a blow is struck at the very root of the evil. Even the most persistent advocates of never employing men in any work which women can do, would perhaps consent to let waiter men pass beer and circulate cigars in a rum cellar. For the present system of pretty waiter girls substitute plain waiter boys, and the attractiveness would be gone from these institutions and morality much benefitted. And on Sundays see that they are closed altogether. If they cannot be cleared completely away with one sweep of the besom of legislation, they can at least be swept of their present most objectionable feature—hanging out women as signs. It is competent for the Legislature to enact a statute that will do away with the nuisance. A bill is before the Legislature of New York State, which forbids the employment of females in all drinking saloons, and in any concert saloon, to wait upon customers. Let our Legislature look to it and take some similar action, for we are weary of seeing them strain at gnats and swallowing such camels of wickedness.

THE *Boudoir* is the title of a new illustrated ladies' journal, lately started in New York. It is without exception the most successful effort of the kind ever made on this side of the Atlantic. A model of typographical excellence, it is printed upon the heaviest and whitest of paper, and in contents it is as gossippy and chatty as a whole roomful of clever women, with their tongues loosened by tea. In every respect it has the high endorsement of the fastidious "Clara Morton"—who shows her appreciation by transferring nearly the whole paper to her columns. John Swinton, one of the *Times* editorial corps, is proprietor. Finding that he could not get rid of his money fast enough by leaving packages of four or five thousand dollars lying around on restaurant tables, he has started a ladies' paper—but we predict a pecuniary success for the *Boudoir*. Mr. Swinton is just the man for the enterprise—being a noted ladies' man, familiar with all the details of fashion and feminine dress, and regarded as an authority upon such matters from which there is no appeal.

A POEM by our well-known contributor, Emilie Lawson, after crossing the Atlantic to be copied into the English papers, finds a re-reprint in *Littell's Living Age*. The poem is entitled "Blossom and Fruit." Originally blossoming in these columns, it has found fruit beyond the sea.

"NATION BAD" VERSE.

THE *Nation* of New York is a critical journal. It makes no pretension to being very lively, and sometimes we have fancied while wading through its wide, but still columns, that stagnation might be a more appropriate name. But in the field of criticism the utterances of the *Nation* are oracular. When a little volume of verse made up of selections from the fugitive pieces of California poets came into its hands, the *Nation* assumed an especially owlish air and disposed of the contributors in the briefest but most positive way. It dealt with the sweet singers of our coast as an owl might with canary birds—a few snaps of its bill and they were all disposed of finally and forever. This one, it said, is a real poet, this one is not, and still another is a half-poet. For some time we remained rather puzzled as to what the *Nation's* ideas of poetry could be: we are glad to find them illustrated in the following piece of original verse which we copy from its columns:

STRUGGLES FOR LIFE.

I STARTED up one winter's night,
All in a mighty flutter,
And vowed that I thenceforth would earn
My salt and bread and butter.

And *first* I thought I'd keep a school,
And *then* I thought I wouldn't;
For cause I hate to try to rule,
And cause I knew I couldn't.

And then I thought I'd keep a store
In some great town or city;
For if I couldn't measure silks
And laces 't was a pity.

But standing on my feet all day
Was more than pleased my fancy;
I feared to sink into my shoes,
Like Reuben's sister Nancy.

So then I thought I'd write a book,
And be a famous poet;
This was the maddest scheme of all;
But then I didn't know it.

I went and bought a pound of tea,
Green as I could desire,
And made it strong, and drank it hot,
My genius to inspire.

It scalded as I forced it down,
But I was bent on trying
My project through, though it was hard
To keep myself from crying.

And when the hot and bitter dose
Was resolutely swallowed,
I sat all night with pen in hand,
And not one stanza followed.

Oh, it was hard! and on the theme
I do not dare to tarry;
My hopes were crushed, my courage gone—
What could I do but marry?

And so, when Reuben asked again
If he his wife might make me,
I really felt relieved, and said,
"Oh! yes, I thank you; take me."

The *Nation* pays for its poetry. The above gem probably cost it any amount from five to twenty-five dollars. With our verse writers the labor is one of love, and the only reward they ask or expect is an occasional half-line of deprecation in some critical journal like the *Nation*. But never a week goes by that THE CALIFORNIAN does not reject better verse than the *Nation's* "Struggles for Life." We print the poem at length for the encouragement of those of our local bards who did not win that journal's praise, and also as a proof of the correctness of the assertion which we ventured a few weeks since, that none of the original poems which have appeared in THE CALIFORNIAN'S columns would have been refused if contributed to the critical journals of the East. We are not certain however, that the journal which publishes the above verses would have recognized a real poem if presented to its pages. But we rest happy in the belief that the *Nation's* standard of poetry is not that of the nation at large.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY, one of the best known residents of this city or any county, is to be the proprietor of the new hotel at Santa Cruz. The widow's cruise in that vicinity will probably be the Widow Cliquot's. We rejoice to hear that Mr. Bromley is relieved from duty at San José, and that he will soon be standing guard upon the coast. For a more genial gentleman, or one who is, as he looks, every inch a landlord, is seldom met with. The new hotel is to be called the Pacific Ocean House, and will probably open about the middle of March. As proprietor of the "Continental," in the adjoining colony of San José, we do not know whether or not Mr. Bromley made money, but he certainly made reputation; in any event, we trust that he will retire from his Santa Cruz wealthy though he goes there without a Continental.

ONE hundred and fifty lawyers in this city have been indicted for practising their profession without licenses. License or not, was ever a lawyer seen that had not the sense to lie?

AMUSEMENTS.

MAGUIRE'S Opera House, during the week, has been occupied with the Sears-Hayne adaptation, called *The Irish Mother, or The Wild-Brier Path*. Miss Crampton filled the principal part, and made a Wild Irish Mother indeed. Properly managed, the character is a good one, tender traits and the strong current of natural affection underlying and relieving the coarser fibres of the child-stealer's nature, but Miss Crampton succeeded in making the character repulsive. Too much steam is not good for a boiler. And true power is reticent, husbanding its strength. The plot of the piece is powerful, and it abounds in situations almost to redundancy. After the test afforded by the first night's representation, it would have been judicious to cut down the dialogue, hasten the action, and bring on the *dénouement* more rapidly. Killing the Irish Mother a half hour earlier would have added materially to the interest of the piece. As it is, dying in a rocking-chair with a long-winded speech, the murderer discussing abstract social questions with her the while, no doctor summoned, and the police and by-standers looking on disinterestedly, as if inspired by the conviction that it is not their funeral—that is a trifle unnatural. Thorne's acting throughout was excellent—excellent. Leman was up to his reputation, and that is saying a good deal. Franks did "Oliver Sidney" very well. Mrs. Franks, as "Helen," played to the best of her ability, but her rendition of the *role* points the moral that the management of this theatre at the present time is sadly in want of a walking lady. Barry was Barry to perfection, but, without being a close student of Chesterfield, he might know that a policeman generally does not walk into a nobleman's drawing-room hat on head—James Yellowplush would relieve him of it at the hall door. Harry Jackson's "Pibroch" would have been capital, had he not marred it by those tricks of costume to which we have before called attention. What need of the blackened mouth? and what justification for coming in at the death in the garb which he assumes? These bids to the galleries are what the artist should avoid. Some actors manage to win boisterous rounds of applause by allowing a few inches of linen to protrude from the rear of their trousers in an unconscious way, but more are offended than are pleased by the display. Aside from the fault which we have indicated, and to which he is prone, Mr. Jackson's acting in the piece was so good, especially in the pugilistic scene, that we regret it was marred at all. Miss Gass was very good as the rather fast young lady of Pibroch's fancy. Last evening, the piece was announced with Mrs. Edwin as the Irish Mother. The character, we think, will do better in her hands. This afternoon and evening, *The Irish Mother* in its re-cast. On Monday, Harry Courtaine puts in an appearance in the new play of *Marcillac, the Honest Man*. Miss Thorne, whose Sacramento engagement is ended, is underlined for appearance very soon.

At the Metropolitan, on Monday and Tuesday, *Sam* was performed—Percy as "Sam," and Roundy as the jumping "Jenkinsini." Roundy replaced Percy much more successfully than the latter did Wheatleigh. Wednesday evening, *Neighbor Jackwood* and *The Elves* were given, and on Thursday evening the long promised *Bronze Horse* was trotted out. This is indeed a spectacular piece, and it came very appropriately to assist in the celebration of the Chinese New Year's, for it is full of Chinese characters, and the scene is laid in the floweriest of kingdoms. It is capitally put upon the stage, and does additional credit to a management which has before proved itself eminently capable. Miss Chapman—one of the best artistes that ever stepped upon the San Francisco stage—lighted up the occasional obscurity of the piece by her really inimitable acting. Mrs. Judah, another lady who can never lose her hold upon popular favor, was as mirth-provoking as possible, and, in conjunction with Mr. Leach, kept the audience in continual good humor. Mrs. Brown sat her bronze horse as though she were indeed the Head Centaur we have heard so much of lately, and dressed and sang with her usual taste. Miss Hinckley made a charming "Margelia," her enchanted Princess proving an excellent companion *role* to the enchanting Prince which she lately played. Mrs. Thorne, with her pretty *petite* figure, fresh face and voice, and graceful dancing, contributed her full share to the success. Of the Buislays it is not necessary to say a word, for in their line of business it is now acknowledged that they have no superiors. The chorus was effective and good, but we do think that Mr. Tibbetts could have improved upon the *corps de ballet*, though probably a scarcity of material from which to select was more at fault than his taste. There was, as usual, some dragginess on the first representation, but we look to see the *Bronze Horse* have a long and successful run. On Monday, Mr. Tibbetts takes a benefit, which has been tendered him by the entire company, and, if the attendance is to equal his deserts, a wing might as well be added to the Metropolitan for the occasion.

THE Temperance Legion have adopted as their motto the little remark of Grant about intending to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. One swallow, we fear, would scarcely make a summer for these followers of Aquarius.

NEW BOOKS FROM ROMAN'S

MEMORIES of the Colfax party are renewed by the appearanee of a very handsome volume entitled *Across the Continent*, by Samuel Bowles. Mainly eomposed of the letters whieh that gentleman eontributed to the Springfield *Republican*, a few essays from other pens upon Mormoning and mining, and extracts from a few of the speeehes whieh Mr. Colfax was eompelled to make during his tour, are added as "supplementary papers." One's first wonder, on opening the book, is how the author found time in his hurried trip, and amid the eonstant boring to whieh the whole party was subjeeted, to use his eyes so well. But a praetieal newspaper man is generally able to take snap shots at flying faets, and bag about all that are going. We admire the kindness of heart whieh Mr. Bowles shows in not publishing the names of the toadies and tormenters who pursued him, though perhaps they would have been pleased with a mention. We have reason to congratulate ourselves that the sins of the few who insisted upon dragging "our distinguished guests" through the eleemosynary institutions of the city, to say nothing of the Magdalen Asylum, are not visited upon the whole eommunity. Glaneing over the pages of this exeellent book, brimming with valuable information regarding the resourees of our State, we eannot but refleet what a most admirable work the author eould have produeed, had he been left alone by our Standing Committee of Eminent Bores. In the main Mr. Bowles' statements are eorreet, though his comments upon "society" in San Franeiseo must have been gathered, we fancy, from hearsay, rather than from aetual observation, and we are sorry that he went away with the impression that it is "the cussedest plaee for women" extant. We also regret that a little more time had not been devoted to the revision of the letters, as the effeet would have been to divest the book of a certain newspaper flavor, whieh does not add to its merit as a literary production.

Winning His Way, by Charles Carleton Coffin, is an interesting and instruetive little book for boys. Paul, the hero, wins his way through the world, and grows up to an honorable manhood, of eourse he enlists in the Union army, has a love passage, eomes out alive, and the eurtain falls while Paul is leading a fair Virginia towards the altar.

In *The Belton Estate*, we have the usual novel whieh Anthony Trollope makes. The eharacters that we meet are all modern ones, and eonventional to a eharm—they dress and conduet themselves precisely like the thousand-and-one people we meet in every-day life. Their eonversation eonsists of the mild platitudes that we hear in drawing-rooms and at dinner tables; no one laughs rudely, displays any great emotion, or in any way violates deeorum. Deeidedly, Mr. Anthony Trollope is not a novelist of the sensational sehool. Sometimes we eannot forbear wishing that he would light up a little, even if it beeame neeessary to burn a small quantity of blue fire.

Edna Dean Proetor publishes a pretty little volume of poems, most of which originally appeared in the New York *Independent*. Miss Proetor's verse is eharaeterized by musieal flow and felicity of language rather than by originality of thought, but these merits alone are suffieient to entitle her to consideration in the present reign of ragged rhythm. All women are not Brownings, and Miss Proetor's sweet and tender singing should not be made to suffer by unealled for comparison with the treble bass of any of the feminine wonders of the world.

Wheeler's *Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction*, is a compilation of mueh that is eurious in literature. We are not aware that such a work has ever before been attempted, and certainly one was much needed. Most persons understand, for instance, what dining with the Barmeeide means, though unaequainted perhaps with the origin of the phrase, but an invitation to a dinner with Duke Humphrey might be aeeepted in sober earnest by many very well informed people. The author has been at special pains to give the proper spelling and pronunciation of the names, and this in itself eonstitutes a very valuable feature of the book.

Winifred Bertram is an Ameriean reprint of one of those quiet tales of English life, whieh find favor with a very respectable class of readers. A religious aroma pervades the book well calculated to please those who like no story that is destitute of a pious bias. It is by the author of *The Schonberg-Cotta Family*.

Seribner publishes a supplement to the *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, aiming to bring the work down to the latest dates It is still, however, very ineomplete, and little the wonder, when every morning brings another author, and every author brings out a dozen books. William V. Wells, formerly of this city, whose recent very sueeessful *Life and Public Services of Samuel Adams* certainly entitles him to the honor, finds a plaee in the supplement: but where is John S. Hittell, whose *Resources of California* is by no means the least valuable book that the century has produced?

[For the Californian.]

COQUETTE.

HER heart was like a honey-comb
As full of bees as it could hold;
And I was never happy there,
Although my lodge was gold.

Forever bringing sweets to her—
For sooth a not unpleasant toil—
Was sadder when I also seemed
A portion of her spoil.

And when I wearied with the task,
She truly hesitated not
To thrust me from her busy hive
And warn me from the spot.

I never can repay the slight
Until that dame's undoubted age
Shall prove it profitless to swarm,
Unless she can engage

Some youthful queen to take her place
And settle in her gilded home,
That bees may once again delight
Her heart, the honey-comb.

Then I will laugh before her face,
While I, in mocking her decay,
Hang on some sainted lily's neck
And woo her soul away:

Though roses beckon me to come,
I will not heed their am'rous play;
But clasp my lily's silver throat
And kiss her life away.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

[For the Californian.]

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

WINDOW-CONSERVATORY.

A VERY handsome addition may be made to many dwellings by arranging some of the windows as a plant cabinet, or window eonservatory. Where there is a bay window, or one deeply recessed, it may be fitted up with glass doors, opening into the room, in whieh a eolleetion of plants may be kept in great perfection, and with but little eare and attention.

One of the greatest troubles experieneed in growing many kinds of plants in rooms is the dryness of the air and the diffieulty of ereating any humidity in the atmosphere. By this arrangement, mueh of the diffieulty experieneed by plant-growers is obviated, and almost certain sueeess guaranted; for they can be kept as moisty as if in a greenhouse, and sprinkled with water when neeessary, without any fear of injury to the room and furniture. The manner of fitting it up depends mueh on the taste and means of the possessor; if desired, the whole of the spaee enclosed by the glass may be filled with plants—a box, say, a foot in depth, of the shape and size of the enelosure may be made so as to hold water, or lined with zine, with an opening in the bottom, through whieh the waste water ean pass; in this box put a good layer of chareoal and sand, plunging the pots in it up to the rims, so that their tops will all be on a level, filling in the spaee between each pot with sand, and eovering it and the pots with sycopodium or stone erops, or bright green moss, as a surfaeing. On the sides of the window there may be some neat braekets, on whieh pots may be arranged, with vines and elimbers running up wires between them, and reaehing to the top of the window, from whieh may be suspended baskets with drooping plants.

In such a ease, a few orehids, or air plants, may be grown, and add mueh to the interest of the eolleetion. There is scareely a limit to the variety whieh may be eultivated, from the "wildlings of the wood" to the most delicate and tender exotie.

For a large bay window, next to the outer sash, there may be vines to run up the sash-bars and eover them, by having a eopper wire stretched from top to bottom; for the sides, two good shaped plants of eamellias, a double white and a double red, or even three plants, a red one for the eentre plant, and a white one for each side; between these may be arranged the daphne odora, myrtle orange, and under and in front of these some of the beautiful variegated leaf plants now so much eultivated at the East and on the eontinent, such as the marantas, with their magnifieent velvety-striped leaves and graeeful foliage; begonia rex and its varieties, the leaves looking like plates of silver set with diamonds; the bright scarlet foliage of the draeenea, or the bright green frouds of the graeeful ferns. It is in the winter and early spring that sueh a ease presents the most attraetion, when there are few or no flowers in bloom outside. Even the commonest plants grown under such treatment, display beauties rarely seen or thought of, when found in profusion in the garden.

At this season of the year what eould be more beautiful than a few striking evergreens, with a collection of bulbous plants in bloom, with violets, primroses, and mignonette under them? As the season advances the plants may be changed, roses, geraniums, fuchsias, heliotrope, sueceed. The bright searlet eaetus when in bloom is very showy, and the flower last long. The white lily and the new Japan lilies are very beautiful.

For the sides of the window, the Wax Plant or Noya Carrosa is one of the best, with its thiek waxen leaves and flowers filled with honey; varieties of the Passion Flower, with their eurious and beautifully formed flowers; even the Ivy, with its bright marbled leaves and many elustering asso-eiations; the Honeysuekle, with its sweet perfumed flowers, would be welcomed. The variety may be as great as the possessor desires, and one ean hardly go astray in the selection of flowers. The actual benefits of these plant cases are easily shown. Every one knows how soon trees and plants beeome eovered with dust, soon rendering them far from sightly objeets. In a room we expeet to eseape mueh of this, but, alas! the housemaid's brush is little less injurious, and the fine dust rapidly elings to and spoils the plant, so mueh of its beauty lying in the glossy leaves and in that look of bloom and freshness so soon destroyed. Gas is also very injurious, and so is a heated fire-dried atmosphere, whieh absorbs from the leaves far more moisture than the roots ean replace. From all of these diffieulties the glass enclosure is an effeetual shelter.

Most all plants like a warm, moist atmosphere, and it is really delightful to wateh how they thrive in it—they look so glossy, so luxuriantly green. A keen observer of Nature, in speaking of this subject, says: "No one who may devote a little time and eare to the planting and eulture of sueh a ease will ever regret it, and the exereise of but ordinary judgment will ensure sueeess. Then you will have a seene that will repay you for your attentions, and that will every day suggest something green and sunny to the mind, give to many a page of poetry a new and higher meaning than it ever presented to your mind. You will eertainly read 'The Daisy' of Burns, the 'Wild Flowers' of Campbell, the 'Wood-side Sketehes' of Bryant and Brainard with a new pleasure."

FLORAL DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.

Feb. 11th. St. Theodora, Red Primrose, (*Primula verna rubra.*)
Feb. 12th. St. Eulalia, Noble Liverwort, (*Anemone hepatica.*)
Feb. 13th. St. Catherine de Ricci, Polyanthus, (*Primula polyantha.*)
Feb. 14th. St. Valentine, Yellow Crocus, (*Crocus mæsiacus.*)
Feb. 15th. St. Sigifride, Cloth of Gold Crocus, (*Crocus sulphurea.*)
Feb. 16th. St. Juliana, Lilac Primrose, (*Primula acaulis plena.*)
Feb. 17th. St. Flavian, Scotch Crocus, (*Crocus susianus.*)

IRIS.

IT is complained in New York that the reign of red among women has been inaugurated to an extent whieh causes one to blush at the passing refleetion: red hoods, red shoes, red stoekings, red eloaks, and even red hoops and corsets. One exehange says that at the theatre and opera you may even see red ehemisettes. So it seems that a woman's bosom may be read without any exposure of its intrieate seerets after all. Amid the rage for red we trust that red noses will not be permitted to rule. After all, however, the passion only exemplifies the natural law of reaetion. A few months sinee every one was wearing the green. How long are we to yield homage to the Woman in Scarlet?

THE dramatie eritie of the *Alta* has diseovered a resemblanee between the play last summer produeed here, *Our Friend from Victoria*, and De Walden's, lately brought out, ealled *Sam*. He says "it suggests an unpleasant point whieh, however, may be easily settled." Were the eritie as competent to his position as he might be, and as fair as he ought to be, he would have settled it by saying that *Our Friend from Victoria* was in print, and eireulated at the East, before *Sam* was ever thought of, instead of making what may be an aeeidental resemblanee the ground of an unwarranted inuendo against the author of the former.

PHILADELPHIA lawyers have long been eonsidered the most aeute of all human ereatures, but the elergymen of that city seem destined to bear away the palm for the future. These latter have diseovered that a Sunday payer is an infraetion of the divine law, and are doing battle with the editor of the *Press* on that issue. Is it possible there is any one who does not know that the Sunday paper goes to press the evening before. Like sermons they are eomposed during the week, and delivered on Sunday morning. As an oeeupation for the mind on the saered seventh day, reading is better than beer-drinking; as an amusement it is even less expensive than riding in the horse cars.

IT is said that the new Colleetor has notified a tinware-dealer of this eity that he is owing the Government four eents for back revenue duties, and that, unless payment is at once made, suit will be commenced for its colleetion. Verily, the mill of this Miller may grind slowly, but it seems determined to grind exceedingly fine!

THERE is a report that a rieh and respeetable bachelor of this eity has compromised a breach of promise suit with which he was threatened for fifteen thousand dollars. It seems that the Reese river of matrimony, like the course of true love, will not run smooth. Once more unto the breach, dear friends.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

As Amended March 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper..$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right..... 05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand..... 02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100..... 05
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S. 02
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place..... 10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500..... 50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels..... 05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less..... 50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office..... 1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule..... 25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons.....10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50..... 10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part 25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such 25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100..... 05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y, 25
Certificates, other than specified..... 05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale..... 10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500.....1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse..... 50
Ganger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr. 25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons.....5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500..... 50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof.....1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries..... 10
To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1 00
For any other purpose..... 50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; eneb additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof..... 50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance check or draft, 25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property..... 02
Warehouse for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000..... 10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs..... 25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid..... 50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record..... 50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100..... 50

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Maurice J. Dooley, Plaintiff, vs. John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton, her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, children of J. H. and Annie Moore; Helen R. Masterson Ord, and Pacificus Ord, her husband, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, Helen R. Masterson Ord and Pacificus Ord, her husband:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

In and by said complaint, the plaintiff prays the following judgment and relief:

1. That the said defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, and that all adverse claims of the said defendants, or either of them, may be determined by a decree of this Court.

2. That plaintiff be adjudged to be the owner in fee simple, in possession of, and lawfully entitled to the possession of so much of said Lot 77 as is first described in the complaint.

3. That the defendants, and each and every of them, be adjudged and decreed to have no estate, right, title, or interest of, in or to said portion of said Lot 77, legal or equitable; and that they, and all persons claiming, or to claim under them subsequent to the commencement of this action, be barred, and perpetually restrained and enjoined from asserting or pretending to have any right, title, interest, or estate of, in or to the same, and from making any conveyance thereof—other than to plaintiff or his grantees; and for such other and further relief as shall be agreeable to equity—but without costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District in and for the County of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. By JAMES C. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
de23-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDICIAL District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS B. VALENTINE, Plaintiff, vs. ERASTUS V. JOICE and ANDREW J. MOULDER, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Erastus V. Joice and Andrew J. Moulder, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within the county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought that the Defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, &c., to certain real estate particularly described in the complaint, and to obtain a decree that the plaintiff is owner in fee simple absolute thereof, that said defendants have no estate, right, title, or interest therein or to any part thereof, that they be forever debarred and perpetually enjoined from setting up any estate in or claim said real estate, adverse to plaintiff—besides costs of suit and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal of Court. By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
Int. rev. stamp. B. S. BROOKS,
de23-3m Plaintiff's Attorney.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of SARAH McLAUGHLIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above-named estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, at his residence on the west side of Guerrero street, north of and near Sixteenth street, in said city and county of San Francisco.

JOHN COUCH, Administrator of the estate of Sarah McLaughlin, deceased.

San Francisco, January 30, 1866. I. N. THORNE,
fe10 5t Att'y for Administrator.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. no11-3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.—IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT of the Second Township, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to S. B. THOMPSON, greeting:

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 13th day of February, A. D 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to answer unto the complaint of CHARLES M. PECK, who claims to recover from you the sum of two hundred and fifty-three dollars, and interest on one hundred and seventy-five dollars of said sum at two per cent. per month from June 22d, 1865, and on seventy-eight dollars of said sum at the same rate from April 20th, 1865, due on two promissory notes made by you, dated February 17th, 1865, and June 22d, 1865, the same claimed to be recovered in United States gold and silver coin, as per copies of said notes on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you, for the said amount and interest due, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of the city and county of San Francisco greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof. Given under my hand this 6th day of November, A. D 1865.

Alias U. S. Revenue stamp, 50c., cancelled. H. J. WELLS, (SEAL.) Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco. Office, No. 623 Merchant street.
no11 3m

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the
BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner
From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from
Roots and Herbs
Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by
N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
fe11-6m San Francisco

RELIABLE
AND LIBERAL!

THE BROOKLYN
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK,
HAS MADE ALL ITS POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

Dividends delared and PAID annually on the MUTUAL PLAN. Its policies are INCONTESTABLE after five years from their date.

Thirty days grace in payment of premium.

C. W. BOUCK, President.
A. D. POLHAMUS, Vice President.
L. P. GAUTIER, Med. Examiner, San Francisco.

STEPH. T. KING,
General Agent for the Pacific States and Territories,
712 Montgomery street,
jy20-tf SAN FRANCISCO.

NEW YORK ACCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 141 Broadway, New York,
FOR INSURING AGAINST
Accidents of All Kinds!

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - $250,000

THE BUSINESS OF THIS COMPANY is the insuring against accidents of all kinds, whether by traveling or otherwise.

This Company issues two classes of policies: one to secure the payment of a fixed sum to the event of death caused by an accident of any description; the other securing a weekly allowance in case of injury causing total disablement, and a fixed sum in case of death arising as above.

Annual Premium on $2,500.....$7 50
Annual Premium on 5,000.....15 00
Annual Premium on 10,000.....30 00
(Without compensation.)
Annual Premium on $2,500, with $12 50 per week compensation.....12 50
Annual Premium on $5,000 with $25 per week compensation.....25 00
Annual Premium on $10,000, with $50 00 per week compensation.....50 00
Other amounts at corresponding rates.
No policy to exceed $10,000.

GENERAL ACCIDENTS

Include the Traveling Risk, and also all forms of Dislocations, Broken Bones, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Gunshot Wounds, Burns and Scalds, Bites of Dogs, Assaults by Burglars, Robbers or Murderers—the Action of Lightning or Sunstroke, the Effects of Explosions, Floods, and Suffocations by Drowning or Choking; where such Accidental Injury is the cause of death within three months of the happening of the injury, or of total disability to follow his usual avocations

INDUCEMENTS.

The rates of premiums are very low.
The plan is so simple that any one can comprehend all its workings.

No Medical Examination is Required.

Any who have been rejected by Life Companies, in consequence of hereditary or other diseases, can effect insurance in this Company at a very small cost.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS!

REMEMBER THE WASHOE, YOSEMITE, THE GOLDEN GATE AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

Persons about to visit Europe or New York can obtain Insurance against the Risks of the Voyage.

PREMIUM—Two Dollars per One Thousand Dollars.

GENERAL ACCIDENT TICKETS (Including the Traveling Risk)
ISSUED BY ALL AGENTS. $5,000 for 24 hours, 25c.
Weekly Compensation, $25.

Four days.....$1
Eight Days..... 2
Twelve Days..... 3
Twenty Days.....
Thirty Days..... 5

Covering $5,000 against death, with $25 per week in case of disability by reason of accident, by the
NEW YORK ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
141 Broadway, N. Y.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS,
NORTHWEST CORNER MONTGOMERY AND SACRAMENTO STREETS,
de16-3m San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S
Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

From Folsom street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M., punctually,
FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall, to New York by the splendid Steamships of the company.

Steamers of this line will be despatched on the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month. When these dates fall on Sunday, the steamer will leave on Saturday preceding.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and steamer running to Guayquil, touching at Tumaco, the port of the new mines, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

FEB. 19th, - - - - - GOLDEN CITY
Captain F. R. Baby.
(Connecting with the *NEW YORK*, Captain Horner.)

FEB. 28th, - - - - - COLORADO,
Captain Watkins.
(Connecting with the *HENRY CHAUNCEY*, Capt. Gray.)

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

HOLT'S MAP
OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA.

THIS MAP has been carefully revised, and all the NEW COUNTIES inserted, and also many other important changes made.

For sale, Mounted or in Book Form, by
WARREN HOLT,
ja13-tf 305 Montgomery street, Room No. 2.

J. PEIRCE,

Furniture and Bedding

WAREROOMS,

Nos. 415, 417, AND 419 CALIFORNIA STREET, NEAR MONTGOMERY.

THIS STOCK OF FURNITURE, etc., was selected with great care, and special attention given to the wants of this market, ENTIRELY AT THE EAST. It is NOT COMPOSED OF REFUSE GOODS, ODDS AND ENDS OF OTHER HOUSES that have lately closed out here, but CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF NEW GOODS, made after the latest patterns and in the most durable manner.

The present Stock is fully TWICE as large as that of any other house here. Parties having any doubts of this, or that the assortment is not superior to any in the city, can easily satisfy themselves by calling.

The stock of Case Goods is larger than ever before.

J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,
dc16-3m SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. WHEELER'S NEW MILLINERY AND Children's Clothing *STORE,*

Formerly 32 Second street, sign of the "Golden Bandbox," removed to

Popper's New Building,
Third street, near Mission,

OPENS WITH A SPLENDID AND FRESH ASSORTment of Millinery Goods, Flowers, Trimmings, etc. Also, Children's Clothing of the latest and most fashionable styles, and of every variety and price. Fresh assortment of FRENCH FLOWERS, just received. ja27-1m

---

SILK HOSE AT COST.

IVINS' PATENT HAIR-CRIMPERS!
No Lady should be without one.

TRIMMINGS, FRINGES,
BUTTONS, THREADS,
COTTONS, NEEDLES,
TAPES, FANCY GOODS,
ETC.

HOOP SKIRTS, NEW STYLES,
Best ever Imported.

ALL TO BE FOUND AT THE
PIONEER TRIMMING EMPORIUM
OF
MRS. NORCROSS,
No. 5 Montgomery street, Masonic Temple.
ja21-tf

IRISH LINENS.

FOR THE BEST MAKES OF
IRISH LINEN GOODS!
GO TO
MOSGROVE & BLAKELY,
222 Third street, Colton's Building.
ja:3 tf

JUST DIE!

OR DIGEST!

TAKE YOUR CHOICE! If you cease to digest for a certain time you must do the other thing. If your digestive organs are in good order, you can enjoy the coarsest fare, and thrive upon it. If the digestion is impaired, nothing nourishes; even a Cannibal Chief would growl after dining upon the best Missionary that ever was cooked. USE THE "EXCELLENT."

For sale in glass only, by
ja27 1m BARRY & PATTEN

GUSTAVE A. SCOTT,

(Organist of Cavalry Church,)

TEACHER OF MUSIC.

Residence, "Miel Institute," 55 and 56 South Park.

Class Lessons every day, from 3 till 8 P. M. Terms, $6 per month.

Private Lessons at the Institute or Pupils' Residence, at the usual prices. ja30-3m

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MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

ja25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

BRITISH PERIODICALS.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative.)
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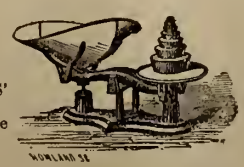

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THE "LONDON TIMES."

APROPOS of newspapers, says a correspondent writing from London, the club world for the last few days has been occupied with stories of dissensions between the managers of the *Times* newspaper. In all such matters it is very difficult to arrive at the exact truth. Shrewd men of the world, like the conductors of the leading English journal, are not likely to let the world into the secret of their disputes until such time as their connection is finally severed. On this account, I am not disposed to place implicit reliance on the stories circulated in society as to the details of the rumored crisis in Printing House Square. I can only give them to you for what they are worth as the *on dits* of men about town. It is said, then, that for the last week or two the barometer at the *Times* office has stood at "stormy." You may, possibly, be acquainted with the fact that the chief ostensible proprietor of the *Times* is Mr. John Walter, late M. P. for the county of Berkshire. A great and not very intelligible mystery has always been maintained as to the exact proprietorship of the journal in question. On one occasion, when some remark was made on the subject in the House of Commons, Mr. Walter declared that he was by no means as influential in the paper as he was supposed to be. Whether this gentleman is the virtual holder of shares entered in the names of sleeping partners, or whether his profits as printer of the paper —a post secured to him by the terms of the partnership deed —exceed his profits as part proprietor, are points about which opiuions differ. As a matter of fact, there is no doubt that he reaps the lion's share of the income derived from the *Times*, and that he is the ultimate authority in all matters relating to the paper. In other words, there is no person employed in its management, whom Mr. Walter could not dismiss if he were so minded. His father and grandfather took a very active part in the management of the paper; and it is on record that in one instance, at the outset of the Puseyite movement, when some one of the young Oxford writers of the day wrote an article expressing sympathy with Dr. Newman's views, old Walter posted up to London the very moment he caught sight of the article, to stop what he considered rightly a most fatal error. The present inheritor of the Walter interest has of late years kept himself studiously aloof from any active interference in the conduct of the *Times*. A man of large property, a county member, and a local magnate in Berkshire, he has hitherto, according to an expressive, though vulgar expression, done his utmost "to drop the shop." In his place in Parliament he was a steadfast supporter of the Palmerston Administration, and markedly expressed views on more than one occasion not in accordance with those advocated in the journal of which he was the reputed owner. In his private capacity he was much more desirous of being known as a large landed proprietor than as Walter of the *Times*. Thus for many years the practical management of the paper has been delegated entirely to Mr. Delane and other members of the *Times* staff, who formed a sort of happy family party, united in more than one instance by ties of marriage.

At last, so report says, this mutually satisfactory arrangement has been disturbed. Mr. Walter, according to the current story, recently informed Mr. Delane that he was not satisfied with the manner in which the paper had been conducted of late. Upon this, according to the same gossip, Mr. Delane tendered his resignation, and several of the staff expressed their resolution to leave if his resignation was accepted. In fact, for a time it was thought there was likely to be a complete break-up in Printing House Square. Now, however, it is rumored that the quarrel is made up and that no important change will be made in the management. As I said before, I do not vouch for the accuracy of these statements. I simply mention them as current in quarters likely to be well informed on the subject. I almost disbelieve in their truth, if I may say so, from their intrinsic probability. It is so natural the proprietors of the *Times* should be dissatisfied with the position of the paper, that people are apt to assume the fact of their so being. I have very little doubt that the assertion commonly made by the persons connected with the paper is true, and that the actual net profit of the paper is larger now than it ever was before. I am told, too, on good authority, that the circulation increases steadily. This fact, however, I feel sceptical about. Any man who is in the habit of travelling about England must, I think, share my scepticism. The *Times* has lost its "chance" custom. In the railroads and omnibusses you hardly see anybody reading the *Times* now; the newsboys find it does not pay to sell it on the streets; the suburban news-venders never keep it on stock; they supply a very large number on order, but they no longer take in copies not ordered beforehand. The truth is, the penny papers have supplanted it as popular organs of opinion. It is still *the* newspaper of the governing classes, but it is no longer the chief English journal. For this fact the gentlemen who have managed the paper are very little to blame. When once it became clear that a penny newspaper could be made to pay, it became clear also that sooner or later the *Times* must either lower its price to a penny or be content to see other competitors surpass it in circulation and in the influence attaching to a vast constituency of readers. The only valid cause of complaint against the management is not that the *Times* cannot compete in popularity with a paper like the *Daily Telegraph*, but that it has forfeited its reputation for political sagacity. The utter failure of all its predictions with reference to the American war is beginning to tell against it. Then its reckless advocacy of Governor Eyre has proved to be a mistake in policy as well as in principle; and its bitter animosity towards the idea of reform is, to say the least, a hazardous experiment. Moreover, in a merely intellectual point of view, it has not of late exhibited its former supremacy of talent. Constantly other newspapers are beforehand with it in news. Leaders and reports in other papers get more talked about than those in the leading journal.

The Crimean year was the apogee of the *Times's* greatness and grandeur. Its one formidable rival, the *Morning Chronicle*, had been finally vanquished in the contest, and both proprietors and managers fancied that they had established their power on an immovable basis. With security there came carelessness, and the result has been the gradual decline of its influence. On the whole, I think this is a circumstance for which the public has cause to be grateful. Personally I have a great respect for the talent and good sense with which for many years the *Times* was conducted; and, with all its faults, I own it had also signal virtues. The heyday of its greatness will, I think, always remain one of the most brilliant periods of English journalism; and if the despotism of the *Times* were simply to be replaced by that of some younger and more energetic rival, I should see little ground for satisfaction. Happily, this is not likely to be the case. It is most improbable that the combination of circumstances which conferred on the *Times* its temporary dictatorship should ever occur again. We shall have, I hope, a number of influential and successful papers in coming years, but I trust we shall never have one again able to speak, as the *Times* at one time could do in the name of England. A monopoly of power is dangerous for any rulers, but above all for an anonymous and irresponsible body such as in the day of the Crimea held sway in Printing House Square.

To Prevent Cholera.—Much depends on each individual as to the mode of life adopted, as a preventative to cholera. In the first place, eat nothing but the most wholesome, digestible and nutritious food, avoiding everything likely to derange the bowels. Abstain from an excess of alcoholic drinks. It is a great popular error to suppose that drinking plenty of whisky or brandy is in any way a preventative against epidemics, but more particularly cholera. Avoid excessive study or labor; sleep in well ventilated rooms, and keep the house well ventilated and dry, and at a moderate temperature. Dress warmly, particularly about the abdomen. A very good plan is to wear flannel over the bowels. Abstain from excessive pleasure; keep regular hours, retiring at a seasonable time. Take moderate out-door exercise, but regularly every day. Pay attention to water-closets; see that they are clean. Chloride of lime should be thrown into them once a week, and if in a boarding-house or very large family, where there are many using them, it should be used twice a week. Cathartics should be avoided as much as possible, as when the bowels are once deranged it is difficult to get them right again, more particularly when there is an epidemic in the atmosphere. Water should be boiled and filtered, not through charcoal but through regular filtering paper, which can be obtained from any druggist. By all means, don't be induced to take the various patent medicines advertised as preventatives and cures for cholera.—*N. Y. Lancet.*

Hamlet's "Hawk" and "Hernshaw."—The passage in *Hamlet*, "I know a hawk from a handsaw," or, as corrected, "I know a hawk from a hernshaw," has greatly puzzled commentators. Is not this the true explanation? Among the ancient Egyptians the hawk signified the Etesian, or northerly wind (which, in the beginning of summer, drives the vapor towards the south, and which, covering Ethiopia with dense clouds, there resolves them to rains, causing the Nile to swell.) because that bird follows the direction of that wind (Job xxxix., 26.) The heron, or hern, or hernshaw, signified the southerly wind, because it takes its flight from Ethiopia into Higher Egypt, following the course of the Nile as it retires within its banks, and living on the small worms hatched in the mud of the river. Hence the heads of these two birds may be seen surmounting the *canopi* used by the ancient Egyptians to indicate the rising and falling of the Nile respectively. Now Hamlet, though feigning madness, yet claims sufficient sanity to distinguish a hawk from a hernshaw when the wind is southerly, that is, in the time of the migration of the latter to the north, and when the former is not t be seen. Shakspeare may have become acquainted with the habits of these migrating birds of Egypt through a translation of Plutarch, who gives a particular account of them, published in the middle of the sixteenth century, by Thomas Nash.—*C. W. H., Athenæum.*

The ladies are invited to try the enamel bloom for the preservation of their charms. It renders the complexion and skin soft, fair and blooming, imparting to the complexion the delicacy of perennial youth. Use Davidson's Circassian Bloom. Sold by all druggists.

Marriage Extraordinary.—An extraordinary marriage took place at the Union Methodist Episcopal church, Philadelphia, a few days since. Mr. Rein, a German by birth, and a celebrated tamer of horses by profession, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Hannah J. Duke, the Iowa giantess. The bridegroom served with distinction in the Union army. He is rather below the middle stature of mankind in point of size and weight, he scarcely turning the beam at one hundred and forty pounds. The bride weighs *five hundred and eighty-five pounds avoirdupois!* She has been exhibited at Judge Ingalls' museum, on Market street near Ninth. Mr Rein, on visiting the establishment, fell violently in love with the fair giantess, proposed marriage, and "of course she said yes." The carriages drew up before the museum, and the twain, soon to be made one, entered therein, and proceeded to the church. The bridal party consisted of the Siamese twins—Chang and Eng—and other celebrities of the museum. Upon entering the church, the visitors were the most "observed of all observers." They were united in the matrimonial bond in accordance with the plain usage of the Methodist persuasion, after which they retired. The event was extraordinary because of the remarkable fact of the difference in the size of the parties. The bride did not falter or tremble upon being led to the altar.

A Magnificent Fete.—The Trustees of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, on Thursday evening last, gave a grand reception in the beautiful building they have recently constructed at the corner of Broadway and Liberty street. The entire house was admirably decorated with flowers and flags. At least a thousand persons were present, among whom were noticeable some of the most distinguished of our citizens. There was a fine collation for the guests, which was gotten up in Delmonico's most elegant style, and a band of music enlivened the scene. After supper, the guests were formally welcomed by the President of the Company, Mr. Winston, and Judge Bradford gave the following interesting information regarding the history of the company: "It began business in 1843, upon the mutual plan, without any capital. The first cash it received was $109 50, on the first of February, 1843. Its cash accumulations and investments are now $14,000,000. It issued in the first year 429 policies, insuring for $1,501,818. During the present year its issue will be upward of 7,000 policies, insuring over $25,000,000. The policies now in force are 23,000 in number, insuring for $75,000,000. It has paid in losses, $6,500,000. Nearly three-fourths of all the policies issued are for the benefit of ladies, and belong to them. At the outbreak of the war the trustees deemed it their duty to aid the Government in all prudent and practicable ways. It purchased upwards of six million dollars of Government stock, and was the first company to grant war permits to persons already holding policies who wished to enter the military or naval service. Similar policies were afterward issued to all persons who enlisted and applied for them."—*N. Y. Home Journal, Jan. 3d.*

At the Distribution of the Art-Union Paintings, at their Gallery, 312 Montgomery street, on Monday evening next at half-past seven o'clock, a peremptory sale of oil paintings by Sontag, Hill, Brooks, and others, and hundreds of choicest chromo-lithographs and engravings from Jones, Wooll & Sutherland—the finest ever imported to this coast—will take place. The whole will be on free exhibition until time of sale. Among the paintings to be sold are California landscapes by Hill and others, and that gem of the Art-Union Exhibition, "A View in the Shenandoah Valley," by Sontag, of New York; one of the best, if not the best landscape paintings on this coast.

Investing in Government Securities.—The first corporation in this State investing its capital in United States Bonds, is the National Insurance Company, lately organized in this city, which has so invested its entire capital—one million dollars; thus insuring a monthly income of over six thousand dollars from interest alone, besides guaranteeing policy holders a certain security against loss, even in the contingency arising of the entire city being burned, as was the case in the earlier days of its existence. This company was organized, its capital stock subscribed and paid in within a period of five weeks, and is now doing business in a temporary office, corner of Montgomery and California streets, while awaiting the completion of the improvements the old "Adams & Co.'s Express" building a few doors above is undergoing, for its occupancy as a permanent place of business.

If your blood is corrupt, disordered or vitiated, you are liable to be seized at any moment with a fit of sickness. It may appear in the form of pimples, blotches or sores, or it may suddenly prostrate you. One thing is certain: You cannot have health unless your blood is pure. To remove all impure matters from the blood, Adams' Blood Purifier is admitted to be the best preparation yet introduced to the public. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and will harm no one. Its effects are immediate and lasting. It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, produces a healthy action of the liver and kidneys, and restores the patient to perfect health and strength.

Startling Disclosures!—Secret organizations for the destruction of our glorious Republic cannot be any more alarming to all true lovers of the government than a dangerous procrastination in using that most agreeable and certain curative for Coughs, Colds, and accompanying symptoms of Consumption—Newell's Pulmonary Syrup. It is an infallible remedy. Try it and be convinced.

For sale by all Druggists: Redington & Co., Sole Agents, 416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

Young Men who wish to prepare themselves for active business life by receiving a thorough commercial education, are referred to the circular of the Pacific Business College, published in our advertising columns. This Institution, under the able management of its President, M. K. Landenslager, has been for many months in successful operation, and merits the fullest recognition from our business community.

On the "Qui Vive."—A large number of fashionable ladies of San Francisco, who are noted for the graceful style and elegance of their dress, as well as for the irresistible attractiveness of their fascinating smiles, which the consciousness of being fashionably and tastefully dressed spreads over their classical features, are ever on the *qui vive* to take the advantage of "circumstances" and to decorate, adorn, and embellish with every imaginable kind of ladies' dress trimmings, buttons, gloves, etc., their graceful figures, at a price so low that any and all can afford to dress fashionably, and even elegantly. The present victims of these vigilant and economical leaders of the fashion, are the members of the celebrated firm of M. Homberger & Co., 300 Kearny street, corner of Bush, who keep constantly on hand a superior and extensive assortment of ladies' dress trimmings, buttons, hosiery, gloves, woolen ware, and fancy goods, also a splendid lot of Berlin zephyr worsted, all of which they offer at greatly reduced prices. In consequence of which, the store is crowded from morning till night, no one leaving without making purchases, and all going home both suited and delighted with the style of the article as well as the price paid for it.—*Golden Era.*

Dainty Work.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

Wanted—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. Shear, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

San Francisco, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, Joseph Sparrow.

Dr. C. W. Moore's Medical and Surgical Institute.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

Wagons.—Every species of wagons that any one can need, made of the best material, well fitted and finished, can be found at the Depot of Mills & Evans, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lead Bars, are kept constantly on hand.—*California Leader.*

Many of the Diseases which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. Benton, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

To Poor Writers.—If you would learn to write a good hand, try the Babbittonian—the new system of instruction in penmanship. It is the cheapest and best. Purchase the forms, which will be the only instruction you need, and practice will make you an excellent penman. Call on Warren Holt, Room No. 2, Mead House, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, and learn particulars. Read the following:

The Babbittonian system of Penmanship appears to me really to possess all the advantages which it claims in the above printed summary.

Rev. P. V. Veeder,
Principal of City College, San Francisco.

San Francisco, October 13, 1865.

The elements and principles of the Babbittonian Penmanship seem to me valuable for their practicability and simplicity. I do not hesitate to add my testimony in favor of this system as one of the best in use. J. C. Pelton,
Superintendent Public Schools.

State of California,
Department of Public Instruction,
San Francisco, Oct. 16, 1865.

To Whom it May Concern: I have carefully examined the Babbittonian system of Penmanship, and take pleasure in recommending it to teachers and others interested, as one which possesses many merits. Its cheapness is one of its more cordent merits.
JOHN SWETT. Supt. Pub. Instruction.

Taking Lessons from Us.—The English are beginning to evince a desire to learn how to read and write the English language. The dictionaries of Webster and Worcester have been republished in England, and are received by a large number of Englishmen as standard authorities for the language. The Babbittonian Penmanship, an American system, has been republished in London and adopted by prominent seminaries there, and may possibly do away with some of the stiffness of style of writing still prevalent there. The New York *Times* remarks that the English first gave us a language, and taught us to speak and write; we give it back to them with interest, improved and made more useful to the mass of the people.—*Morning Call, Jan. 7th.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

Dr. Wm. K. Doherty's Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

A REMARKABLE CURE.

DR. HOWARD'S RHEUMATIC MIXTURE

Cures Rheumatism in three to ten days. Warranted, or no pay required. Howard's Medical and Surgical Institute, No. 648 Washington street, near Kearny.

The following card will explain itself without comment:

San Francisco, Jan. 19, 1866.

Dr. P. Howard—Dear Sir: I have been for seven years afflicted with rheumatism, and during that time I suffered more than generally falls to the lot of any human being in a life time. My ankles at times would measure six inches in diameter; my fingers were drawn into the palms of my hands; pains the most excruciating in my extremities, my hips and back, until I almost wished for death to relieve me of my sufferings. I tried every known remedy, and spent many hundred dollars without obtaining any relief. I have been swindled so many times by miserable Quacks, that I was afraid to try your remedy. Fortunately while reading one of your bills, a friend of mine told me that he had been cured by you. I concluded to try once more, though I had little confidence in it, because my case was of so many years standing; but judge of my surprise, when, after using it two days all my pain left me, and the swelling in my ankles decreased, and I am now, after using your remedy ten days, well and able to leave for my home. God bless you, Doctor. You will be considered a benefactor. Gratefully yours,
fe3 Asa Willet, Drytown, Amador county.

Buggies and Carriages.—If you want a trim neat, light, and yet durable style of buggy or carriage, go to Nos. 37 and 39 Webb street, between Sacramento and California, where you will find just such a vehicle as will suit your taste. Pollard & Carvill not only deal in these articles, but manufacture them to order, and do repairing, painting, trimming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neatness. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

Accident and Loss of Life.—With the details of the dreadful disasters of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *Yosemite* fresh in memory, it is not needful that we should urge on the public the importance of guarding as fully as possible not only against the recurrence of such startling calamities, but also as far as they can against the consequences that arise from them. Accidents are terribly frequent in this new State of ours. Hardly a day passes but we have to record some loss of life, or terrible mangling that leaves the victim with hardly a wish to live. Stringent legislation is demanded to protect travellers from carelessness and criminal negligence of public carriers. It is with great interest that we have watched the rapid growth of Accident Insurance Companies, and we are happy to know that the New York Accidental Insurance Company, established by some of the wealthiest capitalists of the East, have placed their agency in the hands of Bigelow & Brother, Insurance Agents, of this city. We advise every one to take out a policy. The premium is very small—the price of a good cigar only per day—while the benefits are great; $25 per week, if disabled, or $5,000 in case of death. Who would not give $2 50 to be insured for a trip to Washoe, or 25 cents for a trip to Sacramento City? That's all it costs. We predict a large business for the agency in this city. The Company have complied with the State law, and are fully prepared to issue policies, or travelling tickets, at once.—*S. F. Call.*

Astrology.—The occult sciences of the middle ages, magic, alchemy, necromancy, and star reading, are not lost to the world. The invisible and secret powers of astrography are still possessed by the chosen student in the mysteries of nature who can interpret the influence of the stars and predict by their occultations the hidden events of the future.

In affairs of Past, Present or Future, be they of Business, Matrimony, Love, or sickness, go and consult the naturally gifted Astrologer, Professor Cohen, 530 California street. Thousands have been benefitted by his knowledge. He has held over 18,000 consultations during the last five years. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 P. M. to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart. Sickness treated and cured through a science unknown to others.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ADVERTISING AGENCY.

J. J. Knowlton & Co., removed to 120 Montgomery.

BATHS.

Dr. Bourne's, (Medical,) 10 Post, near Montgomery.

APOTHECARY.

George H. Clapp, corner Sixth and Howard.

BOWLING ALLEYS.

Cosmopolitan, basement Cosmopolitan Hotel.
Wholers & Starke, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.

C. Beach, 34 Montgomery street.
S. Friedman, 1108 Stockton street.
A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
Adolph Levy, 19 Second street.
I. M. Wentworth & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine st.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND TRIMMINGS.

E. Weill & Sons, removed to 616 Sacramento street.

CONFECTIONERY.

Marcus Pezold, 46 Second street.

COLLECTOR.

B. Pulverman, 526 Montgomery—Office hours, 1 to 3 P.M.

CLOTHING.

H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

DRESS TRIMMINGS, WORSTEDS, ETC.

M. Homberger & Co., 300 Kearny street, corner Bush.
Mrs. Norcross, 5 Montgomery street (Masonic Temple.)

DENTISTS.

Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Dr. S. W. Dennis, removed to 14 Geary.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.

Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.

DRUGGISTS.

R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.

FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.

Wm. Brown & Co, 16 Third street.

FURNITURE.

N. P. Cole & Co., 314 Pine, near Montgomery.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Pearce, 415, 417 and 419 California street
J. A. Shaber, removed to 707 Market, above Third.

GROCERS.

Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
P. J. Flynn, corner Howard and Eighth streets.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market

HATTER.

Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street,

HOTELS.

Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Hemburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.

Bigelow & Bro., N.W. cor. Montgomery and Sacramento.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.

Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

MAPS.

Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

MILLINERS.

Mrs. Wheeler, Popper's building, Third, near Mission.

PAPER HANGINGS, WINDOW SHADES, ETC.

H. Ward, 132 Third street.

PIANO SCHOOL.

Mr. Gustave A. Scott, at Miel Institute, 55 South Park.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.

M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.

Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.
W. H. Pilliner & Hunter, Gallery 14 Second street.

RESTAURANTS.

Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

REAL ESTATE.

Fifteen-dollar lots for sale by H. S. Brown, S.E. corner of Battery and Commercial streets.

SALOONS.

Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard.
Concordia, Bothman & Ketchum, Third and Mission.
Donahue & Phelan, 31 Second street.
Ohio's 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
Hunter & Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.

SCALES.

Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scale 334 Montgomery street.

SEWING MACHINES.

Grover & Baker, J. W. J. Pearson, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

TOYS, ETC.

Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kobler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.

Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

A MOONLIGHT DRIVE!
A GOOD TEAM,
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Supper at the Cliff House!

CAPTAIN FOSTER, the Proprietor, is always ready to receive "Evening Calls." The delightful Moonlight Nights which we are now enjoying, render a

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TO THE
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or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,
SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.
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COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CENT.
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AWARDED THE HIGHEST PREMIUM

AT THE

State Fair of California,

The only Fair on the Pacific coast at which any two double-thread Machines were exhibited in competition in

1865.

If there is a FLORENCE SEWING MAchine within one thousand miles of this office that is not working well, it will be attended to if I am informed of it, without expense to the owner. SAMUEL HILL,

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111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

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FLORENCE

SEWING MACHINE

RECEIVED THE *FIRST PREMIUM*, A GOLD MEDAL, at the Great Exhibition of the

AMERICAN INSTUTE, - - - New York, 1865.

fc10 3m

STEAM COMMUNICATION

WITH THE

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE CALIFORNIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY will despatch their magnificent new steamship

AJAX,

Two Thousand Tons Burthen,

CHRISTOPHER GODFREY, - - - Commander,

FOR HONOLULU,

ON THURSDAY, - - - - - MARCH 1, 1866,

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M.

The cabin accommodations of the Ajax are unsurpassed for comfort and elegance.

To invalids and tourists this trip offers unequalled inducements, not only on the point of economy, but also in the superior accommodations of the ship, and the pleasure of a voyage to these Islands.

Freight taken at the lowest current rates.

Bills of Lading will be furnished to shippers, and none others signed.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office of the California Steam Navigation Company.

ja23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

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THIS WIND-MILL IS RAPIDly taking the place of all other Mills on the Pacific Coast. These Mills are so simple in their construction that, when once built, they can be put in order by almost any person; and when once in order they will run for years without repairs.

Prices, from $50 to $1,000.

ROUND AND SQUARE WATER TANKS BUILT TO ORDER.

HUNT'S PUMPS

Are admitted to be the best in the Market for Wind-Mills, being built expressly for that purpose. They can be set and taken apart with a common wrench, and are easily repaired.

HUNT'S ENDLESS CHAIN

HORSE-POWER

FOR SAWING WOOD.

Also, the

SELF-REGULATING HORSE-POWER

Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will make them.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

For further Particulars see small circulars.

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HEREAFTER, 15TH OF EVERY MONTH.

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Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

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Medical and Surgical Institute,

COMMERCIAL STREET,

A few doors below Kearny, - - - San Francisco.

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C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

Late Surgeon U. S. A., Quarantine Physician at New Orleans and Boston, Lecturer on Morbid Anatomy and Diseases of Women and Children, Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc., etc.

FOR THE CURE OF DISEASES,

WHETHER ACUTE OR CHRONIC,

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A few doors below Kearny, where he can be consulted at all hours.

Especial attention paid to all Diseases of the UTERINE and SEXUAL ORGANS, SECONDARY and HEREDITARY AFFLICTIONS in their manifold form,

NERVOUS AFFICTIONS, ETC.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS, of whatever nature, performed scientifically, and the patient boarded at the Institute.

TO THE LADIES.—Private apartments, with female nurses, for those who desire them. CONSULTATIONS FREE.

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The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

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PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

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It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House.

Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

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Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

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No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

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For further information, application may be made to any of the Catholic Clergymen of the State, or to

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533

CLAY STREET.

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THE MIEL INSTITUTE,

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THIS FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOL, for Young Ladies, will reopen on the 21 of January, under the direction of MISS FLORENCE JAMES. PROF. MIEL will continue to take charge of the French classes. Apply at 55 South Park. ja30-3m

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Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

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Maps of every description constantly on hand.

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San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage.
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50.
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
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San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

GREAT AMERICAN
PRIZE CONCERT!
AT
CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE,
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20,000 VALUABLE GIFTS WORTH $96,800
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100,000 *TICKETS ONLY WILL BE SOLD.*

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50 Gifts, 50 English Patent Lever Gold Watches, valued at $400 each	20,000
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4,800 Gifts, 4,800 gold clasp Albums, valued at $3 each	14,400
10,000 Gifts, 10,000 cash at $1 each	10,000

All the above Goods are genuine, as represented, and are listed at a fair valuation.

Each ticket is registered before being sent out.

Parties will be notified by mail of the result of the drawing.

40,000 Tickets already sold. Send in your orders if you wish to secure them.

Tickets ONE DOLLAR each in Greenbacks, or 11 for $10, sent by mail to any address upon receipt of price and Postoffice stamp.

BRIGGS, LEMON & CO.,
no11-3m 141 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

THE PACIFIC
INSURANCE COMPANY,
HAVING ADDED
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A CERTAIN CURE FOR
COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, NIGHT SWEATS, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH,
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And all Diseases of the
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This celebrated Cough Remedy effects a speedy cure by producing a free and easy expectoration, heals abscesses of the lungs, prevents unhealthy secretion of the bronchial tubes, and removes from them those accumulations of morbid matter which cause oppression of the breast, difficulty of breathing, etc, soothes irritation of the respiratory organs which produces cough
PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
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Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

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" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of in-	
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" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
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" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis	25
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" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
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28 vials, morocco case, and book	8 00
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These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.
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THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES
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And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

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2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important considerationparticularly where fuel is scarce The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived by thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

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Pianist,
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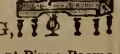

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CHARLES HENRY WEBB, Editor.

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AT HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,
GRAND MATINEE:

Sophie Edwin as Ellen O'Brien

IN

THE IRISH MOTHER!

THIS EVENING, FEBRUARY 17,
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DR. HAYNE'S AND J. F. SEARS'
ADAPTATION FROM "LA VOLEUSE D'ENFANTS," ENTITLED,

THE IRISH MOTHER,

OR

THE WILD BRIAR PATH.

WITH

MRS. SOPHIE EDWIN

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The celebrated Vocal Comedienne,
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Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
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For Families and Children, - - - - At Half-Prices,
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Lo-Maugh, a Spirit.....Miss A. M. Thorne
Tajana.....Miss Julia Gould
Cloud King.....Mr. L. F. Beatty
Ping Sing, a Mandarin.....S. W. Leach
Tchin-Kao, a Farmer.....Geo. Roundy
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Dress Circle and Orchestra seats, $1; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Private Boxes, $10 and $5.

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LE DOYEN'S

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Commercial College which is conducted on Actual Business Principles. Its great system of Business Training is endorsed by the Most Eminent Financiers and Business Men of the Nation.

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PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION

should examine the merits of this College. Send for the *COLLEGE REVIEW*, giving full particulars of the College, besides containing other important and interesting matter. Sent free to all desiring it.

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fe17 3m Business College, San Francisco.

AT A MEETING OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE
CALIFORNIA BUILDING AND LOAN SOCIETY,
held at their office, 406 Montgomery street, on Monday, February 12th, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS—The Legislature of the State is entertaining the question of repealing the Specific Contract Law.

Resolved, That we pledge the California Building and Loan Society to the repayment in United States Gold Coin of all Deposits hitherto received by us, and we shall insist, in accordance with the power vested in us by law, that all loans made by us under said Act shall be repaid to us in United States Gold coin.

Thomas Mooney, Pres't; L. B. Townsend, Sec'y;
W. G. Weir, W. A. Janke,
John W. McCormick, Robert Lewellyn,
Samuel Grim, John Dunn.
fe17-1t

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Between Sacramento and California.

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OF

OIL PAINTINGS,

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AND

ENGRAVINGS

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At 7½ o'clock P. M., at the

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MUTUAL
Life Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED 1842.

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OVER

$14,000,000!

AN EXAMPLE OF THE
DIVIDENDS OF 1866.

POLICY NO. 33,321,
FOR
TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!
Issued in San Francisco, August 22, 1864.

The amount Premium paid thereon in one year was $304 40.

The Amount of Dividend for one year to August 22, 1865, was

$539 62,

Being $235 22 *More than am't Premium paid,*
Making the amount of Policy on August 22, 1865,

$10,539 62!

If the Dividend is used in payment of Premium, instead of being added to the Policy, the next payment required will be

Only $88 22,

instead of $304 40.

OTHER EXAMPLES OF
Policies Issued in **1864.**

Amount Policy.	Premiums paid One Year.	Dividends One Year.
$10,000	$220 80	$394 77
5,000	120 72	237 27
2,500	87 40	141 80
1,000	21 70	39 48

ALL THE PROFITS OF THE COMPANY ARE
DIVIDED ANNUALLY,
AMONG THE STOCKHOLDERS,
AND
CAN BE USED IN PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS, OR ADDED TO THE POLICY, AT THE OPTION OF THE ASSURED.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

LIFE POLICIES ISSUED,
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N. B.—Holders of Policies issued through this Agency in 1864 can ascertain the amount of their Dividends upon application to the General Agent, and the Amount of Dividends on Policies issued in 1865 as soon as received.
fe17-1m

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME IV., No 13.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 24, 1866.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
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ORIGINAL:
- Inigoings.—By "Inigo."
- Cultivation of Flowers.—By "Iris."
- For the Ladies.—By Clara Morton.
- Why Women Dress.—By "Hagar."
- The President's Position.
- A Step in the Right Direction.
- Encores.
- Notices of New Books.

AMUSEMENTS:
- Theatrical Events of the Week.

POETRY:
- Sunset.—By Ina D. Coolbrith.

SELECTED:
- How Hereward won Mare "Swallow."
- Dr. Angelo Annibale.
- American Reputations Abroad.
- Charles Dickens.
- Stapleford Grange—A Story.
- Last Trial of Fidelity.
- Magic Lanterns.

POETRY:
- Bells of Lynn, Heard at Nahant.
- Village Voices.

CONTENTS:

INIGOINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, February 24th, 1866.

"PUT none but Americans on guard to-night!"

What a foe to human progress the man was who made that memorable order. Instead of Americans why did he not say Africans?

For he would then have been in tune with the spirit of the age. But I think the American makes quite as good a soldier as the African, though perhaps one would select the latter for a Scenturion.

The battle is not always to the Strong.

It is always possible to have too much of a good thing, and it sometimes occurs to me that perhaps at present we have quite enough of a certain element in national politics. It became necessary in the course of events to carry the war into Africa, but the contraband was caviare to some of our best generals. Now that this cruel war is over it would be pleasant occasionally to hear something else talked of, dismissing the inevitable African from the woodpile.

That the negro is as good as the white man I will not dispute, but that he is any better I deny.

That he out-ranks us at times makes no essential difference in my general proposition, for it is a Phalon that does not lean to virtue's side.

The doctrine of equality is all well enough in the abstract, but I notice that very few see it when it is ciphered down to what may be called the concrete. In any event, all things being equal, the most confirmed advocate of equality would rather have his sister marry a white man than a black one, and, if I kept a boarding-house, it is very certain I'd prefer white people for permanent boarders. Not, understand, that I have any prejudice against either race, but, with all my sympathy and liking for the African, I would not care to have him introduced every day at table. As it is, he is rung in a little too often, and his wool is being pulled over the national eyes to an incalculable extent.

Charity begins at home, and the reconstruction of our country, broken and disintegrated by war, is quite as important as the building of a Freedmen's Bureau. I have not corresponded with President Johnson on this subject, but I am very glad to learn by telegraph that his views agree with mine, and that in deference to them he is willing to own the very soft impeachment which those of a different way of thinking purpose to bring against him.

It is a great pity that the oppressed race cannot be removed to their own country, so putting the vexed question at rest. What a ferry our vessels of war and transports would make for that glorious purpose. It would then be an even thing between the races, for both would be transported—the one that was carried over to Congo and the one that remained behind.

We had no right in the first place to bring negroes across the great gulf of waters which nature rolled between them and the white man. I only wish that instead of quarrelling over the wrong that has been done them, and the merit, not to say beauty of their complexions, it were possible to pick them up and put them back where they came from.

If the duty of elevating and educating the whole human race be so imperative, why not import a million or two of Hottentots, Hindoos, or Patagonians, and make the good work a universal one? Why not do something for the Chinese who are seething and stewing in the sinks and slums of this same San Francisco?

Fellow citizens, ladies, and gentlemen, I am very much afraid that our troubles are not ended yet, and that they never will be until the waters of the Atlantic are cleft as the Red Sea was of old, and our former bondmen are permitted to go out from among us into a country which they can call their own. Despite all our pæans of peace and prosperity, bad begins the year, and worse, I fear, remains behind. The terminal figures of the present year and the following one are suggestive that things are destined to be at sixes and sevens for a good while to come. But, for all that, let us lift up our voices and sing pæans—if not peons.

—I am very sorry to hear that my friend Mike Reese has got into trouble.

He was always suspected of cupidity, but never before did I hear it hinted that he had any dealings with Cupid.

How Mike could consent to lend his heart without the most tangible security is more than I can understand, and how he could entertain even esteem for a lady who lent her ear to love, without interest—I am afraid it would indeed be without interest if she lent it long to Michael—is more than I can see.

Was she after a widow's thirds?

Really, the loves of the oyster will possess an almost human interest for the future. What a theme for the bard! Nothing more touching could be found in the whole realm of rhyme, if we except the Death and Burial of Cock Robin. And something after the same style might the Life and Marriage of Michael Reese be sung:

Who'll be the bride?
I, said Miss Clark,
If it's only in the dark—
And I'll be the bride.

Who'll make the ring?
I, said Mister Lynn,
And I'll make it out of tin,
And I'll make the ring.

Who'll read the service?
I, said Bishop Kip,
And I'll only charge a bit,
And I'll read the service.

But I have neither time nor space to complete the epithalamium. I think Miss Clark should consider herself more honored in the breach of Michael's promise than she could have been in its observance. When he professed an interest in her, she should have remembered that he has a trick of compounding at the end of the month, and that the time is sure to come when he is wanting principle—with her present experience of his habits, she ought to cry to the world: Keep away from Mike Reese!

Probably, in casting around for a husband she confounded an usurious with an uxorious one.

Bowles has been writing a book about us—*Across the Continent*. It contains some facts and more Colfax. But on the whole he seems pretty well pleased with us. I am sorry, however, that he went away with a rather queer impression about our women. He complains that they dress fast as well as talk fast, and hints his suspicion that they *are* fast—

I am afraid that, notwithstanding the title of his book, he did not come across the coutineut—

He seems rather pleased with the Chinese, and speaks handsomely of the entertainment which the heads of the companies... might I not as well say the tails?... gave to his party. I hope he made an equally favorable impression upon the Chinamen. But, on general principles, they are very much opposed to wash-bowls... how it may be with Sam. Bowles I do not know.

—This is my blue week. A steamship sailed... or should I say steamed... for Panama on Monday, and I want to be going.

It was the *Golden City*, commanded by Capt. F. R. Baby. I never before knew what the announcement by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company at the foot of their advertisement, "cabin passengers will be berthed through," meant.

I suppose it means that they will all have a Baby... for captain. Of course, too, it is a Pacific Mail Baby.

Oh, but I should like to be travelling myself. "I'd choose to be a Baby," and be rocked in the cradle of the ocean, if he went beyond Panama. Think of Paris, and then Baden, dear, delightful Baden.

Going from Paris to that Spa, in the opinion of very many virtuous people, is simply going from Bad to Baden.

But for all that, perhaps I wouldn't like to be there at this present writing. Oh, no, certainly not.

California has charms to soothe the savage beast, perhaps, but I do think I could worry through a few miserable years in New York, London, Vienna, or Paris—

I am not much stuck after plaster, but I'd be willing to take a little Plaster of Paris just now—

For it is a fact that there are a few cities in the world quite as pretty and pleasant as San Francisco. And as with cities, so with rivers.

The Sacramento is, perhaps, a nice river, but Campbell makes mention of an Iser.

Some day I shall pick up my bed like the Bedouin... and perhaps go to Bedlam.

—How apt we are to judge everything by comparison.

The other evening I was much amused at the theatre, by noticing that, when you reverse your opera glass, the actors on the stage seem so far off that it is impossible to believe that it is their voices which you hear speaking and singing. Try it some time, and see how curiously the evidence of ears and eyes conflict, and how involuntarily you give credence to the latter.

The moral of all this is that it makes a great deal of difference in our view of things whether we look through the small or the large end of the lorgnette, and that it is never well to be too positive about anything.

—My friend McCarthy (D. O., of the *Flag*,) has just taken a nice little trip to Sacramento. I think his journey will end in Stockton.

I am really glad that the Legislature has at last taken his case in hand. For it has long been my opinion that something ought to be done for him. He has not thrived among us. Very thin when he came here, he has now become reduced down to a state that is appalling. People didn't "see him" much when he first arrived, and now they can't see him at all. As a Chinese lantern he'd be of some account... he is so well adapted for hanging.

—The *Ajax* has just come in. Like her great prototype, she defied thunder and lightning on her way out, and now she has come in and is lightening herself at the wharf.

No serious casualties have occurred on board her, I am happy to say. Asa Nudd's knees have become calloused by the constant praying which the passengers had to do when first the heavy weather came on, and Frank Wood's pleasant smile is now only audible at a mile or two distant, owing to hoarseness contracted in the storm, but that is all.

I am much gratified to learn that Lew. Leland distinguished himself during the trying ordeal to which all were subjected. Commenting upon the accommodations, he remarked that, gorgeous as they were, they were nothing to what would be afforded when the addition to the ship was completed... he thought that would be some time in March. He was willing to drink the health of the American Eagle, and had very little respect for any one who refused the toast... in fact, thought he could whip him. He hoped the guests would observe the rules of the ship, turn off the gas on retiring, deposit all valuables at the office, and report any inattention or negligence on the part of servants. And the roughest mornings he would walk among the passengers, remarking with a bland smile: "A pleasant morning, gentlemen—a pleasant morning," and, if they failed to see it in that light, walked mournfully away, remarking upon the inconsistency of man and the high price of provisions, which made it impossible for him to reduce the price of board or postpone the collection of board bills, much as he wished to.

INIGO.

THE BELLS OF LYNN, HEARD AT NAHANT.

" O curfew of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lynn!

" From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral wafted,
Your sounds aërial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn!

" Borne on the evening wind across the crimson twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of Lynn!

" The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the headland,
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of Lynn!

" Over the shining sands the wandering cattle homeward
Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn!

" The distant lighthouse hears, and with his flaming signal
Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells of Lynn!

" And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges,
And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of Lynn!

" Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incantations,
Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of Lynn!

" And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor,
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn!"

[*Longfellow.*

STAPLEFORD GRANGE.

I HEARD the following narrative at a dinner-party in a country house about five miles from the place where the events referred to occurred, and it was related to me by the chief actress in it—a pretty, lady-like girl of twenty, the daughter of the rector of the parish in which Stapleford Grange is situated. I had sprained my ankle in the morning, and, instead of going in to dinner with the rest of the party, was made to lie on a sofa in the drawing-room; and it was after the ladies came in from the dining-room that pretty Cissy Miles, at her hostess's urgent request, related it to me.

It was the Saturday afternoon before Christmas day, nearly two years ago, when my six brothers, all younger than myself, and I were skating on our squire's fish-pond. We had been skating since dinner, and it was not till the wintry daylight was beginning to wane that the recollection rushed across me that I had entirely forgotten to do a commission my mother had given to me in the morning. This commission was to walk to the Grange, a big farm-house, and bespeak some geese for dinner on New Year's day. My mother had said decidedly, "Those geese must be ordered to-day, Cissy," so I knew that I should have to go: although the Grange was a mile off, although it was very cold, and darkness was coming on, and although I was terribly afraid of a big black dog which was chained up just in front of the Grange back door.

"Who'll go with me to the Grange?" I called out quickly, as this remembrance occurred to me, sitting down and beginning to unstrap my skates. "I've forgotten all about the geese, and mamma said I was to order them to-day."

No one answered. The next day was Sunday, and it might thaw before Monday. Every boy, big or little, seemed laudably desirous of making the most of present opportunities.

"I daren't go by myself," I called out in a pathetic tone; "it would be quite dark before I got home again."

"Tell me the truth, Cis," called out Charlie, a quick, good-natured boy of fifteen, "and say you're afraid of 'Jip.' Never mind, I'll come with you, if you must go." And he joined me on the bank, and proceeded to take off his skates.

"What'll you bet, Jim," he called out, during this operation, "that we ain't at home by a quarter to five? It's exactly four now."

"A bob," was the answer, as Jim whirled by.

"Done; and remember you pay up. Now, Cis, come along, and I can tell you you'll have to run."

Thanks to all my brothers, I was a pretty good runner, and we sped across the squire's fields, and through the narrow lane towards the Grange, as fast as possible. When we got to the last field, which joined the farm-yard, we slackened pace a little, and when we got into the big court-yard itself, we were walking almost slowly.

"How dreadfully lonely it looks, Charlie," I said, almost with a shiver at the desolate aspect of the place, which had been a grand gentleman's house forty years ago, but had been suffered to fall almost to ruins. "I am glad I'm not Mrs. Johnson, particularly as she has no children, nor anybody to keep her company when Mr. Johnson is away."

"Well, don't you stop and prose to her for ever such a time, Cis, do you hear?" returned Charlie, good-humoredly. "I want that bob of Jim's, and we've only five-and twenty minutes to do the jaw, and get home in—"

"All right," I said, and we went up to the back door.

I must try and describe a little of the geography of the Grange now.

The court-yard was a big square place, much bigger than farm-yards usually are, and it must have been an imposing entrance in the old gone-by days. There were two entrances to it, the one we had come in by, leading to our village, the other exactly opposite on the other side of the court-yard, leading over a quarter of a mile of fields into the road to our market town of D. To the left hand of the court-yard was a long straight line of what had once been stables, but were now farm buildings; and to the right, the north side—a long straight line also—of the house itself.

The front door, which was exactly in the middle of the straight line, and which was flanked on either side by several windows, was now never opened; but the back door, which was the entry to a little bit of building standing back from the line of house, and which looked almost as if it had been stuck on to the big square mansion as an afterthought, was on this Saturday afternoon standing a little ajar.

Jip did not greet us with his usual noisy welcome, and there was no sound of any sort about the place except the gabbling of some turkeys in the rear of the farm-buildings. I don't know that I felt any particular fear, but as we followed the path under the shadow of the old elm-trees to the half-open door, a sort of oppressed feeling came over me, induced, I suppose, by the utter silence of the place, and I felt almost as if Jip's bark would have been a welcome sound. We went up and knocked at the door, and when I turned round, I observed that Jip's kennel, which stood exactly opposite, in a line with the front of the house, was empty.

"Where can Jip be?" I said; "I thought they never let him loose;" and I walked forward a few steps, and became aware that the dog's chain and collar were lying beside the kennel. I stood for a moment or two wondering, whilst Charlie, getting impatient at Mrs. Johnson's non-appearance, knocked again at the door. Suddenly, some marks on the flagged pathway in front of the kennel arrested my attention, and, upon stooping down to look more closely, I saw that they were—drops and smears of blood.

I raised myself in sudden terror, and called Charlie; and when he came to my side and examined the pathway, we found that there was a bloody trail up to the door.

"What can it be, Charlie?" I said, in a whisper.

"I don't know," Charlie returned, thoughtfully; "poor Jip come to grief, perhaps. It's odd Mrs. Johnson doesn't come; I think I'll go on a voyage of discovery; stay here till I come back;" and he pushed the door further open.

"No, let me go too," I said, hastily, half frightened. I am a coward at the sight of blood.

"Well! don't make a row then;" and we entered the little passage together.

On the left hand was the kitchen door, which was shut; and I observed that Charlie hesitated for a moment before he put out his hand to open it. Only for a moment though; then he unlatched the door, and the bright farm kitchen was before us.

There was a big blazing fire in the grate, which showed that on the table the tea-things were set for tea; the kettle was hissing away merrily, and some tea-cakes stood to keep warm on a low stand before the fire. Everything looked snug and cosey. Evidently Mrs. Johnson had prepared everything ready for tea when the farmer should return from D. market; and was now gone up stairs to "clean" herself.

I had time to make all these observations over Charlie's shoulder, before he gave a sudden start, and strode with a low exclamation to a bundle of clothes which lay at the farther and darker side of the kitchen, on the smooth stone floor. A bundle of clothes it looked like, with Jip lying asleep beside it in a very strange attitude.

I shall never forget the horror of the next moment. Huddled up, evidently in the attitude in which she had fallen, lay Mrs. Johnson, with a gaping wound across her throat, from which the blood was still trickling, and Jip, with a large pool of blood near his head, lay dead beside her.

I stood for a moment, too, paralyzed with horror—such intense, thrilling horror, that only any one who has experienced such a feeling can understand it—and then, with a low scream, I sank on the floor, and put up my hand to try and hide the horrible sight.

"Hush!" whispered Charlie, sternly, taking hold of my my hands and forcibly dragging me on to my feet again; "you mustn't make a sound. Whoever has done this can't be far off: you must run home, Cissy, as hard as ever you can. Come!"

He dragged me to the door, and then I turned sick all over, and tumbled down again. I felt as if I could not stir another step.

"It's no use, Charlie, I can't stir," I said. "Leave me and go without me."

"Nonsense! Try again."

I tried again, but it was no use; my legs positively would not move, and precious time was being wasted.

"You fool!" Charlie said, bitterly and passionately. How was a boy of fifteen to understand a woman's weakness? "Then I must leave you. It's Johnson's money they no doubt want. They wouldn't murder if they could help it; and Johnson will be back directly."

"Yes, yes. Go," I said, understanding that he wanted to fetch help before the farmer came. "I will hide somewhere."

"In the kennel there," he said, looking around quickly; "and don't stir."

He pushed me into poor murdered Jip's kennel, and then he disappeared, and I was left alone in the gathering darkness with those two prostrate forms on the kitchen floor as my company, and perhaps the murderers close at hand.

I combated the faint feeling which Charlie could not understand by pinching my arms and sticking pins into them, and after a little judicious torture of this sort the sick feeling went off, and I could think again. "I will take off my boots," I thought, after a moment. "They make such a noise, and I may have to move," for already a glimmering plan had rushed across my brain of how I might warn Johnson. So I rose a little from my crouching position, unlaced them, and slipped them off. I had barely done this, when I heard the sound of voices, and the sick trembling feeling came on so strongly, that the pin torture had to be again applied. In another minute three men came out of the backdoor, and I could distinctly hear every word of their conversation.

"He's late, I think," said one. "If he doesn't come soon, we must go; that girl 'll be home soon. I heard the old woman tell her not to stop."

"What 's it signify?" said another. "We can soon stop her mouth."

"It isn't worth so much blood, Dick," said the third. "We 've only got fifty pound by this, and the farmer 'll not have more."

"He ought to be coming by now," said the first, anxiously, coming a step or two nearer the kennel. "Hallo! What's that?"

The tone made me turn sick again. Had Charlie found help already? No. The three men were standing close to the kennel, and during the moment's silence that followed the man's exclamation, I remembered that I had dropped my muff. I tried to stop the hard quick thumping of my heart, which I felt certain they must hear, and then, as if fascinated, I raised my head from my knee—for till that moment I had been crouching at the farthest end of the kennel—and saw a hairy, fierce-looking face glaring in at the entrance of my hiding-place. I tried hard not to scream, and I succeeded; but in another moment I should have fainted if the face had not been taken away. To my utter amazement, as the face disappeared, its owner said:

"I thought some one might be hiding. That's a lady's trumpery. What can it mean?"

Evidently I had not been seen, thanks to my dark dress and the gathering twilight. I breathed freely now: unless something very unforeseen occurred, I was safe.

"Some one has been, and has dropped it," a voice said quickly. "That's all on account of your cursed foolery, Dick," it went on angrily. "Why couldn't you stop at the door, as I told you?"

"Well, let's do something now," the third said, anxiously, "or we shall be having some one here."

The three men then went back into the house again, and I could hear them speaking in low tones; presently the voices grew louder, and they were evidently quarrelling. In another minute they came out again, and from what I could hear, they began to search in the farm-buildings and outhouses for the owner of the muff.

"There's no one here," at last one called out. "They must have gone away again. Go to the gate, Bill, and see if anybody is coming that way."

After a moment, Bill returned to the other two, who were now standing talking in low whispers at the back of the kennel, and said: "No, there's no one coming." And my heart sank as I thought how long it would be before succor could arrive.

"The fellow's late," one of the others said, after a minute or two; "but we had better be on the watch now. Mind, both of you, that he's down from his gig before he sees us."

They walked away along the line of house towards the other entrance by which Mr. Johnson would come; and I, thinking they had gone to take up their hiding-places, put my head cautiously out of the mouth of the kennel, and looked around.

Surely I could reach the house without being seen, I thought, and if I could but reach the big ruinous drawing-room, which commanded a view of the fields the farmer would cross, I might be able to warn him back from the fate which awaited him. I *must* warn him if I could; it was too horrible that another murder should be done.

I was out of the kennel and in the kitchen before I recollected that I should have to pass close to the murdered woman before I could gain the door leading into the hall, which I must cross to gain the drawing-room. I shuddered as I passed the table and drew near to the horrible scene; but, to my utter surprise and no little terror, Mrs. Johnson had vanished! the dark gleaming pool of blood and the dead dog were still there, but the huddled-up bundle of clothes was gone.

What had they done with it? In spite of the urgent necessity there was for immediate action, I stood motionless for a minute, hesitating to cross the dimly-lighted hall. Suppose it should be there. I had never seen death before, and the thought of again seeing the dead woman looking so ghastly

and horrible with that great gaping wound across her throat. was at that moment more terrible to me than the thought of her murderers' return.

Whilst I stood hesitating, a shadow passed across the first window, and, looking up quickly, to my horror I saw the three men in another moment pass the second window.

I had no time for thought. In another minute they would be in the kitchen. I turned and fled down the passage and across the hall, rushing into the first open door, which happened to be the drawing-room door, and instinctively half closed it behind me as I had found it. Then I glanced wildly round the bare empty room in search of shelter.

There was not a particle of furniture in the room, and it was quite empty except for some apples on the floor, and a few empty hampers and sacks at the farther end. How could I hide?

I heard the footsteps crossing the hall, and then as they came nearer, with the feeling of desperation I sped noiselessly across the room, laid down flat behind the hampers, and, as the door opened, threw an empty sack over me. I felt I *must* be discovered, for my head was totally uncovered; and I watched them, fascinated, breathless from intense terror. They walked to the window, saying, "We shall see better here," and looked out, presently all exclaiming together, "He's coming now; that black spot over there;" and, without glancing in my direction, they left the room again. I was safe, but what *could* I do to save the farmer? Surely Charlie must be coming with help now, but would he be in time? *I* must try and save him, was the conviction that impressed itself upon me in a lightning thought, and as it crossed my brain I sprang to the window. All thought of self vanished then with the urgency of what I had to do. I was only eager—nervously, frantically eager—to save the farmer's life.

They say that mad people can do things which seem impossible to sane ones, and I must have been quite mad with terror and fright for the next few minutes.

Seven feet below me, stretching down the slope of the hill, was the garden, now lying in long ploughed ridges, with the frozen snow on the top of each of them, and at the bottom of the garden was a stone wall four feet high. Beyond this, as far as the eye could reach, extended the snow-covered fields, and coming along the cart-road to the left was Mr. Johnson in his gig.

I threw open the window, making noise enough to alarm the men if they heard it, and sprang on to the window-ledge, and then, tearing off my jacket, threw it on the ground, and shutting my eyes, jumped down. The high jump hurt my wrists and uncovered feet dreadfully, but I dare not stop a moment. I rushed down the garden, tumbling two or three times in my progress, and when I came to the wall scrambled over it head-foremost. The farmer was just opening the gate of the field I was in, and I made straight towards him, trying to call out. But I could not utter a word: so I flew across the snow, dashed through the brook, careless that the bridge was a few feet farther down, and when I rushed up to Mr. Johnson's side, I could only throw up my arms and shriek out "Murder!" just as a loud report rang out through the frosty air, and I fell forward on my face.

"And were you hurt?" I asked, as she paused.

"Yes, a little. Look, here is the scar; and she raised the flowing fold of tarletane from her soft white arm, and pointed to a white oval-shaped scar. "I was ill for several weeks afterwards, but Dr. B. said it was from fright, not from the shot. They told me subsequently, that just as I must have reached the farmer, the men Charlie had fetched entered the farm-yard at the other side, and took the murderers unawares; but one of them who was behind a tree near the other gate, had just caught sight of me, and had fired in revenge, and they said that if I had not thrown my arms forward, I should perhaps have been killed."

"And Mrs. Johnson?" I asked.

The girl's face became very grave.

"She was quite dead. The men had put her under the dresser, which explains why I did not see her as I passed through the kitchen; and the poor husband went away directly afterwards. The whole house is uninhabited now. Nobody will live there, and of course the house is said to be haunted. I have never been there since that day, and I think I shall never dare to go there again."

The girl stopped, for the gentlemen had just come in from the dining-room, and one, tall and black bearded, who had been pointed out to me by my hostess as the Squire of Stapleford, and Cicely Miles's betrothed, now came up to her, and laying his hand on her white shoulder with an air of possession, said tenderly, "What makes you look so flushed, Cissy? Have you been transgressing again?"

"Yes, Robert. Mrs. Saunders asked me to tell Mr. Dacre," she answered.

"And you will be ill for a week in consequence. I shall ask Mr. Dacre to write the story, to save another repetition of it. You know we wish you to forget all about it, dearest."

"It was too horrible for that," she said simply. And then the squire turned to me and made the request, of which this tale is the fulfilment.—*All the Year Round.*

AMERICAN REPUTATIONS ABROAD.

TO an American coming to England perhaps nothing gives a greater spiritual jar, nothing more startles him into realizing that he is actually abroad, than the discovery, constantly breaking upon him during the first weeks of his residence here, that, when he sailed away from America, he did indeed sail away from a whole hemisphere of personal authorities and reputations—from the principalities and powers of the literary, political, religious and social world before which he had loyally bowed from his youth up. I think that, to any man, it would give at least a momentary shock to find, for the first time in his life, his references to illustrious names not understood, to august authorities not regarded, to titular dignitaries of his native chess-board not responded to with deference or even with recognition.

As a matter of testimony upon this subject, perhaps I may be allowed to refer to some of my own experiences during a residence in England now extending over nearly three years. I well remember the first decided shock of this kind which I received. It was my second Sunday in England, and I was spending a part of the day at the house of a literary man whose name (if I should mention it, which I shall not) would be recognized as a household word wherever the English language is spoken. I was showing to him and to a little circle of his friends my photographic album of American celebrities, and when we came to a certain face, they said, "Who is that?" I replied, "Oliver Wendell Holmes." "Who is he?" "Why, Dr. Holmes—did you never hear of him?" "Never!" I confess that then, for the first time, I felt a little homesick. That word gave me, indeed, a sense of being "*abroad.*" Before me, then, yawned the dreary distance from that dear spot which "there is no place like" with a vividness more painful than I had derived from all the three thousand farewells of the Atlantic, with all the taunts and jeers flung at us by "the countless laughter of its salt sea waves." Since then that particular reputation has grown very rapidly in England; and, of course, even then there were here multitudes of the readers and admirers of the autocratic-poet; but it was simply staggering to find men and women, eminent in English literature, too, who did not remember to have heard the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes!

M D. Conway told me that he talked with a poor man in Venice who, he ascertained, had no knowledge of Daniel Webster, but was acquainted with the name and deeds of old John Brown. So I have found in England that, among the mass of the people—among those, for example, who make up a lecturer's audience at the literary and mechanics' institutes of the country—any reference to our great statesmen, jurists, and scholars of the time just gone, to Andrew Jackson, Webster, Clay, Story, Choate, Felton, requires explanation, while the mention of the names of philanthropists and reformers, especially of Garrison and Phillips, is generally caught up with with instant appreciation and responded to with enthusiasm.

I appeal to any American who has grown up under the omnipresence and majesty of Daniel Webster's renown, if he would not have been punctured by a new sensation had he gone through the following bit of experience. Just before Christmas a year ago, I arrived, at the close of the day, in that noble old town on the south coast of England, where our Pilgrim Fathers bade their last adieus to the cruel yet still beloved mother who cast them forth, I went to a quiet inn, was ushered into the coffee-room, and, while waiting for dinner, in the twilight, I thought I saw hanging upon the opposite wall a portrait, of life-size and done in oil, of Daniel Webster. It gave me a strange feeling full of pleasure, like hearing some familiar air of home, like seeing some well-known living face. I thought I must be mistaken, but, on rushing across the room, I found it was, indeed, a fine portrait of the great Daniel himself. Wondering how such a thing could have found its way into this quiet nook in one corner of England, when the waiter came in—a portly gentleman, dignified as a chief-justice or one of the apostolic fathers—I asked him of whom that was the portrait. After some hesitation he said, "Ah, sir, I think I have heard master say it was some American gentleman or other. I will ask master, sir, if you wish." When he next entered he said: "I have asked master, sir; he doesn't exactly remember the gentleman's name; he bought the picture at a sale; he thinks it is some American gentleman or other." And that is Fame—an old lady who shudders at the Atlantic voyage. In the young Plymouth what an august personage would have been evoked before every eye by that portrait! Just across the water, at the old Plymouth, it is merely the head of "some American gentleman or other."

We all find here a perpetual source of amusement in the very mixed apprehensions people have of the two most celebrated members of the Beecher family, Everybody knows Mrs. Stowe, and calls her Mrs. Beecher-Stowe. Everybody knows Henry Ward Beecher, and nearly everybody calls him *Mr.* Beecher-Stowe. It is generally stated that she is his wife, and sometimes his daughter, occasionally his mother, seldom—what she is. I do not exaggerate in saying that, in nine cases out of ten, Henry Ward Beecher's name is by Englishmen enriched with the pleasing suffix of Stowe. Yet, a few weeks ago the *Times*, in whose eyes he is of course a peculiarly endeared person, took quite the opposite tack and got the cart completely before the horse by speaking of him as Mr. Beecher Ward!

Excluding, in these remarks, the small minority of English people who are really acquainted with our history and literature, in travelling up and down England I seldom meet with any one who has heard of George W. Curtis, Dr. Holland, John G. Saxe, Col. Higginson, Gail Hamilton, Bayard Taylor, Tuckerman, and Thomas B. Aldrich, whom we know so well, but whose names pronounced before a general English audience would be no more recognized than the names of so many under-secretaries of the Tycoon. It is true that the books of some of them have had a considerable sale in England; but, in the first place, there is a large population of resident Americans here, who try to keep up an acquaintance with their country's authors; and, in the next place, there are a certain few English men and women who get and study all our best books as they appear. Upon the vast bulk of the population such names as these have yet made no impression. Here and there their books are to be found; but such casual and sporadic circulation does not make fame or even reputation. The supreme American literary reputation in England is that of Longfellow. His renown has diffused itself into every household; his poems are in every drawing-room; he has more readers than any living English poet. He is the one only American literary name that may be mentioned in all companies with as much certainty of recognition as the name of Shakspeare, though even with Shakspeare's name it would not be safe to go below a certain tide-mark of society. During the Shakspeareau festivals, last year, a London omnibus driver, by whose side I was sitting, whose daily journeys took him under the very walls of Apsley House and Buckingham Palace, gravely asked me, "Who is this fellow Shakspeare they're making such a damned row about?" My impression is, that next to Longfellow on British soil is Washington Irving, although an English lady of wealth and literary proclivities once enquired of me whether that was "the Irving who attracted so much notice as an eccentric preacher in London thirty years ago!" Next in renown to Longfellow and Irving, and in about the order given, are the names of Hawthorne, Emerson, Prescott, Lowell, Dr. Channing, Bryant, and Theodore Parker. I am surprised to find how many there are who do not know Whittier. It would be wrong to omit Elihu Burritt, who is everywhere known in England, and for whom there is an affectionate regard among multitudes of the purest and best. He has passed many years here; he has lectured in nearly every town and village; he has gone on foot through the whole length of the island; and by the simplicity, beauty and amiability of his nature, by his learning, by his calm thinking, by his modest yet glowing speech, has not only made fame for himself, but has done much to change English estimates of the American character.

A HORRIBLE SPECTACLE.—I had but a few leagues farther to travel to reach Guaymas, the only port of any note in the province, when I came to a place where the road crossed a little wood, forming an almost impervious thicket on either side of the path. On the left, several vultures were wheeling in the air, above the tops of the cork-trees and sumachs, and with loud cries of alarm and gluttony, appeared to be preparing to dart on some prey beneath. I turned my horse in that direction, apparently much against his inclination, as he manifested a strong dislike to leave the beaten route. After penetrating for a short distance into the wood, a hideous scene met my eye: the dead bodies of seven Indians were hanging from as many trees, some by the neck, and others by the leg or arm. All were frightfully mutilated, and presented but few traces of the human form. The murderers had exhibited an inexplicable ferocity toward the corpses. The axe and knife had each performed its sanguinary service, The executioners had broken the joints, dislocated and twisted the limbs in the most horrible manner, and, in derision, attached to the hands of their victims their *macana* (head-breaker or mace,) made of iron-wood, and untwisted the plaits of their long hair, which swept the ground. The vertical rays of the sun, however, had cauterized all the wounds, and hardened and dried the skin of the savages; and thus, as it were, setting putrefaction at defiance, the bodies had assumed the appearance of mummies, and the human form, mutilated as it was, still terrified the swarm of vultures circling above them. The sight of arms left upon the ground, some whole, others shattered to pieces, proved that the struggle had been long and fierce; and the numerous traces of cattle mingled with the footmarks of men, showed that the Indians had been surprised laden with booty. The sight before me was a fearful example of bloody reprisals on the part of the whites, as I subsequently learned after my arrival at Guaymas.—*From the Note-book of a Traveller in Mexico.*

WHEREFORE is an accomplished acrobat like a great traveller? Because he's acquainted with every climb.

A DYSPEPTIC man thinks more of himself in a week than a well person does in a year.

DR. ANGELO ANNIBALE.

THE doctor was a tall, burly man, dressed like a slovenly and rather disreputable clergyman, in a black frock-coat and a soiled white neckcloth. He had heavy features, a pale-brown complexion, white stiff hair, and black-beetle eyebrows, shaggy and overhanging. He did not fix his eyes on me, but, looking keenly at a mirror on the wall facing us, asked me, in a monotonous voice and preoccupied manner, the nature of my illness. When I said "Nervous disorder," he started, looked round almost fiercely into my eyes, squeezed my pulse very hard, and said: "Indeed! so I thought." He then catechized me about my symptoms.

Had I fixed pains in the head? Had I slight fever or irritation of the fingers? Did I speak slower than I used to do? Was my memory weakened? Did loud noises distress me? Was I at all deaf? Was my perception dimmer or my imagination enfeebled?

The doctor put these questions in a severe, authoritative voice. To some of them I replied yes, with certain reservations; to others, no.

The doctor bent his head, and asking me to take a seat, left me for a moment or two. When he returned, he walked up to the mirror, and then to the window, lastly, he came and sat down by my side, and took my hand.

"My young friend," said he, "it is often my painful duty to tell my patients alarming truths; that duty devolves upon me now. I am a pupil of Georget, and have devoted my whole life to the study of cerebral disease. Your symptoms leave no doubt in my mind that you are suffering from an early stage of *ramollissement cérébral*. I am bound to tell you that I may or may not cure you, that is as God wills; what will be, will be. I shall administer to you the most powerful remedies my experience enables me to give. Your age is in your favor; the vital principle sometimes rouses itself, and works miracles. You must not therefore despond; but still remember, *ramollissement*, though it may be stopped, has undoubtedly begun. Avoid late hours and anxieties, keep calm, be cheerful, and come and see me every third day. Good morning."

I all but fell from my chair on hearing my death warrant thus read. I felt my heart turn as if to ice. I trembled; my arms dropped by my side; I could just keep the tears back by an effort. I gave him his fee, and staggered to the door.

"Stop, Signor Inglese," cried the doctor, touching me on the shoulders; "I have to write you a prescription. You must take a great deal of belladonna; it is of much use in these cases of over-worked brain. God bless you! But stop! you had better let my servant send for a coach; you are too nervous to venture down the Corso alone. Remember, keep your mind calm. Addio." And the doctor rang his bell and bowed me out.

What with the alarm of the disease I was threatened with and the violence of the medicine, I became worse. The doctor said I required great care. Tom Raffle, good fellow, was like a nurse to me. He rattled on, he tried to cheer me, he performed grotesque dances, he brought with him chatty yet quiet men. He derided the doctor.

"Egad, sir," he used to say, "I wouldn't believe a man like that on his oath, nor one of these Italian duffers. How can *ramoleasymong*, or whatever he calls it, set in without throwing out symptoms long ago? Now, six weeks ago, before you began that Cenci picture, you were as right as ninepence—full of color, hearty, strong. Why, when you boxed with Strutt, didn't you go home between his eyes as if you were trying to fell a bullock; and didn't he cut up rough about it, and all at once threw down the gloves, and say he had to meet Haag at the Pincian! I tell you these men think themselves bound to see further into a milestone than any one else. If they don't see a disease, they pretend to. You tell these dogs some symptoms, perhaps half-imaginary or indigestion, and they instantly pretend to discover those symptoms. Pack of humbugs these Italian doctors! so I tell you. You shake this Hannibal off, and go and take a cruise in the Mediterranean. Salt water and a little sun would soon wash the cobwebs out of your brains; yes, sir; stap me if it wouldn't!"

I had no spirits to answer my mercurial friend; I only sighed, said I wished he was right, but I feared Dr. Annibale was only too correct.

At my third visit, the doctor thought my symptoms better, and this reviving me a little, we fell into conversation. I found he was a passionate student of chemistry, and as I knew a little of the science, and wished to know more, this was a point of sympathy between us. At my next visit, after a long talk about crystallization, the doctor suddenly taking me by the arm, leading me into the full light of the window, and peering into my face in his intent, and yet abstracted sort of way, smiled as much as to say, as I then thought, "he improves."

"Signor Inglese," said he, after some moments' pause, all at once raising his eyes from the parqueterie floor, on which they had been fixed, "will you come this evening and spend an hour or so here? We can then talk over our favorite pursuit more at our leisure."

I bowed, and expressed the pleasure I should feel in such a visit, but that I feared a man stricken with a moral disease was not likely to be the most desirable or talkative of companions.

"Stuff!" said he. "No, no; it will do you good, draw you from yourself. You *must* come—I will take no refusal. Mind, at eight o'clock I expect you. We will have a cold fowl, and some salad. Mind, I shall be very angry if you miss."

As he spoke, he fixed his eyes on me with a mesmeric intensity I could not help thinking over afterwards.

It was a great exertion to me to return, but still I could not refuse, and punctually at eight I passed the tomb of Bibulus on my way to No. 10.

I found the doctor keenly expectant, abstracted in his manner, but still kind, cordial, and hospitable. We had supper; the fowl was tender, the salad crisp and fresh as if grown in incessant April showers (it was only March yet, by the by,) the Lachrymæ Christi delicious as the juice of those grapes ripened by Neapolitan suns and Vesuvian sub-heat always is. I drank freely; the doctor drank deep long draughts with the thirst of a tired reaper, but he talked little till supper was over, pressing the wine, however, upon me with a hospitality hard to resist, and unusual in our present sober days.

After supper, the doctor, snatching up the bronze candelabra of six lights, proposed, with an eagerness he did not care to conceal, cigars and an adjournment to the laboratory.

Somewhat to my surprise, I found everything in that room prepared for our reception. The last of a long suite of rooms, the doctor's study had, like most Italian rooms of this kind, two doors, one opening on a corridor, the other leading into the dining and other apartments.

The laboratory was not large, but still big enough to hold a book-case, several shelves of anatomical preparations, a cabinet for drugs and minerals, and a small furnace, which was now alight. On a table near the window stood an array of measuring glasses, electric batteries, microscopes, magnets, and bottles containing poisons and acids. On the floor and on the doctor's arm-chair lay several old Latin folios, open and annotated with marginal notes in red ink.

On a small chess-table, drawn in front of the furnace-fire, the little door of which was open, stood a percolator full of coffee, some cups, and a box of cigars. Two chairs had been placed ready for us by the same officious hand. It is cold in Rome in March, and the fire was not only cheerful but grateful, especially to an invalid like me.

The doctor courteously invited me to be seated, and rubbed his hands together in a chirping and chuckling way. He was evidently determined to be comfortable.

We lit our cigars, and smoked for some time in silence. Then we began a conversation on the discoveries of modern science—photography, spectral illusions, the combustibility of the diamond, agricultural chemistry, etc.

"Since my only sister died," said he, "I feel lonely; so, in self-defence, have fallen back into my old-bachelor habits, and I find a sort of pleasure in them. I study more now. I go now less into society. Here, you see me, Signor Inglese, in the centre of my little kingdom. The drugs and gases prisoned in these vessels are the spells with which I raise spirits to work my pleasure. Fire, air, earth, and water obey my bidding. That large microscope, under that picture, was given me by Professor Webster of Philadelphia," (Boston.)

"What! the murderer?" I said with an irrestrainable shudder.

"The homicide, you mean; yes, the man who unwisely took the life of a wretch who was killing him by mental torture, and who foolishly, by precipitancy and illogical mode of concealment, betrayed his dangerous secret. I knew Webster well; a finer-hearted and larger-minded man I never knew."

"I cannot, Dr. Annibale," I said in a tone of some reproach, "attempt to decide on the degree of the unhappy man's guilt; but, pardon me, if I must call it a cruel crime, resulting in the basest moral cowardice, a wilful turning from conscience, and a want of religious principle."

"He was a fool, that Webster," said the doctor angrily. "Why did he not plunge the wretch he removed from earth into a tank of corrosive acid? That would have drunk him up—flesh, hair and bone—in twelve hours, and left no trace; or, why not have annihilated him in this way?" (And the doctor, with a ghastly smile as he spoke, tapped the iron door of the furnace playfully with a paper-cutter he held in his hand.) "No false tooth or gold-stuffing could have resisted that fire for half an hour. The proof gone—the danger gone. Say no more about it. Webster was a fool, and he paid the penalty."

"For Heaven's sake, doctor, restrain your ghastly professional fun. I cannot joke on death like you doctors."

"As you like," replied the doctor. "Of course, I spoke only theoretically. But even homicides may be fools. I asked you here to-night to talk over a discovery that I have just perfected after twenty years of study. Do you lament the continuance of war in the world?"

I said I did indeed. I thought it proved nothing, and led to no permanent results.

"*Veramente! veramente!*" burst forth the doctor, who had been holding a bottle of red liquid to the light. "St. Augustine could not have spoken more exactly what I think. Well, yet you have foolish people in France, and England, and America, and Germany, who think that war is to be put down and superseded by congresses and arbitration synods. Stuff! strong men in the wrong will never submit to such assemblies: the only way to put an end to war is to so improve the means of destruction that all nations will be equal; and the death of both combatants being made the certain result of war, war will then become useless and effete. The discovery of gunpowder began the good work; fewer men are now killed than in the old butchering hand-to-hand battles, such as Cannæ and Chalons. Heaven has granted me—I tell you, me, Dr. Angelo Annibale—the honor and glory of the second great discovery, that is to sponge the word war out of the European dictionary. I have discovered a means of spreading death, so terrible, so sudden, and so irresistible, that it enables those that employ it to destroy ten thousand men in half an hour."

I felt inclined to laugh, but I restrained myself; the doctor looked so excited. He was evidently one of those visionary inventors who are perpetually hoping to revolutionize the sciences, and who despise the slow growth of all great truths. Besides, here was a philosophical man so absorbed in a supposed discovery, that he talked of the death of ten thousand men with as much complacency as Dr. Guillotine ever did of the pleasure of dying by the machine he helped to perfect.

"Balloons, I suppose, doctor?" I said, in a bantering way, after a painful silence, "from which you drop Greek-fire enclosed in glass balls; or steam-cannon, fed by a hopper, and discharging a hundred—"

"Nothing of the kind," said the doctor, quite passionately, and stirring the furnace, as if to wreak his wrath upon something. "My— But first swear to me that you will not reveal this."

I promised.

"My invention is that of an acid, so burning, so deadly, and so virulently corrosive, that one drop touching the human skin anywhere is certain death within seven minutes. No clothes stop its action, no water will remove or allay it; it is the old Greek-fire reduced to a liquid, burning not as a flame, but as a caustic; neither earth nor vinegar will stay its virus; it kills sooner than the Wourali poison; and, indeed, contains several of its ingredients. It took me twenty years to perfect it. I have now discovered a way to make it by the hogshead, cheap and good, in any country, and in any climate."

"But, doctor," said I, "given the liquid fire, how is it to be scattered quickly and effectually upon armed men? Remember the almost supernatural power of our modern artillery. Rifled guns now carry five or six miles, and are loaden at the breach so rapidly that the shots succeed each other with scarcely an intermission."

"All objections," said the doctor, "I have anticipated. I place the men who carry my portable pumps filled with the Wouralian acid in huge omnibuses, urged on by steam, and plated with shot-proof steel. To the pump-hose is attached a fan-sprinkler. On reaching within thirty feet of the enemy, they turn on the pipes, and mow down rank after rank. On the enemy beginning to retreat, the steam-engine fires are put out, the steam-engines are unhooked, and horses attached, with which the pursuit is continued until the last man perishes, and so in one day the campaign ends with an annihilating victory."

Depressed as I was, and low as my spirits then were, I could stand this no longer; I burst into a hurricane of laughter, which, in spite of the pain such a rudeness cost me, kept renewing itself in irrestrainable gusts, that made my eyes run with water, and made me rock to and fro in the chair. There was something so intensely ludicrous in the quiet confidence with which this scientific theorist explained his Bobadillian intentions.

When I recovered myself, I begged a thousand pardons, pleading the excitability of my nerves and the odd recollections his theory had suggested.

But the doctor was not so easy to appease. His brow wrinkled and his hand shook as he strode to the table and took from it a large-mouthed glass vessel, holding about a pint of red liquid, and held it up to the light.

"Here," said he, and his eyes rolled and dilated as he spoke, "Mocker! in this glass I hold what would kill a hundred men—one hundred, ay, a whole barrackful." (A smile from me made him burst into fresh fury.) "English madman!" he shouted, "know that I had intended, since your days are numbered, to make you the victim of an experiment which might save the lives of millions yet unborn. An hour ago, a thought of pity for you had entered my heart, but now it is all stone again. Prepare to die! One dash of this in your face, you fall dead before you can cry out, and all trace of you that furnace will soon remove."

Had I been in sound health, I should have instantly rushed on the wretch, and struck him to the ground; but now, with shattered nerves, astonished at the language of the man, and the suddenness and novelty of the threat, I stood for a moment as if paralyzed. I saw his hand raised to throw the liquid.

I scarcely know what I did; all I remember is that I turned,

dashed down some glasses, leaped on a table near the window, half opened it, half burst through, and jumped into the street. As I dropped, I felt a splash of liquid on my neck and back, and heard a loud shrill laugh from the window through which I had leaped.

I ran down the street as if a dozen swordsmen were chasing me, mad with terror, with one shoe off, and without my hat. At the corner of the Via Babuina, just under a lamp, I ran against a man, who swore at me in English; who should it be but Tom Raffle! When he saw me, he was petrified with stonishment; still more so when I told him my singulur story.

"Take my word for it, the old scoundrel's mad," said Raffle. "There's nothing on your neck but some stuff like red ink. Your coat isn't burued. Do you feel any pain in your neck?"

"Not the least," said I. "No burning at all."

"Let me wipe it off."

Raffle wiped off the liquid, and we waited with intense interest under a lamp to see what happened to the handkerchief dipped in this blood of Nessus, but nothing happened—it neither burned into holes nor flamed.

"I propose we go back and lick the old bloke," said Raffle; "he's been making a fool of you to try if you're cranky."

"Perhaps so," said I, after a moment's thought. "Now, as I don't like that kind of mental experiment, you will go with me, Tom, to-morrow morning, and demand of him an explanation?"

"Here's my hand," said Tom; "and now, come to my place and dip your neck in some bitter beer—it'll screw you up."

"No, it's too late; but do come to my door with me, there's a good fellow, for I ain't so strong as I was, and this extraordinary event has made me nervous."

The next morning early, I and doughty Tom Raffle were on our way to the doctor's house. We had both of us agreed, after mature consultation, that the doctor's wild behavior and wilder story was a deliberate plan to test my sanity.

Whether the fright or my anger at the cause had served as a tonic, I do not know; certain it is that I really felt better, and began to laugh at my own morbid terrors.

"Bravo!" cried Tom. "Now, old fellow, I begin to seem to know you again."

We had just reached the corner of the doctor's street, when we saw in the distance at his house a black coach standing with the door open. We stood still, Tom and myself, to see what it could mean. Presently the doctor, bowing and talking, came out, half led, half forced forwards by four rough-looking men. His hat fell off, but no one stopped to pick it up. He made gestures, but no one paid any attention. Presently they all got into the carriage, the steps were folded up, the door slammed, and the coach drove off—the two strong black Roman horses dashed down the opposite end of the street, turned the corner, and we lost sight of them. The last thing I saw was the doctor's head aud arm thrust out of the carriage.

We were both in astonishment; but, at that moment, I saw my friend Brewster, the sculptor, in his usual white coat, standing at the door of his studio, nearly opposite the doctor's, chisel in hand.

"Here's a pretty go!" said he. "Dr. Annibale went stark-staring mad last night, and they have just taken him off to the mad-ward of the Benfratelli Hospital. He must have been playing nice havoc with his patients the last week or so."

I saw it all. The doctor himself, with a shattered miud, had perhaps exaggerated my nervous symptoms into his own disease. This thought gave me courage. I took Tom's advice; did less work; went to Frascati for a ten day's relaxation; returned better; spent my evenings sociably at Lepri's; finished my pictures successfully; came back to England; was well noticed at the Academy; married, and, as story books say, "lived happy ever afterwards."

An Immense Business.—During the last year (1865,) the piano trade of the United States amounted to fifty-nine millions, two hundred and eighty-four thousand six hundred and seventy-three dollars ($59,284,673.) The number of pianos made was one hundred and eighteen thousand two hundred and eighty, or a little over three hundred and eighty-one for each working day. Some of the manufacturers make only one piano a month, and some make ten a day. Some of them have amassed immense fortunes, and won world-wide reputations. Bradbury's, Steinway's, and Chickering's names have become household words throughout the length and breadth of the land. The tide of importation has been stemmed by our enterprising manufacturers, and turned into one of exportation. American pianos are now at a premium in the markets of the old world. The number of piano manufacturers in New York city alone is nearly two hundred; and the whole number of instruments annually made here is a trifle over twelve thousand, which is more than one-tenth of the entire number made in the United States.

We copy the above from a cotemporary, for the sake of remarking in connection with it, that we bought one of Bradbury's instruments last spring, and after using it for several months, and hearing the opinions of some of the best judges in this city—persons who have tried it, we are confident that no better piano could be made. We do not wonder, therefore, that "American pianos are now at a premium in the markets of the old world."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

FOR THE LADIES.

THE weather has been so bright and beautiful during the week, that I have done little else but promenade the streets and gaze in at shop windows—the weather was actually too pleasant to go iuside. I had almost forgotten my engagement with The Californian when it suddenly crossed my mind that these articles being made "a feature of the paper"—so they tell me, and I am puzzled to know what feature they represent, eyes, nose, mouth, or what—must be kept up, or it could not with a good face appear before the world. So I seated myself, and my fingers are already stained with ink. Egyptian ladies dye their nails with henna, and I don't know but that ink answers the purpose quite as well.

But rather than be told how to darken their skins, probably my readers would like to kuow how to whiten and tint them. Listen:

By way of personal adornment, few practices are of more ancient origin than that of painting the face. Toilet Rouges are prepared of different shades by mixing fine carmine with talc powder, in different proportions. Various shades are made to suit the complexions of the blonde and brunette; say, one drachm of carmine to two ounces of talc, or one of carmine to three of talc, and so on. In preparing this, the best of carmiue is esseutial to its superiority—that known as number forty being the kind.

It is a practice, universal among the women in Egypt, to blacken the edge of the eyelids, both above and below the eye, with a black powder which they term koahl. In Greece, for coloring the lashes and sockets of the eye, they throw incense on some coals of fire, intercept the smoke which ascends with a plate, and collect the soot for applying this; theu close oue of the eyes, take the two lashes between the forefinger and thumb of the left hand, pull them forward, and then thrust in at the external corner a bodkin or probe which has been immersed in the soot, and withdrawing it, the particles previously adhering to the probe remain within the eyelashes. This is thought to give a very soft expression to the eyes.

With respect to the beauty of the eye, we may remark that a large pupil is now, and always has been, cousidered a beauty. Byron, in a well-known passage, says:

"Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell;
But gaze on that of the gazelle—
It will assist the fancy well;
As large, as languishingly dark.
But soul beam'd forth in every spark
That darted from beneath the lid—
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.
Yea, soul; and should our prophet say.
That form was nought but breathing clay,
By Allah! I would answer Nay,
Though on Alsirat's arch I stood,
Which totters o'er the fiery flood!"

For dilating the pupil, one grain of sulphate of atropine is dissolved in six fluid drachms of distilled water, and a drop or two applied to the inner surface of the lid. In a short time the pupil becomes large and full, and continues so from three to four hours. This practice, however, should not be frequently indulged in, as it tends to weaken the eyes. We merely mention the *modus operandi* to show that it is frequently done to beautify the general appearance.

If the eyes are inclined to be inflamed after keeping late hours, the following unguent rubbed on both lids, when retiring to rest, will generally almost magically relieve them: Take of litrine ointment, one drachm. Fresh lard, three drachms. Mix.

LOVE ON THE CARPET.

Once fall into rhymes, and it is very hard to fall out. I don't know what has set these lines of Willis (I don't put N. P. before his name, for the initials might be thought to mean No Poet) running in my head. But they've been humming there the whole afternoon:

They may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine—
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine.
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning,
By the side of a footstep free!

But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chaudelier—
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near;
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of good old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a net for flies—
Your milkmaids shock the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber
And wake with a bug in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease—
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

A late English magazine makes some very excellent remarks concerning one of the lost arts. It urges wives to remember that the kitchen is the heart of the kingdom, the true seat of government in domestic economies; who rules there, rules supreme. A visit of ceremony for a few moments at a stated hour in the morning can confer no authority whatever. Neither, on the other hand, is it necessary to be meddling and muddling there perpetually, or to do anything contrary to the instincts of a lady in the way of espiouage. It is simply this, that by being actually busied in the kitchen a short time daily, by taking into her own hands the management and execution of those arrangements which require the skill and involve the entire control of the housekeeping expenditure, a mistress effectually breaks the rod of power in her cook's hands, and can sweep away at once the "perquisite" system, the waste, and the dishonest understandings with the tradesmen; because she is in a position to know within a little what is really and honestly needed and consumed, and to give her own orders. Economy, however, is not the sole benefit to follow. There is an old, but not yet superannuated maxim—if you want a thing well done, do it yourself. The tangible results upon the dinner table would be no less satisfactory than the reduced cost of their production. Nor is this a matter of slight importance. The best nourished body is, other things being equal, the most capable of sustaining meutal work and resisting disease. Bad cookery is slow poison to those who work hard. To set before a man who returns exhausted in mind and body from his day's work a messy, unappetizing dinner, is, if it occur exceptionally, to spoil his temper, or, if that be unspoilable, his comfort for the evening. But, if it occur habitually, it is to knock ten or a dozen years off his life. Then, too, it is no small satisfaction to be able, if hospitably inclined, to insure your friends a dinner which, if modest in its pretensions, is thoroughly excellent—not a specious display, such as a second or third-rate "professed" cook, or the neighboring confectioner, would set before them—every thing looking like what it isn't, and tasting of nothing in particular; not to mention that there is a double zest in witnessing the comfort and enjoyment of your guests, with the consciousness that some time and pains on your part have contributed to the result.

ABSURDITIES.

How many absurdities people—men especially—are guilty of. In a leisure momeut the other day I endeavored to compile a small list of them. Here it is:

To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty To lose money at play, and then fly into a passion about it. To ask the publisher of a new periodical how many copies he sells per week. To ask a wine merchant how old his wine is. To make yourself generally disagreeable, and wonder that nobody will visit you, unless they gain some palpable advantage by it. To get drunk, and complain the next morning of a headache. To spend your earnings on liquor, and wouder that you are ragged. To sit shivering because it isn't cold enough to have a fire. To suppose that reviewers generally read more than the title-page of the works they praise or condemn. To judge of people's piety by their attendance at church. To keep your clerks on miserable salaries, and wonder at their robbing you. Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy, because "it is not bed-time." To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves. To tell your own secrets, and believe other people will keep them. To render a man a service voluntarily, and expect him to be grateful for it. To expect to make people honest by hardening them in a jail, and afterwards sending them adrift without the means of getting work. To fancy a thing is cheap because a low price is asked for it. To say that a man is charitable because he subscribes to an hospital. To keep a dog or a cat on short allowance, and complain of its being a thief. To degrade human nature in the hope of improving it. To praise the beauty of a woman's hair before you know whether it did not once belong to somebody else. To expect that your tradespeople will give you long credit if they generally see you in shabby clothes. To arrive at the age of fifty, and be surprised at any vice, folly, or absurdity, your fellow-creatures may be guilty of.

HOW TO GROW PLUMP.

It isn't everybody that wants to grow lean like Banting. I know many ladies who would give a pound of gold for every pound of flesh that they could add to their scraggy shoulders and bust. For my part I am of a delightful and proper plumpness, which sometimes consoles me for not being quite as good looking as some of my friends. For the benefit of those less fortunate than myself, let me state that a lady correspondent of *The Boudoir* declares that she has added greatly to her weight and plumpness, by taking every morning for a few weeks the following pleasing preliminary to breakfast: Beat up well in a tumbler two raw eggs, add a good teaspoonful of sugar, fill the tumbler with boiling water, sprinkle on top a little grated nutmeg or ginger. She further alleges that the administration of this to her lean lady friends has invariably resulted in a speedy addition to their weight.

—And now I think I've filled the columns the editor gave me this week quite nicely. If I've stolen without giving the proper credit and quotation marks, I've only done by others as they very often do by me. Clara Morton.

VILLAGE VOICES.

JANUARY WIND.

I.

THE wind, wife, the wind; how it blows, how it blows;
It grips the latch, it shakes the house, it whistles, it screams, it crows,
It dashes on the window-pane, then rushes off with a cry,
Ye scarce can hear your own loud voice, it clatters so loud and high;
And far away upon the sea it floats with thunder-call,
The wind, wife, the wind, wife; the wiud that did it all!

II.

The wind, wife, the wind; how it blew, how it blew;
The very night our boy was born, it whistled, it scream'd, it crew
And while you moan'd upon your bed, and your heart was dark with fright,
I swear it mingled with the soul of the boy you bore that night;
It scarcely seems a winter since, and the wind is with us still—
The wind, wife; the wind, wife; the wind that blew us ill!

III.

The wind, wife, the wind; how it blows, how it blows!
It changes, shifts, without a cause, it ceases, it comes and goes;
And David ever was the same, wayward, and wild, and bold—
For wilful lad will have his way, and the wind no hand can hold;
But ah! the wind, the changefnl wind, was more in the blame than he;
The wind, wife; the wind, wife, that blew him out to sea!

IV.

The wind, wife, the wind; now 'tis still, now 'tis still;
And as we sit I seem to feel the silence shiver and thrill,
'Twas thus the night he went away, and we sat in silence here,
We listen'd to our beating hearts, and all was weary and drear;
We long'd to hear the wind again, and to hold our David's hand—
The wind, wife; the wiud, wife, that blew him out from laud!

V.

The wind, wife, the wind; up again, up again!
It blew our David round the world, yet shrick'd at our window pane;
And ever since that time, old wife, in rain, and in snu, and in snow,
Whether I work or weary here, I hear it whistle and blow;
It moans around, it groans around, it wanders with scream and cry—
The wind, wife; the wind, wife; may it blow him home to die!

[*Robert Buchanan.*

HOW HEREWARD WON MARE "SWALLOW."

ON a bench at the door of his high-roofed wooden house sat Dirk Hammerhand, the richest man in Walcheren. From within the house sounded the pleasant noise of slave-women, grinding and chatting at the handquern; from without, the pleasant noise of geese and fowls without number. And as he sat aud drank his ale, and watched the herd of horses in the fen, he thought himself a happy man, and thanked his Odin and Thor that owing to his princely supplies of horses to Countess Gertrude, Robert the Frison and his Christian Franks had not harried him to the bare walls, as they would probably do ere all was over.

As he looked at the horses, some half-mile off, he saw a strange stir among them. They begau whinnyiug and pawing round a four-footed thing in the midst, which might be a badger, or a wolf—though both were very uncommon in that pleasant isle of Walcheren; but which plainly had no business there. Whereon he took up a mighty staff, aud strode over the fen to see.

He found neither wolf nor badger; but to his exceeding surprise, a long lean man, clothed in ragged horse-skins, whinnying and neighing exactly like a horse, and then stoopiug to eat grass like one. He advanced to do the first thing which came into his head, namely to break the man's back with his staff, and ask him afterwards who he might be. But ere he could strike, the man or horse kicked up with his hind legs in his face, and then springing on to the said hind legs ran away with extraordinary swiftness some fifty yards; and theu went down ou all-fours aud began grazing again.

"Beest thou man or devil?" cried Dirk, somewhat frightened.

The thing looked up. The face at least was human.

"Art thou a Christian man?" asked it iu had Frisian, intermixed with snorts and neighs.

"What's that to thee?" growled Dirk; and began to wish a little that he was one, having heard that the sign of the cross was of great virtue in driving away fiends.

"Thou art not Christian. Thou believest in Thor and Odin? Then there is hope."

"Hope of what?" Dirk was growing more and more frightened.

"Of her, my sister! Ah, my sister, can it be that I shall find thee at last, aften ten thousand miles, aud thirty years of woful wandering?"

"I have uo man's sister here. At least, my wife's brother was killed—"

"I speak not of a sister in a woman's shape. Mine, alas!—O woful prince, O more woful princess!—eats the herb of the field somewhere in the shape of a mare, as ugly as she was once beautiful, but swifter than the swallow on the wing."

"I've none such here," quoth Dirk, thoroughly frightened, and glancing uneasily at mare "Swallow."

"You have not? Alas, wretched me! It was prophesied to me, by the witch, that I should find her in the field of one who worshipped the old gods; for had she come across a holy priest, she had been a woman again, long ago. Whither must I wander afresh!" And the thing began weeping bitterly, and theu ate more grass.

"I—that is—thou poor miserable creature," said Dirk, half pitying, half wishing to turn the subject, "leave off making a beast of thyself awhile, and tell me who thou art."

"I have made no heast of myself, most noble Earl of the Frisians, for so you doubtless are. I was made a beast of—a horse of, by an enchanter of a certain land, and my sister a mare."

"Thou dost not say so?" quoth Dirk, who considered such an event quite possible.

"I was a prince of the county of Alboronia, which lies between Cathay and the Mountains of the Moon, as fair once as I am foul uow, and only less fair than my lost sister; and, by the euchautments of a cruel magician, we became what we are."

"But thou art not a horse, at all events?"

"Am I not? Thou knowest, then, more of me than I do of myself"—and it ate more grass. "But hear the rest of my story. My hapless sister was sold away, with me, to a merchant; but I, breaking loose from him, fled until I bathed in a magic fountain. At once I recovered my man's shape, and was rejoicing thercin, when out of the fountain rose a fairy more beautiful than an elf, and smiled upon me with love.

"She asked me my story, and I told it. And when it was told, 'Wretch!' she cried, 'and coward, who hast deserted thy sister in her need. I would have loved thee, and made thee immortal as myself: but now thou shalt wander, ugly, and eating grass, clothed in the horse-hide which has just dropped from thy limbs, till thou shalt find thy sister, and bring her to bathe, like thee, in this magic well.'"

"All good spirits help us! And you are really a prince?"

"As surely," cried the thing, with a voice of sudden rapture, "as that mare is my sister;" and he rushed at mare Swallow. "I see, I see, my mother's eyes, my father's nose—"

"He must have been a chuckle-headed king that, then," grinned Dirk to himself. "The mare's nose is as big as a buck-basket. But how can she be a princess, man—prince, I mean? she has a foal running by her here."

"A foal?" said the thing, solemnly. "Let me behold it. Alas, alas, my sister! Thy tyrant's threat has come true, that thou shouldst be his bride whether thou wouldst or not. I see, I see in the features of thy son his hated lineaments."

"Why he must be as like a horse, then, as your father. But this will not do, Master Horse-man; I know that foal's pedigree better than I do my own."

"Man, man, simple, though honest! Hast thou never heard of the skill of the enchanters of the East? How they transform their victims at night back again into human shape, and by day into the shape of beasts again?"

"Yes—well—I know that—"

"And do you not see how you are deluded? Every night, doubt not, that mare aud foal take their human shape again; aud every night, perhaps, that foul enchanter visits in your fen, perhaps in your very stable, his wretched and perhaps unwilling bride."

"An enchanter in my stable? That is an ugly guest. But no. I've been into the stables fifty times, to see if that mare was safe. Mare was mare, and colt was colt, Mr. Prince, if I have eyes to see."

"And what are eyes against enchantments? The moment you opened the door, the spell was cast over them again. You ought to thank your stars that no worse has happened yet; that the euchanter, in fleeing, has not wrung your neck as he went out, or cast a spell on you, which will fire your barns, lame your geese, give your fowls the pip, your horses the glanders, your cattle the murrain, your children the St. Vitus' dance, your wife the creeping palsy, and yourself the chalk-stones iu all your fingers."

"The Lord have mercy on me! If the half of this be true, I will turn Christiau. I will send for a priest, aud he baptized to-morrow!"

"O my sister, my sister! Dost thou not know me? Dost thou answer my caresses with kicks? Or is thy heart, as well as thy body, so enchained by that cruel necromancer, that thou preferest to be his, and scornest thine own salvation, leaving me to eat grass till I die?"

"I say, Prince—I say—What would you have a man to do? I bought the mare honestly, and I have kept her well. She can't say aught against me on that score. And whether she be princess or uot, I'm loath to part with her."

"Keep her then, and keep with her the curse of all the saints and angels. Look down, ye holy saints" (and the thing poured out a long string of saints' names,) "and avenge this Catholic princess, kept in bestial durance by an unbaptized heathen! May his—"

"Don't! don't!" roared Dirk. "And don't look at me like that" (for he feared the evil eye,) "or I'll brain you with my staff!"

"Fool, if I have lost a horse's figure, I have not lost his swiftness. Ere thou couldst strike, I should have run a mile and back, to curse thee afresh." And the thing ran round him, aud fell on all-fours again, and ate grass.

"Mercy, mercy! And that is more than I ever asked yet of man. But it is hard," growled he, "that a man should lose his money, because a rogue sells him a princess in disguise."

"Then sell her again; sell her, as thou valuest thy life, to the first Christian man thou meetest. And yet no. What matters? Ere a month be over, the seven years' enchantment will have passed, and she will return to her own shape, with her son, and vanish from thy farm, leaving thee to vain repentance, and so thou wilt both lose thy money and get her curse. Farewell, and my malison abide with thee."

And the thing, without another word, ran right away, neighing as it went, leaving Dirk in a state of abject terror.

He went home. He cursed the mare, he cursed the man who sold her, he cursed the day he saw her, he cursed the day he was born. He told his story with exaggerations and confusions in plenty to all in the house; and terror fell on them likewise. No one, that evening, dare go down into the fen to drive the horses up; and Dirk got very drunk, went to bed, and trembled there all night (as did the rest of the household,) expecting the euchanter to enter on a flaming fire-drake, at every howl of the wind.

The next morning, as Dirk was going about his business with a doleful face, casting stealthy glances at the fen, to see if the mysterious mare was still there, and a chance of his money still left, a man rode up to the door.

He was poorly clothed, with a long rusty sword by his side. A broad felt hat, long boots, and a haversack behiud his saddle, showed him to be a traveller, seemingly a horse-dealer; for there followed him, tied head and tail, a brace of sorry nags.

"Heaven save all here," quoth he, making the sign of the cross. "Can any good Christian give me a drink of milk?"

"Ale, if thou wilt," said Dirk. "But what art thou, and whence?"

On any other day, he would have tried to coax his guest into trying a buffet with him for his horse and clothes; but this morning his heart was heavy with the thought of the enchanted mare, and he welcomed the chance of selling her to the stranger.

"We are not very fond of strangers about here, since these Flemings have been harrying our borders. If thou art a spy, it will be worse for thee."

"I am neither spy nor Fleming; but a poor servant of the Lord Bishop of Utrecht's, buying a garron or two for his lordship's priests. As for these Flemings, may St. John Baptist save from them both me and you. Do you know of any man who has horses to sell hereabouts?"

"There are horses in the fen yonder," quoth Dirk, who knew that churchmen were likely to give a liberal price, and pay in good silver.

"I saw them as I rode up. And a fine lot they are; but of too good a stamp for my short purse, or for my holy master's riding—a fat priest likes a quiet nag, my master."

"Humph. Well, if quietness is what you need, there is a mare down there, a child might ride her with a thread of wool. But as for price—and she has a colt, too, running by her."

"Ah?" quoth the horseman. "Well, your Walcheren folk make good milk, that's certain. A colt by her? That's awkward. My Lord does not like young horses; and it would be troublesome, too, to take the thing along with me."

The less anxious the dealer seemed to buy, the more anxious grew Dirk to sell; but he concealed his anxiety, and let the stranger turn away, thanking him for his drink.

"I say!" he called after him. "You might look at her as you ride past the herd."

The stranger assented, and they went down into the fen, and looked over the precious mare, whose feats were afterwards sung by many an English fireside, or in the forest, beneath the hollins green, by such as Robin Hood aud his merry men. The ugliest, as well as the swiftest, of mares, she was, say the old chroniclers; and it was not till the stranger had looked twice at her, that he forgot her great chuckle head, greyhound-flanks, and drooping hind-quarters, aud began to see the great length of those same quarters—the thighs let down into the hocks, the arched loin, the extraordinary girth through the saddle, the sloping shoulder, the long arms, the flat knees, the large, well-set hoofs, and all the other points which showed her strength and speed, and justified her fame.

"She might carry a big man like you through the mud," said he, carelessly, "but as for pace, one cannot expect that with such a chuckle head. And if one rode her through a town, the boys would call after one, 'All head and no tail.' Why, I can't see her tail for her quarters, it is so ill set on."

"Ill set on, or none," said Dirk, testily; "don't go to speak against her pace till you have seen it. Here, lass!"

Dirk was, in his heart, rather afraid of the princess; but he was comforted when she came up to him like a dog.

"She's as sensible as a woman," said he; and then grumbled to himself, "may be she knows I mean to part with her."

"Lend me your saddle," said he to the stranger.

The stranger did so; and Dirk mounting galloped her in a ring. There was no doubt of her powers, as soon as she began to move.

"I hope you won't remember this against me, madam," said Dirk, as soon as he got out of the stranger's hearing. "I can't do less than sell you to a Christian. And certainly I have been as good a master to you as if I'd known who you were; but if you wish to stay with me you've only to kick me off, and say so, and I'm yours to command."

"Well, she can gallop a bit," said the stranger, as Dirk pulled her up and dismounted; "but an ugly brute she is nevertheless, and such a one as I should not care to ride, for I am a gay man among the ladies. However, what is your price?"

Dirk named twice as much as he would have taken.

"Half that, you mean." And the usual haggle began.

"Tell thee what," said Dirk at last, "I am a man who has his fancies; and this shall be her price; half thy bid, and a box on the ear."

The demon of covetousness had entered Dirk's heart. What if he got the money, brained or at least disabled the stranger, and so had a chance of selling the mare a second time to some fresh comer?

"Thou art a strange fellow," quoth the horse-dealer. "But so be it."

Dirk chuckled. "He does not know," thought he, "that he has to do with Dirk Hammerhand," and he clenched his fist in anticipation of his rough joke.

"There," quoth the stranger, counting out the money carefully, "is thy coin. And there—is thy box on the ear."

And with a blow which rattled over the fen, he felled Dirk Hammerhand to the ground.

He lay senseless for a moment, and then looked wildly round His jaw was broken.

"Villain!" groaned he. "It was I who was to give the buffet, not thou!"

"Art mad?" asked the stranger, as he coolly picked up the coins, which Dirk had scattered in his fall. "It is the seller's business to take, and the buyer's to give."

And while Dirk roared for help in vain, he leapt on mare Swallow and rode off shouting, "Aha! Dirk Hammerhand! So you thought to knock a hole in my skull, as you have done to many a better man than yourself. He is a lucky man who never meets his match, Dirk. I shall give your love to the Enchanted Prince, my faithful serving-man, whom they call Martin Lightfoot.

Dirk cursed the day he was born. Instead of the mare and colt, he had got the two wretched garrons which the stranger had left, and a face which made him so tender of his own teeth, that he never again offered to try a buffet with a stranger.

[*From Kingsley's "Hereward."*

THE FROG PRINCE.

ONE fine evening a young princess put on her bonnet and clogs, and went out to take a walk by herself in a wood, and when she came to a cool spring of water that rose in the midst of it, she sat herself down to rest a while. Now, she had a golden ball in her hand, which was her favorite plaything, and she was always tossing it up into the air, and catching it again as it fell. After a time she threw it up so high that she missed catching it as it fell, and the ball bounded away and rolled along upon the ground, till at last it fell down into the spring.

The princess looked into the spring after her ball, but it was very deep—so deep that she could not see to the bottom of it. Then she began to bewail her loss, and said:

"Alas! if I could only get my ball again, I would give all my fine clothes and jewels, and everything that I have in the world."

Whilst she was speaking, a frog put its head out of the water, and said:

"Princess, why do you weep so bitterly?"

"Alas," said she, "what can you do for me, you nasty frog? My golden ball has fallen into the spring."

The frog said: "I want not your pearls, and jewels, and fine clothes; but if you will love me, and let me live with you, and eat from off your golden plate, and sleep upon your bed, I will bring your ball again."

"What nonsense," thought the princess, "this silly frog is talking! He can never get out of the spring to visit me, though he may be able to get my ball for me, and therefore I will tell him he shall have what he asks." So she said to the frog: "Well, if you will bring me my ball, I will do all you ask."

Then the frog put his head down, and dived deep under the water; and after a little he came up again, with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the edge of the spring. As soon as the young princess saw her ball, she ran to pick it up; and she was so overjoyed to have it in her hand again, that she never thought of the frog, but ran home with it as fast as she could. The frog called after her:

"Stay, princess, and take me with you, as you said."

But she did not stop to hear a word.

The next day, just as the princess had sat down to dinner, she heard a strange noise—tap, tap—plash, plash—as if something was coming up the marble staircase; and soon afterwards there was a gentle knock at the door, and a little voice cried out and said:

"Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door to thy true love, here!
And mind the words that thou and I said,
By the fountain cool, in the greenwood shade."

Then the princess ran to the door and opened it, and there she saw the frog, whom she had quite forgotten. At this she was sadly frightened, and, shutting the door as fast as she could, came back to her seat. The king, her father, seeing that something had frightened her, asked her what was the matter.

"There is a nasty frog," said she, "at the door, that lifted my ball for me out of the spring this morning; I told him that he should live with me here, thinking that he could never get out of the spring; but there he is at the door, and he wants to come in."

While she was speaking, the frog knocked again at the door, and said:

"Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door to thy true love, here!
And mind the words that thou and I said,
By the fountain cool, in the greenwood shade."

Then the king said to the young princess:

"As you have given your word, you must keep it; so go and let him in."

She did so, and the frog hopped into the room, and then straight on—tap, tap—plash, plash—from the bottom of the room to the top, till he came up close to the table where the princess sat.

"Pray lift me upon a chair," said he to the princess, "and let me sit next to you."

As soon as she had done this, the frog said:

"Put your plate near me, that I may eat out of it."

This she did, and when he had eaten as much as he could, he said:

"Now I am tired; carry me up stairs, and put me into your bed."

And the princess, though very unwilling, took him up in her hand, and put him upon the pillow of her own bed, where he slept all night long. As soon as it was light he jumped up, hopped down stairs, and went out of the house.

"Now, then," thought the princess, "at last he is gone, and I shall be troubled with him no more."

But she was mistaken; for when night came again she heard the same tapping at the door; and the frog came once more, and said:

"Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door to thy true love, here!
And mind the words that thou and I said,
By the fountain cool, in the greenwood shade."

And when the princess opened the door, the frog came in, and slept upon her pillow as before, till the morning broke. And the third night he did the same. But when the princess awoke on the following morning, she was astonished to see, instead of the frog, a handsome prince, gazing on her with the most beautiful eyes she had ever seen, and standing at the head of her bed.

He told her that he had been enchanted by a spiteful fairy, who had changed him into a frog; and that he had been fated so to abide till some princess should take him out of the spring, and let him eat from her plate, and sleep upon her bed for three nights.

"You," said the prince, "have broken this cruel charm, and now I have nothing to wish for but that you should go with me into my father's kingdom, where I will marry you, and love you as long as you live."

The young princess, you may be sure, was not long in saying "yes" to all this; and as they spoke, a gay coach drove up, with eight beautiful horses, decked with plumes of feathers and golden harness; and behind the coach rode the prince's servant, faithful Heinrich, who had bewailed the misfortunes of his dear master, during his enchantment, so long and so bitterly, that his heart had well-nigh burst.

They then took leave of the king, and got into the coach with eight horses, and all set out, full of joy and merriment, for the prince's kingdom, which they reached safely; and there they lived happily a great many years.

MANNA.—Some persons have attempted to trace a connection between the food miraculously rained down from heaven, for the sustenance of the Israelites in the wilderness, and the substance now known as "manna." Of the composition of the former we know nothing; while we do know that the latter cannot be used as food.

The manna now used is obtained chiefly from Sicily and Calabria, and is the concrete juice of several species of ash of the genera *ornus* and *fraxinus*. The juice exudes in the summer months, either spontaneously or through incisions made for the purpose in the bark, and is collected in leaves placed as cups to receive it; or it forms incrustations upon twigs, straws and leaves, placed under the trees. The best is of a whitish or light yellow color, in flakes and tears. It possesses a sweet, somewhat nauseous taste, and is soluble in water and alcohol. It consists of a crystalizable sweet principle, called "mannite," which sometimes amounts to seventy-five per cent. of true sugar, and of a yellow nauseous matter, which gives it its value as a purgative medicine.

A substance called manna is obtained by the Bedouin Arabs in the form of an exudation from a plant which grows in the country. After collecting it, they boil it, and strain it through a cloth. It is then put away in leathern bags, and used like honey, with bread.

The name is probably derived from the Syriac *mano*, a gift, which was applied to the food of the Israelites; but it is not likely that there is any further connexion between the two substances.

[For the Californian.]

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

PLANT-GROWING.

THE perfection of gardening is to produce plants grown in the way best calculated to set off their natural beauties; and perhaps there is nothing upon which cultivators are more likely to fall into errors than in the form of the various plants under their care.

Beauty is not very easily defined, for it may be seen in every tribe of plants and nearly every family of flowers. Whatever has too many or too few leaves cannot be beautiful as a whole, but its flowers may be all that can be desired. On the other hand, a plant, very splendid in habit, may have very little flower, and that little ugly. A plant to be beautiful must have a fine proportion of bloom, graceful foliage, and be of graceful form. In a general way a plant is not considered beautiful unless it shows an abundance of flowers evenly disposed over the surface of green, graceful, compact habit, whether bushy, pyramidal, or standard; colors of flowers not necessarily brilliant but dense; blooms large in proportion to the plant, or in racemes, trusses, umbels or bunches to form a sufficiently large feature; foliage shining like a camellia, dense like a rose, or velvety like a gesneria. These are qualities indispensable to make a plant beautiful.

Nevertheless there are plants with ugly foliage and beautiful flowers, like the cactus; and there are others the reverse, like the varieties of the variegated-foliage plants. And so with florists' flowers: many of these have insignificant plants, such as the carnations and picotees, some of whose flowers are beautiful beyond description, while the plant is a mere tuft of grass with long gawky stems unable to support themselves. But many others of this class are beautiful objects when properly and naturally grown, such as the fuchsia, cineraria, calceolaria, and geranium.

The growing of specimen plants requires first, that we should study and observe the habit of the subject, and aid in producing it in the best possible style. If a plant is naturally of pyramidal growth, it needs little else than rubbing off the buds wherever they are going to shoot and are not wanted, to throw the vigor of the plant into the branches that are necessary. If the plant is an irregular bushy grower, always take out useless shoots as soon as they appear, and stop any that appear to take the lead too soon. If the plant is of straggling growth, with long shoots, continually clip the ends of the branches, until the plant has been brought to the desired shape and form.

There are some plants naturally pendulous, with branches too weak to stand out without props; but what does this suggest? Why, that they are to hang down. We might as well prop up a weeping ash or weeping willow as to prop up any other weeping or drooping plant. If you have a plant of this kind, make a standard of it, and give it a chance to display its beauties.

It is half the battle to understand the natural growth of a plant, and it is the other half to make the best use of that habit when you cultivate it. The formation of a standard is simple enough, no matter what it is. The main stem or leader must have the lower side-branches constantly removed, until the stem has gone up as tall as we require it; but we must not, while it is growing, take off the branches too high up. When we have the stem as high as we wish it, the top may be checked, to induce the side shoots of the head to grow; and the ends of the side branches should be stopped in the same way, so that it will become bushy. With the proper treatment, in this way, a plant may be made to assume almost any shape desired. If plant purchasers would only have the same eye to symmetry and form that they exhibit in making their other purchases, the gardeners and florists would soon find it to their interest to grow better plants than they now have for sale. The most of them are a disgrace to the name of gardening; and how any lady can be tempted to purchase such distorted, ill-shapen objects, is a wonder, since they have such correct perceptions in other matters of form and proportion.

The most common plant, when well grown, with healthy foliage, without even a flower on it, would be an object of more admiration and pleasure than the most showy flower on a poor, miserable, deformed plant, such as is usually seen in this locality.

FLORAL DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.

Feb. 18th. St. Simeon of Jerusalem, Speedwell, (*Veronica vivensis.*)
Feb. 19th. St. Barbatus, Field Speedwell, (*Veronica agrestis.*)
Feb. 20th. St. Mildred, Navelwort, (*Cynoglossum omphalodes.*)
Feb. 21st. St. Serviamus, White Crocus, (*Crocus versicolor.*)
Feb. 22d. St. Margaret of Cortona, Herb Margaret, (*Bellis perrenis.*)
Feb. 23d. St. Milburge, Apricot, (*Prunus Armeniaca.*)
Feb. 24th. St. Ethelbert, Great Fern, (*Osmundia regalis.*)

IRIS.

THE happiest man in the world is the man with just wealth enough to keep him in spirits, and just children enough to make him industrious.

THE Gospel of the day—The Gospel according to St. Lucre.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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A. A. STICKNEY,
J. P. BOGARDUS,
WM. J. BINGHAM,
C. H. WEBB, } *Publishers.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT'S POSITION.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S position at the preseut moment is not a particularly enviable one. A native of the South, but siding with the North from the very inception of the rebellion, denunciation the loudest, vituperation the coarsest, and invective the most bitter, have been heaped upon his head by Southern extremists. The son of a plebeian, and a tailor himself, he could never have the support of the chivalry under any circumstances, while the position which he took and so manfully occupied through the rebellion was construed into an additional crime which shut him forever out from all Southern sympathy. No concessions which he could now make to their prejudices or their pride could give him place in their affections.

And now he has alienated from himself a corresponding wing of the nation—the radicals of the North. We congratulate President Johnson, for the endorsement of extremists is precisely what an Executive should strive not to obtain.

Consistency is, very often: the best thing that can be done under the circumstances. The action of the South, in rising against the general government, was rebellion, if ever rebellion existed on earth. And the law prescribes but one way of dealing with rebels. In the outset we refused to accord belligerent rights to our opponents, and a state paper was issued declaring all men taken upon the seas, in arms against the commerce of the United States, pirates, and that as pirates they would be dealt with. But they were not. To have been consistent, every rebel taken should have been hanged, particularly those taken upon the sea, but they were treated as prisoners of war. And, notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the concession, we were at last compelled to concede belligerent rights to our opponents and conduct the struggle according to the rules of legitimate war, exchanging prisoners, receiving and sending flags of truce, and entering into treaties and stipulations. Consistency demanded a different course, but what else could be done?

Now, that the war is over, what course are we to pursue? After fighting under the banner of the Constitution, are we to fling the Constitution aside the moment that the fight is won? Reconstruction is necessary, but upon what basis is reconstruction to be effected? Having refused to allow the South to nullify, and having spent millions of money and poured out enough blood to float half the navies of the world to preserve the Union and maintain the Constitution intact, are we now to inaugurate nullification at the North? Having conquered, are we now to "make a wilderness and call it Peace?" This is what the radicals demand.

If Union was worth fighting for, it is certainly worth having. It certainly were a sad reflection to think that, after all, we have resorted to the stern logic of arms in defence of a bubble which the points of our bayonets have pricked and broken forever. During the war we deprecated the spirit which was begotten as the struggle progressed. If the South was indeed peopled by the fiends which were pictured to us, why fight for a Union with them?—better fight for Union with Apache or Comanche savages. The phrase "social amenities" was sneered at as the war waxed to a close, but what else is to supplant the iron non-intercourse of war? Annihilation of the conquered is scarcely to be thought of, much as it would gratify the extreme radical wing of the North. Nor can we keep our foot upon the neck of the subdued unless we maintain a standing army in their midst at an expense which would soon impoverish as well as depopulate the nation. Slavery is forever abolished, and the Constitution offers itself as a solution of all our difficulties. Why sneer at its provisions, when it was under its banner that our battles were fought? Adopting it as the light by which to be guided in this moment so fraught with difficulty and danger, President Johnson's position is unassailable, and, even were the absurd threat of his impeachment and removal from office carried out, he would still have the satisfaction of being right—which a great statesman has declared is better than to be President.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

A STEP in the right direction has been taken by the Senate of the State. The *American Flag* newspaper of this city published the statement that seven Senators had been bribed by the payment of $12,000 to each, to vote against the repeal of the Specific Contract Law. The editor of the *Flag* has been summoned before the Senate to substantiate the charge, and, neither making it good nor answering the questions put to him, he was very properly committed to the county jail for contempt.

The recklessness of the *Flag's* course, and the maliciousness and falsity of its charges, have passed into a by-word, bringing it into general disrepute among all whose esteem is worth having. Our chief public officers, and especially the military commandants of the coast, have been repeatedly branded in its columns as guilty of malfeasance, corruption, and other crimes—all to gratify some private grievance, real or fancied. Without running over the whole list of those who have thus been libelled, we may simply mention that gray-haired veteran, the late lamented Gen. Wright; Gen. McDowell; Gen. Drum—the latter officer probably owing his present rank, in some degree, to the abuse of the *Flag*, which has now come to be considered as an endorsement of merit worthy in most cases of promotion by brevet. Of the number of private citizens that would have suffered—had it been within the *Flag's* power to make them suffer—by the spread of evil report, we have not space to recapitulate one-half the list. There were no loyal men on the coast, it claimed, save its subscribers, and advertising in its columns was made the test of political soundness, all who refused to yield it that support being whistled down the wind as Copperheads.

In this instance the *Flag* has gone a little too far. To publish that there are runs upon banks when there are not, for the purpose of creating panics, or to circulate the false report that this or that man is a Copperhead and traitor, was all well enough, for no harm could be done after its *animus* was known; but to impeach seven Senators for bribery—not stating specifically who they were, but leaving suspicion to hover over the whole Senate, was decidedly unwise. Anything that advertises a journal is commonly supposed to aid its circulation; but to have its editor arraigned and branded as a malicious libeller will scarcely benefit the *Flag*, we imagine.

ENCORES.

IF there be one nuisance at a place of amusement more noticeable than crying babies, sharp-elbowed spinsters, bucolic couples who carry on love-making in audible whispers, or a gentleman seated next you who keeps time to the music by drumming on his teeth with the head of his cane or a bootjack, it certainly is the custom of encoring. At a negro minstrel performance, especially, where sentimental songs are as much out of place as whistling would be at a funeral, to gratify the whim of a few weak-eyed spoonies in the galleries, the whole audience have to sit and listen to "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," resung until they have a strong desire to stone the singer to death. It is an unfortunate fact that encores always come from persons who are as ignorant of music as they are of propriety, so that the worst things on the programme are invariably the ones that are repeated.

Aside from the injustice to a great portion of the audience, these encores are cruel to the performers. After singing through a difficult piece—one of those pieces which some one wished were impossible—turning pirouettes on the very tips of their toes, or throwing a dozen handsprings backwards, a performer, much as he feels the honor of the encore, would much prefer to be excused from an immediate repetition of the feat. But these enthusiastic wearers of heavy-heeled boots and carriers of stout canes have as little mercy as clod-hoppers sometimes have for their beasts, howling, and whistling, and cat-calling until the poor performer, already in the very last stage of exhaustion, yields to their exactions.

We suggest that encoring be forbidden in all places of amusement as strictly as spitting on the seats or hanging the legs over the balconies, and that a regular policeman be employed to enforce the rule, putting out the first person who dares to violate it—and not returning his money at the door.

When the programme is a long one, the nuisance is fairly unbearable. Down in the middle or at the very close there may be some gem which the majority are eagerly waiting to hear, but to gratify some gentleman just released from a ten years' residence in San Quentin or an equal service upon the Plains, who has never heard "Ever of Thee" or "The Cottage by the Sea," they have to sit and listen to the dreary repetition of these tunes until the singers are crack-voiced and incapable of doing justice to the rest of the programme.

At the foot of the programmes of the minstrel troupe now performing here there is a notice: "Owing to the length of performance, no encores will be received." They might say to the elements that, as their interest demanded good weather, it must neither blow nor rain. The announcement seems simply to act as a hint to boors to bellow and beat their boots to pieces in enforcing encores. If the minstrels wish to suppress the nuisance effectually, let them mount a huge squirt-gun upon the stage, and play upon the first man, woman or child who persists in keeping up an uproar after a signal is given from the stage to stop. If a mild measure like that does not prove effectual, a small Parrot-gun planted so as to command the house, or a few sharp-shooters posted up in the flies, might prove a pregnant hint towards the preservation of order. But whatever the means adopted, let one end be secured—a total doing away with encores, save under the most extraordinary circumstances.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE *Wild Irish Mother* was withdrawn from the Opera House stage on Monday night, the Child Stealer stealing away to make room for another novelty of dramatic art. Mrs. Edwin, on the last three representations, appeared in the *role* of "Ellen O'Brien," and the piece was materially benefitted by the change. On Monday evening, *Marcillac, or The Honest Man*, was produced. An honest man is said to be the noblest work of God, but this is a translation from the French by Harry Courtaine, who made his reappearance on Monday evening, after a prolonged absence from our stage. For quite a number of months past Mr. Courtaine has been sojourning in the Sage Brush, in close communion with the literati of that Areopagus. The alkali of the region having neutralized the effect of the literati, he returns to us in an improved condition of mind and body, and as yet has not once disappointed the management or the public. So favorable was his reception, that we trust he will be encouraged to continue in the paths of pleasantness and the ways of sobriety. *Marcillac* is a translation of a very Frenchy drama, most thoroughly improbable in plot, and inconsistent in character. The hero, "Robin," (Mr. Courtaine,) like the Rudge raven, reiterates that he is a devil all through the piece, but turns out to be a very simple fellow at the *dénouement*. The *dénouement* is weak enough, a tea-bell and a small Hibernicon constituting the climax. We admire the originality of Robin in giving the mistress of his affections a hand-bell, by the aid of which she can ring for her future husband as though he were a muffin instead of a muff, but we cannot endorse the brilliancy of the idea, particularly as emanating from one who has been a sensible, shrewd fellow all through, playing himself off for the devil. Still, the piece is ingeniously constructed, and had the author strengthened the *dénouement*, and pitched the tea-bell and doxology which he chants to his lady love to the dogs, it would have proved a decided hit. As Robin, Mr. Courtaine was excellent, and merited all the applause he received. "Jean Gauthier"—a man who had sworn to let no words but "yes" and "no" pass his lips, even to his own wife and children, until some one appeared speaking a pass-phrase which would authorize him to reveal a certain secret—was personated by Mr. Thorne, who managed to make his ayes and noes prominent features of the piece. Mr. Jackson, as "Chevalier de la Rapiniere," was very good indeed, and we are glad to be able at last to speak one line of praise for him without qualification. *Marcillac* was played until Friday evening, when it gave place to *Delicate Ground, Little Toddlekins*, and *A Day After the Fair*, for a benefit. This afternoon the two latter pieces will be played, and this evening the charming comedienne Emily Thorne reappears upon our stage as "Hester Grazebrook," in *The Unequal Match*. *The Seven Sisters* is in active preparation.

At the Metropolitan, *The Brown's Horse* has had a most successful run, drawing as a bronze horse should. It ought to have put out an extra pull for Mr. Tibbetts' benefit, but Monday evening is seldom favorable to theatricals. It has not been very easy for the actors to lose their cues in this piece, but Mr. Leach contrived to lose his one eveuing in coming down through a skylight, it catching among the shingles and remaining on the roof. The waterfall of Kao-Jan still remains the admiration of thousands. And still the many actors and actresses in this excellent extravaganza—put upon the stage after a fashion that should serve as a model to many managements—"act well their parts, there all the honor lies." Friday evening, the company performed at San José. This evening, *The Mormons, or Female Life at Salt Lake*, will be produced. Monday evening, for the benefit of doorkeepers and ushers, *The Lakes of Killarney* and *The Elves* will be played. *The Naiad Queen* is in rehearsal, and, if it be brought out as was *The Bronze Horse*, it cannot fail to prove a success.

From the Academy of Music to the Anatomical Museum the journey is as easy as the contrast is striking, for one has only to step around the corner. "Men know thyself," is a favorite injunction, and we do not know a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with oneself than by dropping in at a place where one can see his backbone beautifully done in wax, and his lungs cast in plaster. Determined to shed light upon the community, the proprietors mounted a moveable calcium light on the roof of their establishment Thursday evening, which threw its rays up and down the street and far through the fogs that hung over and around the city. A better device for making a raise could not be adopted.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FROM ROMAN'S.

IN *Hammond on Wakefulness*, we have an excellent thing to put a person to sleep. Not that the book is dry or stupid, for the contrary is the case, but reading so much about sleep is like inhaling the breath of poppies, and one feels very much like dropping off in a doze. Sancho Panza blessed the man who invented sleep, and many thousands will bless Dr. Hammond if his suggestions enable them to avail themselves of the invention. For what is worse than to tumble about all the night through, feeling that one ought to go to sleep to prepare one for the duties of the morrow, and yet unable to close one's eyes? The picture of a man sleepless through all eternity carries to one familiar with the torture of wakefulness more of terror than that of Prometheus bound upon the rock, Ixion revolving upon the wheel, or Sisyphus toiling to roll the vexatious stone up the summitless hill. Among the causes of wakefulness, a rush of blood to the head is mentioned as prominent. Those subject to the flushed face, the throbbing of the carotids and temples, the suffusion of the eyes and the feeling of fulness in the head, which this abnormal condition produces, will be glad to learn that bromide of potassium, taken in doses of from ten to thirty grains, is said by Dr. Hammond to be a perfect cure, all the unpleasant symptoms disappearing as by magic under its use. The use of opium, valerian, assafœtida, and other antispasmodics, is deprecated in cases of wakefulness, tonics being recommended as almost always useful. Plainly cooked and nutritious food for supper—in some cases stimulants, such as good whiskey, lager beer, Tarragona wine, or coffee—warm baths, and the application of cold water to the head, are prescribed, the treatment of course varying with different cases and individuals.

The *Devotional Study of the Scriptures*, by the Rev. Edward Meyrick Gouldburn, contains the substance of some sermons on the subject, delivered by the author while Chaplain of Rugby School to his young congegration. As a means of helping the young over some of the difficulties which beset and bewilder the student of the sacred volume, Dr. Goulburn's book is a very valuable one.

Mildred's Wedding reminds one very much, in its involutions and convolutions, of some of Wilkie Collins' most popular novels. Containing enough plot for a dozen dramas, the dramatist would find the task of condensing it a most difficult one, and probably would have to end his ambitious attempt by playing it serially like the Braddon novels—"to be continued." It is published as an auto-biography; to say that it amuses and enthralls from beginning to end, is simply to repeat what the London *Athenæum* says of it. It is a reprint of an English novel. Francis Derrick being the author.

NOT FROM ROMAN'S.

For the *Grant and Sherman; their Campaigns and Generals*, of J. T. Headley, Mr. E. E. Spear is the general agent in this city. This work is the most complete history of these celebrated campaigns which we have yet seen, and Mr. Headley, by his spirited style and connected narrative has given to it more than the interest of a romance. The work is illustrated with battle pictures, and the portraits of prominent generals.

The *Tribune Almanac* for the year is out. As usual it contains a considerable amount of well digested information, but the publishers could very well afford to circulate it free, for aside from advertising the *Tribune* extensively, just one half the book is devoted to general advertisements, chief among which are quack medicines. On one page we have a table of the tides, and on the next the virtues of Constitution Water—a water which the editors of the *Tribune* certainly have never drank of very freely—are set forth. What necessity to buy an almanac of this kind when the proprietors of medicines circulate similar ones gratuitously?

E. R. Highton publishes a pamphlet entitled *Some General Observations on Matters of Public Interest*, with special reference to the municipal government of San Francisco. Without having time to give Mr. Highton's work the critical perusal it demands, a glance through its pages convinces us that he has spared no pains in possessing himself of statistics and data to build his observations upon, and that many of his suggestions are worthy of adoption.

THE *Report of the Mercantile Library* comes to us with the compliments of Librarian Webb. In this little work Mr. Webb fully sustains the reputation he sometime since won as the *feuilletoniste* of the *Golden Era*, and more permanently established by his poetical contributions to a little volume called *Outcroppings*. We notice with some surprise that more works of romance are taken from the library than historical and scientific ones, and that the nearer the approach to saffron the cover, the more the demand for a book. Let Mr. Webb educate his parish up to a better standard.

IT is always safe even to learn from our enemies; seldom safe to venture to instruct even our friends.

[For the Californian.]

SUNSET.

ALONG yon purple rim of hills,
How bright the sunset glory lies!
Its radiance spans the western skies,
And all the slumbrous valley fills:

Broad shafts of lurid crimson, blent
With lustrous pearl in massèd white;
And one great spear of amber light
That flames o'er half the firmament!

Vague, murmurous sounds the breezes bear;
A thousand subtle breaths of balm,
From some far isle of tropic calm,
Are borne upon the trancèd air.

And, muffling all its giant-roar,
The restless waste of waters, rolled
To one broad sea of liquid gold,
Goes singing up the shining shore!

INA D. COOLBRITH.

[For the Californian.]

WHY WOMEN DRESS.

[THE reader will be a little surprised at the naïve way in which Hagar reveals the secrets of the prison-house, telling the outside world how complexions are made up and paint and things are put on. There is a sort of escaped-nun air about the story that is quite as refreshing as it is convincing. Men, who were doubters ever as well as deceivers, will now become confirmed sceptics in all that pertains to female charms—particularly the charm of complexion. To this complexion we have come at last. We are rather surprised, however, that Hagar should flatter man's vanity by assuring us that it is for him that they dress and "spend sleepless nights and anxious days."]

"The true explanation of the prevailing extravagance in costume is that women dress for one another."

WOMEN dress for one another! for one another!! That statement is all nonsense; women do *not* dress for one another: we dress for *you*, gentlemen—for you alone. It is a pity to spoil a pleasing delusion, but it is a duty to correct errors. We hear and read a great deal about the sinful and reckless extravagance of women. "The Rict of the Women"—an article setting forth our fearful extravagance and its no less fearful consequences—appeared, quoted from the *Round Table*, in nearly every paper published in this State. Indeed one has only to pick up a newspaper or a magazine to find something on the never-failing topic—"the extravagance of the women."

I for one am tired of so much censure, and think the time has come when justice demands that we investigate the causes of such ruinous effects. I think enough has been said to rouse woman to reflect on the evil of her ways, and at the same time say a word occasionally in self-defence. Bearing these terrible accusations in silence is equivalent to acknowledging them to be deserved. To add injury to injury, gentlemen, after *douching* us with our own isms and follies through the press, you sum them all in the one word "extravagance," and make the bold and false statement that women dress for one another. According to that theory, women dress up to look pretty when in company with each other. I wish you could see us when we are where we do not expect to meet gentlemen. You would see different looking specimens of perfection from the lady of faultless toilet that you meet in the parlor and on the street. You know what lunch parties are, do you not? They are a California institution as far as my knowledge of them goes—and very stupid at that. When invited to one of these entertainments, the first inquiry a lady makes is: "Will there be any gentlemen present?" It is very seldom the latter worthies attend ladies' lunch parties. What I was going to say is this: You would be astonished to see the difference the reply makes in the lady's dress arrangements. If there are to be no gentlemen present, she proceeds with the novel or fancy-work with she may be engaged, spending very little time in dressing, I assure you. But if there is to be even one gentleman present, you would be surprised to know the number of hours we spend in dressing, the length of time we stand before the mirror, and the number of times we turn round before it.

When invited to take a ride by a lady, do you suppose we keep *her* waiting for at least three hours while we run, to be gone "just a moment," to put on cloak and hat? Think how many times you, my gentleman critic, have been kept waiting that long, with nothing to do to amuse yourself except to pace up and down the floor of a gloomy parlor. And all this while that lady was dressing for *you*. You are mistaken when you think we would spend so much precious time—I might say our whole lives—and next to the last cent we possess, in dressing to look pretty to please one another. No, no gentlemen, it is for you we do all this. Ladies would not spoil their complexions by using ruinous paints on the face, knowing they lend only a passing charm, for one another—*never*. It is for you we do it all. *You do not know the difference between natural and artificial beauty.* You do not know whether the pretty flush on the face is natural or "put on." You do not know whether the softness and fairness of a pretty face is nature's work or "liquid pearl"—the fashionable name for whitewash. Indeed you do not. To use your own words, gentlemen, you "only know when a woman looks well." You may *think* you know a painted face, but you do not. I could not detect it myself if I had not seen the paint put on and were not familiar with this branch of high art. And just here, in confidence, I will explain the *modus operandi*. In the first place we wash the face over with a whitewash, let the face dry, then rub it gently with a flannel cloth; next apply the red to the cheeks, again apply the whitewash, again let the face dry, smoothing it over with the flannel as before. Again put a little rouge on the cheeks and finish by applying to the whole face a coat of "liquid pearl." That is the way we do it! And as long as you think the pretty face which we make up a genuine one, what is the difference whether it is or not? Oh, but you are deluded about some things! A few days ago when walking with Mr. H., all at once, stopping as suddenly as though a streak of lightning had flashed across his path and he was afraid of stepping on it, he said to me, "Hagar, who is that lady that just bowed to you?" After breathing a full, easy breath, relieved to find that I had done nothing to cause his excitement, I replied in the most matter-of-fact manner—"It was Miss So-and-so." His next exclamations were, "beautiful!" "charming!!" lovely!!!" *I* had seen that face at a time of day when gentlemen are not supposed to see ladies. I had seen that face when it presented a different appearance from that which captured him on the street. But as *he* thought the face what it seemed, I was not going to undeceive him, no, no. And though I knew as we walked along that he was contrasting that girl's bright face and dark shining locks with my dull face and faded golden hair, I only remarked, meekly, "Yes, she is very beautiful."

Who describe the belle of a ball room, telling what she wore, how she had her hair done up, the color and quality of her complexion and eyes, lips and teeth? Gentlemen. Women dress for one another! Absurd. It is for *you*, who condemn our extravagance, that we promenade the streets with three-quarters of a yard of rich silk or velvet trailing behind us; it is for you we spend sleepless nights and anxious days, devising ways and means to look charming and to please; it is for you we spend our last dollar for dress, and go half-starved and comfortless in consequence. It is for you; we are just what you make us. Do not, then, be so inconsistent as to blame woman for being what she is; do not lay all the awful sins of the unnatural life you compel her to lead at her door. Such inconsistency does not accord with the dignity and wisdom of man. Remembering that the accusations which you heap upon her reflect back upon your own souls—that you will have to answer for the greater weight of woman's sins at the great day of settling accounts—reflect, and do not be too severe upon your own works, if they are evil.

HAGAR.

BORROWING OUR FASHIONS.—A London fashion paper says that English ladies are adopting the custom of the Americans of wearing pistols in their belts. The writer disapproves of the custom, though we are told the pistols of the English ladies are small and jewelled, and for ornament, not for use—unlike the blunderbusses of their lady-cousins in this country. An aumoniere is said to be more in keeping with the benificent character of woman. The only mistake of the London writer is in saying that American ladies wear pistols. It is cannon they carry, of the largest calibre—Dahlgren kind. They carry them to fire salutes at each other on meeting.

A WORK has just been published by C. Schroeder Van der Kolk, entitled "Soul and Body" *(Seele und Leib,)* in which he endeavors to prove that what is called soul is simply the manifestation of brain, just as digestion is the function of the stomach. He says memory, imagination, reason, and even volition, are but the result of physical actions, or electro-molecular, excited by the operation of perception—the contact with the outer world.

NOT long since, a fire-eating Irishman challenged a lawyer, who gratified him by an acceptance. The duellist, being very lame, requested that he might have a prop. "Suppose," said he, "I lean against this milestone?" "With pleasure," replied the lawyer, "on condition that I may lean against the next." The joke settled the quarrel.

OUR little advertising friend gets off a little *bon-mot* about Bowles' book which was told to the editor as being in type for the CALIFORNIAN, without credit-marks. It is undoubtedly an excellent joke on us, but it is scarcely equal to the one which Judge Rix got off over his Sherry in a libel suit lately decided.

THE *Flag* exults because its editor "was not shot, not bowie-knifed, not bayoneted, not hanged, not sabred, not beset by a riot, not beaten to death" on landing at Sacramento. This only furnishes another illustration of how seldom men get their deserts in this life.

SUFFERING is no duty but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessons the generous activity of virtue.

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO
To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House 8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage. 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage.
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50.
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Furallone Islands, 20.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. **1866.**

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
fe6-3m Proprietor.

THE PACIFIC
INSURANCE COMPANY,
HAVING ADDED
MARINE INSURANCE
TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON
Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,
ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. fe5-3m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!
NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.
Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.
H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

fe25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

ALLEN'S
LUNG BALSAM!

A CERTAIN CURE FOR
COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, NIGHT SWEATS, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH,
CONSUMPTION,
And all Diseases of the
CHEST AND LUNGS!

This celebrated Cough Remedy effects a speedy cure by producing a free and easy expectoration, heals abscesses of the lungs, prevents unhealthy secretion of the bronchial tubes, and removes from them those accumulations of morbid matter which cause oppression of the breast, difficulty of breathing, etc, soothes irritation of the respiratory organs which produces cough.
PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists.
HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
401 Battery corner of Clay,
ja27-3m San Francisco.

DR. HUMPHREYS'
Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of in-	
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults...	25
	faints.....	25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis.....	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach.....	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods..	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains...	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding.....	50
" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing.....	50
" 22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
" 24	cures *General Debility*, Physical Weakness.....	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions....	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel.....	50
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker.....	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life.....$1.00	
" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 34	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book.....$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book..... 8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book..... 6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.
HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
ja27-3m San Francisco

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION!

Secret of Beauty!

USE GEO. W. LAIRD'S

See that the name, GEO. W. LAIRD, is stamped ON THE BOTTLE. No other is Genuine.

BLOOM OF YOUTH,
OR
LIQUID PEARL!
The best article in the world for Preserving and Beautifying the Complexion and Skin.

This magnificent Toilet Article is prepared only by GEO. W. LAIRD, 74 Fulton street, New York, formerly 483 Broadway.
Sold by Druggists everywhere.
HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
ja27-3m San Francisco.

WM. H. KEITH & CO.'S
Wine of Pepsine,
OR,
RENNET WINE!

A NEW AND EFFICACIOUS REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA, Gastralgia, etc. Prepared from fresh rennets according to the formula of Dr. GEORGE ELLIS, and preserving this valuable digestive aid in an attractive form both as regards taste and appearance.
For the past few years this medicine has been used with great success by the most enlightened physicians of Europe and America in Dyspepsia, Gastralgia, in slow and difficult digestion following Fevers, and also in Consumption and other Chronic Diseases. Price $1 50 per bottle.

WM. H. KEITH & CO.'S
GLUCOLEIN,
A NEW AND VALUABLE COMPOUND OF
COD LIVER OIL.

GLUCOLEIN combines all the therapeutic properties of the crude oil, and does not become rancid on exposure, and is prepared from the BEST French Brown Cod Liver Oil.
Glucolein dissolves readily in the stomach and is easily assimilated, very pleasant to take and does not leave any bad taste in the mouth, nor produce eructations or any unpleasant effects, and is easily borne by the most delicate stomach.
Glucolein contains a large per cent. of oil, and, from the facts above stated, one teaspoonful is more efficacious than one tablespoonful of crude oil.
Put up in glass jars—price, $1 50 each. fe3

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING
Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES
NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

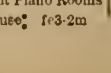
4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quick-silver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived by thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.
A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.
Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.
I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.
CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!
W. D. FARRAND.

WALTER S. PIERCE,
Pianist,
AND PROMPTER OF DANCING,



Can be engaged for PRIVATE PARTIES, at Piano Rooms No 26 Montgomery street, opposite Lick House. fe3-2m

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES!

DEVOTED TO LIVE TOPICS,

THE DISSEMINATION OF A PURE LITERATURE, DEVELOPMENT OF HOME TALENT,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA

Published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

AT

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BY THE CALIFORNIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. A. STICKNEY, J. P. BOGARDUS, W. J. BINGHAM, C. H. WEBB.

No effort will be spared to enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN.

The voluntary notices bestowed by the press of the Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific. Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

THE CALIFORNIAN

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IVINS' PATENT HAIR-CRIMPERS!
No Lady should be without one.
TRIMMINGS, FRINGES,
BUTTONS, THREADS,
COTTONS, NEEDLES,
TAPES, FANCY GOODS,
ETC.
HOOP SKIRTS, NEW STYLES,
Best ever Imported.
ALL TO BE FOUND AT THE
PIONEER TRIMMING EMPORIUM
OF
MRS. NORCROSS,
No. 5 Montgomery street, Masonic Temple.
fe21-tf

STRAIN'S CONDITION POWDERS
FOR HORSES.

A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in use. For sale by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents, Corner of Pine and Sansome street.

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BEDDING!

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LATEST STYLES!

The Best Workmanship,

AND

LOWEST PRICES!

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FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,

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CALEB M. SICKLER,

DEALER IN

Stoves and Tin Ware,

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BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE,

SAN FRANCISCO

AGENCY FOR STEWART'S STOVES

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NEW MAPS OF MEXICO, JUST OUT;

NEW MAPS OF IRELAND;

CHART OF OUR FALLEN HEROES.

Maps of every description constantly on hand.

W. HOLT,

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PIANOS

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AT LOW PRICES,

AT

Kohler's Music Store,

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G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
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STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,

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MUTUAL

Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED 1842.

Assets, ALL Cash,

OVER

$14,000,000!

AN EXAMPLE OF THE

DIVIDENDS OF 1866.

POLICY NO. 33,321,

FOR

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

Issued in San Francisco, August 22, 1864.

The amount Premium paid thereon in one year was $304 40.

The Amount of Dividend for one year to August 22, 1865, was

$539 62,

Being $235 22 *More than am't Premium paid,*

Making the amount of Policy on August 22, 1865,

$10,539 62!

If the Dividend is used in payment of Premium, instead of being added to the Policy, the next payment required will be

Only $88 22,

instead of $304 40.

OTHER EXAMPLES OF

Policies Issued in 1864.

Amount Policy.	Premiums paid One Year.	Dividends One Year.
$10,000	$220 80	$394 77
5,000	120 72	237 27
2,500	87 40	141 80
1,000	21 70	39 48

ALL THE PROFITS OF THE COMPANY ARE

DIVIDED ANNUALLY,

AMONG THE STOCKHOLDERS,

AND

CAN BE USED IN PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS, OR ADDED TO THE POLICY, AT THE OPTION OF THE ASSURED.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

LIFE POLICIES ISSUED,

PAID UP IN FIVE OR TEN YEARS.

AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES issued, paid up in Ten Years or otherwise.

CHILDREN'S ENDOWMENT POLICIES, Etc.

H. S. HOMANS,

General Agent for California, Oregon, and Nevada.

No. 609 Clay street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

N. B.—Holders of Policies issued through this Agency in 1864 can ascertain the amount of their Dividends upon application to the General Agent, and the Amount of Dividends on Policies issued in 1865 as soon as received.

fo17-1m

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

HEREAFTER, 15*TH OF EVERY MONTH.*

THURSDAY, FEBUARY 15, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,

VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

AMERICA.

ON THURSDAY, - - - - MARCH 15TH

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely.

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

SANTIAGO,

2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,

Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,

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Medical and Surgical Institute,

COMMERCIAL STREET,

A few doors below Kearny, - - - San Francisco.

ATTENDING AND RESIDING PHYSICIAN,

C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

Late Surgeon U. S. A., Quarantine Physician at New Orleans and Boston, Lecturer on Morbid Anatomy and Diseases of Women and Children, Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc., etc.

FOR THE CURE OF DISEASES,

WHETHER ACUTE OR CHRONIC,

No. 641 *Commercial street,*

A few doors below Kearny, where he can be consulted at all hours.

Especial attention paid to all Diseases of the UTERINE and SEXUAL ORGANS, SECONDARY and HEREDITARY AFFLICTIONS in their manifold form,

NERVOUS AFFICTIONS, ETC.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS, of whatever nature, performed scientifically, and the patient boarded at the Institute.

TO THE LADIES.—Private apartments, with female nurses, for those who desire them. CONSULTATIONS FREE.

Parties in the Country may consult the Doctor by letter, and receive, in return, a full description of their disease and its means of cure. All communications strictly confidential. C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

de16-3m 641 Commercial street, San Francisco.

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INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary. mh25-tf

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

NATHANIEL GRAY,

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CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole Agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

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LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

fe2 *SAN FRANCISCO,*

THE

AWARDED THE *HIGHEST PREMIUM*

AT THE

State Fair of California,

The only Fair on the Pacific coast at which any two double-thread Machines were exhibited in competition in

1865.

If there is a FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE within one thousand miles of this office that is not working well, it will be attended to if I am informed of it, without expense to the owner. SAMUEL HILL,

General Agent,

111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

THE

FLORENCE

SEWING MACHINE

RECEIVED THE *FIRST PREMIUM,* A GOLD MEDAL, at the Great Exhibition of the

AMERICAN INSTUTE, - - - New York,

1865.

fe10-3m

STEAM COMMUNICATION

WITH THE

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE CALIFORNIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY will despatch their magnificent new steamship

AJAX,

Two Thousand Tons Burthen,

CHRISTOPHER GODFREY, - - - Commander,

FOR HONOLULU,

ON THURSDAY, - - - - - MARCH 1, 1866,

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M.

The cabin accommodations of the Ajax are unsurpassed for comfort and elegance.

To invalids and tourists this trip offers unequalled inducements, not only on the point of economy, but also in the superior accommodations of the ship, and the pleasure of a voyage to these Islands.

Freight taken at the lowest current rates.

Bills of Lading will be furnished to shippers, and none others signed.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office of the California Steam Navigation Company.

fe23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

HUNT'S IMPROVED WIND-MILL.

THIS WIND-MILL IS RAPIDLY taking the place of all other Mills on the Pacific Coast. These Mills are so simple in their construction that, when once built, they can be put in order by almost any person; and when once in order they will run for years without repairs.

Prices, from $50 to $1,000.

ROUND AND SQUARE WATER TANKS BUILT TO ORDER.

HUNT'S PUMPS

Are admitted to be the best in the Market for Wind-Mills, being built expressly for that purpose. They can be set and taken apart with a common wrench, and are easily repaired.

HUNT'S ENDLESS CHAIN

HORSE-POWER

FOR SAWING WOOD.

Also, the

SELF-REGULATING HORSE-POWER

Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will make them.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

☞ For further Particulars see small circulars. ☜

E. O. HUNT,

No. 28 Second street, and 108 and 112 Jessie street,

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MR. AND MRS. COGILL

AND SONS,

Teachers of Dancing,

CONGRESS HALL,

On Bush-st., adjoining Russ House.

SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. fe10-3m

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE time has long gone by when criticism could do anything, for good or evil, for the works of Charles Dickens. No amount of literary censure or praise could lower or raise his estimation with the general public. Nor, on the other hand, do we believe that any criticism, however just, or fair, or thoughtful, would lead him to alter his style, or tone, or mode of writing. We must make up our minds to take the author of "Pickwick" for better or for worse. We do not indeed agree with the opinion expressed in the postscript to "Our Mutual Friend," that an an author must always understand what he is about better than a critic. If this were so, a painter, writer, sculptor, or artist of any kind, would be the only competent judge of the merit of his own work, an argument which refutes itself. But we do hold, that with every artist a time comes when the function of criticism ceases, as far as he himself is concerned. A very young husband may think it worth while to try and improve the mind and elevate the character of a youthful bride, though the task generally ends in disappointment. But no sane elderly married man ever dreams of trying to correct the faults of the mother of grown-up children. Now, Mr. Dickens and the public have been, so to speak, wedded too long together, and, on the whole, love each other too dearly, to dream of any possible improvement of their marital relations.

Moreover, there is probably no writer of eminence who has shown less faculty of improvement—if we may use such a phrase—than Charles Dickens. By the force of an almost unequalled genius, he placed himself, on his first appearance, in the foremost rank of English authors; and from that rank he has never receded or advanced. In the novels of Thackeray or Bulwer you can trace a marked improvement in the art of writing and story-telling, as the author gained skill by experience. You can trace nothing of this kind in those of Dickens. "Great Expectations" is as perfect or imperfect as a novel as "The Old Curiosity Shop," and in the same manner. As a veteran novelist, Mr. Dickens evinces the same inability to compose a story which he showed as a literary tyro. With the exception, perhaps, of "Barnaby Rudge,"—the least popular of all his novels—there is not one in which the story, as a story, is not unsatisfactory, in which the plot is not confused, the explanation inadequate, and in which there is not an absence of proportion between the foundation of the superstructure and the superstructure itself. In this latest novel, the "Mutual Friend" himself, the Veneerings, the Podsnaps, and the Lammles, have absolutely nothing to do with the development of the story, which they introduce, as it were, to the reader. The murder of John Harmon, the supposed key-note of the novel, is almost lost sight of throughout the bulk of the novel; and the main interest centres, not about the chief actors, but about Eugene Wrayburn, and Lizzie Hexam, and Bradley Headstone, mere supernumeraries in the drama of "Our Mutual Friend," whose presence might be dispensed with without injury to the main plot.

In trying to unravel one of Mr. Dickens' plots, we are always reminded of the Maze at Hampton Court; the clews which appear the most promising end in nothing, and we make a dozen false starts before we catch hold of the correct path. We fancy, for instance, that the adoption of Johnny and Sloppy is to lead to something important in the solution of the Boffin mystery; but Johnny dies before he can be brought home, and Sloppy only reappears in the last chapter, to aid in administering due castigation to Silas Wegg. Then, too, the hero and heroine of the "Mutual Friend" are of the usual cast-iron, or rather cast-wax, stamp we are so used to in all Mr. Dickens' novels. M. Henri Taine, in his able critique on English novelists, says that he always feels inclined to address the excellent young men and amiable young women who play the lovers in Mr. Dickens' works as good little boys and girls. "Soyez sages, mes bons petits enfans," is the valedictory benediction he would bestow upon them. Ruth Pinch, Ada Jarndyce, Florence Dombey, Kate Nickleby, Little Dorrit, and the rest, are all twin sisters. Every now and then we have a heroine who begins by being a little wilful and proud, like Bella Wilfer, but she always ends by toning down into a perfect woman. So, in like manner, the heroes are always well-conducted, excellent young men, with the highest principles, and all the domestic virtues. And, somehow, Mr. Dickens himself seems aware of their essentially prosaic nature. He has created scores of characters which will live as long as the English literature of our time is read; but he has never thrown the whole power of his matchless genius on the delineation of a hero or heroine. "Vanity Fair" was called a novel without a hero; but Dickens' novels might, we think, be more truly called novels without heroes and without plots.

Then, also, since we are picking out faults, we may say that the artistic merit of Mr. Dickens' pictures is strangely injured by his passion for irrelevant discussions—a passion which has grown upon him in later years. When Thackeray stopped in the middle of his narrative to enter on some topic which took his fancy, we were almost sorry when the topic was dropped and the narrative resumed. But with Dickens the case is different. We may or may not agree with Mr. Dickens' views about Chancery suits and administrative reform; but, agreeing or disagreeing, we do not wish to have them forced upon us in the middle of a novel, like a dose of medicine in a spoonful of honey. Thus in "Our Mutual Friend" one of the most fanciful and brilliant passages is the protest against the modern Poor-law system, given through the narrative of old Betty, but it has no more to do with the story than with Captain Cook's voyages. Mr. Dickens would, perhaps, urge in reply that a great moral lesson can be enforced better through the medium of a novel than of an elaborate Blue-book. We are quite willing to admit the plea in the interests of social progress, but not in those of art. As an earnest reformer, Mr. Dickens may be right in interlarding his novels with political and social discussions; as an artist, he is undoubtedly wrong.

In "Our Mutual Friend," all the peculiar merits and defects of the writer we all admire so much may be found in their full force and development. It is the fashion, amongst the class of critics in whose eyes popularity is the heaviest sin that can be laid to a writer's door, to say that Dickens has fallen off. Whether he has fallen off or not is a question of opinion, but it is certain that nobody has yet risen up to him. Let any candid reader try and picture to himself what a sensation "Our Mutual Friend" would have produced if it had been written by a new and unknown author. It is only because we are so used to the marvellous creative power of the great English novelist that we have almost ceased to wonder at his creations. We have plenty of clever novel-writers at the present day, and Anthony Trollope, Bulwer, Miss Evans, Charles Reade, and a dozen others, might be named as novelists whose works will live after them; but what single writer is there amongst the lot who would have written the account of the Pool below the bridges, of little Johnny's death, of Bradley Headstone's death agony, or of the doll-dressmaker's "bad boy?"

It is getting the fashion, now-a-days, for novelists to photograph the features, habits, tricks of voice and manner of their friends and acquaintances, and so to produce a life-like portraiture. But yet, even to those who know the originals, the impression produced by those photograph likenesses is not half so vivid as that which Mr. Dickens creates out of his own genius. Nobody can give a name to Mr. Podsnap, or Fascination Fledgby, or Mr. Twemlow, or Alfred Lammle, but yet everybody feels that he knows them personally, the moment he has read "Our Mutual Friend." Just as no critic can ever discern the art by which a great painter produces a resemblance by a few touches, so no disquisition can explain how it is that Mr. Dickens throws off his likenesses. We know far more of the real nature of Becky Sharpe and Colonel Newcombe than we do of any personage in Mr. Dickens' novels; but if the latter writer had painted them—a thing he could not have done—we should have seen them before us as they lived and moved; we should have known them if we had met them in the street.

And, in our opinion, it is this faculty of bringing his personages before us in flesh and blood which constitutes Mr. Dickens' extraordinary talent. In spite of the extravagance of his plots, the men and women of his pages are living beings. When once seen they come home with us, as persons we have known in life. Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, Mark Tapley and Jonas Chuzzlewit, Pecksniff and Harold Skimpole, Little Nell and Paul Dombey, and a hundred others, are personages whose names you may recall in writing or conversation with a far greater certainty that those you address will understand the reference, than if you mentioned the most famous names in modern science, or art, or politics. To this great Dickens' portrait gallery "Our Mutual Friend" will add not a few pictures. Bella, the "boofer lady," Mrs. Wilfer, Silas Wegg, old Betty, Rouge Riderwood, and Mr. Veneering, are henceforth recognized public characters.

Nor is there any failing in this, the latest of the series, in that wonderful power of seeing what everybody feels he ought to have seen himself—which distinguishes all Mr. Dickens' works. When the tavern waiter in the Christmas story complained about the hardship of his having to profess an interest in the prospects of the moors, we all felt quite astonished that this observation had never struck us before. So the mere phrase about the Lammle household, that their servants were not quite like any other people's servants, gives us an idea of the Lammle interior which pages of minute description would not produce. Mr. Dickens tells us in his preface how "Our Mutual Friend" was nearly being abruptly removed from the world by the dreadful Staplehurst accident. Had it so been, there is no living author whose death so many thousands of readers, to whom his face is unknown, would have grieved as for that of a friend, not mutual, but personal. *The Reader.*

"I GAVE the fellow a shilling," said Sir Walter Scott, on some occasion when sixpence was the fee, "and added, 'Remember you owe me sixpence.'" "May your honor live till I pay you!" said Pat.

LAST TRIAL OF FIDELITY.

AN officer in the French army, during the reign of Napoleon, having incurred the suspicion or resentment of the Emperor, thought it expedient to abandon his country and take refuge in one of the Austrian provinces: and here he became advised of, and initiated into a society, the object of whose formation was to hurl to the ground the Colossus whose arm smote and governed the whole Continent of Europe with a sceptre of iron. One day a letter was brought to him containing the usual signs and password of the society, and requiring him to repair on the following night to a secluded spot in the forest, where he would meet some of his associates. He went, but he found nobody. The orders were repeated four times: the officer sought the place with no better success than the first. On the fifth night of his appearance at the rendezvous, after waiting some time, he was on the point of returning, when loud cries suddenly arrested his attention.

Drawing his sword, he hastened to the spot whence they seemed to proceed, and was fired upon by three men, who, on seeing that he remained unwounded, instantly took to flight: but at his feet lay a bleeding corpse, in which, by the feeble light of the moon, he in vain sought for tokens of returning animation. He was yet bending over the dead man, when a detachment of chasseurs, summoned apparently by the noise of the pistols that had been discharged at himself, came up suddenly and arrested him as the assassin. He was loaded with chains, tried the next day, and condemned to die for his supposed crime. His execution was ordered to take place at midnight. Surrounded by the ministers of justice, he was led at a slow pace, by the light of torches, and the funeral tolling of bells, to a vast square, in the centre of which was a vast scaffold, environed by horsemen. Beyond these were a numerous group of spectators, who muttered impatiently, and at intervals sent forth a cry of abhorrence.

The victim mounted the scaffold—his sentence was read—and the first act of the tragedy was on the point of fulfilment, when an officer let fall a word of hope. An edict had just been promulgated by the Government, offering a pardon and life to any condemned criminal who should disclose the members and secret tokens of a particular association, the existence of which the Frenchman to whom these words were addressed had lately become aware of, and of which he had become a member. He was questioned, but he denied all knowledge; they urged him to confess with promises of additional reward: his only reply was a demand of immediate death—and his initiation was completed.

All that passed was a terrible trial of fidelity. Those who surrounded him were members of the society, and every incident that has been described, from the summons to the last moment of expected death, was only a step in the progress of the fearful experiment by which they sought to determine the trustworthiness of the neophyte.

MAGIC LANTERNS.—The principle of construction is very simple. It consists of a tin box, with a bent funnel at the top, which serves the double purpose of allowing the smoke and heat to escape, and preventing the light dispersing in the room, and thus interfering with the reflected image. It has a door at the side, a polished tin concave reflection at the back of the inside, and a powerful light placed at the focus of the reflector; the light being supplied by an argand oil or gas lamp, or by the combustion of oxygen and hydrogen gases thrown upon lime. For private exhibition, the oil argand is generally and more easily employed. Opposite to the light and focus of the reflector is a movenble or telescopic tube, containing an hemispherical illuminating lens near to the reflector, and a converse lens at the extremity of the tube; and between the two lenses is a slit for the introduction of the painted glass slides. To use the magic lantern, light the lamp, polish the reflector with a dry cloth, and also carefully wipe the lenses, to remove any moisture; then place the lamp in the focus of the reflector, close the door of the lantern, and place it upon a table ready for use. Suspend a wet sheet from a line stretched across the room, or have a screen made of calico stretched tightly upon a frame; in the event of not using either of them, you must reflect the images upon a smooth whitewashed wall. Slip in a slide with the figures and other subjects inverted or upside down—then advance or recede with the lantern, and by moving the tube in front of the slide you will be enabled to adjust the focus, and obtain a magnified image of the painting upon the slide reflected upon the sheet, screen or wall. When the room is large enough, it is better to place the screen between the spectators and the lantern, as it renders the deception more complete.

YOUNG MEN who wish to prepare themselves for active business life by receiving a thorough commercial education, are referred to the circular of the Pacific Business College, published in our advertising columns. This Institution, under the able management of its President, M. K. Laudenslager, has been for many months in successful operation, and merits the fullest recognition from our business community.

A CLEAR, SMOOTH, WHITE SKIN.—Davidson's Circassian Bloom has no equal for beautifying, whitening, and preserving the complexion and skin, removing freckles, tan, moth, pimples, and protecting the charms of beauty from the winds and dust.

On the "Qui Vive."—A large number of fashionable ladies of San Francisco, who are noted for the graceful style and elegance of their dress, as well as for the irresistible attractiveness of their fascinating smiles, which the consciousness of being fashionably and tastefully dressed spreads over their classical features, are ever on the *qui vive* to take the advantage of "circumstances" and to decorate, adorn, and embellish with every imaginable kind of ladies' dress trimmings, buttons, gloves, etc., their graceful figures, at a price so low that any and all can afford to dress fashionably, and even elegantly. The present victims of these vigilant and economical leaders of the fashion, are the members of the celebrated firm of M. Homberger & Co., 300 Kearny street, corner of Bush, who keep constantly on hand a superior and extensive assortment of ladies' dress trimmings, buttons, hosiery, gloves, woolen ware, and fancy goods, also a splendid lot of Berlin zephyr worsted, all of which they offer at greatly reduced prices. In consequence of which, the store is crowded from morning till night, no one leaving without making purchases, and all going home both suited and delighted with the style of the article as well as the price paid for it.—*Golden Era.*

Concord Wagons and Harness.—The Pacific Concord Carriage Manufactory is prepared to supply the Pacific Coast with Concord wagons and harness made to order. The members comprising this firm have long been in the employ of the celebrated manufacturing house of L. Downing & Son, Concord, New Hampshire; so that parties wishing Concord wagons or harness can obtain just the same quality of article here and save 25 per cent. on their purchase money. We have seen some of their workmanship, and can recommend it to the public Address Belduke & Co., 820 Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth.—*San Francisco Leader.*

Dainty Work.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of sufferiug is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

San Francisco, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, Joseph Sparrow.

Dr. C. W. Moore's Medical and Surgical Institute.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

Wagons.—Every species of wagons that any one can need, made of the best material, well fitted and finished, can be found at the Depot of Mills & Evans, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lead Bars, are kept constantly on hand.—*California Leader.*

Many of the Diseases which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. Benton, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

To Poor Writers.—If you would learn to write a good hand, try the Bahhittonian—the new system of instruction in penmanship. It is the cheapest and best. Purchase the forms, which will be the only instruction you need, and practice will make you an excellent penman. Call on Warren Holt, Room No. 2, Mead House, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, and learn particulars. Read the following:

The Bahhittonian system of Penmanship appears to me really to possess all the advantages which it claims in the above printed summary.

Rev. P. V. Veeder,
Principal of City College, San Francisco.

San Francisco, October 13, 1865.

The elements and principles of the Bahittonian Penmanship seem to me valuable for their practicability and simplicity. I do not hesitate to add my testimony in favor of this system as one of the best in use. J. C. Pelton,
Superintendent Public Schools.

State of California,
Department of Public Instruction,
San Francisco, Oct. 16, 1865.

To Whom it May Concern: I have carefully examined the Bahhittonian system of Penmanship, and take pleasure in recommending it to teachers and others interested, as one which possesses many merits. Its cheapness is one of its more evident merits.
JOHN SWETT. Supt. Pub. Instruction.

Taking Lessons from Us.—The English are beginning to evince a desire to learn how to read and write the English language. The dictionaries of Webster and Worcester have been republished in England, and are received by a large number of Englishmen as standard authorities for the language. The Bahhitonian Penmanship, an American system, has been republished in London and adopted by prominent seminaries there, and may possibly do away with some of the stiffness of style of writing still prevalent there. The New York *Times* remarks that the English first gave us a language, and taught us to speak and write; we give it back to them with interest, improved and made more useful to the mass of the people.—*Morning Call, Jan. 7th.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

Dr. Wm. K. Doherty's Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his cure. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

A REMARKABLE CURE.

DR. HOWARD'S RHEUMATIC MIXTURE

Cures Rheumatism in three to ten days. Warranted, or no pay required. Howard's Medical and Surgical Institute, No. 648 Washington street, near Kearny.

The following card will explain itself without comment:

San Francisco, Jan. 19, 1866.

Dr. P. Howard—Dear Sir: I have been for seven years afflicted with rheumatism, and during that time I suffered more than generally falls to the lot of any human being in a life time. My ankles at times would measure six inches in diameter; my fingers were drawn into the palms of my hands; pains the most excruciating in my extremities, my hips and back, until I almost wished for death to relieve me of my sufferings. I tried every known remedy, and spent many hundred dollars without obtaining any relief. I have been swindled so many times by miserable Quacks, that I was afraid to try your remedy. Fortunately while reading one of your bills, a friend of mine told me that he had been cured by you. I concluded to try once more, though I had little confidence in it, because my case was of so many years standing; but judge of my surprise, when, after using it two days all my pain left me, and the swelling in my ankles decreased, and I am now, after using your remedy ten days, well and able to leave for my home. God bless you, Doctor. You will be considered a benefactor. Gratefully yours,
fe3 Asa Willet, Drytown, Amador county.

Buggies and Carriages.—If you want a trim neat, light, and yet durable style of buggy or carriage, go to Nos. 37 and 39 Webb street, between Sacramento and California, where you will find just such a vehicle as will suit your taste. Pollard & Carvill not only deal in these articles, but manufacture them to order, and do repairing, painting, trimming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neatness. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

☞ At least two-thirds of the Diseases with which the human family are afflicted, are brought on by the want of attention to the condition of the Blood. Whenever the Blood becomes impure, no matter from what cause, the effects of such impurity are immediately felt, either in one way or another; and unless measures are at once taken to remove such impurities, the whole system becomes affected, and a long fit of sickness and sometimes death is the result. Dr. Samuel Adams, a well-known Chemist of San Francisco, has discovered certain herbs and roots, mostly of California growth, which he has combined with Sarsaparilla and Iodide of Potas, and succeeded in producing a Medicine that, while it is entirely harmless in every particular, will in a short time completely eradicate from the Blood all impurities, of whatever nature, and will restore the patient to perfect robust health. The preparation is called "Adams' Blood Purifier," and is for sale at wholesale at the

United States Drug Store,
Corner of Bush and Powell streets, San Francisco,
and by all druggists in the state.
ja6-1m

Accident and Loss of Life.—With the details of the dreadful disasters of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *Yosemite* fresh in memory, it is not needful that we should urge on the public the importance of guarding as fully as possible not only against the recurrence of such startling calamities, but also as far as they can against the consequences that arise from them. Accidents are terribly frequent in this new State of ours. Hardly a day passes but we have to record some loss of life, or terrible mangling that leaves the victim with hardly a wish to live. Stringent legislation is demanded to protect travellers from carelessness and criminal negligence of public carriers. It is with great interest that we have watched the rapid growth of Accident Insurance Companies, and we are happy to know that the New York Accidental Insurance Company, established by some of the wealthiest capitalists of the East, have placed their agency in the hands of Bigelow & Brother, Insurance Agents, of this city. We advise every one to take out a policy. The premium is very small—the price of a good cigar only per day—while the benefits are great; $25 per week, if disabled, or $5,000 in case of death. Who would not give $2 50 to be insured for a trip to Washoe, or 25 cents for a trip to Sacramento City? That's all it costs. We predict a large business for the agency in this city. The Company have complied with the State law, and are fully prepared to issue policies, or travelling tickets, at once.—*S. F. Call.*

Astrology.—The occult sciences of the middle ages, magic, alchemy, necromancy, and star-reading, are not lost to the world. The invisible and secret powers of astrography are still possessed by the chosen student in the mysteries of nature who can interpret the influence of the stars and predict by their occultations the bidden events of the future.

In affairs of Past, Present or Future, he they of Business, Matrimony, Love, or sickness, go and consult the naturally gifted Astrologer, Professor Cohen, 530 California street. Thousands have been benefitted by his knowledge. He has held over 18,000 consultations during the last five years. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 P. M. to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart. Sickness treated and cured through a science unknown to others.

Wanted—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. Shear, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California.

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To our well-assorted stock of articles in their line:

Drugs and Medicines,	Herbs and Fluid Extracts,
Paints and Oils,	Corks, every variety,
Dental Goods,	Acids, Marble Dust,
Elastic Stockings,	Plaster, Blue Stone,
Trusses and Supporters,	Sal Ammoniac,
Druggists' Glassware,	Copperas,
Leeches,	Irish Moss,
Surgical Instruments,	Retorts and Crucibles,

Together with a Complete Assortment of Drugs.

Our senior partner is now residing at the East, giving his personal attention to the purchasing and shipping of supplies. We are thereby enabled to furnish goods of the First Quality at very Low Prices. We will not be undersold by any house in California.

We would respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our stock before dealing elsewhere. Goods shipped to any part of the coast.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
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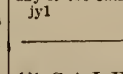

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THIS PAVEMENT IS A NEW AND NOVEL IDEA, being a combination of Redwood, Asphaltum and Gravel. The Pavement consists of Redwood blocks, six inches in diameter, turned round from the top, half-way down; these blocks are laid upon either a board or gravel surface, the blocks laid so as to break joints; the openings around the blocks are then filled in with a composition of asphaltum and gravel, and the whole surface of the pavement covered with a coat of the same composition, thus making a complete asphaltum roadway. The asphaltum, confined by the redwood blocks in this manner, cannot crack, and as every one knows, will last for a long period. The redwood, being firmly secured by the asphaltum, *cannot split*, and the inventor claims that the redwood and asphaltum, so combined, will make a pavement that for evenness, cleanliness, durability and noiseless ness, has not yet been equalled.

A sample of this pavement has been prepared and can be seen by those interested, in front of the Windmill and Horsepower Manufactory of E. O. HUNT,
de2 28 Second street, San Francisco.

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THE OBJECT OF THIS INSTITUTION IS TO IMPART a sound practical education at the lowest possible cost, thereby placing its advantages within the reach of all. The Course of Instruction, besides the usual English Branches, comprises Mathematics, Book Keeping, Ancient and Modern Languages, so that boys, whether destined for Mechanical, Commercial or Professional Pursuits, can select such studies as will best fit them for their future avocation.

TERMS.

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No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.
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For further information, application may be made to any of the Catholic Clergymen of the State, or to
jy1 REV. P. I. GREY, President.

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OPPOSITE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

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His Factory at the East makes all his Goods expressly for his California market, which is something that has never been done before. Give him a call at

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HUNT'S PATENT SELF REGULATING TREAD HORSE-POWER

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IT CONTAINS NO MERCURY OR MINERAL POISON.

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The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our late Civil War, and though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability, and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and party.

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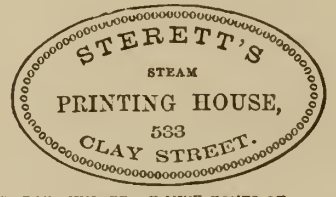

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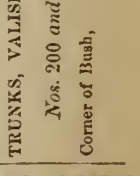

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OPENS WITH A SPLENDID AND FRESH ASSORTment of Millinery Goods, Flowers, Trimmings, etc. Also, Children's Clothing of the latest and most fashionable styles, and of every variety and price. Fresh assortment of FRENCH FLOWERS, just received. ja27 1m

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UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

AS AMENDED MARCH 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

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Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same beiag duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereou, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removiug stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper..$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right..... 05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand..... 02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demaud, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100..... 05
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S. 02
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place..... 10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the cousideration does not exceed $500..... 50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels..... 05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less..... 50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office..... 1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule..... 25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons.....10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulatious of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50..... 10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fractional part 25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such 25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100..... 05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y, 25
Certificates, other than specified..... 05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale..... 10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500.....1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse..... 50
Gauger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr. 25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered ton nage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons.....5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500..... 50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof.....1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries..... 10
To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1 00
For any other purpose..... 50

Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof..... 50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft, 25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property..... 02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000..... 10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs..... 25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid..... 50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record..... 50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100..... 50

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Maurice J. Dooley, Plaintiff, vs. John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton, her husband - Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, children of J. H. and Annie Moore; Helen R. Masterson Ord, and Pacificus Ord, her husband, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, Helen R. Masterson Ord and Pacificus Ord, her husband:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

In and by said complaint, the plaintiff prays the following judgment and relief:

1. That the said defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, and that all adverse claims of the said defendants, or either of them, may be determined by a decree of this Court.

2. That plaintiff be adjudged to be the owner in fee simple, in possession of, and lawfully entitled to the possession of so much of said Lot 77 as is first described in the complaint.

3. That the defendants, and each and every of them, be adjudged and decreed to have no estate, right, title, or interest of, in or to said portion of said Lot 77, legal or equitable; and that they, and all persons claiming, or to claim under them subsequent to the commencement of this action, be barred, and perpetually restrained and enjoined from asserting or pretending to have any right, title, interest, or estate of, in or to the same, and from making any conveyance thereof—other than to plaintiff or his grantees; and for such other and further relief as shall be agreeable to equity—but without costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District in and for the County of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. By JAMES C. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.

dc23-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDICIAL District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS B. VALENTINE, Plaintiff, vs. ERASTUS V. JOICE and ANDREW J. MOULDER, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisc , in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Erastus V. Joice and Andrew J. Moulder, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within the county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought that the Defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, &c., to certain real estate particularly described in the complaint, and to obtain a decree that the plaintiff is owner in fee simple absolute thereof, that said defendants have no estate, right, title, or interest therein or to any part thereof, that they be forever debarred and perpetually enjoined from setting up any estate in or claim said real estate, adverse to plaintiff—besides costs of suit and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal of Court. } By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Depnty Clerk.
Int. rev. stamp. } B. S. BROOKS,
dc23 3m Plaintiff's Attorney.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of SARAH McLAUGHLIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above-named estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, at his residence on the west side of Guerrero street, north of and near Sixteenth street, in said city and county of San Francisco.

JOHN COUCH, Administrator of the estate of Sarah McLaughlin, deceased.

San Francisco, January 30, 1866. I. N. THORNE,
fe10-5t Att'y for Administrator.

A MOONLIGHT DRIVE!

A GOOD TEAM,

AND

Supper at the Cliff House!

CAPTAIN FOSTER, the Proprietor, is always ready to receive "Evening Calls." The delightful Moonlight Nights which we are now enjoying, render a

MOONLIGHT DRIVE

TO THE

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TRUE ENJOYMENT

CAPTAIN FOSTER is never caught napping, and resources of the Cliff House are unlimited. ja27-t

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THE CALIFORNIA RHEUMATIC REMEDY.

This Splendid preparation has never been known to fail in effecting a complete and perfect cure, no matter how long the patient had been afflicted with the disease. The Remedy is used both internally and externally. Hundreds of persons have used it during the past two years, all of whom are prepared to testify to its efficacy.

THE CALIFORNIA RHEUMATIC RHEMEDY

will be carefully packed and sent to any part of the Pacific coast, per Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express upon receipt of $10 in gold coin, or its equivalent; and in all cases where the Remedy fails to effect a perfect cure, the

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CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

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A Spinster's Story. By M. A. F.
Tales, Romances and Extravaganzas. By Thomas Hood.
A Summer in Skye. By Alexander Smith.
Winning his Way. By "Carleton"
The Letters of Mozart. Translated by Lady Wallace.
The Freedman's Book. By L. Maria Child.
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The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME IV., No 14. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 3, 1866. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL:
- Inigoings.—By "Inigo."
- Cultivation of Flowers.—By "Iris."
- Human Nature in Ships' Names. By C. R. C.
- To Be Regretted.
- "Kindly Humor."—An Item that was not Enjoyed in the *Bulletin* Office.

AMUSEMENTS:
- Theatrical Events of the Week.

POETRY:
- Fantasia.—By Charles Warren Stoddard.

SELECTED:
- A New Biography of Washington. By "Mark Twain."
- A Strange Affair.
- Dr. Holford's Patient.
- Bull vs. Bear.
- A New Disease—A Laughable Story.
- Deadheads as Critics.
- A Word for Cats.
- The Miser's Story.
- Presence of Mind.—"Mark Twain."

POETRY:
- The Earl o' Quarterdeck.
- April Rain.—By Robert Buchanan.

[For the Californian.]

FANTASIA.

IF on some summer eve I seek the marges
Of a so shaded pool
I scarce can see the cool
White water-lilies tremulously floating,
As each palpable, pale gulc
Its parian hull unveils—
Dilating to a wilderness of waxen
Scented sails—

I shall declare a fleet of silver barges,
A whole armada, hies
From lakes of paradise;
Aud with it fairy-voyagers, fit for boating;
So to take me by surprise,
As in olden magic tales,
With golden freights displayed in many flaxen-
Tinted bales.

If then I see the fiery-fly ascending
In its glowing, bright balloon—
Its car a crescent moon
Above the ebon-waters gaily swinging—
A delicious, wild monsoon
Rushing out from spiced eaves,
Smiting down the sighing Cereus in the splendor
Of its leaves—

I shall believe a marvelous dream is lending
The divinest sight to me,
That I may truly see
How the illumined soul escapeth for its winging
And its flying, being free—
Or that fiery fly deceives,
And the dream is weaving so I may not render
What it weaves.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

INIGOINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 1st, 1866.

I HAVE just returned from Sacramento. It is a rather pleasant place to visit, but on the whole I prefer San Francisco.

People up there have an unpleasant way of shooting at each other on Sunday afternoons, and not caring how non-combatants happen to be in range. And, if one ensconces himself comfortably behind a hack, to be out of harm's way, the rascally driver mounts the box and drives off, leaving one exposed to the fire of the belligerents.

It is curious how suddenly people remember engagements when pistols are drawn and bullets buzz around indiscriminately. Probably there were a hundred and fifty people in front of the Orleans Hotel last Sunday afternoon when the fight began, but in five seconds the street was empty.

Ah, but it was a rare sight to see Mark Twain getting out of the way. That Wild Humorist of the Pacific, Ned Ellis, Billy Stevenson, and myself, stood talking together when the trouble occurred. A bullet or something else missed Stevenson... how it could miss him I don't see . grazed the top of Ellis's head, taking a good deal of the hair off, and lodged in Mark Twain's pocket-book.

That pocket-book saved the Wild Humorist's life. How many hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks it contained, I do uot know; but there were enough to stop the bullet... it couldn't pass the curreucy.

The real object of our visit to Sacramento has not transpired as yet. We did not go up there to bribe Senators, though the plethoric condition of my companion's pocket-book might indicate that he was entrusted with funds by our local banks for that purpose.

The fact is, we went up to liberate McCarthy.

A slight mistake was made, and we let out Gelston instead. But his absence is only temporary, for he said nothing about giving up his room before leaving. He had some little business with the Freedmeu's Bureau, and just stepped around the corner to attend to it. He may be expected back most any time. I asked Gelston how he liked his quarters. He at once retorted by asking if I had any wish to go halves with him. I replied no, that I had come up to stay with McCarthy.

He said the farc was not so good as at some hotels he had frequented. Some persons might like Peruvian woodcock, but he didn't.

I asked him what kind of a bird Peruvian woodcock were. He replied: "Cold beans."

Sacramento does not smell sweet. The water in its streets and cellars, like business, has come to a stand still, and a big bid is offered for the cholera. There are little pools all around town... and every now and then you will see billiard sharps playing for them.

Is it not written that once an angel came down and troubled a Pool?

I don't think that spirits trouble Capt. Poole much, for he has a mighty easy way of dealing with them. A middle-aged man, of florid complexiou, rich but respectable origin, and strictly virtuous habits, he resides principally at Collinsville. It is remarked of him that he draws more water, and drinks less than any other man on the river.

Time and tide-lands wait for no man. I know any number of tied-lands—tied so fast that a good many persous cannot get hold of them.

I am interested in tide-lands. This is a natural result of reading the *Bulletin*. For the past month it has had two editorials a day, with that stereotyped heading. Sometimes it occurs to me that it might occasionally vary the programme a little by pleasing allusions to other subjects of equal moment and interest.

For instance, it might say something about the Freedmen's Bureau. Or it might discuss the reconstruction policy, which is now agitating the public mind to some extent. But I have not time to enumerate all the legitimate topics upon which it might touch without stepping aside from the proper paths of journalism to strike at private reputatious aud provoke personal quarrels.

There is a tide land in the affairs of some men that, taken at its full, leads on to misfortune.

I have always admired the *Bulletin*. During my residence on this coast, I think I remember having knowu it to speak well of two men... those men were its own editors and proprietors, and even of them it only spoke praisefully in writing their obituaries.

Alas! who will write the obituaries of the surviving editors, when these ornaments to their profession are removed in the due course of nature to another and a hotter world?

When the late lamented James Nesbit went down upon the deep and was lost in the terrible wreck of the *Brother Jonathan*, his surviving partner wrote of him: "He was the guiding and controlling spirit of the *Bulletin*."

It always seemed to me that there was no occasion for that unkindness. Whatever the sins of Mr. Nesbit may have been, he then stood in the presence of his Maker, beyond the arraignment of any human tribunal.

Why publish to the world that he was the author of all the cruel lashes under which so many good and true men have writhed? Very few in this community love or have cause to love the *Bulletin*. Why should the living cast all that load of responsibility upon the shoulders of the dead, steeling the hearts of men who otherwise would have wept above his open grave?

The late Dr. Tuthill, too. No one who knew that genial gentleman would ever suspect him of saying anything unkind or untrue about a friend, for all his quiet manner and kindly humor. While living he was my friend. When he sailed for Europe I bade him good-bye, and congratulated him on getting away from the *Bulletin*. I hoped to welcome him on his return. The good gentleman died, and now they come and tell me that he is the author of a little piece of pleasantry which is published to reflect upon my reputation. It is impossible for me to go to him in my quiet manner and remark with my kindly humor: Surely, Doctor, you never said this, and certainly you never thought so?

This ringing in dead men on you is in very bad taste... simply as a matter of æsthetics it is to be deprecated. For a daily newspaper which has a large circulation and claims a corresponding influence, to step aside from the legitimate paths of journalism to indulge in a purely personal attack upon an individual, is in very bad taste, also.

In view of the strange mortality that has prevailed among the *Bulletin* people during the past year, I am surprised that they do not think about eternity as well as time and tide lands, and put one or two generous actions on record, so that their cotemporaries may speak well of them in an epitaph.

It is always well to have a place in men's affections.

Once it was my ambition to have a place on the Hudson, but I now sigh for a farm on the Sacramento.

Perhaps I should say under the Sacramento, for nearly the whole valley is submerged.

Salmou and sturgeon flounder about among the tops of trees where birds were formerly found. With so many fish around, however, I shouldn't thiuk the birds would have auy trouble in finding a perch.

It must be nice to own a farm where you can row around the meadows and shoot ducks. And then think what a capital Swimmiug Bath one would have at his very doors.

Jump's last—or the last Jump—wouldn't be a circumstance to it.

There have been various explanations offered of the sudden rise of the river, but none of them seem to cover the ground exactly.

Of one thing I am certain, however... Capt. Poole does not lower the river any by the water he drinks.

The report that he drinks like a fish I deny. Fish drink water, and he is no such gudgeon as that. No, no; the captain doesn't drink like a fish, nor a horse, uor any other auimal that I know of.

He drinks like a man that likes it, and I reject all other figures of speech.

Some one says figures can't lie, but I fancy that can scarcely be said of lay figures.

You should see the figures in *The Naiad Queen*—figures of speech they may be called, for they all talk.

Tibbetts does make some queer additions occasionally to his Gallery of Beauties. Of course he can't always get a good looking ballet, but he might, and I think should insist on straight legs.

Ah, the review of that Naiad army!

Flashed all their ankles bare,
Ten thousand legs iu air,
While we all wondered.

Maguire, they tell me, is borrowing a hint from Tibbetts. There is a spectacular piece in those managerial eyes.

He has already advertised for fifty respectable young ladies, having no objection to go a short distance into the country. It would be a sad thing if that number of respectable young ladies could not be found in the city, and I hope they'll come forward at once. He might select them, one would think, from his audieuce, on Saturday afternoons.

INIGO.

MISS ANNA DICKINSON is still delivering arouud the country her lecture upon "Marrying and Giving in Marriage." Now, as Miss Dickinson has never been married or given in marriage, what can she know upon the subject?—*Boudoir*.

THE EARL O' QUARTERDECK.

A NEW OLD BALLAD.

THE wind it blew, and the ship it flew;
And it was "Hey for hame!
And ho for hame!" But the skipper cried,
"Haud her oot o'er the saut sea faem."

Then up and spoke the king himsel':
"Haud on for Dumfertine!"
Quo the skipper, "Ye're king upo' the land—
I'm king upo' the briue."

And he took the helm intil his hand,
And he steered the ship sae free;
Wi' the wind astarn, he crowded sail,
And stood right out to sea.

Quo the king, "There's treason in this, I vow;
This is something underhand!
'Bout ship!" Quo the skipper, "Yer grace forgets
Ye are king but o' the land!"

And still he held to the open sea;
And the east wind sank behind;
And the wast had a bitter word to say,
Wi' a white-sea-roarin' wind.

And he turned her head into the north.
Said the king: "Gar fling him o'er."
Quo the fearless skipper: "It a' ye're worth!
Ye'll ne'er see Scotland more."

The king crept down the cabin-stair,
To drink the gude French wine,
And up she came, his daughter fair,
And luikit ower the brine.

She turned her face to the drivin' hail,
To the hail but and the weet;
Her snood it brak, and, as lang's hersel',
Her hair drave out i' the sleet.

She turned her face frae the drivin' win'—
"What's that ahead?" quo she.
The skipper he threw himsel' frae the win',
And he drove the helm a-lee.

"Put to yer hand, my lady fair!
Put to yer hand," quo' he;
"Gin she dinna face the win' the mair,
It's the waur for you and me."

For the skipper kenned that strength is strength,
Whether woman's or man's ut lust.
To the tiller the lady she laid her han',
And the ship laid her cheek to the blast.

For that slender body was full o' soul,
And the will is mair than shape;
As the skipper saw when they cleared the berg,
And he heard her quarter scrape.

Quo the skipper: "Ye are a lady fair,
And a princess grand to see;
But ye are a woman, and a man wad sail
To hell in yer company."

She liftit a pale and a queenly face;
Her een flashed, and syne they swam.
"And what for no to heaven?" she says,
And she turned awa' frae him.

But she took na her han' frue the good ship's helm,
Until the day did daw;
And the skipper he spak, but what he said
It was said atween them twa.

And then the good ship, she lay to,
With the land far on the lee;
And up came the king upo' the deck,
W' wan face and bluidshot ee.

The skipper he louted to the king:
"Gae wa', gae wa'," said the king.
Said the king, like a prince, "I was a' wrang,
Put on this ruby ring."

And the wind blew lowne, and the stars cam oot,
And the ship turned to the shore;
And, afore the sun wus up again,
They saw Scotland ance more.

That day the ship hung at the pier-heid,
And the king he stept on the land.
"Skipper, kneel down," the king he said,
"Hoo daur ye afore me stand?"

The skipper he louted on his knee,
The king his blade he drew:
Said the king, "How danred ye contre me?
I'm aboard me ain ship noo.

"I canna mak ye a king," said he,
"For the Lord alone can do that;
And besides ye took it intil yer ain han',
And crooned yersel' sae pat!

"But wi' what ye will I redeem my ring;
For ance I am at your beck.
And first, as ye loutit Skipper o' Doon,
Rise up Yerl o' Quarterdeck."

The skipper he rose and looked at the king
In his een for all his croon;
Said the skipper, "Here is yer grace's ring,
And yer daughter is my boon."

The reid blude sprang into the kiug's face—
A wrathful man to see:
"The rascal loon abuses our grace;
Gae hang him upon yon tree."

But the skipper he sprang aboard his ship,
And he drew his biting blade;
And he struck the chain that held her fast,
Bnt the iron was ower weel made.

And the king he blew a whistle loud;
And tramp, tramp, down the pier,
Cam' twenty riders on twenty steeds,
Clankin' wi' spur and spear.

"He saved your life!" cried the lady fair;
"His life ye damna spill!"
"Will ye come atween me and my hate?"
Quo the lady, "And that I will!"

And on cum the knights wi' spur and spenr,
For they heard the iron ring.
"Gin ye care na for yer father's grace,
Mind ye that I am the king."

"I kneel to my father for his grace,
Right lowly on my knee;
But I stand and look the king in the face,
For the skipper is king o' me."

She turned and she sprung upo' the deck,
And the cable splashed in the sea.
The good ship spread her wings sae white,
And away with the skipper goes she.

Now was not this a king's daughter,
And a brave lady beside?
And a woman with whom a man might sail
Into the heaven wi' pride? [*Argosy.*

DOCTOR HOLFORD'S PATIENT.

THE GOVERNESS' MISTAKE.

"WHAT on earth am I to do?" asked the doctor, in a tone half humorous, half sad, as he walked up the High street with his friend Mr. Bailey. "If I warn her she won't stay with me a week; I've lost two governesses already by listening to your advice."

"Well," doubtfully rejoined Mr. Bailey, "perhaps you are right. He may be safe enough, after all; but what a silly girl she must be!"

"On the contrary," interrupted the doctor, warmly, "She's a treasure! As like her poor father as can be—full of good sense and right feeling. I can't think what possesses her not to let that unfortunate man alone, and I can't warn her. Nobody has managed my poor brats the least like her since——" and the doctor coughed away a sigh.

A somewhat whimsical expression passed over his friend's face. Dr. Holford had lost his wife six months before, and had been in a peck of troubles ever since about his three children, the youngest an infant of six months old. The doctor knew no more of the details of household economy than his baby, and it had become evident to all his friends that he could not exist long without a wife; but whom should he marry? that was the question. To complicate matters, Dr. Holford was obliged to eke out the profits of a not very remunerative practice, by receiving a patient at his own house, and rich patients were not always easy to find. At the time we write of he had just received as an inmate a soi-disant nervous invalid, Walter Stone by name, whom he watched with singular carelulness, for in his secret soul the doctor knew the man was insane, and although in truth he believed him to be perfectly harmless, yet he daily expected some mad freak or folly to appear. None had as yet, and all things had gone smoothly for two or three weeks, when, according to the usual malignity of circumstances, a most inconvenient and aggravating interest in Walter Stone began to appear in the conduct of Miss Stuart, the children's governess. It is true that Mr. Stone was a handsome young man, with a manner in which none but a professional eye could detect any taint of madness, but that made it all the more alarming; and feeling himself as yet not thoroughly acquainted with the state of his patient's mind, the doctor was on tenterhooks. As he said, he dared give no serious warning. A nervous patient might be all very well, but no governess would stay with a live lunatic loose about the house. So Dr. Holford was fain to let matters take their course, trusting to the chapter of accidents and to Miss Stuart's good sense to set her right in time. After all, he thought, there could be no great risk. Walter Stone had come to him with an excellent character for quietness, and might, for all he knew, be curable. So he determined to hold his tongue, and hope that no bad consequences would ensue. What did ensue we shall presently see.

A day or two after this conversation with Mr. Bailey, the doctor happened to look out from his surgery window on the little plot of ground at the back of his house which he was pleased to dignify with the name of a garden. Dr. Holford worked in it a good deal himself, and took great interest in the one or two flower-beds, and the border rich with bright colors, in the arrangement of which he flattered himself Sir Joseph Paxton could not hold a candle to him. The air was scented with the breath of lilacs and hyacinths, and the perfume of two gnarled old hawthorns, covered, one with white, and the other with pink blossom, that stood on the grass-plat by the side of the path, and that were the pride of the doctor's heart. That garden was a kingdom for bees and butterflies, and they hummed and danced merrily in the sunshine. On this particular May afternoon, a fresh little human flower moved quickly to and fro among the butterflies, clad in a soft grey stuff gown, with pink ribbons at the throat and wrist. It was the young governess, Lizzie Stuart. She was a pretty girl, of about twenty, with large grey eyes and fair shiny hair. A sprig of pink was stuck in the waistband that girded a small round waist, and they were very little feet that tapped impatiently upon the gravel walk. The doctor could not help watching her from the window as he smoked his pipe; she made such a pretty foreground to his favorite flowers as she went and came under the hawthorns. Presently a young man came out, and walked across the grass-plat towards her. She met him with an outstretched hand, and they strolled along the path together. It was perfectly natural that they should do so, and the doctor ought to have been glad that his patient should be subjected to such soothing influences, but somehow he sighed a little as he saw how earnestly they were talking, her face raised up to him, and his bent down to her. Certainly Lizzie did not seem afraid of Walter Stone. The doctor put his pipe in the corner with another sigh, and went up stairs to dress for dinner.

The pair in the garden did not remain long together. Walter Stone sauntered back into the house, and Lizzie went on walking, up and down the short gravel walk. For fear of mistake, we had better let the reader into a secret at once. Almost from the first moment, three months ago, when Dr. Holford had done her the immense honor of confiding to her care his motherless children, Lizzie Stuart's tender little heart had been in the doctor's keeping. Indeed, she had loved him all her life, as her father's friend and her own—but of late what was it that made Lizzie blush, all to herself, in the solitude of her own room, when she thought of the gratitude and affection she owed to the doctor? Ah! what a wealth of pity and devotion she poured out upon him in secret, and what romantic castles were built up in that graceful little head of hers, as she sat of an evening looking out upon the hawthorns, of the wonderful ways in which she was to be a help and a comfort to him, without his knowing who had done the work! But though her love was an "open secret," there was no one to find it out except, indeed, the doctor himself, the last man on whom the idea was likely to dawn, and it is doubtful if even Lizzie had more than an inkling of the truth. If she had, she guarded her secret jealously, and only let it appear in a most tender and zealous performance of her duty towards his children, as to which the doctor said no words, but thanked and blessed her in his heart.

But within the last fortnight it had occurred to this young woman to set herself up in judgment upon the doctor's conduct, and after mature deliberation, she had come to the conclusion that he had either made a great mistake, or was doing very wrong. The idea troubled her sorely. Miss Lizzie was a young lady who rather piqued herself upon the possession of an independent judgment, and paid the youthful penalty, of course, by sometimes too much undervaluing the experience of her seniors. Her early training had perhaps encouraged this state of mind; for her father, dear as she had been to him, had not been able to steer altogether clear of that wretched system of "spoiling till five, trying experiments till fifteen, and contradicting till twenty." Besides all this, Miss Lizzie had lately been studying Dr. Winslow's *Obscure Diseases*, that most popular of scientific works, and had rebelled against the theories therein propounded with all her heart. *Very Hard Cash* had fallen in her way immediately afterwards, and she had glowed with sympathy for Alfred's wrongs and Julia's love, and for all the supposed victims detained in a thousand lunatic asylums by commissioners in lunacy like those described by Mr. Read.

And now Walter Stone had crossed her path, and lo! her dreams were realized. He was pleasant, handsome, and as gentle as Alfred; and more than all, he had appealed to her compassion, and poured into her ear a piteous story of the unnatural brother, who, for the sake of obtaining the management of his (Walter's) property, had condemned him to lifelong captivity, Lizzie knew as a fact that his brother had consigned him to Dr. Holford's charge, and that, in spite of all his apparent liberty, he was narrowly watched—in itself a suspicious circumstance, considering that nervous ailments only were the plea for his incarceration. She had even heard Dr. Holford chuckle over the story of the way in which he and Edward Stone had managed to entrap Walter into voluntarily giving up his purse into their care, so as to render his escape, by train or other conveyance, impossible.

And this was a sane man! Lizzie's brain took fire at the

thought. To dispose of the certificate of lunacy was the work of a moment; were they not all—those mad doctors, and Dr. Winslow in particular—ready to swear to any man's insanity at a moment's notice? And then Walter had told her that he had himself given opportunity to his enemies in some moments of excitement consequent on the loss of money. But the doctor—there was the rub. Could it be possible that Dr. Holford, the upright and honorable, had deliberately lent himself to this vile plot? Even Lizzie's excited imagination could not lead her to believe that. No; the man was not mad—that was certain—but the doctor had been deceived; his keen eye had been blinded by Walter Stone's perfidious friends, who, though they had cautiously avoided committing themselves by speaking of more than "nerves," had so cunningly worded their artful testimony that the doctor had jumped to the conclusion without much personal observation that Walter must be insane. That could not be a fault—at least—well, hardly, or if it were, she, Lizzie Stuart, would undeceive him, and enable him to make atonement. And then she went off into a day-dream, and was just in the middle of a speech from the doctor, expressive of his deep gratitude to her for having, by her woman's keen-sightedness and quick judgment, disabused him of the idea under which he had been laboring, etc., when she looked up, and behold the moon had risen, and was already lightening up the top branches of the hawthorns! She turned into the house, fully resolved to speak seriously to the doctor the very next morning.

The moon was high in the heavens when Lizzie Stuart went that evening, as her custom was, to sit in the nursery while nurse went down to her supper. At these times Lizzie always sat in a particular chair by the window. Nurse's white-curtained bed stood in a recess at the back of the room; a little to one side, but facing the fire—still necessary at night—was the baby's bassinet, of which little but the hood was to be seen from where Lizzie sat. The other two children slept in what was, in fact, an adjoining room, though the door of communication had long been removed, to make the two nurseries as far as possible into one. There was no light in the room but the moonshine and the glimmer of the fire; Lizzie leant back in her chair, and resumed her day-dream. By-and-by, a low knock came at the door.

"Come in," said Lizzie, wondering that nurse, should have made such haste at her supper.

The door opened softly, and Walter Stone put his head into the room. "I want to speak to you," he whispered, excitedly; "you must let me come in. It is most important."

There was something queer about his manner, but Lizzie, strong in her conviction, was in nowise frightened. Besides, he had talked to her that day of escape, and she longed to repeat the arguments she had used against any such scheme, for its success would be fatal to the doctor's credit. While she hesitated, he stole silently up to her, closing the door behind him. No other man living would Lizzie have allowed to remain there, but her sympathy for Walter Stone was deep and strong, all the more strong from her love for the man who was doing him such unwitting injury. How grieved the doctor will be to-morrow! she thought, and she let Walter stay. He sat down by her side, and remained silent. After a minute or two the stillness grew oppressive, and she opened her mouth to speak. As she did so, she looked in his face, ghastly in the moonlight! Ah! how awful the change there! His pleasant, careless look had disappeared, and in its stead was a dreadful expression of fixed malignity, of insane cunning and rage; the glare of a maniac's eye caught and fixed hers as she looked. Horror-stricken she drew back, but he bent forward, and said in a hissing whisper:

"I've something to show you. I've locked the door, and we can't be interrupted; no, no. Look here!" and he drew from his pocket an ordinary dinner-knife, on which the moonbeams glittered hideously.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" he muttered, as he stroked and seemed to fondle it, turning it from side to side. "True steel—the real thing! Not for you, though, not for you—for those little devils that cling round you and prevent your coming with me. I'll set you free; I'll—" and he lapsed into inarticulate murmurs, still stroking his knife. Never, in all her life, did Lizzie Stuart forget the sensations of that moment; they come back to her often in dreams, even now. She did not lose consciousness, but she could not move; her heart seemed to stand still, and her brain to reel.

"The youngest first," he whispered at last, and leaving her suddenly, he darted towards the hearth. For one second the the knife gleamed brightly in the moonlight, as he brandished it aloft; the next he had plunged it deep into the bassinet. Oh God, there was no cry!

A wild shriek rose to Lizzie's lips. Repressing it with a violent effort, she collected her senses and walked to his side.

"I must kill the others myself," she said, with an unfaltering voice; "let me do it—they would not be quiet otherwise."

The maniac turned towards her a horrible face of triumph.

"You're one of the right sort!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "The young May moon is beaming, love. The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love. How sweet to rove—No, that's not it—So she kilted her gown o' green satin, and tuckit it up to her knee—Lizzie Lindsay—that's you—Lord Ronald Clan Donald—that's me. Won't we be happy? Now then!"

"Yes, I am going," she said, still speaking calmly; "wait here till I come back."

He stooped to draw the knife out of the bassinet.

"No, don't do that," she whispered, forcing herself to lay her hand upon his arm, and turning away her eyes, lest the sight that might meet them should unnerve her, "I have a fancy for doing it differently."

He stood upright again and motioned her to go, and only as she moved where the other children slept, she remembered with sick horror that there was no door between the rooms. Despair gave her courage, she quickened her pace; he did not follow her—there was a moment's respite. Softly and rapidly she threw a coverlet over the two fair sleeping heads, then she flew to the bell. A violent pull—another—and the bell-rope broke in her hand. Would any one come? The madman heard the twang of the wires, and suspected treachery. He sprang towards the room, but Lizzie was too quick for him. She sprang towards the doorway, with upraised hand.

"Walter Stone, go back," she commanded in a solemn voice. "It is all done. I forbid you to enter here."

For a moment the lunatic cowered before her, awed by the light in those gleaming eyes, then he sprang at her throat like a wild beast. An instant's struggle, an instant's agony like unto death, and with a mighty crash the door burst open, and Dr. Holford, with the exertion of his whole strength, dragged the madman from the choking girl. To hold him singly was impossible. He broke from the doctor's grasp, threw up the window, and, with a loud laugh, leapt into the garden below, where the dull thud of his fall was heard just as the assistant, whose carelessness had permitted him to secrete the knife, appeared upon the scene.

"Go down, go down," cried the doctor, pointing to the window. The assistant looked out and hurriedly disappeared, and the doctor gave all his attention to Lizzie. She had not fainted—she could not do so—not at all events with the dreadful news untold, but she was gasping for breath.

The doctor bent over her. "Lizzie, dear Lizzie, look up. I saw how it was. You were defending my children. You have saved their lives. Try to look up, and tell me you are not hurt."

But Lizzie shrunk from the tender words, and cowered miserably in her chair. She strove to compel her parched tongue to speak, and tell him that by her folly she had caused the death of his baby, but a hissing gurgle came instead of words, and ended in an hysteric shriek. The servants, and nurse among them, had come crowding in by this time, and a loud exclamation from the latter startled them all.

"Gracious powers! what is this?" and she drew forth the knife from the bassinet, and held it up in view of the rest, its polished surface still undimmed.

"Well, the Lord be praised for his mercy! It were his providence, that it were, that put into my head all of a sudden to-day, that baby were a growing too big for a bassinet, and I put her in the old cot by my bedside, and drawed my curtains around her, and there she is, the precious lamb, awake and a smiling at us all, as good as sugar."

Lizzie heard the words, or rather some dim idea of their meaning penetrated to her brain, but the relief was too sudden to be realized at once. She understood that confession was not needful, but remorse was as bitter as ever. She stood up and held out her hands imploringly.

"Can—you—for—give?" she whispered piteously, and fell forward in a dead faint upon the doctor's shoulder.

For many, many months Dr. Holford tended Lizzie through the nervous fever that followed upon her swoon. At one time he almost despaired of her recovery, but youth and a sound constitution conquered, and she rose at last from her sick bed, the shadow of what she had been.

The doctor pronounced change of air and scene to be absolutely necessary during her convelescence, and simultaneously discovered that he had been working too hard, and required a holiday and a month or two abroad. Rumor states that he imparted these conclusions to Lizzie Stuart, and made sundry other confidences to her, during one very long and earnest conversation which they had, walking slowly up and down—her feeble steps tenderly supported by his arm—under the old hawthorn, brilliant by this time with autumnal berries.

Walter Stone fractured his skull in his fall. He was insensible for many days, but at length consciousness returned, and those who watched around his bed thanked God to see that all traces of insanity had disappeared. They looked forward hopefully to the future, but his career on earth was ended. He sank gradually, and died in a few weeks. He lived long enough to be deeply thankful to have been spared from the guilt of the awful crime he had so nearly committed, and to send, through Dr. Holford, a message of gratitude and blessing up to the woman, who, by her self-command and courage, had saved him from going to the grave with blood-stained hands.

THE ORIGIN OF "MOTHER GOOSE."—One of the most curious things in Mr. Wheeler's very curious learned *Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction* is his identification of "Mother Goose"—*the* Mother Goose of the world-famous "Melodies"—with a real person of New England origin. According to Mr. Wheeler, she belonged to a wealthy family in Boston, where her eldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married by Cotton Mather, in 1715, to an enterprising and industrious printer named Thomas Fleet, and in due time gave birth to a son. Like most mothers-in-law in our day, the importance of Mrs. Goose increased with the appearance of her grandchild, and poor Mr. Fleet, half distracted with her endless nursery ditties, finding all other means fail, tried what ridicule could effect, and actually printed a book with the title, *Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children.* "Printed by T. Fleet, at his Printing House. Pudding Lane (now Devonshire Street,) Boston. 1719. Price ten coppers." Mr. Wheeler does not mention where a copy of this *edito princeps* may be seen, or its current value among New England antiquaries. His circumstantial account, which we have abridged above, is written with all the seriousness of truth, but it is certainly a remarkable coincidence that the same name should have been used in another language by Perrault, in his *Contes de ma Mère Oye*, (Mother Goose,) twenty years before, in 1695. The general currency of cant names and words when once adopted is very remarkable, and has never been explained. There are in works of the beginning of the last century two accounts of a noted commander of the West India merchantman, *Black Eagle*, Captain Fudge, called from his notorious habit of romancing Lying Fudge; and there can scarcely be a doubt that Mr. Burchell's famous exclamation "Fudge," long a part of the language, took its rise from this individual. A better known instance is the verb "to chouse;" this certainly originated with the rogueries and impositions of a foreign impostor who passed himself off as a Turkish "chiaus" or envy during the reign of Charles II., and is often referred to in the literature of the time.

WIT AND HUMOR.—May I give a few examples of humor, as I understand it, which occur to me at this moment? Washington Irving on his first visit to France writes home: "I took Paris by the tail." Charles Lamb meets a newly married lady "who marvelled that an old bachelor like him should assume to know anything about the propagation of oysters. Addison, in a sketch of the fashionable *décolletées* young ladies of his time, candidates for matrimony, says: "Many a man has been hindered from laying out his money on a show by seeing the principal figures of it hung out before the door"—and has been "so attentive to those objects he could see for nothing that he took no notice of the master of the show, who was continually crying out: "Pray, gentlemen, walk in!" The whole paper, by the way, is not at all out of date. And Goldsmith, in an essay on critics: "Another has written a book himself, and being condemned for a dunce, he turns a sort of king's evidence himself, and becomes the terror of every offender." This I call humor. The following I call witty—Voltaire's hint to writers: "The adjective is often the enemy of the substantive, even when they agree in gender, number, and case." Pope's: "Some solitary wretches seem to have left the rest of mankind only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private." Quintillian's advice how to deal with short-witted people: "A narrow-necked bottle must be humored; pour gently, or you spill instead of fill." Coleridge's comparison of language, as ordinary men use it, to a barrel organ, "that supplies at once both instrument and tune." Mme. de Stael's criticism on the ontological system of her German friends, "that they had all the darkness which preceded the creation without the light that followed it." The Bishop of St. David's suggestion that the many insignificant names signed to a certain petition were like zeroes preceded by a decimal point, "however far the series may be prolonged, it can never rise to the value of a single unit."—"*X.*," *in the Nation.*

MR. POLLARD, who recently assaulted the *Times* correspondent in Richmond, was brought before the mayor on the Wednesday following. Mr. Brooks admitted that he had dressed his account of the shooting affair in the Capitol, of which he was not a witness, "to make it more acceptable" to the readers and proprietor of the newspaper which employs him; and that if spoken to Mr. Pollard's face, it would have been "grossly insulting." "Some license," however, he urged, "is allowed to newspaper correspondents in their publications." Judge Crump, the counsel for Mr. Pollard, alluding to Mr. Brooks as one of the "jackals of the press," thought he had only received a merited chastisement by "that most degrading of all weapons, the cowhide." Except that he was careful to state whom he considered degraded by it, we might have supposed the judge meant his client. Perhaps the mayor himself had this doubt. At all events he remarked with great profundity that "the opinion of the court, sitting on the bench, is not the same as if the court was not sitting on the bench;" and ordered Mr. Pollard to give bail for his appearance at the February term of the Hustings Court. So the doubt becomes a standing one.

APRIL RAIN.

I.

SHOWERS, showers, nought but showers, and it wants a week of May,
Flowers, flowers, summer flowers, are hid in the green and the grey;
Green buds and gray shoots cover their sparkling gear,
They stir beneath, they long to burst, for the May is so near, so near,
While I spin and I spin, and the fingers of the Rain
Fall patter, pitter, patter, on the pane.

II.

Showers, showers, silver showers, murmur and softly sing,
Flowers, flowers, summer flowers, are swelling and hearkening;
It wants a week of May, when John and I will be one,
The flowers will burst, the birds will sing, as we walk to church in the sun,
So patter goes my heart, in a kind of pleasant pain,
To the patter, pitter, patter of the Rain.

[*Robert Buchanan.*

THE MISER'S STORY.

BY M. A. DENISON.

I WAS born in England. I remember nothing but poverty—stalking crime and absolute want. The houses where I lived were all in various stages of filth and decay. Whether the old blear-eyed man who kicked and commanded me was my father, I never knew. Whether the woman who sometimes fed, and oftener beat me, was my mother, I cannot say. All I know is that I had a miserable, drag-about life of it, going round after cold victuals—knocking smaller boys down to get the contents of their broken baskets, and hunting for rags in the gutter.

I suppose I was rather a good-looking boy; they call me good-looking now, for an old man. I know I was smart, comparing myself with children as I see them. Of course I was like the rest of my class. I could fight a little, and swear a little, steal a little, and eat a good deal—that is, when I got the chance, which was seldom.

I was ignorant—didn't know one letter from another, and didn't want to. What did I care about education—I, who never saw a book from one year's end to another? And love—gratitude—hope—I could of course understand neither. Nobody loved me, therefore I loved nobody. Nobody had ever made me grateful—had ever held out hope to me.

Some strange impulse was given me one day. I waked up, sprang from my bundle of straw, and involuntarily the words came from my lips—"I'm going to do something to-day." What that something was, I had not the remotest idea, but I put on my apologies for clothes, and sallied out in my vagabond way, whistling, caring for nobody.

It was about noon, and I had not yet tasted a mouthful of food. Passing around the corner of a street, I saw a good-looking man, standing at his horse's head, gazing about him somewhat perplexed.

"Boy," he cried out, "will you take care of my horse and cart for half an hour?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"There's a man!" he exclaimed. "I've got a lot of fruit here, and you must guard it well. Here's a couple of peaches for you; just stand here, quietly—I dare say nobody'll disturb you."

He went away, and I stood for awhile, till I was tired. Then, thought I, I'll get a hatfull of the fruit and run. But for the first time I felt an instinct of shame at the suggestion. "He trusted me—he saw I was a mean-looking fellow, too, but he trusted me, and I won't abuse his kindness."

Something like this reasoning ran in my head, and I squatted down on the kerbstone, feeling the importance of an honorable trust, as I had never felt such a thing before. Presently some of my fellows came along and hailed me. I told them to go on. They peered about the cart, and saw the sunny faces of the peaches.

"We'll have some of them," they said.

"No, you won't," said I. "I'm put in charge here, and I won't see anything stole."

With that they began a rumpus. They reached over the cart. I struck them, and used such efforts that they all rushed pell-mell upon me, and we fought till the blood came—but I vanquished them. Just then, out came the proprietor.

"What's the matter?" he cried.

"Oh, nothing, only I had to fight for your goods there," I answered.

"You did, eh? You've got a black eye for it."

"No matter," said I. "I meant them boys shouldn't steal a cursed peach, and they didn't, neither."

"Well, you've got good pluck, my boy; here's a crown for you—but don't swear."

My eyes stood out.

"A whole crown?" I exclaimed.

"Yes; do what you please with it, but I'd advise you to buy a pair of shoes."

"Thank you," said I, with a beating heart. "It pays to be good, don't it?"

He smiled a curious smile, asked me several questions, and ended by taking me home with him in his cart.

Home! I thought I was in heaven, albeit I had seldom heard of such a place. My heart beat heavily every time I dared to put my feet upon the carpet.

The next day there came a man to see me. I was washed clean, and had on a good suit of clothes. He said, "Youngster, I'm going to make a bargain with your people. I want a boy—just such a brave, clever boy as you are; and if you behave yourself, I promise you shall have as pleasant a home as you desire."

Well, that was good. I hardly cared to speak, to breathe, for fear of breaking the illusion. I never was so happy as I was that day. They gave me some light tasks to do—I wished they were more important.

From that day I was treated as one of the household. The man was a widower, and had no children; consequently, I became to him a son. He educated me handsomely, and when I was twenty-one, he died and left me seven thousand pounds.

Well, I considered myself a rich man. I gloated over my wealth: it became an idol to me. How to increase it was now my first desire. I consulted competent men, and under their counsel I put my money out at interest. I grew wealthier—my business (my benefactor had stocked me a warehouse) prospered; and I was in a fair way, I thought, to marry Lucy Manning.

Sweet Lucy Manning! the most artless, winning maiden in all the world to me. I loved her deeply, dearly. She was blue-eyed, auburn-haired—her disposition was that of an angel, and I had plighted my vows to her.

One night, I was invited to the house of a prosperous merchant: and there I met a siren in the person of his niece, a black-eyed girl, whose charms and whose fortune were equally splendid! She was an heiress in her own right—she was beautiful and accomplished. Heavens! what a voice was hers—pure, clear, sweet, and ravishing. I was charmed, and she was pleased with me. Alas! I met her too often. In her presence I forgot my gentle Lucy; she magnetized, thralled me. It was a triumph to feel that so beautiful, gifted and wealthy a woman loved me—*me*, who had known misery and corruption all the first years of my life.

Gradually I broke off my intimacy with Lucy. I received no token from her—she was too proud. But that cheek grew pale—that heavenly eye languid; and though I seldom met her, I knew in my heart that she was suffering, and branded myself a villain.

At last she knew with certainty that I was to marry Miss Bellair. She sent me a letter, a touching letter: not one word of upbraiding, not one regret! Oh, what a noble soul I wounded! And she could calmly wish me joy, though the effort made her heart bleed—I knew it did.

I tried, however, to forget her, but I could not. Even at the time of my magnificent wedding, when my bride stood before me radiant with glittering diamonds, the white face of poor Lucy glided in between, and made my heart throb guiltily.

Oh, how rich I grew! Year after year I added to my gold. My miserly disposition began to manifest itself soon after my marriage. I carried my gold first to banks, and then to my own safes. I put constraint upon my wife—for very generously she made over her whole fortune to me—and began to grumble at our expenses. I made our living so frugal that she remonstrated, and finally ran up large bills when and where she pleased. Against this I protested, and we had open quarrels more than once. My clothes grew shabby; I could not afford to buy new ones, although the interest on my investments was more than I could spend for rational living.

I grew finally dissatisfied with everything but my money. I neglected my wife, and grew careless of her society. Several gentlemen came to my house—among them, a would-be celebrity. He came, I thought, too often for my good name, and I ordered my wife to discontinue his company. She refused, and I locked her up in her room. How she managed to set herself free, I never knew, but in the evening, when I returned, she was gone from the house. That caused me some uneasiness, not much, for I was soon absorbed in taking account of my gains. It was, perhaps, nine in the evening. I had just managed to take up a paper for a moment, to read its business details, when the door opened, and in came my wife, dressed bewitchingly, as if just from an evening concert, followed by that moustachioed celebrity.

"Good evening, my dear," she said in the coolest way imaginable, and placed a chair for her friend.

"Stop!" I cried, my jealousy roused; "that man sits not down in my house."

"That man—a gentleman, and *my* friend, shall sit here if *I* please," said my wife firmly.

My passion was excited then as it never was before, and I collared the scoundrel. He was my match—but, heavens! *my wife* coolly put a dirk-knife that she drew from a cane in his hand, and he stabbed me. I fainted, and remembered nothing more, till I found myself on a bed in my own chamber, watched over by my house-keeper.

"Where—ure—they?"

"Gone," was all she said.

"It occurred to me then like a flash of lightning, that nobody was near me at the time I was wounded, that my keys were about my person, and that I had been robbed, perhaps, of all my available property. The thought threw me into an agony of fear. I ordered my clothes to be brought to me. The keys were there. Taking one of them out, I told Mrs. Hale, my house-keeper, to go to the safe and bring me the papers that were there. She returned, her face white with terror, to say there was nothing there, and all the little doors were open.

"Robbed! robbed!" I yelled, with curses and imprecations, and again my senses deserted me.

Brain fever ensued. For weeks I lay deprived of reason, literally treading on the verge of the grave. One morning, I was conscious only of a sinking, deathly feeling, as I feebly opened my eyes. Was it an angel I saw standing beside me, her soft eyes veiled with pity, looking down upon me with the most commiserating gentleness? For a moment, I thought I might be in heaven—but no—I reasoned with myself, I loved money too well. My treasure was all of the earth, earthy. Again I opened my dim eyes. The vision seemed wavering now, but oh! did it not wear the sainted beauty of sweet Lucy Manning? A quiet, unutterable peace took possession of my entire being. I forgot wealth, health, everything. My past life seemed blotted out, and I was once again innocent, untouched by the griping hand of avarice, true, loving, and loved—and Lucy Manning was my idol.

But I recovered slowly; and at last, as my strength slowly returned, I missed her. As soon as she saw I could be left with safety, she had left me, and oh, the blank—the dreadful blank!

I wandered around my rooms, now so desolate, and saw the many evidences of my miserly habits. I know not why, but towards my wife my feeling seemed to have undergone a revulsion. I fear I hated her. She had nearly beggared me, had deceived me, shattered my health, destroyed all my hopes.

Months passed before I was able to estimate the damage that had been done me. Every means that could be put forth were used for the recovery of my money, but all in vain.

One night I sat by the fire, a cheerless, disappointed, and lonely man. I had been thinking thoughts that only burned my brain, but did not purify my heart.

"If I had only married sweet Lucy," I said, again and again, "all this had not been so."

My house-keeper came in with a letter—an unusually large package it was—and, as it bore a foreign postmark, I opened it with a trembling hand. What was that? A rustling, crumpled bank-note! Another and another came forth, and there laid upon my knees twenty notes for large sums. A few trembling lines accompanied them:

"My Husband—I am dying. Forgive me, and accept this enclosed as a faint effort towards restitution. It is not much over half that we took from the safe. The rest is—I know not where. I am deserted. Farewell, forever!"

An icy chill thrilled me. It seemed as if her spectral presence was near me. I shuddered, as I rolled the notes together, and threw them across the room.

"Lie there, curse of my soul!" I cried. "Lie there till I have conquered myself—ay, if victory be not won till you are rotten."

I shut the door up, and sealed it; and for six months I toiled like a penniless man, till I partially redeemed myself. By managing cautiously, I placed my business on a successful footing, and began life again, a new man. It took many a year to wear off my old habits of parsimony; but every effort gave me a new and agreeable pleasure.

Meantime, Lucy Manning became dearer to me than she had ever been in the flush of youth. I entreated her forgiveness, humbled myself to a confession, tested myself in all ways, and convinced her at last that I was as worthy now as once I was only in seeming. On the day of my wedding, I opened the sealed door. The bank-notes lay where I had flung them. I took them up with the pride of a conqueror, and placing them in her hands, exclaimed, "They are no longer my masters; use them as you will!"

Now I am a *man!*—redeemed from the thraldom of covetousness. I have three blooming children; Lucy is an angel of goodness; and I can say of myself, "By the grace of heaven, I am what I am."

Hoop-skirts, like gun-barrels, are not dangerous unless they have something in them. But when the former are charged—powdered, wadded, and waterfall-capped—they should be handled with the greatest caution. In many instances it is dangerous to even look at them.

The proportion of will and power is not always reciprocal. A copious measure of will is sometimes assigned to ordinary and contracted minds; whilst the greatest faculties as frequently evaporate in indolence and languor.

It is understood that after a series of dramatic engagements, the first of which has lately been opened in New York, Miss Bateman's retirement from the stage will take place, and her marriage will be celebrated.

A NEW DISEASE; OR, PROPRIA QUÆ MARIBUS.

SAID Mr. Jonas Barcarole, looking about him at breakfast, "Has anybody seen John Misling lately?" Everybody looked at Clara.

"He has not been here in a month, sir," answered the beautiful Clara, promptly.

"Hum!" said Mr. Barcarole; "ha! the young fellow may be sick. I should think somebody had better look after him;" and buttoning up his overcoat, for it was now well on in the chilly weather, the President of the Primrose Bank went down town; but Clara's conscience staid by the breakfast-table; and it tweaked and twinged her with remembrances of the way in which she had snubbed this poor little Misling, who labored under the double disadvantage of being a cousin, and madly in love with her; and it drew such terrible pictures of the forlorn little man, lying sick and untended in his dreary lodging-house, that it spurred her up, and drove her on to her dressing-bureau, where she arrayed herself in a velvet basque, a violet hat, and the smallet buff-tinted kid gloves, into which she could squeeze a very pretty little hand; and fortified by the presence of her aunt, Mrs. Douglass, a lace handkerchief, and a vinaigrette, went to find and nurse her missing cousin.

Now John Misling was a wholly inappropriate, unfortunate, unseasonable, and absurd individual! Noisy when he should be silent, mum when he should talk; the round man in the square hole; the third person at a tete-a-tete: the man never to see the paper in which he was told to call somewhere and hear something to his advantage: to have the small-pox when you counted on him as groomsman; to break his leg if your case depended on his evidence; while his mental and physical qualities, taken together, made such an odd jumble that you might have supposed that Nature had compounded him out of the scraps and leavings of everybody's disposition and *physique*. For example: joined to the muscle of a young lady he had a preposterous itching for frays and adventures. He blushed and perspired in the presence of women, and was always dreadfully snubbed by them, and yet faucied himself a hero among them. He was scant five feet two inches in height, with a huge nose and a red shining face, and yet was haunted by a notion of carrying himself loftily and gracefully. He squeaked, stammered, talked fast, and without any commas, and insisted on trying to shine in society. He was the author of perhaps more rejected manuscripts than any one in the United States, and yet firmly believed in his own talents as a writer; and though utterly penuiless and ridiculous in every one's eyes but his own, was madly in love with his beautiful cousin, Clara Barcarole, the daughter of the wealthy President of the Primrose Bauk, and one of the most fascinating girls in New York.

During the month in which he had been missed from the Barcarole mansion he had written a book, and the polite publishers of the house of Sanscrit & Co. had promised it "their earliest attention." He calculated that their "earliest attention" signified three weeks, and at the end of that time intended to demand an advauce of five hundred dollars on the book. Out of the five hundred dollars he would buy a pair of new trousers, and in the trousers he would call on the beautiful Clara, and give her an opportunity of becoming Mrs. John Misling. Meantime—and there is not a more difficult operation in the world than living out a "meantime"—Misling had only a balance of twenty-five cents in his pocket, and no prospect of money from any quarter. In this dilemma he picked up a little printed bill, reading as follows:

"J. CANTRELL, Dealer in all kinds of Ladies' and Gentlemen's cast-off Clothing, Bed-clothing, Boots, Shoes, old Metal, old Umbrellas, Musical Instruments, for all of which the Subscriber will give the highest Prices. He hopes any one who reads this Bill will look up all they have; if ever so trifling, it will be purchased. J. C. returns his sincere thanks for the liberal Encouragement he has received, and hopes every Person will look up all they can.

"N. B.—The Bill and the Goods will be called for in two hours.

"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT."

Misling had no umbrellas or musical instruments to offer the accommodating Mr. Cantrell; but besides the gray mix that he was just then wearing he owned a pair of linen trousers. There would be a certain risk in the venture; for, between ink-pots and mutton-chops cooked over the gas, there was nothing left for the "gray mix" but to be washed. While they were in the hands of Mrs. O'Flaherty. Misling would be a trouserless man: and it would be like his luck for the house to take advantage of his situation and burn down; or some one might call; or Mrs. O'Flaherty might get drunk and forget him. But nothing venture, nothing have. Misling sold the linen trowsers, provisioned himself with crackers and cheese, and, with many injunctions, placed the "gray mix" in the hands of Mrs. O'Flaherty.

It was then, of all days in the year, that Clara Barcarole brought her violet-hat, her aunt, and her lace handkerchief to look after her unlucky cousin, and fluttering up the dingy steps of the dingier lodging-house, filled its onion-scented halls with wafts of Night-blooming Cereus, and the breast of its landlady with profoundest astonishment.

Misling heard them coming, the shrill voice of his landlady o unding in advance; for, as there was no waiting-room, the good woman had marshalled them up the damp stairs at once.

"This way, ladies. Take care—them steps at the top is broken. The third door on the left, ladies."

Misling heard and glanced wildly around him. There was the fire-place; but it was obstructed by a fire-board and a rusty stove, and, besides, he had never learned to climb a chimney. Closets there were none. He had no trunk, and might have hesitated about getting into it if he had. Impossible to get under the bedstead, for it was a cot, and, in his fright, it never occurred to him to lock the door; and hearing the rustle of silk and patter of boot-heels close at hand he sprang hastily into bed, covering himself up to the tip of his nose, just as Clara and Mrs. Douglass entered.

"Ah!" said Clara, looking about her compassionately; "just as I thought. Now, Cousin John, how bad of you to be ill, and never send us word, and make me come all this way to find how you were!"

"You are an angel," answered Misling, vaguely, and tingling with pleasure and pain alike; for it was so good of her to search him out, yet how dreadful to be visited by an angel when a man's trousers were in the wash!

"Have you been long ill?" asked Mrs. Douglass, kindly, her womanly sympathies thoroughly aroused by the dreary, chilly, bare little room."

"Yes—no—that is—a day or so," returned Misling, getting scarlet.

"He has a fever," said Clara, growing more and more concerned. "Look at his face, Aunt Miriam! Just think of his lying sick and alone in this—"

She was going to say miserable den, and certainly the expression did the wretched little room no more than justice; for there was no fire in the rusty stove—the carpet, in the wear and tear of years, had forgotten long ago the pattern of its youth—and the table, adorned with bowl, ewer, shaving utensils, crackers, cheese, and stationery, was of pine, as were the two hard chairs occupied by the ladies.

"What medicines have you taken?" asked Mrs. Douglass, observing that Misling shrank from every notice of his surroundings. "If you have fever I would recommend—"

"I never take drugs," cut in Misling, hastily. "Perfect quiet, light diet"—here he glanced at the crackers and cheese—"are the remedies to which I always resort."

"You are accustomed to it then. You are often ill in this way?" queried Clara.

"Yes; my attacks may be said to be periodical," said Misling, not without a secret relish of his own wit, dangerous as was his situation.

"Periodical attacks!" echoed the young lady, to whom the words conveyed a very dreadful idea indeed, and opening wide her handsome brown eyes. "And you do nothing for them at all, cousin John?"

"Well, no—not exactly. I—I—" stammering, and cornered; "the fact is," brightening—"I use hydropathic remedies. I have great faith in the virtues of water;" secret relish of his own wit again."

"No wonder you are ill; but you need not suppose you are going on in this heathenish way now, sir, that you have fallen into better hands than your own," showing symptoms of taking off her gloves. "We do not mean to leave you till we have seen you more comfortable, do we, Aunt Miriam?"

Misling burst out in a cold perspiration, and, for the first time in his life, wished his fair cousin at the antipodes.

"You must not think of such a thing! You are too good," he stammered. "I am well—that is, I shall be well soon. You really give yourselves too much trouble."

"You hear," said Clara's conscience, bounceable as ever, under the velvet basque; "he lives here, half frozen on bread and cheese, till he falls ill; and then he calls you, who snubbed him, every time he approached you. 'too good,' because you take the trouble at last to ask whether he is alive or dead. Your own cousin, Miss; and if he dies whose fault will it—" Here the conscience was cut short by a tear from Clara, which she wiped away, not on the lace handkerchief, but on a plainer one taken from her pocket, saying:

"We are not too good at all; and we are not going to be put off in that way, are we Aunt Mir?"

"If John will tell us something of his symptoms," returned Mrs. Douglass. "What do you call your illness, John?"

"Yes, what is it, Cousin John? What is the matter?" echoed Clara, turning her face, all alive with compassionate interest, toward the unhappy Misling, who experienced the agony of all rogues when they see detection approaching. Whatever he pleaded he was sure to be tripped on the symptoms, or exposed by the first doctor called in to attend him. He grew pale and red, hot and cold, by turns, as he ransacked his brains for some unheard-of disease, when suddenly he remembered, *apropos* of the luckless trousers, Charles Read's novelette, "*Propria quæ maribus;*" and also that Clara not only knew no Latin but seldom opened a book.

"The disease is constitutional. In fact it may be called hereditary," said the little wretch, his mouth twitching. "I remember that my father often suffered from the same cause. There is nothing for it, as I said before, but time, quiet, and the water-cure. It is called *Propria quæ maribus.*"

"How strange!" exclaimed Clara, with evident horror. "It must be dreadful. Is it very painful? I never heard of such a thing: did you, Aunt Miriam?" But Mrs. Douglass had walked hastily to the window, and stood there looking out, presenting to the company only a back view of her shoulders, which for some reason twitched unaccountably.

"Aunt Miriam!" exclaimed Clara, in surprise, and vaguely alarmed; "Cousin John! Aunt Mir! what is it? Is it incurable? Is it anything like fits?" edging around to peep under her aunt's bonnet, when she saw, to her inexpressible astonishment, that lady crimson, convulsive, and choking with suppressed laughter.

"I think we might go, Clara," said Mrs. Douglass, gurgling. "I do not believe that it is very dangerous. John will be likely to get on better without us," gasping hysterically.

"Aunt! Cousin John! what *is* it all about," asked the astonished girl, turning toward Misling. Misling made no answer. He was trying to die. Just at this juncture a heavy step shook the boards of the little entry, and, without knocking, entered Mrs. O'Flaherty, the "gray mix" dangling from her arm.

"An' here's yer pants, Misther Misling," laying the articles in question on his bed, "though yez better not be afther puttin' them on jist yet, I'm thinkin'; maybe they be'nt dhry intirely, I hurried thim so." All the time staring hard at the lilac hat and Aunt Miriam; and coming to a dim notion that she might have been indiscreet, Mrs. O'Flaherty drew a long breath, and mended the matter thus:

"An' shure and I'd have waited ef I'd known yez had company, only yez said yez couldn't go out till I brung thim, and charged me so petiklar, ye knows."

Mrs. Douglass rushed frantically out of the room, followed by Clara, and Misling heard them on the landing.

"Aunt what *is* it, and what is *Propria quæ maribus?*"

"His trousers, child, his trousers!' It means, that which is proper for men! Did you never read the story? Oh! oh! oh!" Suppressed gigglcs, rush and rustle of skirts on the stairs, and then the jar of the front-door below. They were gone. Misling was a proper and a decorous little man, but he could not help saying, in strict confidence to the reckless "gray mix," still on the foot of his bed, "D—n it!"

Shortly after the President of the Primrose Bank gave Misling a new suit and a situation at six hundred a year; but we fear Misling could hardly have been sufficiently grateful, for he never gave the President's daughter in return that opportunity of becoming Mrs. John Misling.

BEAUTIFUL FOREVER.—The beauty of youth and fresh complexion is one of the things on which may be written "eminently perishable." Like all scarce and attractive things, it has a wonderful value; and, like all precious things, it has its imitations, more or less skilful. Beauty of feature remains long—elegant carriage can be found in women whose youth is avowedly long left behind; and beauty of expression, that highest loveliness of all, lovely because lovable, is peculiar to no age, though it is most often developed late in life. The first-mentioned beauty, however, appears to be that most coveted—and to be so just because it is most fleeting. Herrick says:

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is quickly flying."

A good many women of our own day seem determined to make time appear to fly more slowly, and so to prolong the period of rose gathering. To this end they adopt all manner of inventions as to washes and dyes, and paints and cosmetics, and "Arabian baths"—all having for object and end the attaining or retaining of the bright, fresh bloom of youth.

This is all very foolish. If a woman is no longer young—if the first youth is left behind—the advances of time *will* show; and nothing that can be done will restore the accompaniments of youth, beautiful in themselves, but very transient.

Some women, we acknowledge, retain their freshness and brightness of tint much longer than others; and perhaps they find it hard when these begin to fade.

There is no cosmetic which can supply the place of youth; and nothing that can prolong its charms so well as good health and good temper. To those whose youth is leaving them, we would recommend exercise in the open air, the constant use of the bath (not the "Arabian," but that of fresh water,) and the cultivation of contentment and cheerfulness.

Fretfulness and indolence, care and disease, will make sad havoc of beauty, and no nostrums in the world can get rid of the marks they make. Until the "mill which grinds people young again," can be brought into profitable operation, the inventions of restorers of charms will be of very little avail to give back beauty which nature has ordained shall be impaired.

WHEN Miss Burdett Coutts, of London, became the heiress of Mrs. Coutts, who had been Miss Mellon, the actress, her fortune was computed at thirteen tons of gold. It has been growing ever since. She cannot spend her income, nor even give it away, with all her benefactions. It employs several active secretaries to read her begging letters. S gives all she has time to give.

BULL *VERSUS* BEAR.

A CALIFORNIA ADVENTURE.

ON one occasion during my residence in California, in 1853, I had occasion to proceed upon business from Stockton to the mission of San José, a distance of between eighty and ninety miles. I was in the saddle betimes, as my business was of importance, and had made three or four miles before the first faint streaks of the coming day became visible in the east. The air was cold and balmy, and laden with the perfume of the flowers and herbage; whilst, as the sun arose, the dew-drops glittered everywhere upon the twigs and grass blades like diamonds. The deer, as they left their coverts to feed, gazed fearlessly on either side of the trail as I passed; and every now and then I disturbed a bevy of quail, who, after a short flight, dropped in the edge of the chapparel, or into the wild oats. The country was rolling and park-like, dotted here and there with live oaks of immense size, standing singly, or with smaller trees in clumps.

After an hour or two's ride, Mount Diablo became visible in the distance, looming up cloud-like in the thin air; whilst, upon my left, the coast-range ran along almost parallel to my route. Gradually, the breeze ceased, and the air became close and oppressive, and continued so until I stopped for my mid-day halt, to allow my horse to feed. Unusually sultry as the day had been, it became still more so, and so silent, that not even the buzzing of an insect could be heard, and the air felt as though it had been heated in a furnace. Stretched on my blankets, I had tried to smoke my pipe, but even that lacked its usual soothing effect. Presently, a low muttering sound was audible, which gradually increased; it was the moaning of the storm-wind, which came sweeping gustily along. Then came a flash of the most vivid lightning I ever saw, instantly followed by a tremendous peal of thunder, the signal-gun of the advancing storm, which rent the air, and made the earth tremble. A deep silence, for a brief interval, followed, which seemed more terrible than the previous uproar; then came the lurid flashes and crashing thunder, not in low grumbling tones, but in deafening peals; whilst the wind roared, and the rain descended in sheets of driving water. For two mortal hours did the tempest rage, and the wild winds swept by, whilst I cowered under my blankets, with bent head, and back to the blast.

At first, the thirsty and parched prairie drank greedily up the flood of water poured upon it, but soon it became completely saturated, and could contain no more, and the overflowing waters collected in great pools.

My horse, who had at first been terrified by the thunder-peals and lightning flashes, had strained upon his picket-peg, as he plunged, snorting with terror, but had failed to either break the tough raw-hide lariat, or draw the peg; and satisfied that he could not get loose, I had devoted my attention solely to sheltering myself as much as possible from the downpour.

Upon looking around when the storm had somewhat abated, what was my consternation to find that my horse, as soon as the ground had become thoroughly saturated, had pulled out the peg, and had left me on foot in the prairie. It was no use to think of pursuing my journey thus, and I sorrowfully prepared to retrace the long miles over which I had ridden in the morning. Rolling up my saddle, bridle, and tin cup, in which I had made my coffee, in my saturated blankets, and hiding them as well as I could in some stunted shrubs, I followed in the direction my horse had started, hoping to be able to trail him by his hoof-marks in the softened ground, and by the *drag* of his long lariat and picket-peg, which I hoped might entangle themselves around some bush or sapling, and thus bring up my runaway to a stand-still.

It was not, however, without great difficulty that I could discern the trail, for the driving rain had washed it out, save here and there occasionally; but still by keeping *the line*, I managed now and then to come upon traces of the fugitive. More intent upon the trail than on surrounding objects, I had proceeded four or five miles when I discovered that I had become an object of curiosity to a large herd of cattle, who were closing in upon me with no very friendly intention.

I had lived in Texas long enough to know how hostile prairie-cattle always are to footmen, though a horseman might ride close to them unregarded; I also knew how helpless I was when opposed to such a tremendous aggregation of brute-force as the three or four hundred wild cattle possessed who were now rushing bellowing towards me. The herd of cows, and steers, and yearlings was led by a fierce old bull, who occasionally stopped to tear up the earth and shake his horns; then again he would advance, the mass crowding together, switching their tails high in the air, uttering fearful bellowings, whilst they tossed their horns, staring wildly in mingled rage and wonder.

There was no time to hesitate; I had only just perceived my enemies in time. A herd of wild cattle rushing furiously at a man upon an open plain soon assist him in coming to a decision. Four or five hundred yards behind me was a tree which I had lately passed, and just behind that again some bushes along the margin of a little creek. I determined to make for the tree, and climb that if possible; if not, if I was too closely pressed by the thundering herd, I would try and gain the bushes, amongst which, or in some hole or cranny in the creek's banks, I might hope to conceal myself. Most pedestrian matches are timed; my race was not, but I have reason to believe that the same distance was never covered quicker by any mortal man. As I gained the tree, I looked back, and saw the foremost of the herd about a hundred yards from me. I never was considered an extraordinary climber when a boy at school, nor perhaps is a pair of heavy Mexican spurs an advantage in climbing, but I went up that tree like a squirrel, and had just gained a safe position, when my pursuers rushed underneath. Although I had gained safety for the moment, still there was something very fearful in my position, for I could form no idea how long the fierce beasts, who were tearing up the earth, and glaring at me with their wild fierce eyes, would keep me "treed."

A most unlooked-for adventure relieved me. For some time, most of the herd remained gazing at me; but at length, as though feeling satisfied that I could not escape, they became less stationary, and moved about, snatching pettishly at the grass, less from a desire of grazing, than from restlessness at their disappointment in failing to catch me before I could "tree."

Whilst thus sauntering aimlessly about, my especial enemy, the bull, strayed into the bushes that fringed the ravine, and suddenly there arose a fearful uproar, and it was evident that the tawny lord of the herd had got into trouble.

A hoarse bellowing and confused growling, intermixed with a crashing of the bushes, whilst the taller saplings swayed to and fro, showed that some desperate struggle was taking place on the edge of the ravine in which the bull was engaged, but what with I could not discover. Presently, the bull emerged with bloody head and huge furrows ploughed upon his shoulders, from which hung long strips of bloody skin-like ribbons. His eyes were red with rage, and it was evident he had no idea of giving up the contest, but had only retreated to gain an open space where he could fight to better advantage. Hitherto, I had only noticed the bull as a ferocious beast, who had from pure ill-nature put me in serious danger; but now, as he stood glowing with rage, I could not help noticing his admirable proportions. Long, lithe, and wiry, he stood a perfect model of strength and activity, whilst his massive shoulders proved what force he could bring to aid the thrusts of his straight, long, sharp-pointed horns. I had not more than a second or two to take in these points, when his antagonist appeared upon the scene in the shape of a hugh grizzly bear. No sooner was the bear fairly in the open, than the bull lowered his head, and charged straight and true at him, with the seeming force of a steam engine. The bear rose up upon his hind-legs to receive the attack, and catching the bull by the horns, bore down his head upon the ground by his great strength and weight, clinging to the head with his fore-legs, while he worked his hind ones, clawing with his cruel talons the sides and shoulders of the bull. The match was an equal one, as far as weight was concerned, and nearly balanced in other respects; for whilst the bear worked "teeth and toe-nails," the sharp horns and greater activity of the bull served to equalize them as to weapons; and as both antagonists possessed equal courage and determination, it was clear the duel was to be *a la mort*, and the victory, I could see, between such well-matched foes depended upon accident. Locked together thus in deadly strife, they remained some minutes, the bull each moment striving, as it were, to contract himself for his repeated thrusts, and the bear endeavoring to hold the bull's head to prevent their force, never intermitting for an instant raking with his claws the ribs and shoulders of the foe. For a moment or two they seemed to pause for breath by mutual consent, a lull which the bull artfully took advantage of, by a sudden backward spring, to get clear of the bear.

During the whole of the combat, the other cattle had stood around in awe-struck wonder, not attempting in any way to aid their champion. The bull, covered with gore from the gashes cut by the claws, and the head gnawed by the teeth of the bear, was a horrible sight to see, though the bear appeared as yet but little injured. As soon as the bull had gained space sufficient to give impetus to his charge, he again rushed furiously at the Grizzly, and this time succeeded in plunging one horn into the bear's belly, and, jerking his head up, brought away upon his horns some of the entrails of his foe; but the next moment he was borne back by the Grizzly, and both rolled over in another deadly struggle; and now so furiously and rapidly did they fight, whirling over and over, that only an undistinguishable mass could be seen. Again the bull fought clear of his antagonist, but he presented a far more deplorable appearance than before, for one eye had been torn from the socket, and his ears hung in shreds, whilst all the forward part of his hips was a mass of blood and mud, and his tongue, which protruded beyond his swollen lips, had been bitten through, and hung by only a piece of skin.

But the bear had evidently had the worst of this second encounter, for he lay almost motionless, his entrails wound round and round him like ory belts; and whilst in this state, the bull gored him repeatedly, till finally a long shiver passed through the bear, and he lay dead. Convinced at last that his enemy was dead, the bull raised his head in triumph, and as well as his mutilated tongue permitted, gave a roar of victory. It was dearly purchased, however, for he tottered as he bellowed, and though he set his legs wide apart, he swayed from side to side; presently his head drooped lower and lower, till at last he sunk down groaning to the ground. Then came two or three vain efforts to recover his legs, and after a few convulsive shudders, he too lay dead beside his foe. The herd sniffed round the dead bodies for a few moments, and then, wild with terror, started panic-stricken across the prairie.

Finding the coast clear, I descended from my perch, and with a due appreciation of the dangers of foot-travelling, set off in search of my horse, expecting a grizzly bear to make his appearance from every clump of bushes that I passed. After a tramp of several miles, I was fortunate enough to find my horse, whose lariat had become entangled around some shrubs near which he had stopped to feed; and mounting him bare-backed, I turned his head toward where I had left my saddle and other *impedimenta;* nor was I sorry, soon after sunrise the following morning, to see the long avenue of stately live oaks which line the road as you approach the Mission of San Jose.

DEADHEADS AS CRITICS.

THE trial of the suit brought by Mr. Swanborough, of the Birmingham theatre, against the comedian, Mr. Sothern, for a breach of engagement, has developed some very odious traits of human nature. The engagement was made last autumn, just before Mr. Sothern's malady of the throat obliged him to submit to an operation, and it was in consequence of the severity of the disorder that he broke the contract, and refused to appear more than five of the seventeen nights agreed upon with Mr. Swanborough. But, the first night of all, Mr. Sothern had disappointed the audience by failure to play, and the manager had to return the people their money, as well as some four or five pounds claimed by deadheads who paid nothing to come in. After this the Birmingham playgoers became very cold and critical, and Mr. Swanborough lost a good deal of money by his engagement with Mr. Sothern, although the comedian appeared in that character of "Lord Dundreary" which elsewhere had never failed to draw vast houses. The manager had recourse to the expedient of *papering* in order to fill his theatre, but the audiences thus admitted on free passes, though encouraging in numbers, were but lukewarm and niggardly in applause; and Mr. Sothern, speaking from a shrewd observation of human nature over the foot-lights, said that "*a paper audience was not like a pay audience—there was a coldness about it—paper was never lively.*"

It must be confessed that there is a disagreeable analogy between the characteristics displayed by the Birmingham deadheads and those which mankind generally exhibits towards benefactors; and it need not take us long to get over the shock of surprise and indignation with which we learn that people who go into theatres for nothing are so ungenerous as to withhold applause habitually. It is known to most Christian moralists how exceedingly slow men who enjoy the bounty of Providence are to acknowledge the goodness which gives them health, riches, and station; whereas, persons who have neither are very grateful for them. Indeed, we fear that, in proportion as we are papered in this world, we are pitiless and proud. The favor seems a tribute to our merit, and it behooves benefactors to look well to the quality of their benefits if they wish to win our approval. When we pay our money for a thing, we are ourselves concerned in finding it good; but if we borrow or beg it, we judge it with unqualified severity.

This principle accounts not only for the liveliness of pay as contrasted with paper in theatres, but for a great deal of ill-nature in life. Does any one suppose, for instance, that the critics would be so savage if they had to buy the books they cut up? But having the volumes given to them by the large-hearted publishers and generous authors, how mercilessly they tear them to pieces! How the cruel rogues gloat over the destruction they occasion, and swell with scorn, and talk of "the volume of ridiculous trash before us," and "the absurd twaddler who has printed the present collection of rhyme," and so on! Of course, the people who buy the books are never guilty of this ingratitude. They put them into their libraries, and lay them on their parlor tables, and say nothing about them, and a purchased volume seldom meets with criticism except from somebody who borrows it. One of the most terrible censors of the public press of whom we ever heard was a person who took no papers but those he found in his neighbor's area. It is the same with the art critics, as they call themselves. Has any one ever heard of an art critic buying a picture or a statue? They abuse because they do not buy the artists' works, and come away from the exhibitions, where they have seen the pictures for nothing, and write terrible disquisitions on the creation of the world, and knock the poor painters about with the hard words of abstract æsthetics. The fat, good-natured purchaser of

Mahlstick's "View of the Fulton Ferryboat by Starlight," never has anything to say about Fra Angelico or Bellini, but has a habit of taking his friends up to the picture, after dinner, and pointing out the merit of the smoke-stack and getting orders for Mahlstick. He has paid his money and he applauds, and even if he fancies the picture bad he says nothing, on the same principle that boys who give their money to see a calf with six legs never expose the imposture on coming out of the show, and it is left to some rogue who has stolen in under the curtain to issue forth and denounce the monster as nowise agreeing with his portrait on the posters.

The principle is of universal application. If we buy a bottle of wine to grace the dinner we give a friend, we do not cry out that it is beastly stuff, though our friend has no reserve in giving this opinion behind our backs, and making a wry face before us. Who is it creates the clamor about accidents on the best-managed railroads in the world? We fear it is the gentlemen of the press, who travel on free passes: and it is certain that if any church-goer finds a sermon dull, it is some casual hearer, invited into the pew of a member who has paid a thousand dollars for the pew, and thinks the sermon refreshing. It is universally granted that mothers love best those sickly and peevish children who cost them most pains and care, to the neglect of wholesome and amiable little ones, who never tax their patience; and it is notorious that the good humor of ill-natured people is the only good humor which has any positive value. Nay, would the fair partners of domestic joy appear such prizes as they all do if people were not at great trouble to win them? And would there not be many more divorce cases than there are now if people could be *papered* into matrimony?

We have had a great deal of absurd talk (from the poets chiefly) to the effect that life is hard; but it must be admitted that we should scarcely be willing to accept it, without grumbling, on better terms than the present. There are numbers of persons (the idle poets among them) who are dead-headed through life, and we see how captious and discontented they are with our poor little world. Alas! life is too easy, as any reader may learn by asking somebody who is puzzled where to sleep to-night, or some bed-ridden invalid, or say one of those Sybarites who take to the imposture of street-beggary out of mere luxurious wantonness.—*The Nation.*

A STRANGE AFFAIR.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

At a wayside inn, on the old road that ran between Philadelphia and C——, in the State of Pennsylvania, a very strange and curious affair occurred in the fall of 1797. One dark, rainy, disagreeable night, a mounted traveller, well muffled up in a great-coat, with its broad cape turned up over his head like a cowl, his chin and lower part of his face buried in a bandana handkerchief, and with a broad black patch over his right eye, rode up to the tavern and called for supper and lodging. At the large fire burning in the chimney of the bar-room he sat and warmed and dried himself, while his meal was being prepared, without removing any of his garments, not even so much as his hat, and when the landlord at length announced that his repast was ready, he simply remarked:

"I have a severe pain in my face—so you must excuse my going to the table as I am."

He ate his supper in silence, showed no disposition for conversation, called for a strong glass of brandy and water, and soon after asked to be conducted to his room, adding that he was very much fatigued.

"By the way," he said to the landlord, who in person lighted him to his bed-room, "I may as well leave my pocket-book and watch in your possession till morning," at the same time handing these articles to the host, who took them with some reluctance, saying:

"I reckon they'd be quite as safe here with yourself—though I'll keep them for you if you wish me to."

"You'll oblige me by doing so," rejoined the stranger.

"Well, then," said the inn-keeper, "I must know how much money you've got here, if I've got to be responsible for it."

"Please open the pocket-book then and count for yourself," returned the stranger.

The host did so and said—

"I make it two hundred and fifteen dollars."

"Right!" rejoined the traveller, "and while I'm about it, I may as well add this purse, which contains fifty-one dollars in specie."

The landlord also counted the coin, part gold and part silver, said the amount was right, and went out bidding the other good night.

About two o'clock in the morning, a neighbor living within a stone's throw of the tavern, and who chanced to be up with a sick child, fancied he heard above the roar of the storm, which had increased in violence, a wild shriek, followed by two cries of "Help! Murder!"

He was rather a timid man, and was much alarmed. He blew out his light cautiously, opened the door, looked out, and stened. The storm beat in his face and howled around his dwelling, but he could see nothing, not even a light at the inn, and he heard nothing more that sounded like a human voice. He shut the door, fastened it, and then woke up his wife and told her all. She happened to be a woman of unusual nerve and courage, and after putting a few questions, replied with a yawn:

"Oh, Jim, it was only one of your fancies. You are always hearing something that nobody else does. Just think how many times you have hunted the house over for robbers since I've lived with you! Just tend to Mary, will you, and let me get a little sleep, for you know I didn't have any last night."

"I know it wasn't a fancy, but a real human cry," grumbled the man as he walked away, and allowed his drowsy spouse to return to her dreams.

The delicate leaden gray of morning was just beginning to dispel the inky blackness of the stormy night, when the landlord of the wayside inn was aroused by a series of thundering knocks upon the outer door of his habitation. He sprang out of bed, hastily drew on his trowsers and boots, took his waistcoat in his hand, and hurried down to wait on his supposed customers. On opening the door he found himself confronted by two rough-looking men, well muffled up against the storm, which as yet had scarcely abated its fury. Their horses panting, splashed with mud, with drooping heads, were hitched to the nearest post, and showed by their looks that they had been ridden very fast and far.

"Did a mounted traveller stop at this inn last night?" abruptly inquired one of the two.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Is he here still?"

"He is."

"Will you describe his appearance?"

"As well as I can," said the wondering host, "for I didn't see much of his face," and he not only proceeded with a description of his person, but added all that the traveller had said and done, including the affair of the money.

"I think we've got him this time!" said the one who had addressed the landlord, turning to his companion."

"It looks like it," was the reply, "but he's no doubt a desperate fellow, and we had better proceed with caution till we make all sure."

"Hark you, landlord!" said the first speaker in a low tone, "a word in your private ear. We are officers of justice from Philadelphia, in pursuit of a bank robber, and we suspect your strange guest to be the man we seek. Here is the warrant for his arrest. Now conduct us quietly to his room, and if need be, assist us in securing him."

"Certainly," said the host, turning somewhat pale, as it was afterwards remembered, and seeming not a little agitated.

"Walk in, gentlemen—this way, gentlemen."

He conducted them into the bar-room, and hurriedly struck a light, for it was yet too dark to see anything distinctly.

"I hope the fellow has not heard us," said one of the officers, drawing a pistol, while the other produced a pair of handcuffs.

"I hope it won't be necessary to shoot, gentlemen," said the host, with increased agitation.

"We will go up softly and try his door," said the officer with the pistol, "and if we find it fast perhaps it would be better for us to remain on guard and wait till he comes out himself."

The host, light in hand, led the way, though with seeming reluctance, as if not over anxious. On reaching the door, which the three parties had approached with light, stealthy steps, the landlord tried it very gently, and finding it unfastened, slowly pushed it open and went in, followed by the officers. The next moment the inn-keeper exclaimed in a tone of alarm and surprise:

"Gracious heavens! what's the meaning of this?"

The bed was tumbled, but vacant; no traveller was there—and the sheets and pillow-cases were stained with blood!

The officers looked meaningly at each other, and then at the host, who, pale and trembling, sunk half fainting upon the nearest seat. For a few moments there was a deep and ominous silence, and then one of the officers said slowly, and with pointed emphasis: "Landlord, this is very strange."

"The strangest thing I ever knew," fairly gasped the inn-keeper, glancing around him in frightened bewilderment; "where can the man have gone to?"

"And this blood, too," sternly chimed the other officer, "what does this mean, if not some foul play?"

"Oh, gentlemen," said the host, in a low, tremulous tone, "I hope you don't suspect me, for I'm as innocent as the child unborn. And now I remember, too, when I went to the door to let you in, I found it wasn't fastened, and I am right sure I fastened it myself before I went to bed."

"We certainly do suspect you, sir," said the officer, "for how can we help it, since the man is gone, as you have confessed, and you have his money in your possession."

"But he gave me the money to keep for him," cried the frightened host, "and I have got it yet."

"Undoubtedly you have; but that, you see, so far from proving you know nothing of the affair only tends to make e matter worse for you."

"Perhaps he's about yet, somewhere," suggested the inn-keeper. "If he's a bank robber and heard your knocks, he'd be quite likely to hide himself or run away, I should think."

The idea was worthy of attention, and a search for the missing man was forthwith begun. On looking under the bed blood was discovered on the floor, and the trail of this was found to lead out of the room, down stairs, and out of the front door, showing that the object of search, either living or dead, had gone out of the house. Beyond the building there were no traces, for the storm had obliterated them. The hostler was called, the only other man about the house, but he appeared to be a kind of stupid fellow, and evidently knew nothing of the matter, and a look in the barn showed the stranger's horse still there.

About an hour later the neighbor mentioned came over to the inn, in agitation and alarm, said there was a man lying by the roadside, and also stated what he had heard during the night.

Throughout that thinly-peopled section, the news spread rapidly, and before night a large number of excited spectators, including the Sheriff, Coroner, and two Magistrates, had collected at the inn. An inquest was held, and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts, and though there was no direct evidence against the landlord, yet suspicion so strongly pointed at him as the murderer, that he was taken into custody and committed for trial.

In due time the trial came on, but the jury could not agree, and he was finally discharged. A second trial resulted like the first, and the inn-keeper, whose name was Williams, was kept in prison over a year.

How the affair would eventually have terminated had the mystery not been cleared up in an unexpected manner, it is impossible to say, but ere the time for the third trial arrived, a stranger appeared before the magistrate of the county, and deposed that he was the individual who had lodged at the inn on the night of the murder, and for taking whose life the landlord was still in prison.

In the course of his evidence he stated that he had been a merchant in Philadelphia, who finding himself on the eve of failure, had collected a large amount of money, run away, and that all traces of himself might be lost, and his death expected, he adopted the plan of putting a small part of his money in the hands of the inn-keeper ostensibly for safe keeping, and secretly departing in the night on foot, not supposing anything very serious would result to the landlord from this course of action. On getting up somewhere about midnight, his nose had set to bleeding, which would explain the traces of blood he had left behind him. He had made his way to Baltimore, and thence sailed to Havana, where he had been so fortunate in his speculations as to find himself in a condition to return and settle with all his creditors. On coming home and giving an account of his adventure to a friend, he for the first time learned with horror of the almost fatal consequences to the inn-keeper for his unjustifiable disappearance, and had hastened to make what reparation lay in his power. His testimony was subsequently corroborated on all important points, and the inn-keeper was honorably discharged, to the great relief and joy of his sympathizing friends. As a partial recompense for what he had suffered on his account, the merchant made him a present of the horse and money he had left with him, and two thousand dollars besides.

But the clearing up of one part of this strange affair only seemed to involve the other in deeper mystery. A murder had surely been committed, but by whom, and who was the unfortunate victim?

Even this, in the course of time, was also manifest. Some years after, a villain under sentence of death, confessed that he was a partner of the bank robber, and that having made an equal division of the spoils, they had agreed to leave the city by different routes and meet at an appointed place; that, eager to secure the whole of the booty, he had secretly taken his partner's road instead of the one agreed upon, and had waylaid and murdered him, within a few rods of the tavern kept by Williams, who, by being arrested for the crime, had drawn off all suspicion from himself.

Thus were the records of the deeds of that tempestuous night eventually brought to light, and the innocent cleared and rewarded, and the guilty detected and punished.

At a protracted meeting, recently held "out West," an ancient sister in the church arose, and said: "I see young ladies here that think more of gewgaws, furbelows, ribbons and laces, than they do of their souls' welfare. I loved them once, and adorned my hat with French artificial flowers, bright-colored ribbons, and sky-blue trimmings; but I found they were dragging me down to destruction, so I took them off—and gave them to my sister!"

A Curious Landscape.—There has seldom been a greater instance of misplaced ingenuity than the grand landscape in mosaic, made by a clerk in the French War Office. It is composed entirely of insects (of beetles alone there are more than 45,000) of nearly four thousand species, and took four years in making.

NOTICE.

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A. A. STICKNEY,
J. P. BOGARDUS,
WM. J. BINGHAM, } *Publishers.*
C. H. WEBB,

THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 3. 1866.

TO BE REGRETTED.

IT is very much to be regretted that a division has occurred in the Union Party. In this State, particularly, where, all through the war, an uncompromising support of the Administration was insisted upon as the only test of loyalty, now, that the war is ended, we find the loyal press almost without exception arrayed against the President. And war is waged by the press in this State with a vigor and a bitterness which is scarcely to be accounted for by "climatic influences." The Sacramento *Union*—decidedly the ablest and most influential journal published on this coast—struck very savagely at President Johnson on Saturday last, intimating in plainest language that he was drunk on the occasion of making his recent speech. A most ingenious color of fact was given to the accusation by the republication of a graphic description of the unpleasant scene which occurred on Inauguration Day. And that view has been adopted by nearly all the interior press, until now it is probably pretty well believed by a large portion of the population that the President was actually in his cups at the time the speech was made—which accounts for the "dead ducks."

It is suddenly discovered, too, that Secretary Seward is not only wanting in loyalty, but that he also is unworthy of confidence. Really, we had supposed that Mr. Seward's rank as a statesman was too well established to ever become an object of discussion, but the *Union* reveals the fact that he really is a very inferior diplomatist, and the Marysville *Appeal*, though giving him the credit of being the "most talented," also puts him up as the "most corrupt and ambitious man in the nation." The Brutus of the *Appeal* is undoubtedly an honorable man, but while arraigning the gray-haired old statesman for a grievous fault, he should remember how grievously he has answered it by years of wearing toil in the public service, to say nothing of the knife of the assassin, which so nearly closed his career while stretched upon a bed of sickness. It can scarcely be denied that Mr. Seward is entitled to some consideration, and we apprehend that if popular judgment be suspended for a while, the policy which he dictates will be vindicated in the light of subsequent events.

Johnson, also, has too clear a record to be dismissed on the first impulse of excited public feeling. Never yet has he been found wanting, and the only stain upon his character to which the hand of calumny can point is the unfortunate occurrence which attended his inauguration, and over that the veil of charity should be thrown. The cry about not wanting to be in the same party with Vallandigham and other rank traitors, is well enough for a popular watchword, but nothing could be more absurd as an argument. Because a few drenched and half-drowned rascals are attempting to get into our boat, shall we throw the helmsman overboard and capsize the whole institution?

One thing is certain. The South being conquered, nothing remains for the North but to put aside the mailed gauntlet and extend the hand of fellowship. We have very good authority for believing that while the lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return; but very few converts would be made if the repentant sinner were compelled to stand shivering in the cold in an eternal penance.

But we digress from the purpose of this article. We repeat, it is very much to be regretted that a division has occurred in the Union party upon the policy which shall be adopted in the reconstruction of the States. Or rather, it is unfortunate that a division should have occurred upon a bill which in reality involves no issue at all, and which very few of the many who are so indignant over the "veto" understand or have even read. It is on political questions that the saying of the Germans, "Make haste slowly," has a direct application. In the present case all can afford to wait, and the press, especially, should instruct the people to be patient.

Bierstadt the artist, has made $120 000 with his brush in three years. He is now building a princely mansion at Irvington, on the Hudson, and drives the most stylish team in the Central Park.

"Kindly Humor"—An Item that was not Enjoyed in the "Bulletin" Office.—It is fortunately seldom that a leading journal so far forgets its dignity as to descend to personalities in its editorial columns—especially when the attack must be built upon an untruth. The following item appeared in the *Evening Bulletin* on Monday:

An Item that will be Enjoyed in the New York "Times" Office. "C. H. W.," once employed as a writer on the *Bulletin*, and now a volunteer correspondent of the New York *Times*, tells the following story at his own expense, for the purpose of proving that "only country papers are published" within this large city:

"When Bierstadt was out here I wrote a small paragraph for the *Evening Bulletin*, with which I was then connected, speaking of the sketches which he brought down from the Yosemite Valley, and prophesying what pictures they would make when completed. It was crossed out because they "didn't want to puff Bierstadt." Think of it—puffing Bierstadt!"

C. H. W. only tells half the story, but tells it correctly enough so far as he knows it. It was the late Dr. Tuthill who "crossed out" the puff, remarking at the same time in his quiet manner always full of kindly humor, "This is all well enough, but if we print it, W. will be sure to borrow $50 of Bierstadt, and I don't think he has any money to lose!"

Anything more malicious could not very well be devised. It was intended to convey a most injurious falsehood to the public in a guise which left no opportunity for appeal or disproof. Dr. Tuthill was in his grave, but no friend of his will do him the injustice to suppose that with all his "kindly humor," he ever originated the imputation which is attributed to him. The surviving editor of the *Bulletin* very well knows that during the connection of "C. H. W." with that paper, he never used or attempted to use its columns for any private purpose, that he filled out the term of his engagement faithfully and well, and at its expiration declined a renewal on any terms whatever. The writer of the paragraph in question knew that he was penning a wicked falsehood, which he dare not utter, and that the lips of the friend to whom he attributed his effort of "kindly humor," were silent in the grave, and could not be called upon to speak and disprove the libel. The *animus* was clearly shown in the first instance by publishing C. H. W. as the *volunteer* correspondent of an influential Eastern journal, knowing, on the contrary, he is the special correspondent of that paper. The author of the above paragraph was branded with a blow, as a slight specimen of kindly humor, to "be enjoyed in the New York *Times* office," where "C. H. W." needs no defence. Benton once alluded to an opponent as "a great liar and a dirty dog." A lover of sabre-cuts of Saxon speech need not look further to find a synonym for the author of the crafty libel above reproduced.

The First Steamer Pioneers.—The "first steamer pioneers"—those who came to California in the *California*—celebrated their seventeenth anniversary by a dinner at Gumba's on Wednesday evening. For years it has been the custom of these gentlemen to meet on each anniversary day, and over a table groaning with delicacies and suggesting the strangest contrast to their first steamship fare, journey their journey over again, and exchange experiences and kindly greetings. On the present occasion but few of the original pioneers were present. Dr. A. B. Stout, President of the Society, A. A. Austin, Esq., and H. F. Williams, Esq., constituting the whole representation. Dr. Stout presided at the head of the table, E. H. Washburn doing the honors at the foot. The regular Pioneer Society was represented by Mr. P. B. Cornwall, its President, E. H. Washburne, and A. Marius Chapelle. The usual number of invited guests filled out the vacant places, and until a late hour the flow of wine, song, story and kindly humor went uninterruptedly on. The occasion will long be remembered by all present as an eminently pleasant one.

The following compliment to a gentleman who for some time edited The Californian, appeared in the New York *Weekly Review*. Our readers will endorse the opinion of the *Review*, as regards Mr. Harte's literary ability, to the full:

"The California papers apparently cannot forgive Mr. Francis Bret Harte for being both an able and a modest man. They are just now abusing him, in the most absurd manner, for having refrained from putting any of his own poems in a collection of California poetry which he lately edited. We are acquainted with Mr. Harte only as a writer, and certainly he seems to be by far the most talented, cultivated, and refined writer that has yet appeared in California. Several of his mock novels have been copied into these columns, as a relief to graver articles, and we are glad to know that they have been received with general approbation. Our readers should not overlook Mr. Harte's account of 'A Venerable Imposter,' which appears in another column—a composition not unworthy of the pen of Charles Lamb."

The San Francisco Amateurs will give their seventh dramatic entertainment at Turn-Verein Hall on Thursday evening next. The play of the *Iron Chest* will be repeated by solicitation, to be followed with the usual social dance to the music of Walcott's Band. These entertainments are available to subscribers and invited guests only—and have uniformly been both social and successful.

"PRESENCE OF MIND."

INCIDENTS OF THE DOWN TRIP OF THE "AJAX."

THE *Ajax*, according to all accounts, had a rough passage out on her recent trip to the Sandwich Islands, and very many of the passengers for the first time in their lives began to think of their sins. "Mark Twain"—the veracious correspondent of the *Territorial Enterprise*, and a distinguished friend of our Police—relates the following incidents of the storm:

"The storm tore all light rigging to shreds and splinters, upset all furniture that could be upset, and spilled passengers around and knocked them hither and thither with a perfect looseness. For forty-eight hours no table could be set, and everybody had to eat as best they might under the circumstances. Most of the party went hungry, though, and attended to their praying. But there was one set of "seven-up" players who nailed a card-table to the floor and stuck to their game through thick and thin. Captain Fretz, of the Bank of California, a man of great coolness and presence of mind, was of this party. One night the storm suddenly culminated in a climax of unparalleled fury; the vessel went down on her beam ends, and everything let go with a crash; passengers, tables, cards, bottles—everything—came clattering to the floor in a chaos of disorder and confusion. In a moment fifty sore distressed and pleading voices ejaculated, "Oh, Heaven help us in our extremity!" and one voice rang out clear and sharp above the plaintive chorus and said, "Remember, boys, I played the tray for low!" It was one of the gentlemen I have mentioned who spoke. And the remark showed good presence of mind and an eye to business.

"Lewis Leland, of the Occidental, was a passenger. There were some savage grizzly bears chained in cages on deck. One night in the midst of a hurricane, which was accompanied by rain and thunder and lightning, Mr. Leland came up, on his way to bed. Just as he stepped into the pitchy darkness of the deck and reeled to the still more pitchy motion of the vessel (bad,) the captain sung out hoarsely through his speaking trumpet, "Bear a hand aft, there!" The words were sadly marred and jumbled by the roaring wind. Mr. Leland thought the captain said, "The bears are after you there!" and he "let go all holts" and went down into his boots. He murmured, "I knew how it was going to be—I just knew it from the start—I said all along that those bears would get loose some time, and now I'll be the first man that they'll snatch. Captain!—Captain!—can't hear me—storm roars so. Oh, God, what a fate! I have avoided wild beasts all my life, and now to be eaten by a grizzly bear in the middle of the ocean, a thousand miles from land! Captain! Oh, Captain!—bless my soul, there's one of them!—I've got to cut and run!" And he did cut and run, and smashed through the door of the first stateroom he came to. A gentleman and his wife were in it. The gentleman exclaimed, "Who's that?" The refugee gasped out, "Oh, great Scotland, those bears are loose, and just raising merry hell all over the ship!" and then sank down exhausted. The gentleman sprang out of bed and locked the door, and prepared for a siege. After a while, no assault being made, a reconnoissance was made from the window and a vivid flash of lightning revealed a clear deck. Mr. Leland then made a dart for his own stateroom, gained it, locked himself in, and felt that his body's salvation was accomplished, and by little less than a miracle. Now I have told this story as I heard it from a passenger, who said he would vouch for every part of it except the language, which is stronger than Mr. Leland ever indulged in. The next day the subject of this memoir, though still very feeble and nervous, had the hardihood to make a joke upon his adventure. He said that when he found himself in so tight a place (as he thought) he didn't bear it with much fortitude, and when he found himself safe at last in his stateroom, he regarded it as the nearest escape he had ever had in his life. He then went to bed and did not get up again for nine days. This unquestionably bad joke cast a gloom over the whole ship's company, and no effort was sufficient to restore their wonted cheerfulness until the vessel reached her port and other scenes erased it from their memories.

New Music.—We have received from M. Gray, 613 Clay street, "Sing Birdie, Sing," "La Poderosa," a beautiful Spanish air, and "Oh Take Me to Thy Heart Again," being Nos. 14, 15, and 16 of his series of "Vocal Beauties of England and America," now in course of publication.

The largest ice bridge for many years has been formed above Niagara Falls this season; it extends three miles down the rapids, and people cross from both sides.

Owing to the recent decease of Mrs. Secretary Seward, there will be no fashionable receptions given by the Secretary of State this season.

If a police officer is after you, the best thing you can do is to lock the door, and then *bolt* yourself.

[For the Californian.]

HUMAN NATURE IN SHIPS' NAMES.

WERE a tourist from one of the planets to visit San Francisco, we could assure him of receiving a lesson in human nature from no one thing sooner than the ships' names in our harbor. We would take him by the arm, if he had one, and lead him on a short excursion along the water-side from North Beach to South Park, and if he did not know something about us foreigners of Earth after that we should pronounce him impervious to ideas. Here, my dear Celestial, (we hear ourselves saying.) you behold in the first place a large number of craft which bear the names of men. Here is the "Jno. Smith;" and there is the "Jno. Doe," and yonder is the "Richard Roe." These names point directly to a certain principle which we call ambition, or love of fame,—a decided weakness in many of us who dwell upon this planet. How complete a proof of the existence of such a weakness is the naming of these vessels. Have these names been given by the men themselves? Surely if it were not pleasure to a man to hear his name repeated, he would not insure such a repetition by putting it upon a ship of the sea. Have they been given by others? As surely no man can be conceived of as giving another's name to a ship except by way of compliment to that other. The case, then, is a plain one. But let us pass on. Yet not so quick; but notice how many of these finest craft are marked with the names of cities and states and countries. Yes, you are correct—you are as quick in your mind as in your body. These names do indeed prove the existence of a sentiment called patriotism here on this planet. That sentiment is constantly manifesting itself by far prouder demonstrations than such as these before you. Once we had a hero in this country by the name of Stephen Decatur. He expressed this noble sentiment of patriotism in the words, "Our country, may she always be right,—but—right or wrong—our country!" And that hero's brother under the same noble emotion, went forth and perished before Algiers. And that hero's father gave expression to the same sentiment, when the death of his son was referred to, in the sublime words, "Our children are the property of their country." These are indeed far nobler outgivings of the passion of love for country than the naming of ships can be. But still it is the same noble affection, after all, which is expressed in each of these cases. Light is light, whether coming from the sun in full blaze, or from Mercury in a feeble and hastening flicker. But I see that your eyes are fixed upon another class of names—very natural for you to notice. Your eyes roam fondly over such pleasing names as "Jeannette," "Fanny," "Maria," "Carolina," and "Elise." Chivalry? Yes; we regard these names as a true offspring of the sentiment of chivalry,—devotion to the finer, feebler sex. That sentiment belongs here on this sphere of the universe to the lands called Christian. And in those lands it is the consequence of a great religious fact. God himself honored the woman Mary, and after her all women have been honored by the believers in that God. Beauty of the names? Yes, sir, I concede that these names are some of them beautiful in themselves, and many have been chosen partly on that account. In such cases, we may say that the choice of the name was the expression of a mixed feeling of chivalry and love of harmony. But read yonder name—"Lizzie Boggs!" That name surely is an outgrowth of the sentiment of devotion to woman. But let us attend to our proper business, and not stop to look at that file of soldiers, or listen to that ear-piercing fife. Let us see if we cannot find something among those ships' names suited to a more martial taste. Yes. Observe those names, "Carib," "Kaffir Chief," and "David Crockett." Do they not strike a chord in your bosom? I feel they do. You like vigor, strength, power, when you see it associated with goodness. But, then, you love it so well that you cannot help feeling a little leaning towards it, even when you find it in connection with a doubtful character. You are like a certain man of this sphere—Samuel Johnson by name. He once said: "I love a hearty hater." Now, this man did not love the *hating*; no, not he, for he was a Christian. But he loved the *heartiness*, the vigor, the strength, displayed by such a hater. Those names, then, touch your heart from the tinge of vigor and power there is about them. Whatever faults the Caribs may have, or the chief of Caffraria, we do not associate weakness or pusillanimity with them in any instance. These names, then, are the offspring of a certain feeling in men's hearts which we may call love of vigor, or dislike of feebleness. But what perplexes you, my dear Celestial? Those names of "Cutwater" and "Winged Racer?" Cannot trace them to their proper sentiment? cannot tell what sentiment of man they indicate? Let me venture a guess. I think those names are traceable to the principle of cupidity, or love of gain. Those names are bids for cargoes. A man who gives his vessel a name indicating strength or swiftness, does thereby say to the world, "You will do well to patronize my ship, for it is very swift and very stout." Do you accept my interpretation? Are in doubt? Well, let the subject drop, and we will both think of those names no more. Meanwhile, three other sentiments of the human heart are betrayed by the names which remain. Taste, the literary spirit, and religion—these three are expressed in such names as "Lotus," "Avon," and "St. Ann." If man had not an eye for the trait called beauty, he never would have had his attention specially called to the lotus, or discovered such a resemblance between that flower and a vessel, as to give the latter the name of the former. And "Avon!"—whom does that recall but Shakspeare, and to what does Shakspeare owe his name but to his successful catering to the literary spirit of men—their power of receiving pleasure from pure ideas of the mind. Let us close with the name "St. Ann." Whence that name? I see you know. The religious sentiment is indeed common to all planets and all nations. God made your star as well as ours. And he has left his witness of himself in your breasts as well as ours. We may differ in many other respects. Your people may have passions to which we are strangers, and ours to which yours are. But we all possess the sense of a God, and of an eternal state in which there are happiness and saints.

C. R. C.

(For the Californian.)

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

FLOWER GARDENS.

"He who would see his flowers disposed
Sightly and in just order, ere he gives
The beds the trusted treasure of their seeds,
Forecasts the future whole; that when the scene
Shall break into its preconceived display,
Each for itself, and all as with one voice
Conspiring, may attest his bright design."

NOW, there are many genuine lovers of flowers who have attempted to make flower gardens—in the simplicity of their hearts believing it to be the easiest thing in the world to arrange so many beautiful annuals and perennials in "a living knot of wonder"—who have quite failed in realizing all that they conceived of and fully expected when they first set about it.

The two leading faults in all our flower gardens are the want of proper selection in the plants themselves, and a faulty arrangement of them. A flower garden deserving the name should, if possible, be as rich as a piece of embroidery. In a botanical garden, or the collection of a curious amateur, one expects to see variety of species—plants of all known forms, at the expense of everything else. But in a flower garden, properly so called, the whole object of which is to afford a continual display of beautiful colors and delicious oders, we conceive that everything should be rejected (or only most sparingly introduced) which does not combine almost perpetual blooming with neat and agreeable habit of growth.

The passion for novelty and variety among the lovers of flowers is as great as among any other enthusiasts. But, as some of the greatest of the old painters are said to owe the success of their masterpieces to the few colors they employed, so we are confident that the most beautiful flower gardens are those where but few kinds are introduced, and those only such as possess the important qualities to which we have alluded.

We would add to the effect of our selection of perpetually-blooming plants by abandoning altogether the old method of intermingling species and varieties of all colors and habits of growth, and substituting for it the opposite mode of grouping or massing colors and particular species of plants. Masses of crimson and white, of yellow and purple, and the other colors and shades, brought boldly into contrast, or disposed so as to form an agreeable harmony, will attract the eye and make a much more forcible and delightful impression than can ever be produced by a compound mixture of shades and colors, nowhere distinct enough to give any decided effect to the whole. The effect of thus collecting masses of colors in a flower garden in this way is to give it what the painters call "breadth of effect," which in the other mode is entirely frittered away and destroyed.

For carrying out this style of planting for effect the variety of plants is very numerous, and there is no one but may gratify his taste. The common flowers, and often the very weeds of the country, are beautiful in color, and are not to be despised because they are common; and they have the advantage of being hardy and acclimated.

Those who have not seen the effect produced by a proper contrast of even the most common flowers can form no idea of the beauty they present. Such a contrast is seen at the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, and the Ornamental Grounds of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. There the beds are formed in the shape of stars, crosses, diamonds, squares, and circles; in many of them, there are only two kinds of plants used, and the effect is beautiful beyond description. Some of the plants most suitable for this style of bedding are the verbenas of the various shades and colors. Sweet alyssum, blue lobelia, miguonette, petunias, geraniums of the various kinds, roses, fuchsias, pelargoniums, tropœoluus, ivy geraniums, the ivy, portulaecas, heliotrope, and many of the variegated-foliage plants arranged with the flowering plants, form one of the most attractive features of the garden.

Why is it that we see so little taste displayed in such matters by our wealthy citizens, who endeavor to fill their rooms with objects of taste and beauty, while in their grounds and gardens there is so little evidence of it? Will not some one take the lead either in his own place or some of the public squares of the city? There is not a cottage garden or railway station in England but shows more real taste in arrangement and display than any gentleman's grounds here.

With such a climate, capable of growing even many of the tropical plants, how is it there are so few—if any—really fine gardens.

Even the florists and nurserymen exhibit but little if any taste in the arrangement of their places. If the ladies will only make use of their good taste and judgment in regard to the garden, how soon a different appearance will be presented in our city and suburbs. It is for the want of consideration on their part that such discreditable-looking places are now seen. Now is the time to think of the garden and the pleasures of it.

FLORAL DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.

Feb. 25th. St. Walburg, Peach, (*Amygdalus Persica.*)
Feb. 26th. St. Victor, Lesser Periwinkle, (*Vinca Minor.*)
Feb. 27th. St. Leander, Lungwort, (*Pulmonaria Officinalis.*)
Feb. 28th. St. Proterius, Purple crocus, (*Crocus Vernus.*)
March 1st. St. David, Leek, (*Album Porrum.*)
March 2d. St. Chad, Dwarf Cerastium, (*Cerastium pumilum.*)
March 3d. St. Cuneguudes, Golden fig Marygold, (*Mesembrianthemum Aureum.*)

IRIS.

AMUSEMENTS.

MISS EMILY THORNE appeared at Maguire's Opera House on Saturday evening last, as "Hester Grazebrook" in *The Unequal Match*. A very good audience was in attendance. Courtaine's "Dr. Botcherby," and Mrs. Saunders' "Bessie Hobblethwait" were very good, indeed. On Monday *Masks and Faces* was produced. Miss Thorne, as "Peg Woffington," was excellent; and Miss Goodrich, as "Mrs. Vane," and Courtaine as "Triplet," won well deserved applause. Tuesday, *Our Home Treasure* and *The Widows' Stratagem* were produced; Wednesday, *Court and Stage*—Miss Thorne as "Nell Gwynne;" Thursday, *The Unequal Match* again; Friday, the occasion being Miss Thorne's farewell benefit, *A Lesson of Love* and *The Swiss Cottage*. This afternoon, Courtaine's noblest work—*The Honest Man*—will be played, a repetition of Friday's bill constituting the evening performance.

At the Metropolitan, on Saturday evening last, *The Mormons, or Female Life at Salt Lake*, was produced. The male parts of the play are melodramatic, the female ones very chatty—Mrs. Judah leading off in the principal character as "Chatterina Noggs." Miss Chapman followed as "Bridget Noggs," and then came a score of feminine "Noggses" of various nationalities. We have seen better plays. Monday we had *The Elves* and *The Mormons;* Tuesday *The Elves* without *The Mormons;* Wednesday *The Bronze Horse* was again brought out and mounted, and Thursday *The Naiad Queen* was enthroned. This latter piece was put upon the stage with all the gorgeousness of scenery and lavish disregard of expense which characterizes Mr. Tibbetts' management. The Buislays interspersed the piece with their wonderful feats, and all went off charmingly well. This afternoon and evening *The Naiad Queen* will be repeated. There is a rumor that *The Bronze Horse* will go galloping up to Sacramento some time during the coming week. Theatrical business at the Capital is not very lively just now, but for the sake of Sacramento we are perfectly content that Mr. Tibbetts should try the experiment.

FRESH AIR.—The New York *Lancet*, a weekly journa just started, remarks that every house should be thoroughly ventilated the first thing every morning, so as to allow the atmosphere of the previous night to escape. This can be done by first airing one part and then another. By doing this a house also can be more easily warmed. When there are many persons collected in a room, care should be observed to keep a few inches of the window open from the top, every one avoiding sitting close to or under it, as, after a time, when there are many collected together, the atmosphere of the room becomes impregnated with their exhalations, and the air is thus rendered impure. By perfect ventilation there is a uniform amount of oxygen, which is the vital part of the atmosphere, and which is necessary to our very existence, maintained. Who has not noticed the disagreeable feeling produced on going from the fresh air into a room with many persons, in which the ventilation is imperfect? At night, also, fresh air should be admitted into the room, for it is, if anything, more necessary that there should then be a plentiful supply of oxygen. We have been asked the ridiculous question, if enough air did not come in through the key-hole. Certainly not. That is not fresh air. Make it a rule always to sleep with part of your window open from the top, avoiding its blowing on you. Fresh air never hurt any one, for by it we live. It is the want of it that injures. Persons seem to forget that they spend one-third of their lives in their bedrooms. We frequently see a man building a house, bestowing all his attention on the plan of the parlors, while the bedrooms are, to a great extent, and in some instances entirely, neglected. It had better be *vice versa*.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

AS AMENDED MARCH 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper..$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right..... 05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand..... 02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note exceept bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100..... 05
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S. 02
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place..... 10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500..... 50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels..... 05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less..... 50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office..... 1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule..... 25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons.....10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50..... 10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part 25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such 25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100..... 05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y, 25
Certificates, other than specified..... 05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale..... 10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500.....1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse..... 50
Gauger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr. 25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons.....5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500..... 50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof.....1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries..... 10
To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1 00
For any other purpose..... 50

Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof..... 50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft, 25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property..... 02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000..... 10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs..... 25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid..... 50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record..... 50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100..... 50

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Maurice J. Dooley, Plaintiff, *vs.* John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton, her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, children of J. H. and Annie Moore; Helen R. Masterson Ord, and Pacificus Ord, her husband, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton her husband: Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, Helen R. Masterson Ord and Pacificus Ord, her husband:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed thereto, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

In and by said complaint, the plaintiff prays the following judgment and relief:

1. That the said defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, and that all adverse claims of the said defendants, or either of them, may be determined by a decree of this Court.

2. That plaintiff be adjudged to be the owner in fee simple, in possession of, and lawfully entitled to the possession of so much of said Lot 77 as is first described in the complaint.

3. That the defendants, and each and every of them, be adjudged and decreed to have no estate, right, title, or interest of, in or to said portion of said Lot 77, legal or equitable; and that they, and all persons claiming, or to claim under them subsequent to the commencement of this action, be barred, and perpetually restrained and enjoined from asserting or pretending to have any right, title, interest, or estate of, in or to the same, and from making any conveyance thereof—other than to plaintiff or his grantees; and for such other and further relief as shall be agreeable to equity—but without costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District in and for the County of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. By JAMES C. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
de23-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDICIAL District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS B. VALENTINE, Plaintiff, *vs.* ERASTUS V. JOICE and ANDREW J. MOULDER, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Erastus V. Joice and Andrew J. Moulder, Defendants:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within the county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought that the Defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, &c., to certain real estate particularly described in the complaint, and to obtain a decree that the plaintiff is owner in fee simple absolute thereof, that said defendants have no estate, right, title, or interest therein or to any part thereof, that they be forever debarred and perpetually enjoined from setting up any estate in or claim said real estate, adverse to plaintiff—besides costs of suit and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal of Court. By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
Int. rev. stamp. B. S. BROOKS,
de23-3m Plaintiff's Attorney.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of SARAH McLAUGHLIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above-named estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, at his residence on the west side of Guerrero street, north of and near Sixteenth street, in said city and county of San Francisco.

JOHN COUCH, Administrator of the estate of Sarah McLaughlin, deceased.

San Francisco, January 30, 1866. L. N. THORNE,
fe10 5t Att'y for Administrator.

A MOONLIGHT DRIVE!

A GOOD TEAM,

AND

Supper at the Cliff House!

CAPTAIN FOSTER, the Proprietor, is always ready to receive "Evening Calls." The delightful Moonlight Nights which we are now enjoying, render a

MOONLIGHT DRIVE

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This Splendid preparation has never been known to fail in effecting a complete and perfect cure, no matter how long the patient had been afflicted with the disease. The Remedy is used both internally and externally. Hundreds of persons have used it during the past two years, all of whom are prepared to testify to its efficacy.

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ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

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Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the
BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner
From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from
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SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,
will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give
PARTICULAR ATTENTION
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Orders or communications should be addressed to
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The firm of Browster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
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THE OBJECT OF THIS INSTITUTION IS TO IMPART a sound practical education at the lowest possible cost, thereby placing its advantages within the reach of all. The Course of Instruction, besides the usual English Branches, comprises Mathematics, Book Keeping, Ancient and Modern Languages, so that boys, whether destined for Mechanical, Commercial or Professional Pursuits, can select such studies as will best fit them for their future avocation.

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No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

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The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance, with a deposit for current expenses, books, etc. *No Student will be received without such deposit.*

For further information, application may be made to any of the Catholic Clergymen of the State, or to
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Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
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Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
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Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
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Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
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It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

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Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

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COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, NIGHT SWEATS, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH,
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" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of in-	
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CHARLES HENRY WEBB, Editor.

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DEVOTED TO LIVE TOPICS,

THE DISSEMINATION OF A PURE LITERATURE, DEVELOPMENT OF HOME TALENT,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA

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EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

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But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN.

The voluntary notices bestowed by the press of the Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific. Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

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FAUST CELLAR,
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"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

ja1-tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

A NEW BIOGRAPHY OF WASHINGTON.

BY MARK TWAIN.

THIS day, many years ago precisely, George Washington was born. How full of significance the thought! Especially to those among us who have had a similar experience, though subsequently; and still more especially to the young, who should take him for a model and faithfully try to be like him, undeterred by the frequency with which the same thing has been attempted by American youths before them and not satisfactorily accomplished. George Washington was the youngest of nine children, eight of whom were the offspring of his uncle and his aunt. As a boy he gave no promise of the greatness he was one day to achieve. He was ignorant of the commonest accomplishments of youth. He could not even lie. But then he never had any of those precious advantages which are within the reach of the humblest of the boys of the present day. Any boy can lie, now. I could lie before I could stand—yet this sort of sprightliness was so common in our family that little notice was taken of it. Young George appears to have had no sagacity whatever. It is related of him that he once chopped down his father's favorite cherry tree, and then didn't know enough to keep dark about it. He came near going to sea, once, as a midshipman; but when his mother represented to him that he must necessarily be absent when he was away from home, and that this must continue to be the case until he got back, the sad truth struck him so forcibly that he ordered his trunk ashore, and quietly but firmly refused to serve in the navy and fight the battles of his king so long as the effect of it would be to discommode his mother. The great rule of his life was, that procrastination was the thief of time, and that we should always do unto others. This is the golden rule. Therefore, he would never discommode his mother.

Young George Washington was actuated in all things, by the highest and purest principles of morality, justice and right. He was a model in every way worthy of the emulation of youth. Young George was always prompt and faithful in the discharge of every duty. It has been said of him, by the historian, that he was always on hand, like a thousand of bricks. And well deserved was this noble compliment. The aggregate of the building material specified might have been largely increased—might have been doubled—even without doing full justice to these high qualities in the subject of this sketch. Indeed, it would hardly be possible to express in bricks the exceeding promptness and fidelity of young George Washington. His was a soul whose manifold excellencies were beyond the ken and computation of mathematics, and bricks are, at the least, but an inadequate vehicle for the conveyance of a comprehension of the moral sublimity of a nature so pure as his.

Young George W. was a surveyor in early life—a surveyor of an inland port—a sort of country surveyor; and under a commission from Gov. Dinwiddie, he set out to survey his way four hundred miles through a trackless forest, infested with Indians, to procure the liberation of some English prisoners. The historian says the Indians were the most depraved of their species, and did nothing but lay for white men, whom they killed for the sake of robbing them. Considering that white men only travelled through their country at the rate of one a year, they were probably unable to do what might be termed a land-office business in their line. They did not rob young G. W.; one savage made the attempt, but failed; he fired at the subject of this sketch from behind a tree, but the subject of this sketch immediately snaked him out from behind the tree and took him prisoner.

The long journey failed of success; the French would not give up the prisoners, and Wash went sadly back home again. A regiment was raised to go and make a rescue, and he took command of it. He caught the French out in the rain and tackled them with great intrepidity. He defeated them in ten minutes, and their commander handed in his checks. This was the battle of Great Meadows.

After this, a good while, George Washington became Commander-in-Chief of the American armies, and had an exceedingly dusty time of it all through the Revolution. But every now and then he turned a jack from the bottom and surprised the enemy. He kept up his lick for seven long years, and hazed the British from Harrisburg to Halifax—and America was free! He served two terms as President, and would have been President yet if he had lived—even so did the people honor the Father of his Country. Let the youth of America take his incomparable character for a model and try it one jolt, anyhow. Success is possible—let them remember that—success is possible, though there are chances against it.

I could continue this biography, with profit to the rising generation, but I shall have to drop the subject at present, because of other matters which must be attended to.—*Territorial Enterprise.*

At the time of the recent explosion of a "Pharoah Serpent" manufactory in London, two customers were entering the room. One was blown out of the window, and the other was found dead in the house. Rather a warm reception.

A WORD FOR CATS.

THE Egyptians adored the cat as a divinity, and the Swiss have chosen it as the symbol of liberty. History rarely condescends to mention it, and poets in general ignore it, for, however valuable its qualities, the cat is not poetical. Yet Goldsmith has given it a place in his exquisite "Hermit:"

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

It is a common thing enough to call men "dogs," but Volumnia in "Coriolanus" calls them "cats." In speaking of her son, he says:

'Twas you incensed the rabble:
Cats! that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

As to the "brindled cat" that mewed thrice before the three witches in *Macbeth* entered the cave, we can only applaud Shakspeare's good taste in giving her the precedence in that grand scene.

Many persons take pleasure in calumniating this excellent member of society, and we shall have something presently to say in its defence. For nearly a thousand years Western Christendom scarcely knew the blessing of cats; and how the rats and mice were kept down when no four-footed policeman patrolled the kitchen, is more than we can guess. In the tenth and eleventh centuries very high prices were given for good mousers. They were of Nubian origin, and descended from those domestic cats which the Egyptians certainly possessed, which exist to our own day in the form of mummies, and are represented on many of the monuments of Thebes. No one knows how they found their way into Europe, but there is reason to believe that the Romans imported them from the banks of the Nile in small numbers and at rare intervals. Our ancestors had so high a sense of the usefulness of this animal, that Howel Dha, or Howel the Good, inserted among his laws one expressly concerning it. The price of a kittling before it could see was to be a penny, and when it had killed a mouse, two pence. If its hearing or seeing was imperfect, if it had not whole claws, did not go on killing mice, or proved a bad mother, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer a third part of its value. If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, the fine he had to pay was a milch ewe, with her lamb and fleece, or as much wheat as would cover the cat when held up by the tail with its head touching the floor. No reduction was to be made. The very tip of pussy's tail must be covered with the culprit's wheat. Thus the price given for cats was high, considering the value of specie at that period; and the fact of laws being made to protect the breed of an animal which multiplies so fast, shows that in the middle ages it must have been scarce in Wales.

There is no creature which relapses more easily from the domestic to the wild state than the cat. Neglect at home and the taste of wild and living food abroad often tempt it to forsake the inhospitable hearth, and, like a brigand, take to the woods. It prowls about, crouching under cover, and carefully concealing itself from public view. It breeds among thickets, makes raids upon young rabbits, and becomes one of the race of wild cats. There is as much difference between the animal in its wild and domestic state as between a cannibal in his native haunts and a civilized man surrounded with luxury and refinement. The red-furred wild cats, which are hunted through the marshes and forests, are ferocious as tigers, and of a huge size. The Indians will tell you that they live on the breath of slanderers; and when a quarrel arises in a tribe, they say, "So-and-so is breeding wild cats in his wigwam."

The cat is often charged with taking cruel delight in the sufferings of its prey. But before this charge can be established, it is needful to prove that it is conscious of its victim's pain. If not, there is no cruelty in the case. The faculty of speech was never given to an animal but once, and then it rebuked the hand that smote it thrice with a staff. It is difficult, no doubt, to say what end is answered by the prolonged agonies and terror of the mouse before it receives the *coup de grace*, but the cat meanwhile is only following its instinct, which is at once playful and destructive. If she had a bird between her claws instead of a small quadruped, she would bite off its head or wound it mortally at once, as if sensible of its chance of escape. Whatever detractors may say, she is capable of forming a strong attachment to those who treat her kindly. "Le chat s'attache à la maison, et le chieu á son maitre," is simply a libel; nor will we accept the compliment to the dog when it is offered at the expense of the cat. All who observe this animal's habits closely will discover in it proofs of affection. You may often see a kitten which will run to the call of one person, and one only. See how it leaps over the cabbages in the garden, makes its way among the peas, climbs up the favorite's dress, and fixes itself on the back of her neck! Here is another of the same tribe. Years ago its mistress left it with a friend, but when she returns, after ever so long an interval, she is recognized and welcomed. As soon as she is seated, it creeps round and round her, and jumps into her lap—a familiarity with which it honors no one else in the world. Did you never see a cat among the mourners when the master is dead? It is always searching about for him. The dead man's brother takes it with him on one of his circuits, and does everything he can to console it. But all in vain—the cat pines away, and literally frets itself to death. We have seen it ourselves, and this instance is only one amongst many.

As puss is not poetical, so also she is anything but musical. Mewing and caterwauling are as unlike harmony as a bagpipe, a zampogna, or that vilest of all inventions of Jubal, the eat-call, which the *Spectator* so humorously criticized in the days of Queen Ann. Yet we ought not to forget that to the cat we owe in part the most perfect of all instruments and the most exquisite music. Without her aid the violin-maker would be at a loss to find his strings, and Paganini would never have elicited such sweet and elaborate variations from a single chord.

SECRET OF MAGIC.—Robert Houdin concludes his memoirs with a chapter of Arab miracles, which he explains. The Aissaona eat pounded glass. Houdin powdered some for himself and ate it, and he avers that his appetite for dinner was improved by the same. They walk on red-hot iron with bare feet, and pass their tongues over white-hot plates of iron. Prof. Sementrici discovered that by rubbing into the skin a solution of alum evaporated to a spongy state, it was rendered insensible to the action of red-hot iron. He rubbed himself with soap, and found that even the hair did not burn. He rubbed the alum into his tongue, and lapped the glowing metallic surface without pain. Houdin then tried passing his hands, slightly dampened, through a stream of melted iron, and found, as others have done, that it left no scar on him. An English conjurer used to thrust a sword through his body, shove a knife up either nostril to the handle, and, thus spitted, sing a song. Houdin bought the secret of the invulnerable, and now divulges it. The performer was very thin. With a waist-belt he strapped his tender paunch down upon the vertebral colum, substituted a card-board stomach for the compressed part, covered all with flesh-colored tights; between the true and false abdomen he fastened a scabbard, covered the apertures on the sides with rosettes, placed a sponge filled with red liquid in the scabbard, and then thrust in his sword, which came out filled with bogus blood, of course. The pug-nosed mountebank enjoyed a physical conformation which permitted the delicate and frightful performance.

"THEN BLOW IT!"—A jolly party had gathered at an inn, the evening succeeding the hanging of a notorious highwayman, and growing hilarious over their cups, a challenge was given for any one in the room to go to the gallows and offer to the suspended corpse a mug of Flip. One man more courageous than his fellows, declared his willingness to do so, and having prepared the beverage started out over the desolate country in the darkness to accomplish it. His bold and fearless disposition being so well understood, it was nothing strange to his companions that he should be willing to do it, all knowing that there really was no danger in such a proceeding, but only the superstitious awe any one naturally feels upon going into the presence of death, and especially upon so sacrilegious an errand, it was immediately proposed that another of the party by a different and shorter route should reach the spot in advance, and if the thing was possible frighten him, which thought being acted upon, and the gallows reached, the party of the second part placed himself behind the corpse, and as the fellow approached lifting the cup with the salutation, "Have some Flip, old fellow?" The answer unexpectedly came in a low, sepulchral tone: "It's hot." "Then blow it, d—n you!" was the reply, and the fearless hero turned slowly upon his heel and walked away followed by the friend, who was quite willing to testify that the affair was a success.

BRIGHAM YOUNG is reported to have 185 wives, Silas Reeder 129, Jeremiah Stern 111, Job Billisen 96, Julius Hoffman 92, Habazue Croatzy 81, and Gideon Ruffian 84. Brigham's oldest wife is not over 49, and his youngest not above 14, while he is the survivor of no fewer than 28 spouses. What must be "Young's Night Thoughts!"

LITERATURE lost, last year, by death, Judge Haliburton, Professor Aytoun, Cardinal Wiseman, Leitch Ritchie, Sir Lascelles Wraxell, Wingrave Cooke, James Lowe, Dudley Costello, Mrs. Gaskell, Samuel Lucas, George Arnold, Mrs. Sigourney, and Mrs. Alice B. Haven.

LADIES will doubtless profit by the inducements held out to them in our advertising columns by Meagher, Taaffe & Co., and call and examine their new styles of spring dress goods, which will be opened for inspection on Monday next.

SEE advertisement of John Middleton & Son's Homestead Sale, in to-day's paper. The property is located within fifty yards of the Market street Railroad, and will be sold on easy terms. Title, United States Patent.

EXCITES UNIVERSAL ADMIRATION—The delicacy, fragrance, and perfection of Davidson's Circassian Bloom, for the complexion and skin. Every lady should use it. Sold by all druggists.

On the "Qui Vive."—A large number of fashionable ladies of San Francisco, who are noted for the graceful style and elegance of their dress, as well as for the irresistible attractiveness of their fascinating smiles, which the consciousness of being fashionably and tastefully dressed spreads over their classical features, are ever on the *qui vive* to take the advantage of "circumstances" and to decorate, adorn, and embellish with every imaginable kind of ladies' dress trimmings, buttons, gloves, etc., their graceful figures, at a price so low that any and all can afford to dress fashionably, and even elegantly. The present victims of these vigilant and economical leaders of the fashion, are the members of the celebrated firm of M. Homberger & Co., 300 Kearny street, corner of Bush, who keep constantly on hand a superior and extensive assortment of ladies' dress trimmings, buttons, hosiery, gloves, woolen ware, and fancy goods, also a splendid lot of Berlin zephyr worsted, all of which they offer at greatly reduced prices. In consequence of which, the store is crowded from morning till night, no one leaving without making purchases, and all going home both suited and delighted with the style of the article as well as the price paid for it.—*Golden Era.*

Concord Wagons and Harness.—The Pacific Concord Carriage Manufactory is prepared to supply the Pacific Coast with Concord wagons and harness made to order. The members comprising this firm have long been in the employ of the celebrated manufacturing house of L. Downing & Son, Concord, New Hampshire; so that parties wishing Concord wagons or harness can obtain just the same quality of article here and save 25 per cent. on their purchase money. We have seen some of their workmanship, and can recommend it to the public Address Belduke & Co., 820 Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth.—*San Francisco Leader.*

Dainty Work.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

San Francisco, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, Joseph Sparrow.

Dr. C. W. Moore's Medical and Surgical Institute.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

Wagons.—Every species of wagons that any one can need, made of the best material, well fitted and finished, can be found at the Depot of Mills & Evans, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lead Bars, are kept constantly on hand.—*California Leader.*

Many of the Diseases which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. Benton, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

To Poor Writers.—If you would learn to write a good hand, try the Babbittonian—the new system of instruction in penmanship. It is the cheapest and best. Purchase the forms, which will be the only instruction you need, and practice will make you an excellent penman. Call on Warren Holt, Room No. 2, Mend House, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, and learn particulars. Read the following:

The Babbittonian system of Penmanship appears to me really to possess all the advantages which it claims in the above printed summary.

Rev. P. V. Veeder,
Principal of City College, San Francisco.

San Francisco, October 13, 1865.

The elements and principles of the Babbittonian Penmanship seem to me valuable for their practicability and simplicity. I do not hesitate to add my testimony in favor of this system as one of the best in use. J. C. Pelton,
Superintendent Public Schools.

State of California,
Department of Public Instruction,
San Francisco, Oct. 16, 1865.

To Whom it May Concern: I have carefully examined the Babbittonian system of Penmanship, and take pleasure in recommending it to teachers and others interested, as one which possesses many merits. Its cheapness is one of its more cordent merits.

JOHN SWETT. Supt. Pub. Instruction.

Taking Lessons from Us.—The English are beginning to evince a desire to learn how to read and write the English language. The dictionaries of Webster and Worcester have been republished in England, and are received by a large number of Englishmen as standard authorities for the language. The Babbitonian Penmanship, an American system, has been republished in London and adopted by prominent seminaries there, and may possibly do away with some of the stiffness of style of writing still prevalent there. The New York *Times* remarks that the English first gave us a language, and taught us to speak and write; we give it back to them with interest, improved and made more useful to the mass of the people.—*Morning Call, Jan. 7th.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

Dr. Wm. K. Doherty's Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

A REMARKABLE CURE.

DR. HOWARD'S RHEUMATIC MIXTURE

Cures Rheumatism in three to ten days. Warranted, or no pay required. Howard's Medical and Surgical Institute, No. 648 Washington street, near Kearny.

The following card will explain itself without comment:

San Francisco, Jan. 19, 1866.

Dr. P. Howard—Dear Sir: I have been for seven years afflicted with rheumatism, and during that time I suffered more than generally falls to the lot of any human being in a life time. My ankles at times would measure six inches in diameter; my fingers were drawn into the palms of my hands; pains the most excruciating in my extremities, my hips and back, until I almost wished for death to relieve me of my sufferings. I tried every known remedy, and spent many hundred dollars without obtaining any relief. I have been swindled so many times by miserable Quacks, that I was afraid to try your remedy. Fortunately while reading one of your bills, a friend of mine told me that he had been cured by you. I concluded to try once more, though I had little confidence in it, because my case was of so many years standing; but judge of my surprise, when, after using it two days all my pain left me, and the swelling in my ankles decreased, and I am now, after using your remedy ten days, well and able to leave for my home. God bless you, Doctor. You will be considered a benefactor. Gratefully yours,

fe3 Asa Willet, Drytown, Amador county.

Buggies and Carriages.—If you want a trim neat, light, and yet durable style of buggy or carriage, go to Nos. 37 and 39 Webb street, between Sacramento and California, where you will find just such a vehicle as will suit your taste. Pollard & Carvill not only deal in these articles, but manufacture them to order, and do repairing, painting, trimming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neatness. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

f Battery and Commercial streets.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ADVERTISING AGENCY.

J. J. Knowlton & Co., removed to 120 Montgomery.

BATHS.

Dr. Bourne's, (Medical,) 10 Post, near Montgomery.

APOTHECARY.

George H. Clapp, corner Sixth and Howard.

BOWLING ALLEYS.

Cosmopolitan, basement Cosmopolitan Hotel.
Wholers & Sturke, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.

A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
Adolph Levy, 19 Second street.
I. M. Wentworth & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine st.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND TRIMMINGS.

E. Weill & Sons, removed to 616 Sacramento street.

CONFECTIONERY.

Marcus Pezold, 46 Second street.

COLLECTOR.

B. Pulverman, 526 Montgomery—Office hours, 1 to 3 P.M.

CLOTHING.

H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.

Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.

DRESS TRIMMINGS, WORSTEDS, ETC.

M. Homberger & Co., 300 Kearny street, corner Bush.
Mrs. Noreross, 5 Montgomery street (Masonic Temple.)

DENTISTS.

Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.

Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.

DRUGGISTS.

R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third

FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.

Wm. Brown & Co, 16 Third street.

FURNITURE.

N. P. Cole & Co., 314 Pine, near Montgomery.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Pierce, 415, 417 and 419 California street
J. A. Shaber, removed to 707 Market, above Third.

GROCERS.

Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
P. J. Flynn, corner Howard and Eighth streets.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market

HATTER.

Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street,

HOTELS.

Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.

Bigelow & Bro., N.W. cor. Montgomery and Sacramento.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S. W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.

Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

MAPS.

Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

MILLINERS.

Mrs. Wheeler, Popper's building, Third, near Mission.

PAPER HANGINGS, WINDOW SHADES, ETC.

H. Ward, 132 Third street.

PIANO SCHOOL.

Mr. Gustave A. Scott, at Miel Institute, 55 South Park.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.

M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.

Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.
W. H. Pillner & Hunter, Gallery 14 Second street.

REAL ESTATE.

Fifteen-dollar lots for sale by H. S. Brown, S.E. corner

RESTAURANTS.

Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.

Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N.E. cor Third and Howard.
Concordia, Bothman & Kretschman, Third and Mission.
Donahue & Phelan, 31 Second street.
Ohio's 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
Hunter & Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.

SCALES.

Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scale 334 Montgomery street.

SEWING MACHINES.

Grover & Baker, J. W. J. Pearson, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

TOYS, ETC.

Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.

Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

Astrology.—The occult sciences of the middle ages, magic, alchemy, necromancy, and star reading, are not lost to the world. The invisible and secret powers of ustrography are still possessed by the chosen student in the mysteries of nature who can interpret the influence of the stars and predict by their occultations the hidden events of the future.

In affairs of Past, Present or Future, be they of Business, Matrimony, Love, or sickness, go and consult the naturally gifted Astrologer, Professor Cohen, 530 California street. Thousands have been benefitted by his knowledge. He has held over 18,000 consultations during the last five years. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 P. M. to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart. Sickness treated and cured through a science unknown to others.

Wanted—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. Shear, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California.

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Personal Reminiscences of the Life and Times of Rev Gardner Spring, D. D., with Portrait.
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Fighting Joe; or, The Fortunes of a Staff Officer. By Oliver Optic.
The Privateersman. By Captain Marryat, R. N.
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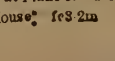

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WE BEG LEAVE TO ANNOUNCE that we have opened a first-class

Boot and Shoe Store,

At No. 133 *Montgomery street,*

OPPOSITE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street. Boots, Shoes, etc.
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Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.
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NEW YORK, July 1st, 1865.

do hereby appoint Mr. WM. H FINCH & CO., from this date, my sole Agents in California for the sale of goods manufactured by me. WM. WEED,

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1886. 1866. 1866.

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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THE LEADER AND INTRODUCER OF *FASHIONS,*

HAS OPENED HIS MAMMOTH HAT AND CAP Establishment at

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Where can be found the greatest variety of Hats and Caps for Gents', Youths' and Children's wear ever offered on this coast.

He outshines them all, and defies competition in the Hat Business.

His Factory at the East makes all his Goods expressly for his California market, which is something that has never been done before. Give him a call at

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Circular Sweep Horse-Powers,

For running Churns, Washing Machines, Grindstones, pumping water, sawing wood, and other light machinery Price $100, at the Factory.

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Is superior to any machine of the kind in the market. Price, with Governor, all complete to set at work, at the Factory, $300. Manufactured by

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FOR DISEASES HAVING THEIR ORIGIN FROM THE IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD AND DERANGEMENT OF THE SYSTEM.

This Blood Purifier is a concentrated compound of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Wild Cherry, Dandelion, with Iodide of Potass, and several other of the most efficacious remedies known in the vegetable world, and will exert an immediate effect on the system, and if persisted in for a reasonable length of time, will eradicate all latent poison from the blood.

IT CONTAINS NO MERCURY OR MINERAL POISON.

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FOR THE CURE OF DISEASES, WHETHER ACUTE OR CHRONIC,

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Especial attention paid to all Diseases of the URINE and SEXUAL ORGANS, SECONDARY and HEREDITARY AFFLICTIONS in their manifold form,

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SURGICAL OPERATIONS, of whatever nature, performed scientifically, and the patient boarded at the Institute.

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LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

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G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

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Furniture and Bedding

WAREROOMS,

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THIS STOCK OF FURNITURE, etc., was selected with great care, and special attention given to the wants of this market, ENTIRELY AT THE EAST. It is NOT COMPOSED OF REFUSE GOODS, ODDS AND ENDS OF OTHER HOUSES that have lately closed out here, but CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF NEW GOODS, made after the latest patterns and in the most durable manner.

The present Stock is fully TWICE as large as that of any other house here. Parties having any doubts of this, or that the assortment is not superior to any in the city, can easily satisfy themselves by calling.

The stock of Case Goods is larger than ever before.

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Pacific Business College,

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An Institution designed to prepare Young and Middle-aged men for an active and successful BUSINESS LIFE.

This is the largest, most complete, and thorough Institution of the kind on the coast, and

THE ONLY

Commercial College which is conducted on Actual Business Principles. Its great system of Business Training is endorsed by the Most Eminent Financiers and Business Men of the Nation.

REGULAR BANKS AND BUSINESS OFFICES have been introduced, by which we are enabled to fit our Students in the best possible manner, and shortest possible time, for active Business Life.

Those in pursuit of a

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION

should examine the merits of this College. Send for the *COLLEGE REVIEW*, giving full particulars of the College, besides containing other Important and Interesting matter. Sent free to all desiring it.

Further particulars can be had by calling at the College, or addressing M. K. LAUDENSLAGER, President

fe17 3m Business College, San Francisco.

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IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

FINE CLOTHING,

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Gent's Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

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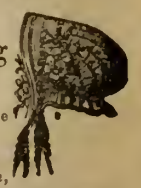
MRS. WHEELER'S NEW MILLINERY AND Children's Clothing STORE,



Formerly 32 Second street, sign of the "Golden Bandbox," removed to

Popper's New Building,
Third street, near Mission,

OPENS WITH A SPLENDID AND FRESH ASSORTMENT of Millinery Goods, Flowers, Trimmings, etc. Also, Children's Clothing of the latest and most fashionable styles, and of every variety and price. Fresh assortment of FRENCH FLOWERS, just received. ja27-1m

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TAKE YOUR CHOICE! If you cease to digest for a certain time you must do the other thing. If your digestive organs are in good order, you can enjoy the coarsest fare, and thrive upon it. If the digestion is impaired, nothing nourishes; even a Cannibal Chief would growl after dining upon the best Missionary that ever was cooked. USE THE "EXCELLENT."

For sale in glass only, by

ja27-1m BARRY & PATTEN

THE MIEL INSTITUTE,

54, 55 and 56 South Park.

THIS FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOL, for Young Ladies, will reopen on the 2d of January, under the direction of MISS FLORENCE JAMES. PROF. MIEL will continue to take charge of the French classes. Apply at 55 South Park. ja30 3m

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Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registratiou fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mail able printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ouuces. Double these rates are charged for books.

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AWARDED THE *HIGHEST PREMIUM*

AT THE

State Fair of California,

Tho only Fair on the Pacific coast at which auy two double-thread Machines were exhibited in competition in

1865.

If there is a FLORENCE SEWING MAchine within one thousand miles of this office that is not working well, it will be attended to if I am informed of it, without expense to the owner. SAMUEL HILL,

General Agent,

111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

THE

FLORENCE

SEWING MACHINE

RECEIVED THE *FIRST PREMIUM*, A GOLD MEDAL, at the Great Exhibition of the

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fe10-3m

HUNT'S IMPROVED WIND-MILL.

THIS WIND-MILL IS RAPidly takiug the place of all other Mills on the Pacific Coast. These Mills are so simple in their constructiou that, when once huilt, they can be put in order hy almost auy person; and when once in order they will run for years without repairs.

Prices, from $50 to $1,000.

ROUND AND SQUARE WATER TANKS BUILT TO ORDER.

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Are admitted to be the best in the Market for Wind-Mills, being built expressly for that purpose. They can he set and taken apart with a common wrench, and are easily repaired.

HUNT'S ENDLESS CHAIN

HORSE-POWER

FOR SAWING WOOD.

Also, the

SELF-REGULATING HORSE-POWER

Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durahle as Wood and Iron will make them.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

☞ For further Particulars see small circulars. ☜

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Sol agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

de17-3m

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INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 141 Broadway, New York,

FOR INSURING AGAINST

Accidents of All Kinds!

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - - $250,000

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Tuis Company issues two classes of policies: one to secure the payment of a fixed sum to the event of death caused hy an accideut of any desciption; tbe other securing a weekly allowance in caso of injury causing total disahlement, and a fixed sum in case of death arising as ahove.

Annual Premium on $2,500	$7 50
Annual Premium ou 5,000	15 00
Annual Premium on 10,000	30 00
(Without compensation.)	
Annual Premium on $2,500, with $12 50 per week compensation	12 50
Annual Premium ou $5,000 with $25 per week compensation	25 00
Annual Premium on $10,000, with $50 00 per week compensation	50 00

Other amounts at corresponding rates.
No policy to exceed $10,000.

GENERAL ACCIDENTS

Includo the Traveling Risk, and also all forms of Dislocations, Broken Boues, Spraius, Bruises, Cuts, Gunshot Wounds, Burns and Scalds, Bites of Dogs, Assaults by Burglars, Robbers or Murderers—the Action of Lightning or Sunstroke, the Effects of Explosious, Floods, and Suffocations by Drowning or Cnoking; where such Accidental Injury is the cause of death within threo months of the happeuing of the injury, or of total disahility to follow his usual avocations.

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Tho plau is so simple that any one can comprehend all its workings.

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ISSUED BY ALL AGENTS. $5,000 for 24 hours, 25c. Weekly Compensation, $25.

Four days	$1
Eight Days	2
Twelve Days	3
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Thirty Days	5

Covering $5,000 against death, with $25 per week in case of disahility by reason of accideut, hy the

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BIGELOW & BROTHER, Agents,

NORTHWEST CORNER MONTGOMERY AND SACRAMENTO STREETS,

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MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

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OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
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THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at he last scssion of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,

MERCHANDISE,

FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,

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THIS AGENCY

Euahles Country Resideuts to mako purchases in theC without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothiug, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sportiug Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, largo or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,

or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam-engine—a Cameo or a Cashmero; lace or leatner,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CET.

Address:

CARRINGTON & CO.,

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MUTUAL

Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED 1842.

Assets, ALL Cash,

OVER

$14,000,000!

AN EXAMPLE OF THE

DIVIDENDS OF 1866.

POLICY NO. 33,321,

FOR

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

Issued in San Francisco, August 22, 1864.

The amount Premium paid thereon in one year was $304 40.

The Amount of Dividend for one year to August 22, 1865, was

$539 62,

Being $235 22 *More than am't Premium paid,*

Makiug the amount of Policy on August 22, 1865,

$10,539 62!

If the Dividend is used in payment of Premium, instead of being added to the Policy, the next payment required will be

Only $88 22,

instead of $304 40.

OTHER EXAMPLES OF

Policies Issued in **1864.**

Amount Policy.	Premiums paid One Year.	Dividends One Year.
$10,000	$220 80	$394 77
5,000	120 72	237 27
2,500	87 40	141 80
1,000	21 70	39 48

ALL THE PROFITS OF THE COMPANY ARE

DIVIDED ANNUALLY,

AMONG THE STOCKHOLDERS,

AND

CAN BE USED IN PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS, OR ADDED TO THE POLICY, AT THE OPTION OF THE ASSURED.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

LIFE POLICIES ISSUED,

PAID UP IN FIVE OR TEN YEARS.

AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES issued, paid up in Ten Years or otherwise.

CHILDREN'S ENDOWMENT POLICIES, Etc.

H. S. HOMANS,

General Agent for California, Oregon, and Nevada.

No. 609 Clay street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

N. B.—Holders of Policies issued through this Agency in 1864 can ascertain the amount of their Dividends upon application to the General Agent, and the Amount of Dividends on Policies issued in 1865 as soon as received.

fe17-1m

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INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss hy Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

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B. ROTASCHILD, Secretary. mh25-tf

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital,	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865,	11,522,500
Annual Income,	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law,	$75,000

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Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of hoth Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, togethor with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.

au19-3m

NATIONAL

Insurance Company.

TEMPORARY OFFICE,

Brannan's Express Building,

402 Montgomery street, (secoud floor.)

PERMANENT OFFICE,

(After March 1st,)

408 *Montgomery street,*

Adjoining London and San Francisco Bank, and opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

Capital.....One Million of Dollars,

Paid Up in Full.

LOSSES PAYABLE IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

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RELIABLE

AND LIBERAL!

THE BROOKLYN

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

HAS MADE ALL ITS POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

Dividends delared and PAID annually on the MUTUAL PLAN. Its policies are INCONTESTIBLE after five years from their date.

Thirty days grace in payment of premium.

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fe24-1m SAN FRANCISCO.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
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AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, SATURDAY, MARCH 3.

AT HALF PRICES, Commencing at 2 o'clock,

GRAND MATINEE:

MARCILLAC,

THE HONEST MAN.

THIS EVENING, MARCH 3,

The celebrated Vocal Comedienne,

MISS EMILY THORNE,

In the new comedy of

A Lesson of Love,

SUPPORTED BY THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

After which MISS EMILY THORNE will sing a new Song entitled

"I have no Brother Now."

To conclude with the musical burletta of

THE SWISS COTTAGE!

The Spectacular Extravaganza of the

Seven Sisters

Will shortly be produced.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - - - 50
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - - $5 and $10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

AT

REDUCED PRICES!

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.,

NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,

WILL OPEN

On Monday, March 5th,

EXTENSIVE INVOICES OF

NEW STYLE

SPRING DRESS GOODS!

AND WILL ALSO OFFER ALL KINDS OF

DOMESTIC GOODS,

DRESS GOODS,

LINEN GOODS,

SHEETINGS,

SHIRTINGS,

PRINTS,

ETC.,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

See our Advertisement in Daily Papers.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,

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ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—With the details of the dreadful disasters of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *Yosemite* fresh in memory, it is not needful that we should urge on the public the importance of guarding as fully as possible not only against the recurrence of such sturtling calamities, but also as far as they can against the consequences that arise from them. Accidents are terribly frequent in this new State of ours. Hardly a day passes but we have to record some loss of life, or terrible mangling that leaves the victim with hardly a wish to live. Stringent legislation is demanded to protect travellers from carelessness and criminal negligence of public carriers. It is with great interest that we have watched the rapid growth of Accident Insurance Companies, and we are happy to know that the New York Accidental Insurance Company, established by some of the wealthiest capitalists of the East, have placed their agency in the hands of Bigelow & Brother, Insurance Agents, of this city. We advise every one to take out a policy. The premium is very small—the price of a good cigar only per day—while the benefits are great; $25 per week, if disabled, or $5,000 in case of death. Who would not give $2 50 to be insured for a trip to Washoe, or 25 cents for a trip to Sacramento City? That's all it costs. We predict a large business for the agency in this city. The Company have complied with the State law, and are fully prepared to issue policies, or travelling tickets, at once.—*S. F. Call.*

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The Grand Spectacular Play entitled,

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THE NAIAD QUEEN!

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Of every description made to order and at shortest notice. Particular attention paid to the building of Wide Track Buggies and Wagons with Brakes, for mountain use. Orders from the country promptly attended to.

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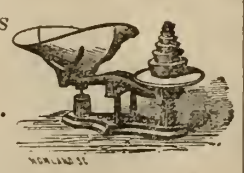

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AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, NOON,

SIXTY HOMESTEAD LOTS ON THE *Market Street Railroad.*

We will sell at Auction, on easy terms, 60 Homestead Lots, situate on the line of the Market street Railroad, south and west from the Willows.

The property to be sold comprises some of the most beautifully located lots in that part of the city. They command a fine view, and can be improved without any expense for grading. The Lots are within fifty yards of the Market street Railroad. The soil is good, and would make fine Gardens.

☞ Maps of this property, showing location and full particulars, are now ready at the office of the Auctioneers.

Title—United States Patent.

TERMS: One-half cash, one-half in one year at one per cent per month interest, secured by mortgage.

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FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important considerationparticularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quick silver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived by thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgumating.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

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CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

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Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

From Folsom street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the company.

Steamers of this line will be despatched on the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month. When these dates fall on Sunday, the steamer will leave on Saturday preceding.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

MARCH 10th, - - - - - SACRAMENTO,
Captain J. M. Cavarly.
(Connecting with *COSTA RICA*, Captain Maury.)

MARCH 19, - - - - - GOLDEN AGE,
Captain E. S. Farnsworth.
(Connecting with the *NEW YORK*, Captain Horner.)

MARCH 30, - - - - - CONSTITUTION,
Captain F. R. Baby.
(Connecting with the *HENRY CHAUNCEY*, Capt. Gray.)

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

HEREAFTER, 15TH OF EVERY MONTH.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,

VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

AMERICA.

ON THURSDAY, - - - MARCH 15TH

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely.

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

SANTIAGO,

2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,

Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets.
Up stairs, San Francisco.

STEAM COMMUNICATION

WITH THE

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE CALIFORNIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY will despatch their magnificent new steamship

AJAX,

Two Thousand Tons Burthen,

CHRISTOPHER GODFREY, - - - Commander,

FOR HONOLULU,

ON WEDNESDAY, - - - - MARCH 7, 1866,

AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.

The cabin accommodations of the Ajax are unsurpassed for comfort and elegance.

To invalids and tourists this trip offers unequalled inducements, not only on the point of economy, but also in the superior accommodations of the ship, and the pleasure of a voyage to these Islands.

Freight taken at the lowest current rates.

Bills of Lading will be furnished to shippers, and none others signed.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office of the California Steam Navigation Company.

fe23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

THE EXCELSIOR HAT

OF

SAN FRANCISCO,

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STYLES FOR

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1866,

WILL BE INTRODUCED

Saturday, - - - - March 3,

AT

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HAT MANUFACTORIES,
Nos. 635 and 637 Commercial street..San Francisco
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Our style in MOLESKIN for this season is we feel confident, the SUPERLATIVE OF ELEGANCE AND FINISH; our MERINO PINAUD and ST. CLOUD the most successful result of Parisian taste. Especial attention also deserve our

Chelsea, Chester, Crescent, Newport, Derby, and Clarendon Resorts.

CALL AND SEE THEM. mar4 1m

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME IV., No 15. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 10, 1866. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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[For the Californian.]

A POET'S GRAVE AT LONE MOUNTAIN.

So closely Nature folds her child
Unto her tender mother-breast,
Our searching eyes had scarce beguil'd
The secret of his rest.

For no remembrance man hath writ;
His grave no sculptured marbles show!
Ah me! and yet, what matters it
To him who rests below?

The sun lets fall its brightest beam;
The trees drop softest shadows down;
The bird songs in the branches seem
Wild echoes of his own:

The pallid clouds shed dewy tears;
The sea has giv'n one pluk-lipped shell
To murmur in his slumbering ear
The sound he loved so well:

The tangled tendrils of the vine
Cling close; the grasses bend and nod,—
And countless daisies, twinkling, shine
Like pearls upon the sod.

For that he, living, loved the Earth,
And voiced her praises to her face,
She pays him, dead, love's tender worth,
And clothes him with her grace.

So, hidden close from day and dark,
Kind Nature, fold him to thy breast:
Enough if One above shall mark
The Poet's place of rest!

INA D. COOLBRITH.

INIGOINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 10th, 1866.

THE "Artemus Ward and wife" who were suffocated by gas in New England turned out not to be the parents of "The Babes in the Wood;" but there is no mistake about the fact of another distinguished man of letters, without a wife, having been nearly asphyxiated by gas, one night during the week.

A careless fellow... one of the kind that would drop a coal into a powder-barrel by stealth, and call it fun... he retired to his humble but virtuous couch, and, according to his usual custom, read until his eyelids trembled between a sleep and wake. Then, too indolent to get up and turn off the gas at the chandelier, whose crystal prisms quivered in the centre of the room, he put forth his hand and stopped it at the "portable," which stood upon the table by his side.

Oh, that portable! More fatal it came near proving than any potable that ever before was drunk! The flexible tube that connected the portable with the burner above lay in supine coils upon the table, inert in look, but more deadly in fact than the hooded snake that lurks in tangled grasses.

I should have said more deadly than the worm of the Still, but then I love the Still... aye, indeed, I love thee, Still, and it was thy Worms, I fancy, that furnished the Diet of that celebrated convocation to which so frequent reference is made—

Deadlily, I say, lay the folds of that long, flexible gutta-percha pipe upon the table, and little did the occupant of the humble but virtuous couch, once before referred to, dream that he was to enact the part of a Laocoon in its embraces.

About the third hour of the morning he awoke, imagining that a large beam lay across his chest, against which his heaving lungs strove in vain, powerless to effect a respiration.

Assured by the sense of touch that there was no beam upon his chest, he concluded that it must be in his eye, and, though strangely uncomfortable from a buzzing in his ears and a wild throbbing of the temples, he again turned himself to the wall, and sought sleep as a duty.

In the morning when the faithful boy came with a feather-brush in one hand and a cocktail in the other, to dust the furniture and the clothes and prepare his master for his daily wrestle with the world:

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless but beautiful he lay,
While in the room gas smelled by far
Worse than petroleum or tar,
Exsmellsior!

All methods to bring the asphyxiated to, failed, until I happened into the room. Knowing the habits of my friend I hesitated not a moment. There upon the table stood the cocktail, compounded by Tim, struggling with its fragrant breath to overpower the noxious fumes that had done all the mischief. The room was already redolent of lemon peel, mingled with a sniff of Angostora.

You remember the idea which the poetess... her name escapes my treacherous memory... so beautifully embodies in verse. A wife bending over the bed whereon her husband lies stretched in the silence and immutability of death, but unwilling to believe that life has all departed, cries wildly for his harp, to awake him with his favorite air... tremblingly, wistfully, her fingers sweep the chords, but idly the sounds fall upon the dull ear of him who lies before her, and the pale eyelids do not unclose. "Hang up the harp, he'll wake no more," is then the despairing wail of the wife, for love has done all that it can do.

As already intimated, I borrowed an idea. The cocktail which the faithful hand of affection had early brought stood upon the table before me.

"Bring me that glass!" I weeping cried,
"And if one spark of life remain,
He'll waken when its spell is tried,
Or never wake again."

In accordance with my modest but firm request, it was brought me... by a strong effort of self-control and a stern immolation of natural inclination upon the shrine of friendship, I did not drink it myself.

Tenderly I neared it to his lips... they faintly quivered, as you may have seen needles when a magnet approaches. I was not rash ..for a too sudden movement might have upset the tumbler and dissipated all our hopes at once. Presently his eyelids began to twitch, and his finely chiseled nostrils dilated as though they smelt something good. The moment was auspicious, and I touched the goblet to his nose. The effect was miraculous. As though a powerful galvanic battery had suddenly been applied to his back-bone, he sprang up in bed, extended both arms, and emptied the glass at a gulp—

"Too much sugar," he moaned; and, feebly falling back, we thought that indeed his spirit had fled. But careful attention and much rubbing brought him to.

"Just one more rubber," he cried... evidently under the impression that he was playing whist, dollar points.

The first indication of convalescence was his reply to the remark: "How pale you are!"

"Yes," said he, "I'm a little bucket."

Then he turned his face to the mirror, and observed that it was no wonder he looked gas-tly.

After a long-drawn sigh he added that if he had kicked the bucket he supposed they would have published his death in the Gas-ette.

Silence ensued for five minutes or more. In a voice tremulous with emotion he then propounded a conundrum:

"Had I died and had my epitaph been written, what metre should have been used?"

Everybody knew but nobody spake. It is pleasant sometimes to lend oneself to a delusion if it pleases a friend. He smiled that pensive smile which his friends so well know: shouting...

"Gas-meter!"

He fell back exhausted. Slowly and sadly we all walked down, from his room in the uppermost story; a candle we placed on the cold hearthstone, and we left him alone in his glory.

The only person unaffected was the landlady, Signora Triphammersmith. His rent was paid in advance, she said, and in any event it was none of her funeral. Indeed, on first discovery of the accident, "To Let" had been conspicuously posted in the windows of the apartment. To the gentleman, however, who immediately applied for the eligible rooms, she explained that he could not move his trunk *in* until the coffin was carried *out*, whereat he manifested considerable chagrin and went away without concluding the negotiation.

My friend has not yet fully recovered from the effects of that nearly fatal night, and for the greater part of the week I have watched beside him. Formerly, while in vigorous health, he was watched by the Police, but now they have thrown off on him, and the performance of that duty rests wholly with me.

Of late, my reflections have been upon the instability of human life: how man that is born of woman, his days are short and full of wool.

I have also thought sadly of the terrible prices the Gas Company charges the citizens of this metropolis for the privilege of being suffocated. Incredible as the story may seem, on learning of the accident which had occurred, they sent around their agent, measured the number of cubic inches that my friend contained, and sent him in a bill for that amount of gas. Who henceforth will say that fiction is not sometimes stranger than truth?

INIGO.

AMUSEMENTS.

ON Monday night, Miss Emily Thorne made her last appearance at the Opera House, in the capital comedy, *A Lesson in Love*. It was excellently played. On Tuesday evening, the popular favorites, Mrs. Edwin and Charles Thorne, reappeared in *The Marble Heart*. We have seen this piece of marble better quarried out on several occasions. Miss Berry played "Marie" very well. She possesses the advantage of a musical voice, which she manages well. Wednesday, the wild Sears', yet wilder—*Irish Mother*, was produced. Thursday, *The Romance of a Poor Young Man* was well played to a full house. Last evening, the watchman and property man took a benefit in that piece of stone-masonry before mentioned, *The Marble Heart*. This afternoon and evening, *The Seven Sisters*—which has long been in preparation—will be brought out. It will be the feature of the coming week.

From the Metropolitan the Tibbetts management has seceded, declaring in favor of Sacramento, where a two weeks' engagement is announced. It seems to us that Mr. Tibbetts has left several elements of success behind, in the charming Hinckley, with her splendor of silver harness, the *naive*, pretty, and graceful Mrs. Alicia Thorne; the comical Leach, and one or two others. The Buislays have run the house two or three evenings during the week—mostly benefit occasions—accompanying wonderful acrobatic and gymnastic performances with very poor pantomime.

The San Francisco Amateurs gave an entertainment at Turn-Verein Hall on Thursday evening, Miss Olivia Rand making her debut as "Helen" in *The Iron Chest*. This young lady has a good stage figure and face, and an excellent voice—which in singing "Beautiful Dreamer" asserted itself beyond the power of a wretched orchestral accompaniment to drown. The *débutante* seemed perfectly at her ease, and if she make the stage her profession an engagement lies ready to her hands, if report may be believed. As for the other characters, as some one remarks, the Chest was the best played of all. A social dance closed the entertainment.

A FLIGHT IN THE DARK.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

MY father was an engineer before me, and gave up a tolerable business in a large provincial town to take an engagement under a railway company; and when I left school, he put me into his office, where I stayed till I was twenty.

"This sort of work won't do for you any longer, Tom," said my father to me one day. "You are getting as lanky as a clothes-prop, and round-shouldered into the bargain. We must get you out into the fresh air. Suppose you go as engine-driver for a couple of years; it will do your health good, and you will get an amount of genuine practical knowledge that way, which you could get in no other, which may some time be of great use to you in your profession. When you have had enough of that, you shall try your hand at surveying for the new branch they are talking about."

So I, by no means loth, went into the engine-shed; and, after a short experience as "cleaner," went out on the *Firefly*, as stoker, under old Sam Preston, one of the most experienced drivers on the line.

The life of an engine-driver, when once you have got over the disagreeableness of being, while on duty at least, in a chronic state of greasy blackness, is by no means either an unpleasant or an unhealthy one; and speaking for my own part, I certainly liked it much better than being cooped up all day in an office.

We had a week of night-duty and a week of day-duty alternately; and were always employed to run either the express or mail trains—a task for which none but the best drivers are selected. You must understand that all this took place more than twenty years ago, when the railway-system was in its infancy, and before the electric telegraph was an accomplished fact. The *Firefly* was running, on the week in question, between Mellingshall and Rippinghurst—the former, as you are aware, being one of the largest manufacturing towns in the northern counties, and the headquarters of the line on which I was employed. Mellingshall has two lines of railway running into it—one from the north, and one from the south-east; both of which lines meet at a junction about half a mile from the station, and run their trains between those points on rails common to the two.

The Rippinghurst mail started at eleven P. M.; that for the north, half an hour earlier; but our instructions were to have everything in readiness a quarter of an hour before the time of starting, and to run the engine from the shed on a spare line used for the purpose just outside the yard, there to await the signal-bell, which announced that the main line was clear, and then run back to the platform, and take up our train. As we drove slowly up to our waiting-place, Sam was in the habit of dropping off the engine most evenings, to have a few minutes' gossip with a friend of his, a pointsman, whose tastes, in common with Sam's, ran on large gooseberries and small dogs; and as I came back past the pointsman's box, on my way into the station, in answer to the bell, Sam would bid his friend good-night, leap blithely on to the engine, pull on his greatcoat, tie a shawl round his throat, and prepare for the long, dark journey before him. At the point where the *Firefly* took up her position, waiting for the signal, the line on one side was open to the fields, while on the other were several wharfs, open to an adjacent canal, beyond which lay the town of Mellingshall with its thousand lamps.

I had driven up to the waiting-place one cold autumn night, dropping Sam, as usual, at his friend the pointsman's box, and had just lighted my pipe, thinking to have a quiet smoke for ten minutes before the bell should ring, when I was startled by the sudden appearance, close to the engine, of two gentlemen—for if not gentlemen, they were dressed as such—who seemed almost as if they had sprung from the ground, so quiet had been their approach, so unexpected was their appearance. "Railway nobs, these," I muttered to myself, smuggling my pipe out of sight in hot haste. "Probably a couple of directors. Too bad of them though to come prying about a fellow's engine at this time of night, trying to find out something against him. They'll fine poor Sam if they find him off his perch." One of the strangers was stout, and the other was slim. They were both well wrapped up, for the night was chilly; and the slim one carried a small, square leather case in one hand—judging by that dim light, it might be either a dispatch box or a small portmonteau.

"You are waiting here to take out some train, young man?" said the stout gentleman interrogatively.

"Yes, *sir*—the mail for Rippinghurst."

"And that starts—when?"

"In twelve minutes, sir, from the platform."

"Ay, just so." He began to walk slowly round the *Firefly* with his hands behind him, looking at her admiringly from every point of view, and talking to me all the time. "I suppose your engine is coked and watered ready for the journey?"

"Yes, sir."

"And how far do you run before taking in fresh water?"

"We always take in water at Merryvale, thirty-eight miles from here. We have to stay there three or four minutes, on account of the letter-bags."

"But supposing you had no train behind you, how many miles could you run to-night, say at the rate of forty miles an hour, before being obliged to stop for coke or water?"

"About seventy miles, sir."

"About seventy miles! Just so. Really, these steam-monsters seem to me the most wonderful inventions of this or any previous age;" and, as he said these words, he mounted coolly on the engine. Then I felt more certain than ever that he must be a director or some great railway functionary; while the slim gentleman with the dispatch box, standing so quietly on the ground, beating his chest with one hand to keep himself warm, was probably a clerk or amanuensis.

No sooner had the stout gentleman clambered up beside me, than he commenced another rapid cross-fire of questions, and made me explain to him the method of working the engine. I showed him how to start her, how to stop her, how to put on the brake, and sound the whistle. He expressed himself as being immensely gratified; and when his list of qestions was exhausted, called to the slim gentleman to get up beside us, in order that he might explain to him some more interesting point than common.

The slim gentleman, still holding the dispatch-box carefully, had hardly complied with his request, when the bell sounded which summoned me to the station, and I at once started the engine.

"We will ride as far as the platform with you," said the stout gentleman, watching my movements attentively.

The ordinary programme of proceedings: on hearing the bell, to run the engine slowly forward to the second pointsman's box, where a man was in waiting to turn her on to the main line, after running on which for a few yards, she was reversed, and run back, tender first, in the station, taking up Sam Preston at the first pointsman's box on the way in.

On the present occasion, as soon as I heard the bell, I sounded my whistle as a notice to pointsman number two; and, on seeing his green light exhibited, ran the engine forward over his points till we were on the main line. I was just about to reverse the engine, for the purpose of running back into the station, when the stout gentleman spoke to me.

"How far is it from here to the junction where the line to Rippinghurst separates itself from the north line?"

"About half a mile, sir."

"And what means has the pointsman at that junction of distinguishing one set of trains from the other, or of knowing on to which line they ought to be turned?"

"His tables inform him at what time each train ought to arrive or depart; in addition to which, all engines going north give two distinct whistles, while those going south to Rippinghurst and other places, whistle three times before reaching the junction, and thus notify to the pointsman which route it is intended they should take."

"Just so; two whistles when you go north, and three when you go south. *Le moment est arrivé!* Scarcely had the stout gentleman, who was standing behind me, uttered these words, when I felt myself seized suddenly round the throat with an iron grip, while my head was wrenched violently back; and the next moment I became insensible. Had such a mode of attack been known in those days, I should certainly have said that I had been garrotted.

When I came to myself, I was lying on my back among the coke in the tender, with my overcoat put under my head by way of a pillow. I staggered to my feet, feeling very dizzy and faint, and with a choking sensation in my throat that was far from agreeable. The *Firefly* was tearing along at a terrific pace, with no train behind her; going, too, not south to Rippinghurst, but along the main line to the north, as I saw when I looked round, for the night was fine, and the stars shone brightly; and I was familiar with every turn and feature of the landscape. Mellingshall was ten miles away, and two stations had been passed already. I had but just time to make these observations when the stout gentleman turned to address me.

"Getting round again, I perceive," said he; "you will be all right in another quarter of an hour. Here, take a dram of this brandy; you will find it improve you wonderfully. You will, I am sure, forgive me the little rudeness I perpetrated a few minutes ago. Necessity compelled me to act as I did. You are better already, I see. And now I will yield up my post of driver to you, having every confidence in your ability to conduct me and my friend safely to our journey's end."

"And where may that be?" asked I somewhat sullenly. "This is not the road to Rippinghurst."

"Just so. It is the line to the north on which we are now travelling—I whistled twice at the junction, according to your instructions—and it is northward that I wish to go. My friend and I were too late for the mail; we could not afford to wait for the next train, which, in fact, does not start till six to-morrow morning; so were compelled, in this rude and violent fashion, to invent a special for ourselves."

Fool that I was! how egregiously had I allowed myself to be deceived! I had actually taken one of these men for that awful personage, a railway director; whereas the two of them were probably nothing better than a brace of swindlers. With what dire punishment I should be visited when I got back to Mellingshall, I durst not just then pause to contemplate. It was true that I was being carried against my will; but I had been wrong, in the first place, in allowing a stranger to get on to the engine, and so render it possible for any one to usurp the command placed temporarily in my hands. The mail would be delayed; and when it was discovered that I had absconded with the engine, they would put me down as a lunatic at once. But a few minutes more would bring us to Fallowdene station, at which place I would stop and give the two strangers into custody, and prove my innocence at the same time.

"This sort of thing may seem a pleasant game to you," I said, turning to the stout stranger; "but it's deucedly unpleasant for me. You've delayed the mail, and run away with the engine—stolen it, in fact, and laid yourselves open to an indictment for felony. But we shall be at Fallowdene in three minutes, and then you can have an opportunity of explaining to some one higher in authority than me, the meaning of your singular conduct, for I don't intend to drive you any further."

"Your *naivete*, my young friend, is really amusing," said the stout stranger, with a grim laugh. "Understand, once for all, that I, and not you, am master of the situation; and that it is for you to obey my orders implicitly. Refuse to do so, or attempt to play any fool's tricks with the engine, and I will scatter to the winds what little brains you possess, and scrunch your bones under the wheels of your own engine!" At the same instant, I felt the cold barrel of a pistol pressed against my temples; and I staggered back, and should have fallen from the engine, had not the stout man caught me by the collar, and dragged me back.

"There now," said he, good-humoredly, "you owe me some thanks for having saved your life. Do as I tell you, young man, and you have nothing to fear. I pledge you my word to restore you in safety to the arms of your disconsolate friends."

I saw at once that further resistance just then would be useless; I had better make up my mind to obey the orders of the mysterious stranger, keeping, meanwhile, both eyes and ears on the alert. So, with a shrill whistle, we flew past Fallowdene at full speed; and then I shovelled a lot of coke into the furnace, and poured a little oil here and there among the joints of the machinery, and went quietly about my work, as though no strangers were present, but always keenly observant of what my companions were doing.

"I am glad to find that you have come to your senses so readily," said the stout man. "Keep your engine up to the mark, and our journey will be done all the sooner." So saying, he proceeded to fasten a white woollen comforter round his throat, and to put on a travelling-cap in place of his hat; after which he lighted a cigar and turned to look at his friend.

The slim man (gentlemen I call them no longer) had taken no part in the conversation, but seated in one corner, from the first, with the dispatch-box between his knees, had seemed to take a very despondent view of his position. Him, the stout man now turned to address; but when he spoke, it was in the French language, evidently that I might not understand what was said; neither of them dreaming that the black greasy-looking stoker beside them was acquainted with more languages than his own.

"How melancholy you look to-night, my friend," said he; "one would think you were in love, so forlorn as you sit there. All our plans have succeeded; and although we missed the train, that is a matter of little moment, since, thanks to our clever *coup-de-main*, we shall not be above half an hour late at our destination; and Peter will surely wait that short time for us. This night, of all nights in the year, you ought to be as merry as a black bird; for now you have accomplished your revenge—that revenge for which you have been sighing, day and night, for six months past. So cheer up, my child, and be light-hearted, as I am: let the future take care of itself. *Vive la bagatelle!*"

"It is so cold, sitting here," replied the slim man with a shiver, "with nothing to occupy either one's fingers or one's thoughts."

"It is because your thoughts are so busily occupied, my friend, that you are so gloomy and *distrait*. But you said you were cold: here, drain this flask; choice cognac, I assure you; not a headache in a bucketful of it. And here, take this overcoat of mine; for myself, I can do just as well without it;" and unheeding the remonstrances of the other, the stout man slipped out of his great-coat, and inducted his friend into it; then poured a quantity of cognac into the cup of his flask, and made him swallow that; and finished up by insisting that he should try a cigar. But in spite of these friendly attentions, and the cheering words which accompanied them, the slim man remained silent and shivering, brooding over some dark secret, known only to himself and his friend. When the stout man found that all his efforts to cheer the other were unavailing, he turned away with a muttered execration, and troubled himself no further in the matter, but went on smoking his cheroots, and watching all my movements attentively, as though he feared I might play false

He asked me the name of each station that we passed, and its distance from Mellingshall; and he became temporarily excited once or twice, when the red light (the signal to stop) was exhibited at some station: at which times I had to slacken speed, and whistle till the green light took its place, when we again put on all steam, and tore on our way. The cold glitter of a pistol-barrel would meet my eye at such times, and a muttered caution would fall on my ear, to beware that I did not attempt any treachery. But the dangerous point once passed, the pistol would disappear for a while, and the stout man would go on smoking more furiously than ever, as if to make up for lost time. He took out his watch once or twice; and when he held it to the lamp to see the hour, I had for the moment a clear view of his face.

He was by no means ill-looking, and seemed to be about forty years old. He wore a thick black moustache, but the rest of his face was closely shaven; he had dark piercing eyes, that seemed to look through you; and, for the rest, was in manners and appearance as much a gentleman as nine-tenths of those who usurp that honorable title.

I kept the furnace of the *Firefly* well supplied with fuel, and she went along at a gallant pace, for I was determined to end this strange journey as soon as possible. Past one mile-post after another, standing whitely out against the dark embankments; with ever and anon a station, big or little, rushing madly up to us, staring at us blankly for a single second, and calling to us with a thousand iron tongues to stop, as it receded swiftly away into darkest space; under bridges innumerable, each of them a span of blackness that vanished in an instant; then into a great tunnel, wrapped and lost in its breath of steam and smoke, awakening its thousand echoes that have little time for sleep; and so out again into the fresh cool night; away—past silent farmstead, and sleeping village, and great furnaces that flare their hearts out to the unheeding stars: onward we went till Burkleigh station was reached, and sixty miles of journey had been achieved.

I gathered from the stout man's obervations that he was well acquainted with this part of the country, and that our flight in the dark was now almost ended; indeed, the *Firefly*, good little engine though she was, could not have held out much longer without a further supply of water.

"Half-way between Burkleigh and the next station," said the stout man, "is the point where I wish to stop. You will make your arrangements accordingly; and you will further understand, that when I leave the engine you will accompany me. I cannot afford to dispense with the pleasure of your company just yet."

Here was a new view of the case with a vengeance! and just as I was calculating how comfortably I could work my way back to Mellingshall, and reach home in time for an early breakfast.

I remonstrated, but to no purpose: he stopped me sternly, and at once. "Run your engine off the main line on to the first siding you come to," said he; "and, for the rest, hold your tongue."

I slackened speed at once; and about a mile further on we came to a small branch line leading to a colliery some distance away. Here the slim man got down and held the points open by my direction, while I ran the *Firefly* off the main line, and brought her to a stand. This done, I let off the steam, and raked some of the fire out of the grate, while the others stood by watching me impatiently. When all was done that was necessary, the stout man took me by the shoulder, and addressed me impressively.

"Look here, my young friend," said he, "you have acted sensibly to-night in not disputing my orders. Continue to do as I tell you, and no harm shall befall you; but attempt to deceive me, or to take French-leave, and you will have something sent after you that will silence you forever. On one point make your mind easy—I am a dead shot; I never miss my aim."

"Go ahead," said I sulkily; "you needn't talk so much about your confounded pistol."

The stout man replied with a laugh, and slinging the dispatch-box by a strap over his shoulder, led the way at a quick pace from the branch-line over a tract of rising ground, out on to a wide stretch of bleak moorland, intersected by several roads, never hesitating for a moment as to the path he ought to take, but leading the way as confidently as though he were familiar with every inch of the ground, which probably he was. I followed close behind, and with the slim man brought up the rear. After walking thus for a mile or two, we came to a plantation of firs, the edge of which skirted the road we were traversing. The stout man whistled twice in a peculiar way, and we all stood still to listen. In a moment the response came—a similar whistle, and close at hand. Next we heard the noise of wheels, and presently a carriage of some kind came out of a narrow lane, that ran by one end of the plantation, and drove slowly up to where we were standing. As well as I could make out by that light, it seemed nothing more than an ordinary hackney-coach, with perhaps a better horse than common in the shafts; while, as for the driver, he was so thoroughly muffled up, that it would have been impossible to recognize him again. He began to swear at us, as soon as he got near enough to be heard, for having kept him waiting so long; but at a few whispered words from the stout man, his objurgations lapsed into a muttered curse or two, and then died away in sulky silence. We three pedestrians, together with the dispatch-box, were quickly inside the cab; the windows were closed, and the blinds pulled down; and we were driven off at a good pace, which was kept up without break or rest for what seemed to me a very long time, till at last we rattled over the paved streets of some town, and about five minutes later came to a stand. I had some acquaintance with that part of the country, and I knew that within a radius of fifteen miles from the point where we left the engine, three country towns were situated, all of them busy, populous places. To which of these three towns had I been taken? On this point I was as helpless to form a judgment as if I had been born blind.

On alighting from the vehicle, I had only time to take one hasty glance round, and to observe that we had been driven into a small court or enclosed yard, overlooked by high gloomy buildings on every side, when a door in front of us was silently opened, and we all went in. The door seemed to close of its own accord behind us; and the next moment a light appeared at the further end of the long passage in which we were standing, carried by one of the most singular-looking beings these eyes have ever beheld. He seemed, at the first glance, more like a resuscitated corpse than anything else; he was very old, and very withered, with a wicked shrivelled-up little face—the face of a century-old ape, lighted up with two eyes, so restless, cunning, and suspicious, that they seemed to distrust everybody, himself included. He was dressed in an old red flannel dressing-robe, which fell in voluminous folds to his slippered feet, while his cadaverous jaws were bound up in a dirty white handkerchief, fastened in a huge knot on the top of his head, on which a few spiky hairs were still sparsely scattered. Holding the lamp above his head with a shaking hand, he grinned a hideous welcome to us, and addressed the stout man with the familiarity of an old friend.

"Welcome home again, Mr. William—welcome home!" he mumbled. "What luck have you had, eh—what luck? But who are these? Strangers, eh? Friends of yours, did you say? But are they safe, Mr. William—are they safe?"

Chattering thus, the old man led the way into a large but plainly-furnished room, where a table was laid ready for supper, showing that the arrival of one or more had been expected. Another plate was quickly brought, and the slatternly-looking middle-aged woman who waited upon us served up a plain substantial supper, to which we all did ample justice. The slim man seemed, if such a thing were possible, to grow more moody and despondent with every mouthful that he ate. Behind his chair stood Black Care, the terrible, the unbidden, and poisoned the contents of cup and platter with a touch of its skeleton finger. As for the old man, he mumbled and jabbered away in his apish inane fashion, unheeded by everybody, Mr. William being just then too much preoccupied with his own thoughts to pay the least attention to him.

When supper was over, Mr. William and the old man left the room together; but in a few minutes, the former came to the door, and beckoned to me to follow him. I accordingly stumbled after him up a long dark flight of stairs, and was finally ushered into a room having a small camp bedstead in one corner; while close to the brightly-blazing fire stood a large easy-chair and a small table, in the former of which the old man was already seated.

"You will have to make yourself comfortable here for the night," said the stout man, turning to me. "That bed is at your service; and here," patting the old man on the shoulder, "is one who will attend to your requirements. Good-night, and pleasant dreams."

So saying, he quitted the room, locking the door behind him; and I was left alone with the old man, who grinned and nodded his withered head at me; and pointing to a chair in the opposite corner, invited me, in a shrill quavering voice, to come and sit down by the fire, unless I felt disposed to go to bed at once. As I never felt less inclined for sleep in my life, I drew the chair up to the fire, and sat down opposite the old boy, who was busy concocting a basin of gruel for himself, he having taken no part in the supper down stairs. I tried him with a few questions, being especially desirous to know how long it was probable that I should be detained there against my will; but at each of my queries, the old rascal put on a vacant puzzled look, and replied with something altogether irrelevant to my question, so that, after one or two futile efforts to get a sensible answer, I gave up the task in despair, and watched him in gloomy silence while he took his gruel, seasoned largely with cognac.

Sitting thus, I heard from some far-off steeple the faint tones of a clock tell the hour of three, and I remembered for the first time that it was Sunday morning. It would not be daylight yet for three hours. Following close upon the striking of the clock came the rumbling of a distant cab or mail-cart, rattling over the paved streets: there was a pleasant sense of companionship in the sound that spoke warmly to my heart, and brought with it an intense longing to escape.

To escape! was such a thing possible? My heart throbbed, and the blood rushed to my face when I first asked myself the question; so that when I looked up, and saw the old man's suspicious eyes fixed intently on me, I felt as if my hidden thoughts were discovered. But I sat very still, and strove to look as unconcerned as possible; and when the old man was again busy with his gruel, I set to work to evolve quietly out of my brain some plan of deliverance. The door, as I have already said, was locked on the outside; but even had it been otherwise, to venture down through the lower parts of the house would have been a most dangerous proceeding. The window, then, was the point to be considered. This was secured inside by stout shutters, but there would be no difficulty in opening them; the only real obstacle lay in the fact of the window being so high above the ground—far too high for me to drop from. Then there was the old man to dispose of; that, indeed, was the first thing to do, for once let him give the alarm, and all my efforts would be fruitless.

I sat brooding intently for about half an hour, at the end of which time I had thought out a plan which seemed to me the only one at all feasible. There were some small pieces of wood lying on the hearth, fragments left after the fire had been lighted. I picked up one of these, and in the course of a few minutes had fashioned it with my pocket-knife into a sort of rude spatula, round which I tied a piece of stout string that I found in one of my pockets. The old man sat watching my movements attentively, apparently unsuspicious of what I was about to do.

Everything was now ready for my attempt. Occasionally I heard the faint murmurs of voices below stairs, showing that there were other inmates of the house still awake; and now and then the opening or shutting of a distant door sounded preternaturally loud at that quiet hour. I confess that now the final moment was come, my heart failed me for a minute or two, and I began to doubt my ability to carry out my plan to a successful issue. But this fit of weakness was of short duration, and gave place to an unfaltering resolution to do and dare everything to effect my escape.

I rose suddenly from my chair, stepped across the hearth in two strides, and seized the hoary rascal by the throat. "Speak, or make a noise, and I'll murder you!" I whispered sternly in his ear, and I passed the bright blade of my knife close before his eyes. Then before he had time to recover from the shock of an attack so sudden and unexpected, I had twisted the bell-rope into a large loop, far out of his reach as he sat there. "Open your mouth," I said to him, "but do not speak, or you die." He was shivering with fright, and had hardly sense enough left to understand what I said. "Mercy! mercy! good young man;" he gasped, and then the piece of wood was inserted between his teeth, and tied securely in its place, and he could say no more. I next fastened his hands behind him with my handkerchief, then drew a sheet off the bed, and cutting it with my knife into long strips, twisted these, and proceeded to tie him securely in his chair. When I had satisfied myself that he was so fastened that it would be impossible for him to release himself, and further, that he was in no danger of being choked by the gag, I turned my attention to the window; and having taken off my boots, so as to make as little noise as possible in crossing the floor, I proceeded to try the shutters, and after five minutes' patient labor, succeeded in opening them almost in silence.

The next point was the window; but I found, to my dismay, when I came to examine it, that it was composed of small diamond panes set in lead, and opened by means of a casement only, far too small to permit any hope of egress that way. My whole scheme seemed to collapse as I looked, for my intention had been to escape through the window, and reach the ground by means of a rope made out of the bed-clothes. What to do now, I knew not; and as I turned despairingly away, the old man's eyes met mine with a malignant glance of mingled rage and triumph. Suddenly a thought struck me. Although the stout man, on leaving the room, had locked the door behind him, was it not probable that the old man had in his possession another key that would open it? This was a question that I solved at once by searching him, and in one of his pockets I found a peculiar key—a master-key, I imagine it to have been, which probably fitted every door in the house; at all events, it opened the door of my prison, as I was not long in discovering. Although this was only the first step towards my escape, I could not repress the joyous bounding of my heart when the door turned on its hinges, and I stepped cautiously out on the landing, and then stood listening to the murmur of the voices below stairs. But the most difficult part of my enterprise was still before me; this was to pass without discovery the open door of the room below, and then go down the second flight of stairs to the ground-floor, and so out by the first door I could find. The attempt to succeed at all must be made at once, before the stout man came up stairs, which he probably would do ere long, to look after the safety of his prisoner.

Before venturing down in the direction of these voices, I gave one last look round my prison, and examined once more the bonds of the old man; then I blew out the candle, and locked the door, and having removed the key, began to feel my way down the stairs, one at at a time, pausing to listen

between every step. Fortunately, the house was one of the old-fashioned kind, and strongly built: and not the faintest creaking of a stair betrayed my presence. At length I reached a large landing, giving access to four rooms. The door of one of these rooms was only partially closed, and through the opening shone a faint stream of light, while now and then a muttered word or two, whose tones I at once recognized, told me that there sat my captor and his friend. Their conversation was nearly over by the time I reached the landing, but they still seemed to be silently busy over something. What was the nefarious business that occupied them at such an unholy hour?

Noiseless as a shadow, I moved forward till I stood on the mat at the entrance to the room. The door was too far closed for me to see the occupants of the room, or for them to see me; but from where I stood, I could see the chimney-piece, and the large pierglass which stood on it; and in this glass I could see the reflection of the stout man and his friend—could see, too, distinctly, what they were doing, which kept them so silent and so busy.

They had got the brown leather portmanteau open between them, and were intently examining its contents, which consisted of watches, chains, rings, and pins, together with several small boxes filled, apparently, with precious stones of different kinds—all, without doubt, the proceeds of some great robbery. I stood like one fascinated, forgetting for the moment the danger of my position. At length the stout man spoke. "A very pretty little haul, Master Matthew!" said he. "As nice a stroke of business as I've done for a long time, and neatly done, too, though I say it that shouldn't. I've got two little black leather travelling-bags up stairs, which will do admirably to hold the swag. I'll go and fetch them, and then we'll make a fair division, as agreed on, and pack up, ready for a start. I must give a look to that young shaver up stairs, and see that he's all right. I'm puzzled to know what to do with him—hang me, if I ain't!"

"Stick a knife in his gizzard!" suggested the slim man with a yawn.

"No, no; we'll not do that, if we can help it," answered his companion. "That's a line of business I've never gone into yet, and I don't mean to, either. My motto is, "Dead men always do tell tales." I'd rather have a live one to deal with any day of the week. No, I must think out some plan before morning of disposing of him for a few days till we've got quietly away. Not, mind you," he added, "that I would hesitate to stick a bullet into him, if my blood was up, and I thought he was going to blow upon our little affair."

He got up and pushed back his chair. "Now, you stay here," he said, "while I run up stairs. I shall be back in five minutes, and then we'll go share and share alike."

I waited to hear no more, but hardly knowing what I did or whither I was going, sped noiselessly up stairs again. Before coming down I had noticed on the upper landing a small closet or lumber-room, in which stood a large ragged screen. Intuitively the idea came into my mind to hide for a minute or two behind this screen, and take my chance of escape in a rush down stairs, while the stout man was engaged with the first surprise of the discovery that would greet him on entering the room where I had been confined.

By the time I had reached the landing, the stout man was ascending the lower stairs; and the same instant that I crept behind the screen, he paused opposite the door to feel for his key, and the next moment the door of my prison was opened, and he went in. "Hollo! what's this? Why are you in the dark?" I heard him exclaim; and then I stole from my hiding-place, crossed the landing, and turning the key in the lock, made both him and the old man prisoners, and then rushed down the first flight of stairs at a breakneck pace. I paused for a second or two on the lower landing, noticing, with some surprise, as I did so, that the room where the two men had been conferring only a minute before was now in darkness. Why had not the slim man awaited the return of his friend, as the latter had requested him to do? That, however, was a question which just then did not concern me.

I had now the lower flight of stairs to descend, and here I was obliged to proceed more cautiously, being unacquainted with the ground. I had turned two corners in safety, and was on the top of the last short flight, when a sudden thundering at the locked door above startled me from my balance, and I stumbled headlong down the remaining stairs, bursting open a door at the foot of them, and landing in a large kitchen, at the door of which—the door leading into the street—stood the slim man, with a very white face, trying with nervous haste to unfasten the bolts, and so let himself out. On the dresser close by his side stood the candle brought from up stairs, and at his feet the portmanteau shut and partially strapped. I understood his little game at a glance, even if his ghastly tell-tale face had not proclaimed it. He had taken advantage of his comrade's brief absence to abscond with *both* shares of the stolen property, trusting in the darkness to get clear away, and secure the whole of the booty to himself. A look of relief shot over his face when he saw that it was not his terrible comrade come to avenge his treachery. With a snarl of range, he turned from the door, and drawing a pistol from his bosom, fired it point-blank at me just as I was rising from the ground. The wind caused by the bullet stirred my hair, but there was no further damage done, and before he had time to fire again, I had sprung at his throat, and we grappled together, and reeled from side to side of the room in a wild struggle for mastery. He was agile and wiry as a panther, and quite my equal in sheer physical strength, for you must remember that I was little more than a lad at that time; and it would perhaps have gone hard with me had I not brought to bear a little trick with the leg which I had learned among the Westmoreland wrestlers, which stole his feet from under him before he knew what was the matter, and brought him crashing to the ground, with me on the top of him. In falling, he struck his head with tremendous force against the edge of the oaken dresser, and next moment his grasp relaxed, his eyes closed, and a pallor as of death overspread his face. I thought in truth that he was killed.

All this time, the stout man was thundering at the door above stairs, making desperate efforts to get out; and as soon as I had struggled to my feet, the instinct to escape, to get away from that horrible house, came over me as strongly as before. I drew the remaining bolts, and opened the door, and felt the cool night-air blow freely over me with a feeling of thankfulness which no words of mine could express. I turned for a moment, as I crossed the threshold, for a last look at my opponent lying motionless across the hearth, and as I did so, my eye fell on the portmanteau, I seized it, and flinging it over my shoulder, closed the door behind me, and hurried away into the silent streets.

To the first constable whom I met, I gave myself and the portmanteau in charge, and was by him hurried off to the station, where I told my strange story in as few words as possible; and four constables were despatched to the house, which was at once recognized from my description, as it had long been looked on with suspicion. When they returned, it was in company of two out of the three inmates of the house; but the stout man had got clear away before their arrival. The slim man, who had recovered his wits by this time, finding the game up, volunteered a confession, the details of which were afterwards found to be correct, and the chief points of which I will now give you, as briefly as may be.

The jewelry, etc., contained in the portmanteau had been stolen from the establishment of Bellingham & Co., the great jewelers and silversmiths of Mellingshall. Mr. Bellingham's chief assistant and confidential servant was one Matthew Lamplough—he who has hitherto been designated as the slim man—a person who had gradually worked himself up from the position of shop-boy, till he had become practically the manager of the whole concern, for Mr. Bellingham was getting old, and glad to move some of the cares of business on to more youthful shoulders. But Lamplough's ambition at last overstepped his prudence, as he found to his cost, when he one day asked the old man to give him his daughter's hand in marriage—his daughter who was so handsome and so accomplished, and would some day have thirty thousand pounds to call her own. The old man's reply, as soon as amazement would let him speak, was a peremptory refusal, accompanied by some disparaging remarks on the vileness of Matthew's origin—he had gone to Bellingham & Co.'s from the workhouse—and followed up by the intimation that he, Matthew, should retain his confidential post no longer, but be put back to the position of an ordinary assistant in the establishment. Matthew vowed to be revenged, and he kept his word. It was while he was in this mood that he made the acquaintance of an individual going by the name of Captain de Vaux—the stout man of my narrative—a gay dashing fellow, of insinuating manners, who was staying for a few weeks at the best hotel in Mellingshall. De Vaux was not long before he wormed himself into Matthew's confidence, and heard from his lips the narrative of his wrongs, as he deemed them to be; and then by slow degrees he unfolded a plan by which Lamplough might both revenge and enrich himself at the same time. Matthew stared aghast at the proposal when it was first unfolded to him; but the cunning De Vaux gradually familiarized him with the idea, till at last he seized it with avidity. The first thing to do was to obtain duplicate keys of the strong boxes in which the stock of Bellingham & Co. was stored in the cellars below the shop. Wax impressions of the genuine keys were easily obtained by Matthew, from which De Vaux had real keys manufactured. After these had been tried and found to answer, the time for their enterprise was fixed, and all needful preparations made by De Vaux for its successful issue.

Mr. Bellingham always left town on Saturday evenings, to spend Sunday at his villa in the country, the premises being left in charge of Matthew and two other assistants. It was agreed that Matthew should ask for leave of absence from Saturday night till Monday morning; and that, after the departure of Mr. Bellingham, he should go down into the cellars, open the safes with his false keys, load his portmanteau with the most valuable property he could find, relock the safes and then quietly take his departure, as though he were going on his proposed journey. All this was safely accomplished. Lamplough got out of the house without being suspected by his fellow-servants, but not till half an hour past the time agreed on, so that when he and De Vaux reached the station, they found that the last north train had been gone five minutes. Their plan had been to get down by train to the station nearest De Vaux's house, then take the cab which would be in waiting for them, and so reach home about one o'clock in the morning. Here the spoil was to be divided, the necessary disguises assumed; and by six o'clock on Sunday morning, they were to be on board one of the foreign steamers which started at that hour from a neighboring port, by which means they would be safe out of England before the robbery was discovered. The rest you know.

The old man was too cunning to allow himself to be implicated in any way. Captain de Vaux was merely his lodger, he said; as to what his pursuits were, he knew nothing; and he had been requested to take care of me as being a mild lunatic, whom De Vaux was about to conduct to a private asylum. I may mention that in his younger days the old man had been known as a notorious "fence," or receiver of stolen goods.

The *soi-disant* Captain de Vaux was captured several years after in France, for a daring robbery committed in that country, and condemned to the *travaux forcees* for—I forget how many years.

"IF YOU WOULD ONLY PAY FATHER."

A YOUNG man with an olive complexion called a few days since upon one of our musical composers, who has that mirage of reputation which surrounds men constantly before the public, and which they take for fame. This composer has never, I believe, ventured on an opera; but his songs are popular and enable him, without too many secret struggles, to maintain a decent appearance in the world. The young man took his seat with a good deal of freedom, and his whole appearance was quite aristocratic. But who that is able to buy a broadcloth suit and a watch-and-chain isn't aristocratic now-a-days? The young man said to the composer: "Sir, I have heard some charming compositions from your pen. There is one of your waltzes especially which I know by heart, and which I cannot hear too often." The composer was agitated so great was the emotion which rose in his breast, and he replied: Sir, you do me a great deal of honor, and, as you give me permission, I can play some of my compositions for you." The young man bowed and said: "I should be gratified to hear you." The composer sat down at the piano and for an hour played all of his compositions, while the distinguished young man beat time in a manner which showed how thorough was his musical education. At last, and when the composer was about to begin his twentieth composition, the young man rose and showed he wished to edge a word in between all those notes. The composer and his piano were silent while the young man said: "Sir, your talents are really extraordinary, and but one thing surprises me—I am astonished that an artist of your capacity has no decoration." The composer could scarcely gasp: "Is it possible? Do you take so much interest in me?" The visitor continued: "Indeed I do, and not I only, but my whole family take the liveliest interest in you, and if any of us knew by what way we could farther your interests, I assure you we would instantly exert ourselves." The composer—who made certain the King of Portugal stood before him, and was sure that he would have at least two orders in his button-hole—gasped: "Really, really, sir, you are too kind, and if I knew by what way I could give proof of my gratitude, I would immediately demonstrate it." The aristocratic visitor replied: "It is very easy for you to do so. If you would only pay father the bill you have been owing him these twelve months. I am the son of the upholsterer to whom you have been owing $140 ever since last December. So you can easily understand the deep interest we take in your affairs and in your success." The composer nearly fell to the floor, so crushed was he by the discovery of a creditor's son, and that creditor an upholsterer, under the frock coat which he felt certain covered the King of Portugal's heart. When he recovered something of his self-possession, his first impulse was to throw the young man out of the window; but then he remembered the policeman at the corner of the street. Therefore he contented himself with bowing the "King of Portugal" out of the room without saying a word—hadn't he given him an hour of his best music?—"*Spiridion*," *in the Boston Gazette.*

We are indebted to A. Repetti, New York, for the weekly edition of *Le Temps*, the younger of the Paris dailies, but ranking first among the organs of the Progressive party of Europe in point of ability and influence. It is edited by M. A. Nefftzer, formerly editor-in-chief of *La Presse*. Among its regular contributors are E. Forcade, E. Scherer, Charles Dollfus Maurice Block, Louis Ulbach, B. Haureau, A. Laugel, A. Reville, Odilon Barrot, Ch. de Remusat, Louis Blanc, Jules Simon, Eugene Pelletan, and other celebrities. A prominent feature of the paper is its brilliant array of foreign correspondents. Its London correspondent is Louis Blanc. *Le Temps* was among the firmest friends and staunchest supporters that the American cause found abroad during the late war. In addition to this claim upon our recognition, it is well worthy the attention of all who desire to keep themselves *au courant* with foreign affairs.

PARAGRAPHS FROM PARIS.

This is the exordium of M. Alex. Dumas' first lecture at Vienna: "When I was young I had a duel. My pulse commonly beats sixty-six pulsations a minute. The physician who went with me on the field took my wrist and observed that my pulse then beat only sixty-seven pulsations, one only one more than in my normal state. Before presenting myself before you, I held out my wrist to a doctor. He counted seventy-seven pulsations. The public frightens me more than death."

M. de Lamartine has addressed the following circular to his subscribers: "Sir—I was on the eve of freeing myself completely from debt when two disagreeable obstacles again prevented me from attaining this desirable result. England, while acknowledging the justice of the debt (?) to me, has adjourned the payment. The French Government had never seemed hostile to me; I was sensible of its obliging neutrality in my financial relations with the public. Its new intentions seem at present dependent upon conditions which are not compatible with the delicacy of my position. I have nothing left but my labor to pay my creditors. I appeal to your friendship, and I beg you to be so good as to sign and return to me the promise of subscription herewith sent."

M. Philoxene Boyer was at one time a gentleman of easy circumstances of fortune; his father left him a beautiful estate in Normandy worth at least $20,000. Persuaded he was a great genius (he is a man of no inconsiderable talents,) he came up to Paris to acquire fame. Thinking knowledge of life was to be gained by riotous living, (a common error; the greatest masters of the human heart, Shakspeare and Scott, were domestic men of rural tastes,) he wasted his substance with loose men and looser women. He is now steeped in the deepest poverty. A thoughtless fellow met him a few days since, and, eying his rags, said: "My dear Boyer, you do sadly neglect your costume. Can't you at least make new button-holes to your coat?" The prodigal replied with a deep-drawn sigh: "Alas, no, for were I to do that I should next be driven to make a new coat to my button-holes." This poor fellow, though only thirty-four or thirty-five years old, has a head white as snow and a face furrowed as a grandame who had seen her one-hundredth birthday.

There is a sad story whispered in Paris. We heard last week that M. Moller, a Danish poet who had lived for the last fifteen years in Paris, had just died suddenly at Rouen. He was well known here. He was poor; he had ruined his eyes reading by the gaslights of our cafés, and writing in his chamber by candlelight, and was ordered to Normandy to rest and to breathe the country air. He was arrested in Rouen as a lunatic, and sent to a madhouse, where he died in two or three days. it is believed here as much from loss of liberty as from anything else.

M. Louis Ulbach has been repeatedly charged with being the "Abbe X———," author of *Le Maudit*, etc., and it was said his present name was a pseudonym; he declares: "My name is of a truth my name, and I am very happy to bear it, the only heritage left me by an honest man. I have never been in any theological seminary, and consequently have never worn or torn a cassock. I have never written, suggested, counselled, corrected in any way one single word or line of *Le Maudit*, etc.

M. Alex. Dumas has signed a new contract with the *New Free Press* of Vienna to give it a novel drawn from life in Paris for $5,000. He is now at Pesth, from thence he goes to Venice. He made himself supremely ridiculous at Pesth. He delivered his lecture in the Hungarian national costume, which excited roars of laughter.

I have heard two anecdotes about old M. Bossange, the centenarian bookseller and publisher whose death I recently recorded, which I am sure you will read with interest: It was with Bossange that Beaumarchais passed the last night of his life. They were playing chess together when Beaumarchais's body-servant entered the drawing-room and told his master that the hour he had appointed for retiring had struck. The next morning Beaumarchais had an audience with some powerful nobleman, and he told his body-servant during the day: "I want to go to bed to-night at eleven o'clock. When this hour is struck let me know it. If I refuse to go to bed drag me off." Beaumarchais was deeply absorbed in the game of chess, and paid no attention to his servant. The latter insisted. Beaumarchais would not budge. Thereupon the servant knocked over the chess-board and sent the pieces rolling in all directions about the room. Beaumarchais went to bed. When the servant went to call him the next morning, he found his master dead. (How like Thackeray's death!) Bossange was extremely proud of his title of patriarch. He delighted in being old; and in the last years of his life he made himself out older than he was. Sometimes the old woman who waited on him for the last fifty years would say: "Why, Monsieur, you add one to your age; I assure you, you are only ninety-eight." This assertion would make him very angry.

[*Paris Correspondent Publishers' Circular.*

[For the Californian.]

CARRIE HARRIE.

AWAKE, my muse—too long hast thou
In silent ease been sleeping;
I feel the sacred furor now
Upon my senses creeping:
Give forth thy wildest, sweetest tone,
Be sure there's no mis-carry—
I sing of Beanty's chosen one,
The charming Carrie Harrie.

O, she is "blithe and debonair,"
Of stately form and slender;
A veritable witch, I swear,
Of Shasta, not of Endor:
She witches you with eyes divine,
With looks so soft and winning,
That should you worship at her shrine
I'm sure 'twould be no sinning.

Her voice in rippling sweetness flows—
Like birds' and bees' its music—
Within this town of tender beaux,
Its tones have made a few sick:
You sit and watch her charming way,
You listen to her chatting,
While back and forth her fingers play
With that confounded tatting.

She's very fond of puppy pets,
Of "Beauty," "Floss," and "Button;"
It makes one envious to see
These things her bosom put on:
For them her best endearments go—
All human love seems missing—
For Beauty's ugly face, I vow,
I've often seen her kissing.

She sings, and plays with sweetest arts,
Guitar, piano forte;
With these, upon unwary hearts,
She makes resistless sortie:
In flats and sharps or minor keys,
In tenor or contralto,
She's equally at home in these,
And sometimes sings the Alto.

The grace with which she walks the street
Makes all the women jealous:
The men exclaim, "How very sweet!
Who is she?—pray do tell us."
But, silly men, you need not fret—
She is not "on the marry;"
I fear some graceless fellow's net
Has captured heedless Carrie

But Carrie's not a perfect one—
She's over fond of sleeping:
She seldom sees the rising sun
Within her casement peeping.
Perhaps the lunch she takes at night
Disturbs her rosy slumbers;
Or spectral hearts her soul affright,
Which she has slain in numbers.

Although to work not given much,
Yet with it she's no stranger;
She washes plates, and cups, and such,
And with the broom's "a ranger."
Now in the parlor, now the hall,
And now she sweeps the yard in;
And finally, to crown it all,
She brings up in the garden.

Then, here's to all the ladies fair,
And here's to Carrie Harrie;
Let those who husbands have be true,
And those who haven't, marry.
But all ye tender ones take heed,
For marriage is a lottery.
Where oft you find your happiness
All smashed like fragile pottery.

W.

Apropos of the Stewart libel suit, *Harper's Weekly* makes some very pertinent remarks concerning the gossipping proclivities of editors and correspondents, closing the article with an amusing illustration of how they might be paid off in their own coin. "An indignant gentleman was speaking of a really cultivated and eminent foreigner who had the most desirable introductions in this country, and when he returned wrote about our most conspicuous men. 'He staid with my friend X,' said the indignant gentleman, 'and in his book he spoke of his personal habits. I should like to speak of *his* personal habits, and I would inform the world that this prodigious critic allowed himself one shirt a week. On Sunday morning it was clean. Then his waistcoat and coat were thrown fully open. On Monday the waistcoat was closed a little. On Tuesday a little more. On Wednesday the ends of the cravat were suffered to appear over the bosom. On Thursday they quite overspread it. On Friday the waistcoat closed up entirely. On Saturday there was nothing but cravat to be seen. On Sunday there was the full effulgence of the clean shirt again, coat and waistcoat generously thrown open, and an imperceptible cravat.'"

Mr. Squarza, of San Francisco, conspicuously advertises in California papers "Ladies' Tears Punch." This must be the "luxury of woe."—*Boudoir.*

The Slang of the Pacific Coast.—Mr. Bowles in his new book compiles the slang of California. "*Wherever*" did our guest sojourn when among us to hear so much of it. Judge Rix would fine him for one word he introduces:

"The slang phrases and idioms, original and in use among the people of these States, are very odd, and some of them quite expressive. Few or none of those I noticed in Colorado are known here. Each section has a set of its own. 'You bet' is one of the most common here; it is a strong affirmation or approval, as the 'That's so' of the East. 'Get' or 'You get' is go, go along, clear out; drivers shout this to their horses. 'Get up and Git,' and 'Get up and Dust,'" are enlarged, emphasized forms of the same. 'You can't prove it by me' is also very common for doubt or disapproval or ignorance; and 'None of it in mine' is declination of proffer, and the like, and was probably borrowed from the declination to take 'bitters' or any extra fillip in one's drink. 'Bilk' stands for a humbug, an imposter, a 'poor coot.' 'On it' is a much-used, condensed, epigrammatic phrase, with varying applications. It signifies, in that line, after something especial, determined, in earnest, and the like. As applied to a woman, it generally means that she is in a wicked way. 'Weaken' and 'To weaken' are very expressive, meaning failing strength, courage or purpose. A man 'weakens' is that he is backing down or backing out. The mines furnish many new phrases: 'Pan out' for turning out or amounting to; as a man will 'pan out' good or bad, or an enterprise 'pans out' much or little. 'Peter out' is coming to nothing, failing, giving out altogether. 'Show' and 'color' come from the evidences of gold found in washing sand, and are applied to persons and things and undertakings. 'Corral,' from the Spanish word for cattle guard or high fence, is applied to catching, cornering, getting into control. Thus I heard a man in Nevada say the Montgomery street brokers had 'corralled' all the stock of a certain mine, and could, therefore, put it up or down as they pleased."

Puffs from the Pulpit.—In an article entitled "Professional Puffery," the *Round Table* takes the religious journals severely in hand for their delinqueucies in that direction. After arraigning the *Independent* for printing as its motto at the head of the paper "But as we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing men but God, which trieth our hearts," and then indulging in "discourses" in advocacy of particular piano-forte makers' claims in its editorial columns, the *Round Table* remarks:

"We find a somewhat kindred illustration in connection with another religious journal, the *Christian Advocate and Journal*. We believe that this paper is the recognized organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country, and have understood that many of its writers are prominent Christian ministers. We do not think it has been wont to indulge in undignified puffs as have the *Independent* and the *Observer*. But it seems that not many months ago a council was held at its publication rooms to investigate charges made against Rev. Dr. Curry, alleging that he had procured an overcoat, a sewing machine, and a melodeon or cabinet organ, by writing certain commendations thereof for the columns of the *Advocate and Journal*. We also understand that these charges were, in part at least, sustained. It is entirely irrelevant what may have been Dr. Curry's relations to the paper in question. He may have been publisher, editor, or contributor, but that is a matter with which the public have nothing to do. In any case, as a Christian minister, he occupied a position of influence which he was bound to respect. It cannot be that any man or woman anxious for the good name of men holding such honorable posts can approve of the sale of any portion of the columns of a religious weekly to individual interests. To procure an overcoat or sewing machine in this way would hardly be called a dignified proceeding."

We take pleasure in commending the following from a city paper to the attention of our readers:

Photographs Made Perfect—What Next?—It was expected by some who knew not the men, that Bradley & Rulofson, having succeeded in taking three first premiums at the late industrial exhibition in San Francisco, would consider this glory enough, and plod along in the beaten path. Not so—other and greater triumphs were in store for them. It is to the industry and enterprise of this noted firm that San Francisco is indebted for the matchless "Sun Pearls;" and before we have quite recovered from the surprise these beautiful pictures produced, lo! what is this, a carte de visite? No; why, yes it is, but how beautiful! at the bottom is printed "Bradley & Rulofson. Patent applied for." The mystery is explained. San Francisco may well be proud that in these days, and in this land, where every effort is for gain, men can be found who can and will unlock the mysterious beauties of science to astonish and delight an appreciative public. These new pictures may be called enamelled cards, but "enamelled" does not express their beauty in any measure; they are sharper, clearer, brighter, and in every way more beautiful than any we have before seen, and are taken upon a surface having a most brilliant polish, which is at the same time almost as hard as glass, and elastic and pliable as India-rubber. They are impervious to water, yet may be washed and scrubbed without impairing their beauty or durability. No doubt is entertained in the best informed circles that these gentlemen will get all they ask for at the hands of the Patent Commissioners; meantime, we bespeak for them a lively time in furnishing their patrons with this new photographic gem.

John Middleton & Son will sell on Monday next, at 12 o'clock, sixty Homestead Lots lying just south of the Willows. With beautiful location, rich soil, perfect title, and lying easily accessible to two railroads, and right in the pathway of the city's growth, they present rare opportunities to those who wish to purchase Homesteads or invest in property. The terms are very liberal, as will be seen by refering to advertisement.

For the Complexion—That charming skin enamel, for whitening, beautifying and preserving the complexion, making it soft, fair, smooth, transparent—Davidson's Circassian Bloom. Sold by all druggists. *

For the best finished, fashionable hats, go to McGann & Co.'s, Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza. *

OLD MASTER GRUNSEY AND GOODMAN DODD.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, A. D. 1597.

[An excellent poem is the following old English idyl by William Allingham, which has never been included in any American edition of his works. It is a rare study of Merrie England in the Olden Time:]

G. God save you, Goodman Dodd—a sight to see you!
D. Save you, good Master Grnusey! Sir, how be you?
G. Middlish, thank Heaven. Rare weather for the wheat.
D. Farms will be thirsty, after all this heat.
G. And so is we. Sit down on this here bench:
We'll drink a pot o'yale, mun. Hither, wench!
My service—ha! I'm well enough, i' fegs,
But for this plagney rheum i' both my legs.
Whiles I can't hardly get about: O dear!
D. Thou see'st, we don't get younger every year.
G. Thou'rt a young fellow yet.
D. Well-nigh three-score.
G. I be thy elder fifteen year and more.
Hast any news?
D. Not much. New-Place is sold,
And Willy Shakspeare's bought it, so I'm told.
G. What! little Willy Shakspeare bought the Place?
Lord bless us, how young folks get on apace!
Sir Hugh's great house beside the grammar-school!
This Shakspeare's (take my word upon't) no fool.
I minds him sin' he were so high's my knee;
A stirrin' little mischief chap was he;
One day I cotched him peltin' o' my geese
Below the church: "You let 'en swim in peace,
Young dog!" I says, "or I shall fling thee in."
Will was on t'other bank and did but grin,
And call out, "Sir, you come across to here!"
D. I knows old John these five-and-thirty year.
In old times many a cup he made me drink;
But Willy weren't aborn then, I don't think,
Or might a' been a babe on 's mother's arm,
When I did cart 'en fleeces from our farm.
I went a coortin' then, in Avon-Lane,
And tho' bit further, I was always fain
To bring my cart thereby, upon a chance
To catch some foolish little nod or glance,
Or "meet me, Mary, won't 'ee, Charlcote way,
Or down at Clopton Bridge, next holiday?"
Health, Master Grunsey.
G. Thank'ee, friend. 'Tis hot.
We might do warse than call another pot.
Good Mistress Nan! Will Shakspeare, troth, I knew;
A nimble curly-pate, and pretty too,
About the street; he growed an idle lad,
And like enough, 'twas thought, to turn out bad:
I don't justly fairly know, but folk did say
He vexed the Lucys, and so fled away.
D. He's warth as much as Tanner Twigg to day;
And all by plays in Lunnon.
G. Folk talks big;
Will Shakspeare warth as much as Tanner Twigg—
Tut, tut! Is Will a player-man by trade?
D. O' course he is, o' course he is; and made
A wonndy heap o' money too, and bought
A play-house for himself like, out and out;
And makes up plays, beside, for 'en to act;
Tho' I can't tell thee rightly, for a fact,
If out o' books or his own head it be.
We've other work to think on, thee and me.
They say Will's doin' finely, howsomever.
G. Why, Dodd, the little chap was always clever.
I don't know nothing now o' such like toys;
New fashions plenty, mun, sin' we were boys;
We use to ha' rare mummings, puppet-shows,
And Moralties—they can't much better those.
The *Death of Judas* was a pretty thing,
"So-la! so-la!" the "Divil" used to sing
But time goes on, for sure, and fashion alters.
D. Up at the "Crown," last night, says young Jack Walters,
"Willy's a great man now."
G. A jolterhead!
What does it count for, when all's done and said?
Ah! who'll obey, let Will say "Come" or "Go!"
Such-like as him don't reckon much, I trow,
Sir, they shall travel first, like thee and me;
See Lunnon, to find out what great men be.
Ay, marry, must they. Saints! to see the Court
Take water down to Greenwich; there's fine sport!
Her Highness in her frills and puffs and pearls,
Barons, and lords, and chamberlains, and earls,
So thick as midges round her—look at such
An' thou wouldst talk of greatness! why the touch
Is on their stewards and lackeys, Goodman Dodd,
Who'll hardly answer Shakspeare wi' a nod,
And let him come doffed cap and bended knee.
We knows a trifle, neighbor, thee and me.
D. We may, sir. This here's grand old Stratford brew,
No better yale in Lunnon, search it through.
New-Place ben't no such bargain, when all's don
'Twas dear, I knows it.
G. Thou bought'st better, mun,
At Hoggin Fields: all ain't all alike in skill.
D. Thanks to the Lord above! I've not done ill.
No more has thee, friend Grunsey, in thy trade.
G. So-so. But here's young Will wi' money made,
And money saved; whereon I sets him down,
Say else who likes, a credit to the town;
Though some do shake their heads at player-folk.
D. A very civil man to chat and joke;
I've ofttimes had a bit o' talk wi' Will.
G. How doth old Master Shakspeare?
D. Bravely still.
And so doth madam, too, the comely dame.
G. And Willy's wife—what used to be her name?
D. Why, Hathaway, fro' down by Shottery gate,
I don't think she's so much about o' late.
Their son, thou see'st, the only son they had,
Died last year, and she took ou dreadful bad;
And so the fayther did awhile, I'm told.
This boy o' theirs was nine or ten year old.
—Willy himself may bide here now, mayhap.
G. He always was a clever little chap.
I'm glad o' his luck, an' 'twere for old John's sake.
Your arm, sweet sir. Oh, how my legs do ache!

CHOLERA IN INDIA.

ALTHOUGH I am not a medical man, and not pretending to more knowledge of medicine than is necessary to prescribe a dose of effervescent magnesia to one of my children, few persons have seen more of Asiatic cholera. My first introduction to this fearful scourge I shall never forget. I had just arrived in the north-west provinces in India to join my first regiment. Although not in the presence of an enemy, the station where we were quartered was a new one, and we were still under canvas. Much to my delight, I found among the junior cornets of the corps a young fellow who had been with me at Westminster. When I arrived, he was absent on a month's leave, shooting in the jungles. He left word, however, with a brother officer to look after my comfort, and I was asked to live with this gentleman until I could procure a tent for myself. This I did in a very few days, and, having engaged the requisite servants, began to feel myself quite at home. Early one morning, after I had been present for about a fortnight with the regiment, Johnsone came over to see me. He was a cheery, hearty young fellow; tall, of large make, and up to every kind of manly, healthy exercise. Between leaving school and entering the army, he had spent a year at Cambridge, where he had been in the first boat's crew and the crack eleven cricketers of the college. But his great passion was shooting, and to enjoy the sport of following large game, he had thrown up the prospect of being appointed to a regiment at home, and got himself gazetted to a corps serving in India. I shall never forget him as he sat by my bedside that morning—for I was not up when he arrived—and told me what glorious sport he had had, and how he had, with four other men, brought down, in the month he had been away, three royal tigers, two bears, four or five cheetahs, and "no end" of antelope and such like small deer, besides having taken several "first spears" in hog hunting. Although he had only been a year with the regiment, Johnsone was a great favorite with all his brother officers, as, indeed, a good-tempered, good-hearted young fellow, with plenty of courage, and a capital rider, is sure to be.

It was not the fashion amongst the officers of my regiment of Light Dragoons to indulge in tiffin. We took late breakfasts instead. The day that my friend arrived from his shooting trip, he insisted that I should come over to breakfast with him, both in order to talk over some mutual friends in England, and that he might introduce me to two of the party—one a young civil servant, the other an officer of a native infantry corps—who had been out in the jungle with him. We sat down eight to table, and, although perfectly temperate, a merrier party never assembled. About one o'clock we broke up, every one going to his respective employment or amusement. I remained an hour behind the rest, and smoked an extra cheroot with my old schoolfellow. He spoke of his mother and sisters far away in a pleasant rectory of Lincolnshire, and read me part of a letter he had that morning received from his father, the rector, who seemed to be, and justly so, very proud of his only boy. It is now twenty-five long years since I sat and smoked that cigar with my young friend, but I remember every incident of the hour as if it had been yesterday. I was a young man—a mere lad—just entering life, and how many milestones on the road through this world have I not passed since then? I remember how he broke off rather suddenly, saying he was very sleepy, and would like to take a snooze before evening stables. "Mind you sit next me to-night at mess, old fellow," were his parting words, "and I'll tell you all about how we killed that last boar."

I walked home to my own tent, and wishing as I went that the time would come when, being "dismissed" from riding-school and drill, I should be able to obtain leave of absence and go out on shooting expeditions as my friend Charlie Johnsone did. On reaching my tent, I pulled off coat and waistcoat and lay down, and, feeling very sleepy, told my servant not to let anybody disturb me, but to be sure to call me when the first, or warning, trumpet for stables sounded.

About five o'clock I awoke, and was surprised to see that, instead of the ordinary frock-coat, white overalls, and forage-cap, in which we went to stables every day, my full dress was laid out on a couple of chairs, and my batman, or dragoon servant—himself being clad as if for parade in the scarlet bob-tailed coatee which in those days was our full dress—busy in the verandah polishing up my sword. "What's the matter, Wilson?" said I; "why have you got your full dress on?" "Oh, sir," he said, "there's a full dress parade at six o'clock, for Mr. Johnsone's funeral." I could hardly believe my ears. "Mr. Johnsone's funeral!" I exclaimed, half asleep and half stupefied; "what do you mean?" "Oh, sir," replied the man, "poor Mr. Johnsone died this afternoon from cholera, and his funeral is ordered for six o'clock; here are the orders." As he said this, the orderly corporal of my troop brought me the order-book, in which I read: "The Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding regrets very much to announce the sudden death of Cornet Johnsone, which took place this afternoon from an attack of cholera. The regiment will parade in full dress, with side arms, at six o'clock, to escort the remains of this officer to the grave. A firing party of twenty-five men from F troop will parade, under command of Cornet Williams, at a quarter before six, and will be marched to the tent of the deceased officer."

To read the wording of the order distinctly was impossible, so utterly bewildered did I feel at this most unexpected occurrence. I had just time to dress and reach the parade-ground before the men fell into the ranks, and so had no time to speak to any of my brother-officers until the funeral was over.

It appeared that poor Johnsone had slept for about half an hour, then called his native servant and asked him to go for the doctor, as he felt very unwell. The servant saw at once what was the matter, and ran to the tent of the regimental surgeon, who in five minutes was by the patient's bedside. But although everything that could be done was tried—the surgeon had been many years in India, and had seen many hundred cases of cholera—nothing was of any avail, and in two hours this young man, in the pride of his strength, died in great agony. The heat being very great, and the body being in a terrible state immediately after death, the doctor recommended that it should be buried that evening, and his recommendation was attended to. Strange to say, there was not another case of cholera in our camp when poor Johnsone died, nor did one follow it. Upon inquiry, we found out that two or three nights previously, the poor fellow had been out in the jungles, slept in a village where there was a great deal of cholera, and that five persons had died of the scourge the very evening that he spent at their place. But he could not have slept in the house with any one that had cholera, for he had pitched his tent close to the village, and slept in it as usual. Indeed, it is most unusual in India for any European even to enter a native house, except in extraordinary circumstances, or when the owner happens to be a wealthy man, who makes a point of entertaining Englishmen. In the present instance we could not trace in any way that Johnsone had any intercourse with, or even so much as seen any native who was attacked with cholera, although at the village where he slept there certainly were several cases. But if he caught the infection, how was it that none of the others who were of the same party, and slept the same night at the same village, did not do so? There had been with him in the jungles three officers and one civilian; and what between kitmayars, bearers, masaulchies, beetsies baworchies, syces, grass-cutters, classies, shikarees, cootawallas, and others of the numerous kinds of servants without which respectable Englishmen in the Bengal Presidency are not supposed to move, there could not have been less than fifty people living in the little camp. Yet of these but one individual caught the cholera, and there was not another instance of it amongst poor Johnsone's companions, nor in our camp, where he died. If he had been only seen by some doctor inexperienced in Indian maladies, it might have been thought that the medical man had mistaken his complaint, and that the poor fellow had swallowed poison.

My friend's sudden death had a very serious effect upon me. I spent a sleepless night after it, and next day was laid up with violent fever, which ended by going to my brain. I was sent to the Himalayas on sick leave, but it was only after a sea voyage round the Cape to England, and a sojourn of some twelve months in my native air, that I was able to rejoin my regiment. From the day of poor Johnsone's death, until I was at the headquarters of the corps and fit for duty once more, a period of nearly two years elapsed.

The next experience I had of Asiatic cholera occurred about three years after I had rejoined my regiment, and is so extraordinary that I almost hesitate to tell the story. I had been sent down from one of the far north-west stations of those days to Allahabad, there to take charge of some fifty recruits that had arrived for our regiment from England. They had landed at Calcutta, and had been marched up country to Allahabad, but the officer in charge of them was taken ill, and was ordered back to the Presidency by the medical men, I being sent to relieve him. I reached Allahabad, found everything ready, and started the following morning on our march up country. We got over the regular number of miles every day, and halted every Sunday according to general orders. The weather was cool enough to be agreeable, the two young officers that had come out from England with the recruits were gentlemanly lads, and a very agreeable man, a surgeon of the Company's service who was in medical charge of the party, made up a pleasant dinner-party of four every evening. There was no lack of game—antelope, wild-duck, teal, and partridges—either along the road, or so near that we could get some shooting every day. My order of march was as follows: The reveille bugle sounded every morning at three

A. M. The native cook-boys had strict orders to prepare before that hour a large copper of good strong coffee, so that each man should have his quarter of a pint before starting, and eat a piece of biscuit as he drank it. At four the second bugle sounded, the men fell in, the roll was called, and off we marched at once. For the first hour I always walked at the head of the small column, so as to see that the pace was not too quick, and kept up about three and a half miles an hour. At the end of each hour I halted for ten minutes, and as the marches along the great Trunk Road of the north-west provinces are very seldom more than twelve miles long, I managed always to get the men well under cover of their tents by eight o'clock. At the first halt I always had prepared for the men a drink, of which three-fourths was water, and one-fourth commissariat rum. This was to prevent their drinking the water at the roadside, which is generally most unwholesome. My arrangements proved so far good, that when we arrived at Cawnpore, which is thirty marches from Allahabad, we had only one sick man, and he was laid up with a severe strain. Not wanting the recruits to break loose and get drinking amongst the regiments stationed at Cawnpore, I did not halt there, but pushed on the day after our arrival. I was very anxious to bring the whole party to headquarters without the loss of a single man, and had from previous experience learnt how very easily the most healthy recruits become ill, and how very quickly they die on their way up the country. I thought of nothing, day or night, but how to prevent illness in my detachment. All that our doctor—a most sensible, practical man, with twelve years' experience in the country—recommended I adopted, and for a long time everything went so well that I began to hope we would reach our destination without any serious sickness; but I was doomed to be disappointed.

It must have been four or five days after leaving Cawnpore, and somewhere about a third of the road between that station and Meerut, that the following extraordinary incident occurred. We made the usual halt at the end of the first hour, and whilst the cook-boys were mixing up the grog for the men, some of the latter asked leave to go to a rising ground about twelve hundred yards off, to look at an European monument which was erected there, probably the spot where some unfortunate officer, on his road up the country, had died and been buried. I gave the required leave, and some half dozen recruits started, laughing and joking with each other as they went along. When the ten minutes' halt was ended, I told the bugler to sound, so as to warn them we were about to start, and, as they did not come, I desired him to repeat the call. He did so, but still the men did not come back. I took out my glass to see whether they were there, and saw them all sitting, or lying, down near the monument. The bugler sounded again but they took no notice whatever of the call. One of them seemed to stagger to his feet, move a step or two, and then sit down again. Their conduct appeared so extraordinary, that I at once came to the conclusion that they had somehow or other got hold of liquor, and had drunk themselves stupid. Yet there was not a village, or even a house, anywhere within sight. I at once despatched a sergeant with men to see what was the matter, and a couple of litters or doolies to bring those who were too much intoxicated to walk. To my great astonishment, no sooner did the second party arrive near the monument, than they too sat down—sergeant, recruits, native dooley-bearers and all—and appeared incapable of moving, or at least of standing. I sounded the bugle again, but they made no sign whatever of coming. At last I could see with my glass one of the doolie-bearers making towards us. When he got near enough to speak, he bellowed out that every man that had gone up to the monument was lying sick, vomiting, and being purged. By this time we were all seriously alarmed for the poor fellows. The doctor wanted to go at once and see what was really the matter, but how to bring them back when the doolie-bearers appeared to be all sick, was the question. Fortunately, a party of palkee-bearers who had been carrying some travellers along the road, and were now returning to their own village, passed at this time. I stopped them, and an offer of four annas (sixpence sterling) to each of them to bring the men round the monument as far as the road, was at once accepted. They started off with me, the doctor remaining with the troops to make such arrangements as were possible for the men when we brought them back. On arriving at the monument we found every man there more or less ill, all vomiting, and all showing unmistakable signs of Asiatic cholera. I had hardly dismounted from my horse, when I felt a strong desire to retch, with violent pains about my stomach, and the peculiar sinking feeling which is a sure sign of cholera. Luckily I had with me a flask of brandy, I took a pull at it and felt better, although still unwell. The palkee-bearers at once, by my directions, seized each one a soldier, and carried them down to the rising ground, and then partly dragging, partly carrying them, got the men two or three hundred yards or so towards the road.

The whole affair did not occupy five minutes, from the time I arrived at the monument until the men were well on their way to join the detachment upon the road, and yet even in that short time several of the palkee-bearers complained of feeling ill, and showed unmistakable signs that they were so. To make a long story short, every one of the Europeans that visited the monument—about twelve in number, including myself—were seized with signs of Asiatic cholera, and of these five died before the next morning. Of the men that remained on the road, not one was seized. Those who recovered, did so very slowly, I for one remained exceedingly ill and weak for some days. The eight native doolie-bearers were taken ill, but only two died. Of the palkee-bearers not one was seriously unwell, although all were slightly indisposed.

The third instance of my experiences in cholera vagaries, if I may be allowed the expression, happened in another English cavalry regiment, also stationed in India. I did not belong to the corps, but happened at the time to be on a visit to a friend, who was a captain in it. One Sunday night the men retired as usual to their barrack-rooms, and there was no more idea of cholera in the cantonment than there is to-day of the plague in London. On the Monday morning, I happened to get up and go out into the garden of my friend's house about half an hour after dawn. I heard some person passing along the road, and, looking up, saw the regimental sergeant-major walking very quickly, and with a face that showed plainly something very serious had happened. He went up to the adjutant's house, which was next to my friend's.

I could see that, after he had awoke one of the native servants, the adjutant himself came out in his dressing-gown and spoke to the sergeant-major. In less than five minutes the two were on their way to the commanding officer's quarters, and ten minutes later I saw the hospital sergeant, with a note in his hand, go there also. I then called my friend, who was still asleep, and we went out together to inquire what was the matter. It turned out that during the night no less than thirty-eight men had been taken into the hospital—all ill with the most violent form of Asiatic cholera, and of these six were already dead. The most extraordinary part of the story is, that all the men taken ill had come from two of the barrack-rooms—of which there were sixteen in the lines—and in no other room had there been a single case of sickness.

As might naturally be expected, the colonel and most of the officers were very soon at the hospital ward where the poor fellows were lying ill with cholera. As the morning wore on, about a dozen more men, all from the same rooms, were taken ill, whilst of those already in hospital four or five died. Towards noon there was but one fresh case; but before sunset two more deaths happened. After that there was a slight improvement in those already ill, and, although two more deaths took place the next day, the scourge seemed stopped for the time. On the third day there was one fresh case, but no deaths, and from that time the cholera began to disappear. Many of those that had been taken ill were a long time before they recovered altogether, and some had eventually to be sent home. But the cholera did not attack another man, and, as I learned afterwards, for the next two years there was not a single case of it in the cantonment.

It appeared as if the destroying angel had descended upon the barracks for one night, and had cut off the inhabitants of these two rooms, and no others. From the Sunday night until the Wednesday morning, there were altogether fifty-two men taken ill with cholera, and of these fifteen or sixteen died. The cholera was of the most decided Asiatic kind, the patients turning blue almost immediately after they were taken ill, and writhing in the most intense agony. The strongest men seemed to be the most certain victims to the scourge, and those that recovered were mostly sickly-looking young fellows. As might have been expected, the panic among the men was very great so long as the sickness lasted. But a week after it had disappeared no one seemed to remember its advent.

The two barrack-rooms in which all the cases occurred, were of course emptied out, and the men lodged elsewhere for a time. The rooms were thoroughly investigated by engineers as well as by a medical commission, but nothing in or near them could be found that would in any way account for this fearful visitation. The drainage was certainly bad—or rather, as in the days I speak of, there was no drainage at all about any barracks in India—but it was no worse than that of the others fourteen; the barrack-rooms where the cholera broke out were situated in the very middle of the lines, and were not subject any more or less than the neighboring buildings to the influence of any particular wind.

One more instance of the extraordinary freaks of cholera which I have witnessed in India, and I have done. A brother of mine, then belonging to the Bengal Service, but since dead, was taken very ill with jungle fever in the north-west, and was recommended to proceed down the Indus, and so, by way of Kurrachie and Bombay, to England. I obtained leave to accompany him to the western presidency, and see him safe on board the steamer for Suez. But by the time we arrived in Bombay he felt so much better, that he resolved not to lose his Indian allowances by going home, but to try whether he could not restore himself to health by a sea voyage to China. I wrote to my regiment, and obtained leave again to go on with him to Singapore, where, if better, he would proceed to Hongkong, and I would return to Calcutta. If not recovered, he was to go round with me to the City of Palaces, and there take a passage round the Cape to Europe, as the medical men in Bombay appeared all of opinion that nothing would do him so much good as a long sea voyage. We left Bombay in a sailing vessel, an opium clipper belonging to one of the great Parsee firms. There were four or five other passengers on board, and among them a young officer who had lately exchanged from one of her Majesty's regiments in Bombay to another corps in Australia, and was on his way to China, where he hoped to find some vessel bound to Melbourne. Our ship was a very comfortable vessel, well found in everything, but all the way down the coast we had the most extraordinary light winds, and often calms, which made the voyage extremely tedious. We had been just a fortnight at sea, were out of sight of land, had not touched anywhere, nor had we communicated with any other ship, when the young officer of whom I have spoken was one night taken extremely ill, and the two medical men we had on board—one being the surgeon of the ship, the other a doctor belonging to the Madras army—at once declared him to be suffering from a very bad attack of Asiatic cholera. He lived about twenty-four hours, and then died from exhaustion. The doctors did all they could for him, but almost from the very first his case was declared by them both to be hopeless. It may be easily imagined that even the most courageous amongst us were not a little frightened at what had happened, and fully expected that others would fall victims to the same complaint. The crew of the vessel consisted of native Lascars, the captain and chief officer only being Englishmen, as is usual in ships employed on what is called "the country trade." The day after the young Englishman died, three Lascars were taken ill; of these one died and two recovered. After that, we had not a single case in the ship, and everybody on board enjoyed the most perfect health until we arrived at our destination some three weeks later.

Whilst relating these anecdotes, I have purposely omitted putting forward any theory of my own as to whether the cholera is infectious, or contagious, or both, or neither. In fact, I have no theory to put forth. What I have told in this paper are simply facts that happened in my presence, so to speak, during a prolonged service in the East, and which would almost lead to the conclusion that even of what we call Asiatic cholera there is more than one kind, and that the complaint may be brought on some times quite irrespective of bad drainage, dirty dwellings, or unhealthy food. But, as I said when I began this paper, I am not a medical man, and I leave others to draw their inferences from the instances I have related.

How to Detect Insanity.—In an article on the subject of mental derangement, and the difficulty of detecting it, inasmuch as no real madman will admit that he is insane, the Richmond *Despatch* relates the following: We recollect to have read several years ago, in a magazine, a review of a work upon insanity, by Sir Henry Halford, in which he treated upon the extreme difficulty of dectecting lunacy when the lunatic was determined to conceal the state of his faculties. Sir Henry had had a wide practice in cases of the kind for more than thirty years, and had seen all manner of tests applied. Among them all he says he never found but one to succeed favorably, and that one was what he calls the "Shakspeare test." It is explained in the address of Hamlet to his mother, when he is endeavoring to remove the impression under which she labored, that he was mad:

> ——"Put me to the test,
> And I the matter will re-word, which madness
> Would gambol from."

To "re-word the matter" is to repeat what he said before. Sir Henry says that no madman can do this; at least he had never seen one that could. Shakspeare, it seems, knew more about madness than all the doctors that had ever treated it. It is probable that this treatise of Sir Henry Halford may be well known to the profession here. If it be, we should think it worth while to apply this test, after reading more about it. The experiment would be curious and harmless, even though it might be productive of no good. Sir Henry Halford was a physician of great learning and skill, and was knighted by George IV. for his profession.

A paper tells the following anecdote of a college student who was distinguished for his address in evading the writing of themes, and palming off the currency of others as his "legal tender." One evening he read a theme of unusual merit; but the professor, as he sat down in the pride of conscious excellence, asked: "Is that original?" "Yes, sir," said the student. "Are you sure of it?" queried the professor, doubtingly. "Why, yes, sir," replied the student, with imperturbable gravity; "it had 'original' over it in the paper I took it from."

A wag in Wisconsin supplied a farmer with four quarts of Hungarian grass-seed last spring, from which the farmer sed about seventeen million comely mullen stalks.

NOTICE.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 10. 1866.

"NEW YORK OPINION."

IN an article with the above heading the Sacramento *Union* builds up an argument against the reconstruction policy of President Johnson from the fact that the press of New York city is in favor of it. It is perfectly natural that the *Union*, contending as it always has for the influence of "inland domesticity" as opposed to the surge and swirl of a "cosmopolitan sea," should place a very light estimate upon the voice of any metropolis when a question of national importance is under discussion, but in this instance the *Union* carries its bucolic bend beyond bounds, for, ingenious as its argument is, a single, plain, sensible glance at facts dissipates it at once.

The prosperity of the nation is the prosperity of New York. To cite that all the daily journals—with the single exception of the *Tribune*—"including such commercial sheets as the *Evening Post*, *The Journal of Commerce*, and *The Commercial Advertiser*," pronounce boldly and unqualifiedly for the President's Policy, is to bring forward a fact which does not at all turn to the advantage of the *Union's* argument. The *Tribune* always has and probably always will be impracticable. Had its suggestions been followed in the first instance there would have been no war at all, for the "erring sisters" would have been suffered to depart in peace. Had its counsel been followed at a later period the Union would now be disintegrated, the South would stand apart as Independent States, and to the North would attach the crime of having fought for a chimera, of having wasted rivers of blood and millions of money for nothing tangible or obtainable. That New York, through its press, has always chosen to be conservative can scarcely be counted to its discredit. Those who have nothing to lose are proverbially radical and reckless, but the prosperity of the nation is the lifeblood of New York, and it is but natural that when great political changes are contemplated the exponents and interpreters of its opinions should consider seriously and weigh well the consequences before committing themselves irrevocably to any policy. But once decided upon, where will you find a press or a people that have stood truer in the hour of trial. When it became an established fact that war was inevitable it was the throbbing of the great popular heart in New York that caused every nerve of the North to tingle with indignation, calling forth the masses that before were sluggish and slow to move. In that great meeting in Union Square in April 1861, the fire was kindled, and the burning cross, passed from hand to hand, went forth until the remotest Western State—even our own California—was reached. It is little to the dispraise of its press that it stood by McClellan to the last, for it was very slow to endorse him in the beginning. In the country—in the happy pastoral retreats whose judgment in politics the *Union* so heartily approves—was begotten that clamor and enthusiasm which subsequently came to such a pitiable conclusion. Country editors thirsted for an idol, built one up, and then in a moment of displeasure insisted upon throwing it to the ground before it was fairly determined whether its feet were made of brass or clay. New York simply said, "Wait, it will be lighter by and by, and then we can see things more clearly." The same policy it pursued in reference to the late President. While pastoral throats were hoarse with eulogies of Lincoln because he was a "rail-splitter," the Metropolitan press rested calmly until his competency to his position was established upon a more reliable basis than that muscular accomplishment. Once satisfied upon that point it stood nobly and unwaveringly by him to the end. It must be remembered that it was from the clamor which arose in the country for an onward movement that our first disasters arose, and the "on to Richmond" cry of the *Tribune*, whose support comes from the country, whose influence is in the country, and whose policy is dictated by the country, has become a watchword and a warning in future military history.

There never yet was a question which had not two sides, and it is quite as easy to be wrong as to be right. Davy Crockett's motto is a good one for nations as well as for individuals. Many expedients were tried before the war was brought to an end, and it probably never would have been brought to an end had every wave of popular feeling been permitted to turn the course of the Administration, or had party leaders been listened to. That the rebellion is now crushed is due to the support which President Lincoln received at the hands of those who very often mistrusted his policy and would have protested against it had not the voice of moderation prevailed. Lincoln did not act alone; behind him stood the old statesman who still stands behind Johnson and to the same extent guides the national councils. Supported by the same strength, why should we not give as much confidence to Johnson as we so implicitly gave to his predecessor. The opinion of Seward, to our thinking, is worthy of some consideration, and so is the voice of the metropolis of the nation, though the *Union*, in its passion for the truly rural, professes to disregard both.

WHAT IS A BOHEMIAN?

OFTEN we have asked the question: "What is a Bohemian?" but never yet have we had a satisfactory answer, even from those who use the word most—and commonly as a term of reproach. Many of the interior newspapers have correspondents in this city who, when they are at a loss to know what epithet can be snatched like a brickbat from the vocabulary of vituperation, to hurl at the head of any writer with whom they have a private feud or a public quarrel, sum up the whole measure of their ill-will in one word, and call him a Bohemian.

So far as we have been enabled to trace the meaning of the word as intended by those who so frequently use it, the term is a generic one, and applies to all writers who have no regular newspaper connection. The local reporter of a daily newspaper, who conceives that the greatest achievement of literary excellence is to perpetrate a paragraph eulogistic of the cow that has given birth to a calf with two heads—not innocent of envy while he writes that another has been more liberally endorsed by nature than himself—or chronicles the growth of an unusually large pumpkin, the state of the weather, or copies with jocose comments the Police Court Calendar; who thinks that a newspaper connection which obliges him to wear a collar, and write not his own opinions and convictions, but those of his master, at a salary upon which a gentleman would starve to death—for perquisites go to the proprietors in all well-regulated newspaper offices—who imagines that the end and aim of the most exalted human life is to walk through the streets with nose in air like an active terrier, scenting out cases of petty larceny or great burglary, snapping at a case of murder, rape, incest, or any of the more revolting crimes of the calendar, as at a special boon or bone which a kind Providence has thrown in his barren pathway; happy if, in the absence of any more startling incident, he can stumble over a dead cat, or turn up a buried baby with no grave-clothes on—this is generally the individual who, from the position which his peculiar talent has enabled him to achieve, looks down upon the person so unfortunate as to be able to win a living by his pen, and yet preserve his independence of thought and action, who is not subject to be called upon to "go" and "fetch," or snap at the heels, perhaps of a benefactor, at the bidding of a master, and calls him "Bohemian."

From this stand-point, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, all the geniuses our country ever produced, are Bohemians, for we very much question whether any one of them would have consented to occupy an inferior position upon any daily newspaper, or whether any daily newspaper would have considered their services worth having, even if offered gratuitously. Carlyle in the *Alta* office, McCauley in the *Call* office, Irving in the *Flag* establishment, or Hawthorne—with his kindly humor—in the *Bulletin*, would all of them be sadly out of place. They would be uncomfortable, and the heads of the proprietors of those journals would probably lie much more uneasily than proverbially do those that wear a crown. Yet these are or were all Bohemians. And there is very little doubt that the Avon *Advertiser* looked upon Shakspeare as a losel, and that the local reporter of that sheet frequently, in his correspondence for some other provincial journal, mentioned the man whom all eyes since have delighted to honor, as "only a Bohemian."

If to be the possessor of wit and genius is to be a Bohemian, there are few who will object to having the term applied to them. But, if not, if an imputation upon private character, or a reflection upon the *status* in society of the person alluded to, be intended, it were well enough to have it understood at once, so that all may know whether to construe the appellation as applied to themselves into an honor, or resent it as an insult. As the matter at present stands, to say that a person is a Bohemian seems to convey to the public mind, in a very indefinite way, a sort of vague idea that he is in some manner a rather disreputable member of the body politic. Judge Rix has already decided that "bilk" is an improper word, and that, applied to an individual, it furnishes sufficient ground for bringing the services of the public prosecutor into requisition, if not proper cause of private quarrel. We suggest that he next pass upon the word Bohemian, and define it by statute.

In Paris all who live by their wits—authors and artists especially—are termed Bohemians—gipsies of art. Clever and brilliant, but unreliable, they live a butterfly existence, and some day suddenly vanish from the stage. The wind may have blown them away for all that the great public know, for, though never heard from again, it would puzzle the hand that might wish to strew wild flowers upon their graves to find a grave. Accepting such a definition, Bohemianism can very well obtain in Paris, but in a work-day country like California, where all are pushing for fortunes and crushing, each man his fellow, to death in the race, it cannot very well exist. Here each individual must turn his talent to some practical account, for snatches of song or a few lines rapidly drawn with a pencil do not bring even the few francs to enable the gipsy of art to subsist for a week. And it is very much so all America over. In New York the organization of a corps was attempted, and for a time Pfaff's figured very brilliantly in the imaginations of all who had not access to its subterranean delights, but want and discontent very soon crept into the Pfaffian Paradise; it was discovered that even the *literateur* could not live in the city or anywhere else without work; the archway under the sidewalk was forsaken, and never again was there any attempt at the engraftment of Parisian Bohemian upon the unfavorable soil of New York. There are few places, probably, upon this continent where the ready pen finds as constant and as profitable employment as in San Francisco. The reward of literary labor is such as to encourage to industry, and we know of no one competent to write acceptably that has not more work furnished ready to his hands than he can attend to—in many cases more than he can undertake with a decent regard for his reputation. Those who write well are paid well, and those who do not are not paid at all. Without making any invidious comparisons, we venture the assertion that among the writers disconnected with any particular press, quite as much talent and cultivation will be found as can be mustered among the reporters and editors of any of the daily journals, and that the income derived from their literary labor is greater. Premising that Bohemianism cannot exist here, we suggest that reporters introduce some other phrase into their *repertoire* or set up some standard by which we are to know what they mean when they ventilate their favorite expression.

TO BE REPREHENDED.

TOBIN, in his *Honeymoon*, makes the "Duke" declare:

> The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
> Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
> Whom 't were base flattery to name a coward.

But it is by no means clear to our mind that it is at all times justifiable for a man to lay his hand upon a woman—especially if that woman be a stranger—even "in the way of kindness."

We allude now, particularly, to the conductors of our street cars. These luminaries of the great railway system seem to take it for granted that they must examine a woman by touch, as they do the bits and quarters that are given them for change, endorsing her by a pat on the back or a rub upon the shoulder, before permitting her to pass into their car. We submit that there is no need of this. Courtesy and easy familiarity of manner are all well enough in their way, but this is "rubbing it in" literally. High as the position is, to be conductor of a street car does not give a man a *carte blanche* to indulge in little familiarities with the persons of ladies, which, if practiced by any other stranger, nearly as well dressed and quite as good looking, would breed some more indignant rejoinder or reminder than contempt. After the "gentlemanly conductor" has fingered the pennies of passengers who are ignorant that water can be applied for personal purposes as well as for floating ships, or taken the tickets of a dozen patients put out from or going to the Marine Hospital, it is undoubtedly very convenient for him to wipe his hands upon a lady's bodice, or mop them with her back hair; but the lady has a right to put in a protest, and this she never fails to do in an inaudible exclamation, which would not contribute to the smiling self-complacency of the conductor, could he overhear it. Especially when ladies are attended by gentlemen is this official pawing unnecessary, as well as insulting to the escort. All things considered, we think it would be well for the directors of our street railways to add to the regulations so neatly printed and so conspicuously posted in every car, an instruction to their conductors not to smooth out the wrinkles in the back of a lady's dress with their ungloved hands unless the lady especially requests it. The smoke of a good cigar may be a nuisance, but we know that ladies shrink from it less than they do from the clapper-clawing to which they are so unwarrantably subjected. Let conductors slightly change their platform in this particular, remembering that, conductors though they be, ladies are insulated by common consent from rude touch.

NEW BOOKS FROM ROMAN'S

MILLAIS is probably the best bad artist living—or, to say that he is the worst good artist, would express our meaning equally well. For the canons of art he manifests as little regard as a copper-colored Indian would for the steps of a dancing-master. But his pencil is ever busy, and "illustrations by Millais" would sell the worst prose or poetry ever published. A beautiful volume of the illustrations which he has contributed to the various periodicals of the day is before us. In this volume he is seen at his best and at his worst. His illustrations of Tennyson would damage the reputation of any artist of less renown. Other illustrations—"The Finding of Moses," for instance—would add to the reputation of any artist alive. The judgment which placed this picture first in the book is good. Pharaoh's daughter, in befitting robes, bends haughtily forward to examine the waif which the dusky maid, her shapely brown limbs bare and rounding out from the page in their fullness, holds tenderly in her arms. Around her gather the other maids of honor, curiosity in every face, as well beseems the occasion—for a prophet is not turned up in the bull-rushes every day. "The Unjust Judge" is very similarly treated, but the effect is not equal. "Mrs. Ascott's Death-bed" is a sketch carrying a tragedy in every line. "La Fille Bien Gardée" is good; but there are safer guards for young ladies than watch-dogs. Naturally enough, his illustrations of the conceptions of Trollope approach nearer to the spirit of the author than do the ones of Tennyson. Of the latter, "Cleopatra"—"the polished argent of her breast laid bare"—is best. As a specimen of book-making, the volume is all that could be desired, and an ornament to any centre-table.

Alexander Smith, of late years, seems to have laid aside his harp, betaking himself almost solely to that sober instrument, whatever it may be—a spinet, perhaps—by the aid of which prose is evoked. In *Oona McQuarrie* we have a conclusion to his novel of *Alfred Hagart's Household*. But Mr. Smith is poetic even in his prose, and a love of nature with the tenderest touches of pathos abound in his book. Alfred Hagart sits before us, a little stiff and pompous, as one of the partners in the house wherein he was so long an employée, and his son Jack works out his own destiny in its regular order. In the quaint character of Miss Kate McQuarrie, we see more and more to enlist our respect and affection, and with the death of that estimable old lady the curtain falls, the last scene being wrought up with a master hand, and inexpressibly affecting. The lover of the sensational order of novel will probably find very little in *Oona McQuarrie* to admire, but the reader whose taste is unvitiated will thank Alexander Smith for having written it.

We have read *Herman, or Young Knighthood*, attentively through from beginning to end, and can conscientiously declare that it *is* a good book. A brief preface by the author states that it was written some eight years since. Why it was suffered to remain so long unpublished we cannot determine. Certainly the moral which it points had better been inculcated when slavery had an existence than now when it is crushed out from the land forever. Written and printed in Boston, the story begins and ends in that city of crooked streets and winding transcendentalisms. Herman loves a young Southern girl—of course she was a great friend of his sister's—but while he is just blossoming out into a promising lawyer he is so indiscreet as to make a speech upon the Fugitive Slave Law, in the course of which he says something which, magnified by the microscopic columns of an uncertain press, Constance Aspenwall—his inamorata—construes into an insult to the South, and flies off in a jiffy. He goes West and she goes South. After fighting through the Border Ruffian imbroglio in Kansas he is wounded and carried to a hut, where the Sisters of Charity tenderly nurse him, and one of these Sisters proves to be his sister's friend and his own love, Constance. Such meetings do not often occur in real life, but writers of fiction must get their separated lovers together somehow. An explanation ensues, but instead of marrying there and then, Herman goes South; and here the second volume comes in. The evils of slavery are shown in a strong light, and after this good work is accomplished, Herman and Constance are happily married. A powerfully written book, its chief fault is its length. In one volume it would have been better. The authorship is attributed to a young lady of New England, the *nom de plume* of "E. Faxton" appearing on the title page.

Shakspeare's Mental Photographs is one of those little books which somebodies seem to make up every now and then, because they have nothing else to do. It is published as a game—and indeed it does make game of the Master. There are ten questions, and two hundred answers—the answers consisting of snips and shreds from the text of Shakspeare's works. It is curious that Hammond, in his essay on wakefulness, did not prescribe this amusement as a sedative. Imagine a circle of sensible persons sitting around a fireside, the question being, "What style of beauty do you admire?" to which the answer comes:

> "Her hair what color?
> Brown, madam, and her forehead is as low
> As she would wish it."

There is as little appropriateness in all the answers, so far as our observation goes, as there is wit in the questions.

In the preface to her *Poems*, Annie Marie Spaulding disarms criticism entirely, but the question remains, why did she publish? "To leave a tangible proof of my presence in friendly hearts and homes, when my life shall be folded away in invisibility" scarcely furnishes a sufficient explanation, for manuscript copies of the verses, or a volume printed for private circulation alone, would have accomplished that object. But, let the critics be silent as they please, there are very few of the public who would or could read the volume before us, and call it poetry.

Spenser having shown Sir Walter Raleigh his "Faerie Queen," that appreciative courtier persuaded him to come to London, and enjoy the patronage of the Queen. The poet wended his way thither, but seems to have been very glad to return to his own estate, his court patronage not benefitting him to any remarkable extent. The result he summed up in a poem entitled, "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," and this poem is explained at length by the author of *Remarks on the Sonnets of Shakspeare*, who also in the Colin Clout volume before us remarks upon the Amoretti Sonnets and some other of the minor poems of Spenser. We do not see the necessity for the book, and assuredly have thus far failed to discover any interest in the hermetic fountain which the author unseals.

[For the Californian.]

SPRING FLOWERS.

"SWEET SPRING! Thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flowers."

IT has been said that "a prophet has no honor in his own country," and the same may be said of a wild flower or a wild plant—whatever may be the beauty of the one or the symmetry of the other. In comparatively rude states of civilization, just as in early life among those farthest advanced, there is a sort of love of flowers, but it seems to partake of the fleeting nature of the blooms themselves. In very rude states of society, flowers appear to be wholly unheeded, and even when it is a little more advanced, the feathers of a bird are preferred to flowers as a subject of personal decoration. The Pelargoniums, the Ixias, and various other flowers of Southern Africa are almost unrivalled in the brilliancy of their colors, and the flowers of the epideudral *orchidaceæ* of inter-tropical America are equally remarkable for the singular shapes of all their blossoms, and the varied coloring of many of them.

But notwithstanding these, which are great attractions to the floriculturists, neither the Hottentots and other South American tribes, nor the American Indians, use these flowers for ornamental purposes, or appear to set the smallest value upon them. The fact is that the cultivation of flowers, in the way in which they are now cultivated by the more zealous and skilful growers in Great Britain and other countries where taste is the grand source of enjoyment to all but the vulgar, belongs to a very advanced state of civilization and refinement, being a branch of what are truly denominated the "fine arts;" and a *true florist* is an artist of a very high class—far higher, indeed, than those who arrogate to themselves more pomp and circumstance.

It is greatly to be regretted that our Spring Flowers have not been more attended to and sought after, both the wild and cultivated varieties. Their great charm consists in their being in full bloom when there is scarcely another blossom in the garden, and, if planted in morasses, whereby the full effect may be given to their beauty.

Almost all Spring flowers, though small, are pretty, and as the Spring is the time when a flower garden is most wanted, if placed in beds or large groups of the same species together they will have a very rich and imposing appearance.

They have other points of interest about them. They are all very hardy and are not injured by those vicissitudes of the Spring weather which so often injure Summer flowers, especially in the early stages of their growth. They require scarcely any attention, so that the cultivator has nothing to do but place them in appropriate situations and leave them there, and they will not fail to grow vigorously and flower well.

But one of the greatest pleasures connected with the cultivation of wild plants, or in fact any kind, is the *improvement* of them, in size, form, and the beauty of their colors, as well as their habits of growth. Among the many feats of floriculture, that of domesticating and improving the wild gems of the hills and the fields is one of the most satisfactory. In their native localities they are diminutive and inconspicuous, but when introduced to the garden are recipients of the attentions that their more favored rivals have had bestowed upon them, they soon become amplified in all their parts, and are striking objects of interest. The very remarkable changes which wild plants undergo when transferred to the ranks of civilized vegetation show how very versatile they are. The general form is altered, the flowers become enlarged and often doubled, the colors become more intense or entirely changed. These changes are for the most part accidental, but there are many cases in which the tints of the blossoms may be changed by art.

Invested with this power, the true florist may originate many new beauties, and so add to his own resources of pleasure, as well as to those of a like taste. Any of the readers of THE CALIFORNIAN who take a ramble over the hills and fields now, will be well repaid by finding some of the most exquisite gems of the floral world in full bloom: for example, the *Dodecatheon Media*, or American Cowslip. If this plant were only imported from China or Japan, and exhibited with all the usual parade of novelty, five or ten dollars for a plant would be considered "a good thing;" so with the *Eritillarius*, or Mountain Tulip—what more beautiful? And the many varieties of the *Iris*, or *Fleur-de-lis*, with their magnificent markings; or the golden cups of the *Eschscholtzia* or California Poppy; or the delicate blue and white flowers of the *Nemophila*, besides an endless variety of others equally beautiful.

Why is it that the Plaza and the Custom House grounds are not ornamented with some of these native gems? Would they not be appreciated by the "pent-up" city resident who rarely has an opportunity to ramble over the hills and see them in their native *habitat?* If the reader could see them as they are planted and cared for in the finest grounds and gardens (both public and private) in England and on the Continent, he would have a different opinion of them.

FLORAL DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.

March 4th, St. Casimir, Chickweed, (*Alsine Media.*)
March 5th, St. Adrian, Green Hellebore, (*Helborus Viridis.*)
March 6th, St. Colette, Lent Lily, (*Narcissus Multiplex.*)
March 7th, St. Perpetua, Early Daffodil. (*Narcissus Simplex.*)
March 8th, St. Felix, Jonquil, (*Narcissus Lætus.*)
March 9th, St. Catherine, Petticoat Daffodil, (*Narcissus Bulbocodium.*)
March 10th, St. Droctavæus, Upright Chickweed, (*Veronica Tryphylus.*)

IRIS.

THE London *Athenæum* severely censures Swinburne's *Chastelard*. Aside from the sensuousness of the poem and the huge oaths in which the author makes all his *dramatis personæ*, from the Queen down, indulge, the *Athenæum* loudly complains of the same fault which we pointed out in a notice of the work some weeks since. To quote the *Athenæum:* "Although a drama be not authoritative in the sense that history is, it has great power over the emotions and prejudices of mankind. A dramatic poet, therefore, dealing with historical characters, is bound to observe some measure of justice. He will not hastily convert possibilities or floating rumors into direct accusations of the dead, however culpable they may have been, nor, for the sake of a psychological 'study,' prefer new indictments against those who can no longer plead to them." It further objects that Mr. Swinburne's portraiture of Mary Stuart gives no scope for dramatic development, and merely inspires horror, and it notes the baseness of the motive of Chastelard's self-sacrifice. "If *Chastelard* be remembered at all," says the *Athenæum*, "it will be solely for its detached beauties of expression. We hope, should we meet Mr. Swinburne again, that he will be able to exhibit Vice without painting a Monster, and to give us a higher type of knightly devotion than an infatuated libertine."

MARK TWAIN, whom the *Examiner* styles a "humorous comic writer," sailed for Honolulu in the steamer *Ajax*, on Wednesday last. It is not true that he was escorted to the wharf by an admiring delegation of our police, who wished him a pleasant trip to the Islands but said nothing about his return. A report is current in town that Mark has matrimony in his mind's eye, and that the rich if not lovely Princess Victoria is the object of his designs, but we do not not endorse its truth.

THE *Free American* is the title of a new weekly paper published under the auspices of George C. Gorham. The way in which it sails into the President is indeed remarkable. It is eminently fitting that this little sheet should be produced, for our city has never been without a weekly or two antagonistic to the Administration. Some were suppressed about the time of President Lincoln's assassination, but the day of arbitrary measures is done. Pitch into the President, George--gore 'im.

GEORGE E. BARNES, of the *Morning Call*, has gone up country to look after a lucrative mining claim in which he is interested. A few months since, he became impressed with the eternal truth that "there is a placer for the gold where they find it," and accordingly purchased into a placer mine, in Placer county. May his lines always fall in pleasant placers is the wish of his large circle of friends.

"PODGERS" has returned. How he has managed to preserve his youth and beauty so remarkably is a puzzle to his nearest relations—and they live next door to him. We are glad to see his pleasant face once more. To the rumor that he intends to repurchase THE CALIFORNIAN, we attach no importance whatever.

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO
To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
Lone Mountain, 3, street railwuv.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips u day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Oceau House ,8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Monntain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a dny.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroud and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martincz, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer aud stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage.
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50.
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Souoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Faralloue Islands, 20.

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Gas and water are supplied throughout the Houso. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will findi Hotel nll the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, nnd well ndapted for tbe use nf Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

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Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

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THE CITY COACH, with tbe nnme of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Whnrf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JO'IN KELLY, Jr.,
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TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

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Have received a Largo Stock of
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FURNISHING GOODS,
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ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretoforo.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour tbereafter until 11:30 P. M

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A CERTAIN CURE FOR

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CONSUMPTION,

And all Diseases of the

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This celebrated Cough Remedy effects a speedy cure by producing a free and easy expectoration, heals abscesses of the lungs, prevents unhealthy secretion of the bronchial tubes, and removes from them those accumulations of morbid matter which cause oppression of the breast, difficulty of breathing, etc, soothes irritation of tbe respiratory organs whicb produces cough

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No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
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" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults...	25
	fants.....	25
" 5	cnres *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cnres *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis.....	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Billious Stomach.....	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods..	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains...	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*, bliud or bleeding.....	50
" 18	cnres *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cnres *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cnres *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing.....	50
" 22	cnres *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cnres *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings.....	50
" 24	cnres *General Debility*, Physical Weakness.....	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions....	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel.....	50
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker.....	50
" 31	cnres *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cnres *Sufferings* at change of life.....$1.	00
" 33	cnres *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 34	cnres *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, nnd book.....$10 00
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These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Maurice J. Dooley, Plaintiff, *vs.* John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton, her husband · Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, children of J. H. and Annie Moore; Helen R. Masterson Ord, and Pacificus Ord, her husband, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, Helen R. Masterson Ord and Pacificus Ord, her husband:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

In and by said complaint, the plaintiff prays the following judgment and relief:

1. That the said defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, and that all adverse claims of the said defendants, or either of them, may be determined by a decree of this Court.

2. That plaintiff be adjudged to be the owner in fee simple, in possession of, and lawfully entitled to the possession of so much of said Lot 77 as is first described in the complaint.

3. That the defendants, and each and every of them, be adjudged and decreed to have no estate, right, title, or interest of, in or to said portion of said Lot 77, legal or equitable; and that they, and all persons claiming, or to claim under them subsequent to the commencement of this action, be barred, and perpetually restrained and enjoined from asserting or pretending to have any right, title, interest, or estate of, in or to the same, and from making any conveyance thereof—other than to plaintiff or his grantees; and for such other and further relief as shall be agreeable to equity—but without costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District in and for the County of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. By JAMES C. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.

de23-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDICIAL District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS B. VALENTINE, Plaintiff, *vs.* ERASTUS V. JOICE and ANDREW J. MOULDER, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Erastus V. Joice and Andrew J. Moulder, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within the county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought that the Defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, &c., to certain real estate particularly described in the complaint, and to obtain a decree that the plaintiff is owner in fee simple absolute thereof, that said defendants have no estate, right, title, or interest therein or to any part thereof, that they be forever debarred and perpetually enjoined from setting up any estate in or claim said real estate, adverse to plaintiff—besides costs of suit and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal of Court. Int. rev. stamp. } By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.

B. S. BROOKS, Plaintiff's Attorney.

de23-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of SARAH McLAUGHLIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above-named estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, at his residence on the west side of Guerrero street, north of and near Sixteenth street, in said city and county of San Francisco.

JOHN COUCH, Administrator of the estate of Sarah McLaughlin, deceased.

San Francisco, January 30, 1866. I. N. THORNE,

fe10 5t Att'y for Administrator.

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d3m

SUMMER MOON.

I.

SUMMER MOON, O Summer Moon, across the west you fly,
You gaze on half the earth at once with sweet and steadfast eye;
Summer Moon, O Summer Moon, were I aloft with thee,
I know that I could look upon my boy who sails at sea.

II.

Summer Moon, O Summer Moon, yon throw your silver showers
Upon a glassy sea that lies ronnd shores of fruit and flowers,
The blne tide trembles on the shore, with murmuring as of bees,
And the shadow of the ship lies dark near shades of orange trees.

III.

Summer Moon, O Summer Moon, now wind and storm have fled,
Your light creeps thro' a cabin pane and lights a flaxen head:
He tosses with his lips apart, lies smiling in your gleam,
For underneath his folded lids you put a geutle dream.

IV.

Summer Moon, O Summer Moon, his head is on his arm,
He stirs with balmy breath and sees the moonlight on the Farm,
He stirs and breathes his mother's name, he smiles and sees ouce more
The Moon above, the fields below, the shadow at the door.

V.

Summer Moon, O Summer Moon, across the lift you go,
Far south you gaze and see my Boy, where groves of orange grow!
Summer Moou, O Summer Moon, you turn again to me,
And seem to have the smile of him who sleeps upon the sea.

[*Robert Buchanan's "Village Voices."*

LIGHTNING PHOTOGRAPHED.

CŒLUM PETIMUS—SCIENTIA!

IF there be an instance where *instantaneous* modern art, photography, may supply us with new facts, the seizing of the flashes of lightning by the camera will be none of the least. The quickness of the flashes of lightning has been made a form of expression in almost all languages; still, art may be able to arrest and fix them permanently.

To observe, however, and to classify the flashes of atmospheric electricity, *terra firma* does not seem always the most eligible place of observation, as it may be that the nature and configuration of the country may influence their development. It was therefore a fortuitous occurreuce that, during a sailing in the Mediterranean, a majestic thunder-storm surprised a party of amateurs, ou a fiue summer night, when between Sicily and Malta, being probably at a distance of a hundred miles from auy land: when, therefore, the flashes of lightning arose through a *uniform medium*, the air and the sea.

Without entering here into a disquisition on the identity of light, electricity, and caloric, in fact, of all dynamic agencies, it is a strange observation that the first-known photographs (light-pictures) were, properly speaking, produced by lightning! The following glaring facts are derived from a late French work:

In 1689, the lightning having struck the steeple of the Church of St. Sauveur de Logny, therc was found impressed ou the cloth of the altar the text of the consecration prayer, contained in an open book which lay close by.

In 1847, at Lugano, a woman, who had been near a place truck by lightning, had impressed ou her leg the image of a bwer growing close by.

In the Bay of Zante a sailor, who was killed by lightning whe sleeping on the side of a ship, had impressed on his left bre t the number 44, which hung engraved on metal close to the ace.

In 853 there was observed in the United States. on the body a man, the imprint of a tree shattered by lightning.

Thes are curious facts, uot to be explained by any of our hitherto alvano-electric theories. Because, as there is no *menstru* here, except the air, we are at a loss to know by what sub ance these imprints have beeu caused! Under these circ nstances, every addition to electric meteorology will be valu le. In revertiug to observations and sketches of the flash of lightning made on the *open sea*, we may state first, that, b g on deck, I was at once struck with the beauty and sublimity f the phenomeuon before me, and finding that these flashes h such a *variety* of form, whenever one had passed away, I ent dowu iuto the cabin to make a slight temporary sketch. When these sketches were, a few days afterwards, recopied, began to have a better insight into and to classify them.

Imagining that rt of the horizon where the lightning took place, as on a larg heatrical curtain of a dark color, the simplest form of elect meteor which appeared thereon was—

A sort of *light co scation*, or a glore, illumining that vast portion of the horiz which was dark before. I think that, at times, the entire h on was not thus illnminated, but there remained a eircular se ent on the top of the atmosphere in its original darkness. most all the species of real flashes did not begin from the per part of the atmosphere, but all seemed to come from th surface of the sea! With a few transitions, not yet quit ear to me—as, for instance, a sort of *electric rain*, as it were stead of the former merely luminous coruscation—I arriv ow at what is called:

Forked (*arrowed*) *lightning*, and this presented several most characteristic and well-defined species. Some of the flashes were:

Single flash, going np nearly perpendicular.

Single flash, forming a rather flat arc, from one corner of the horizon to the other.

Single flash, ending in an arcuated involution (*revolving*) into itself.

Two or three distinct flashes, coming from one common centre on the surface of the sea, and taking varions directions.

The Electric Fire-works. A number of forked flashes coming from one centre, and diverging in numerous distinct flashes, all tending upwards.

The Electric Mirage. A half dim clearing up of the whole atmosphere, so as to make perceptible the sombre chaos of the mountains of Sicily, a hundred miles off. This certninly is a splended spectacle, reminding one of the words of Byron:

"Once seen becomes a part of sight."

Here, therefore, would be the beginning of a classification and philosophy of lightning which, after all, must, as every other scientific subject, be attempted and perfected. Our observations refer, of course, only to one locality, one season, one certain night and thunder-storm. From McClintock's Cape Victory, however, to the South Polar Circle, there are many intermediate localities, and we may say *natures!* Our observations were made during night, and exclude, therefore, the seizing images by present photography. But in reference to day-lightning, it becomes a question whether this *could* or *can* be seized. I think it may, under the following circumstances: Lightuing never takes place in glaring sunshine: and in an atmosphere the least dimmed, the electric light is so vivid, that it strikingly *shows;* and then, certninly, it could or cau be seized. The difficulties may be overcome in the following way:

The cases where lightning takes place in several parts of the compass are rare, and even then, the most interesting could be selected. The *New Panoramic Lens* includes an angle of one hundred and twenty degrees—in fact, an enormous field of view. Thus, the first difficulty, of embracing a sufficient area of electric activity, will be obviated. The next may seem still more serious—viz., to move the slide of the camera contemporaneons with the electric flash, which may occnpy, perhaps, less than a second. An observation, however, made by Goethe on Vesuvius, may smoothen the difficulty. The German philosopher observed, thnt during the eruption of the volcano which he witnessed, there was a certain *well-measurable interval* between the single explosions of the crater and the ejaculation of stones nnd scoriæ. In the interval between two such volcanic feverish paroxysms, Goethe went quite *close* to the brim of the crater. We should be much mistaken if, in the generality of cases, a similar rhythm of electric *meteoricity* should not take place as well. But the practical part of this qnestion we leave to professional men.

PERSONALITIES OF JOURNALISM.

[We reproduce the following article from the columns of the *Round Table*. Though written for New York it has excellent and direct application to San Francisco; indeed, the lesson which it inculcates is worthy of heed by the press of the whole State.]

IT cannot have escaped the notice of the readers of our daily papers that the tendency to interweave bitter personalities in controversial articles is on the increase. Not only is a correct taste offended, but often truth is disregarded to an extent that is the more reprehensible because of the means accessible to the writers for ascertaining what the truth is. We do not refer now to the too common practice of imputing unworthy motives to opponents, but to the habit of dragging in names without warrant, or pointing to certain peculiarities of persons which are nobody's business but their own. Country editors of little culture and less sense are expected to violate all the rules of decorum, since those who do so are too ignorant to know better; but for the writers on the papers in the large cities no such plea can be entered. Hardly a day passes bnt we find instances of these violations of decency in the journals of this city, as well as in those that come to us from Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and other large cities. A stranger reading the issues of these papers for a week would be slow to believe thnt their editors claimed to be gentlemen who would resent as a personal injury the slightest hint that they were not. We do not refer to the low scurrilities of the *Herald* about the editors of its cotemporaries, for one is not more surprised by them than he would be at hearing profanity in the Sixth Ward; but we have in mind personalities of another sort which appear in journals that circulate among and claim to represent the sentiments of the better portion of the community.

An illustration will perhaps best explain our meaning. It is the practice of most newspapers that undertake to animadvert upon the New York *Tribune* to attack Mr. Horace Greeley by name, instead of confining their strictures to the journal of which he happens to be the editor. This, of course, opens the way for the meanest personalities, and the public is served with criticisms upon that gentleman's peculiar style of dress, his mode of living, and, oft-times, epithets are attached to his name such as no person would use in private conversation with him. There may be those who solemnly believe that every line in the *Tribune*, including advertisements, is written by its chief editor, but they do not live in this city, and, least of all, are they writers for the press. One journal in particular is fond of inviting the *Tribune* to a calm discussion of some particular topic of public interest, yet no sooner does the *Tribune* accept the invitation, and venture to state in a temperate manner its reasons for differing with its cotemporary, than the latter flies at Mr. Greeley in person, and belabors him with language which, to say the least, is sadly out of place. Our readers need not infer from this reference to the *Tribune* that we regard it as only the victim of its rivals; on the contrary, there is scarcely a newspaper in the country that is more reprehensible for the personal animosity with which it attacks its opponents than this very journal. We merely cited it as an instance of the practice under review. In a similar way, Mr. Bryant is blamed for what appears in the *Evening Post;* Mr. Raymond is attacked for the utterances of the *Times;* criticisms on the *World* are frequently put into the form of diatribes against Mr. Marble; and out of the city, prominent journalists, like George D. Prentice, Charles A. Dana, and John W. Forney, are almost always selected as the targets at which the newspapers let fly their missiles, instead of the papers of which these gentlemen are the editors. Surely this is not true journalistic courtesy. It is not even decency.

The limits of criticism seem to us so plain that we are surprised that any practiced journalist should overstep them. A newspaper is a legitimate subject for comment, favorable or adverse; but not so with its editor or editors. The views advanced by an editorial writer in a journal are written as the utterances of the journal, and are given to the world as such. It is no one's business who the writer is, how he lives, what he wears, or what opinions he holds upon questions not discussed in his paper. His responsibility to the public or his cotemporaries as a journalist is confined to his journal. To go behind the impersonality of a paper is too mean a thing for any honorable man to do. For example, it is one thing for a newspaper to criticise the *Observer*, or to animadvert upon any article printed in it; but to go back of the paper and attack by name Messrs. Morse and Prime, or any other gentleman known to be attached to the paper, is quite a different thing. Whatever a man may write and publish over his own name, he may justly be held personally responsible for, but the press has nothing to do with him in person except in such a case as this. One paper may criticize another as scathingly as the English language may allow, and yet keep within the bounds of propriety; but it has no right to go further and assail the editor of that paper in his private character. Mr. Raymond is not the *Times*, nor Mr. Greeley the *Tribune*, nor Mr. Bryant the *Post*, nor Mr. Tilton the *Independent*. Each of these gentlemen may be legitimate objects of criticism for what they may do in public outside of their papers, but not for what they may say through the medium of those papers. And so of every editor and every journal in the country; each newspaper has a personality of its own, irrespective of its editor or editors, and no other paper claiming to act honorably will ever ignore that in order to assail its editor in person.

The same rule applies to criticism in general. The critic may say what he please of an author as an author, but no more. The style, the manner in which the work has been done, the author's fitness or unfitness for the task—these are legitimate subjects for review; but his manner of life, his views upon matters not related to the work under consideration, his private affairs—with none of these particulars has the critic any business. In a word, a man may be publicly criticized upon his relations to the public, but no further. Strictures within these limits upon an author as well as his works do not overstep propriety. They are perfectly admissible. But animadversions upon his private character, though it be anything but reputable, have no place in honorable criticism.

These views are expressed because of the very loose notions upon criticism which seem to prevail at the present time. Nothing is so spicy as personality, yet nothing is more dangerous. Young critics, especially, are prone to yield to the temptation to say a sharp thing of a person, when, in truth, they have no business to do anything of the kind. On the other hand, there is a class of persons who err in the opposite extreme, and wax indignant over the mere mention of a person's name by a journal unless by way of compliment. They, too, are wrong. Within the limits already defined the use of names is perfectly proper, but beyond those limits those names should be held sacred; and when the line of demarkation between honorable criticism and personal abuse is so clearly defined, whoever transgresses it should receive the sternest reprobation.

OUR friend the *Flag*, in its advertisements, says: "Address D. O. McCarthy, 528 Montgomery street." We were under the impression that the editor had changed his address lately.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ADVERTISING AGENCY.

J. J. Knowlton & Co., removed to 120 Montgomery.

BATHS.

Dr. Bourne's, (Medical,) 10 Post, near Montgomory.

APOTHECARY.

George H. Clapp, corner Sixth and Howard.

BOWLING ALLEYS.

Cosmopolitan, basement Cosmopolitan Hotel.
Wholers & Starke, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.

A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
I. M. Wentworth & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine st.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND TRIMMINGS.

E. Weill & Sons, removed to 616 Sacramento street.

CONFECTIONERY.

Marcus Pezold, 46 Second street.

COLLECTOR.

B. Pulvermau, 526 Montgomery—Office hours, 1 to 3 P.M.

CLOTHING.

H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.

Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.

DRESS TRIMMINGS, WORSTEDS, ETC.

M. Homberger & Co., 300 Kearny street, corner Bush.
Mrs. Norcross, 5 Montgomery street (Masonic Temple.)

DENTISTS.

Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearuy.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.

Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.

DRUGGISTS.

R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third

FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.

Wm. Brown & Co, 16 Third street.

FURNITURE.

N. P. Cole & Co., 314 Pine, near Montgomery.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Pierce, 415, 417 and 419 California street

GROCERS.

Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
P. J. Flynn, corner Howard and Eighth streets.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market

HATTER.

Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street,

HOTELS.

Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.

Bigelow & Bro., N.W. cor. Montgomery and Sacramento.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co, N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.

Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

MAPS.

Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

MILLINERS.

Mrs. Wheeler, Popper's building, Third, near Mission.

PAPER HANGINGS, WINDOW SHADES, ETC.

H. Ward, 132 Third street.

PIANO SCHOOL.

Mr. Gustave A. Scott, at Miel Instituto, 55 South Park.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.

M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.

Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.
W. H. Pillnor & Hunter, Gallery 14 Second street.

REAL ESTATE.

Fifteen-dollar lots for sale by H. S. Brown, S.E. corner of Battery and Commercial streets.

RESTAURANTS.

Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjuy & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.

Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N.E. cor Third and Howard.
Concordia, Bothman & Kretschman, Third and Missien.
Ghio's 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
Hunter & Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Sparza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.

SCALES.

Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scale 334 Montgomery street.

SEWING MACHINES.

Grover & Baker, J. W. J. Pearson, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

TOYS, ETC.

Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.

Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

SPECIAL NOTICES.

To Poor Writers.—If you would learn to write a good hand, try the Babbittonian—the new system of instruction in penmanship. It is the cheapest and best. Purchase the forms, which will be the only instruction you need, and practice will make you an excellent penman. Call on Warren Holt, Room No. 2, Mead House, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, and learn particulars. Read the following:

The Babbittonian system of Penmanship appears to me really to possess all the advantages which it claims in the above printed summary.

REV. P. V. VEEDER,
Principal of City College, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 13, 1865.

The elements and principles of the Babittonian Penmanship seem to me valuable for their practicability and simplicity. I do not hesitate to add my testimony in favor of this system as one of the best in use.

J. C. PELTON,
Superinteudent Public Schools.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
Department of Public Instruction,
San Francisco, Oct. 16, 1865.

To Whom it May Concern: I have carefully examined the Babbittonian system of Penmanship, and take pleasure in recommending it to teachers and others interested, as one which possesses many merits. Its cheapness is one of its more cordent merits.

JOHN SWETT. Supt. Pub. Instruction.

Taking Lessons from Us.—The English are beginniug to evince a desire to learn how to read and write the English language. The dictionaries of Webster and Worcester have been republished in England, and are received by a large number of Englishmen as standard authorities for the language. The Babbitonian Penmanship, an American system, has been republished in London and adopted by prominent seminaries there, and may possibly do away with some of the stiffness of style of writing still prevalent there. The New York *Times* remarks that the English first gave us a language, and taught us to speak and write; we give it back to them with interest, improved and made more useful to the mass of the people.—*Morning Call, Jan. 7th.*

A REMARKABLE CURE.

DR. HOWARD'S RHEUMATIC MIXTURE

Cures Rheumatism in three to ten days. Warranted, or no pay required. Howard's Medical and Surgical Institute, No. 648 Washiugton street, near Kearny.

Read the following letter:

SAN FRANCISCO, February 12, 1866.

DR. P. HOWARD—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for seven years; a great part of the time I was unable to do anything, and my ankle would swell to such an extent that I could not wear a boot. I tried every known remedy, and many Physicians who would insist on my confining myself to my room; but it was of no use: I only became worse and almost discouraged. I accidentally saw one of your bills, and although I had little confidence in your remedy, I commenced using it, and you may judge of my surprise when, after using it three days, I was able to go to work. I am now as well as ever I was in my life, and I have not lost any time while taking your remedy, except the first three days.

In order to benefit others, and to assure you of my gratitude, you may publish this if you think proper to do so.

Your friend,
R. W. MABERY, 120 Natoma street.

DR. C. W. MOORE'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furuished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

MANY OF THE DISEASES which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. BENTON, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

ON THE "QUI VIVE."—A large number of fashionable ladies of San Francisco, who are noted for the graceful style and elegance of their dress, as well as for the irresistible attractiveness of their fascinating smiles, which the consciousness of being fashionably and tastefully dressed spreads over their classical features, are ever on the *qui vive* to take the advantage of "circumstances" and to decorate, adorn, and embellish with every imaginable kind of ladies' dress trimmings, buttons, gloves, etc., their graceful figures, at a price so low that any and all can afford to dress fashionably, and even elegantly. The present victims of these vigilant and economical leaders of the fashion, are the members of the celebrated firm of M. HOMBERGER & Co., 300 Kearny street, corner of Bush, who keep constantly on hand a superior and extensive assortment of ladies' dress trimmings, buttons, hosiery, gloves, woolen ware, and fancy goods, also a splendid lot of Berlin zephyr worsted, all of which they offer at greatly reduced prices. In consequence of which, the store is crowded from morning till night, no one leaving without making purchases, and all going home both suited and delighted with the style of the article as well as the price paid for it.—*Golden Era.*

CONCORD WAGONS AND HARNESS.—The Pacific Concord Carriage Manufactory is prepared to supply the Pacific Coast with Concord wagons and harness made to order. The members comprising this firm have long been in the employ of the celebrated manufacturing house of L. Downing & Son, Concord, New Hampshire; so that parties wishing Concord wagons or harness can obtain just the same quality of article here and save 25 per cent. on their purchase money. We have seen some of their workmanship, and can recommend it to the public Address Belduke & Co., 820 Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth.—*San Francisco Leader.*

DAINTY WORK.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. —Your friend, JOSEPH SPARROW.

ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—With the details of the dreadful disasters of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *Yosemite* fresh in memory, it is not needful that we should urge on the public the importance of guarding as fully as possible not only against the recurrence of such startling calamities, but also as far as they can against the consequences that arise from them. Accidents are terribly frequent in this new State of ours. Hardly a day passes but we have to record some loss of life, or terrible mangling that leaves the victim with hardly a wish to live. Stringent legislation is demanded to protect travellers from carelessness and criminal negligence of public carriers. It is with great interest that we have watched the rapid growth of Accident Insurance Companies, and we are happy to know that the New York Accidental Insurance Company, established by some of the wealthiest capitalists of the East, have placed their agency in the hands of Bigelow & Brother, Insurance Agents, of this city. We advise every one to take out a policy. The premium is very small—the price of a good cigar only per day—while the benefits are great; $25 per week, if disabled, or $5,000 in case of death. Who would not give $2 50 to be insured for a trip to Washoe, or 25 cents for a trip to Sacramento City? That's all it costs. We predict a large business for the agency in this city. The Company have complied with the State law, and are fully prepared to issue policies, or travelling tickets, at once.—*S. F. Call.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

ASTROLOGY.—The occult sciences of the middle ages, magic, alchemy, necromancy, and star reading, are not lost to the world. The invisible and secret powers of astrography are still possessed by the chosen student in the mysteries of nature who can interpret the influence of the stars and predict by their occultations the hidden events of the future.

In affairs of Past, Present or Future, be they of Business, Matrimony, Love, or sickness, go and consult the naturally gifted Astrologer, Professor Cohen, 530 California street. Thousands have been benefitted by his knowledge. He has held over 18,000 consultations during the last five years. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 P. M. to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart. Sickness treated and cured through a science unknown to others.

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

NEW BOOKS
JUST RECEIVED AT
A. ROMAN & CO.'S.

Across the Continent: A Summer's Journey to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons, and the Pacific States, with Speaker Colfax: By Samuel Bowles, Editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.
Winnifred Bertram, and the World She Lived In. By the author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family."
Personal Reminiscences of the Life and Times of Rev Gardner Spring, D. D., with Portrait.
The Pilgrim's Wallet; or Scraps of Travel gathered in England, France and Germany. By Gilbert Haven.
A Spinster's Story. By M. A. F.
Tales, Romances and Extravaganzas. By Thomas Hood.
A Summer in Skye. By Alexander Smith.
Winning his Way. By "Carleton"
The Letters of Mozart. Translated by Lady Wallace.
The Freedman's Book. By L. Maria Child.
A Biography of Richard Cobden: By John McGilchrist.
Herman: or Young Knighthood. By E. Foxton.
Later Lyrics. By Julia Ward Howe.
Country Love vs. City Flirtation; or Ten Chapters from the Story of a Life. Reduced to Rhyme, for Convenience Sake, by H. T. Sperry.
Fighting Joe; or, The Fortunes of a Staff Officer. By Oliver Optic.
The Privateersman. By Captain Marryat, R. N.
The Dutch Pilgrim Fathers. By Edward Hopper.
DeVane; a Story of Plebeians and Patricians. By Hon. Henry W. Hilliard.
Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. By J. G. Holland.
The Prince of Kashna; a West Indian Story. By Richard H Kimball.

COMPLETE SETS OF
Bohn's Celebrated Libraries.

We have on hand the largest stock of
Standard, Miscellaneous
AND
LIBRARY BOOKS
TO BE FOUND IN THE CITY.
A. ROMAN & CO.,
fe2 417 and 419 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with movable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quick silver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived by thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.
CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!
W. D. FARRAND.

1866. 1866. 1866.

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

LAMOTT,

THE LEADER AND INTRODUCER OF *FASHIONS*,

HAS OPENED HIS MAMMOTH HAT AND CAP ESTablishment at

227 Montgomery street, near Pine, Russ Block,

Where can be found the greatest variety of Hats and Caps for Gents', Youths' and Children's wear ever offered on this coast.

He outshines them all, and defies competition in the Hat Business.

His Factory at the East makes all his Goods expressly for his California market, which is something that has never been done before. Give him a call at

227 MONTGOMERY STREET.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co., PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

DR. C. W. MOORE'S Medical and Surgical Institute,

COMMERCIAL STREET,

A few doors below Kearny, - . - San Francisco.

ATTENDING AND RESIDING PHYSICIAN,

C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

Late Surgeon U. S. A., Quarantine Physician at New Orleans and Boston, Lecturer on Morbid Anatomy and Diseases of Women and Children, Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc., etc.

FOR THE CURE OF DISEASES,
WHETHER ACUTE OR CHRONIC,

No. 641 *Commercial street,*

A few doors below Kearny, where he can be consulted at all hours.

Especial attention paid to all Diseases of the UTERINE and SEXUAL ORGANS, SECONDARY and HEREDITARY AFFLICTIONS in their manifold form,

NERVOUS AFFICTIONS, ETC.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS, of whatever nature, performed scientifically, and the patient boarded at the Institute.

TO THE LADIES.—Private apartments, with female nurses, for those who desire them. CONSULTATIONS FREE.

Parties in the Country may consult the Doctor by letter, and receive, in return, a full description of their disease and its means of cure. All communications strictly confidential.

C. W. MOORE, M. D.,
de16 3m 641 Commercial street, San Francisco.

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS.

WE BEG LEAVE TO ANNOUNCE that we have opened a first-class

Boot and Shoe Store,

At No. 133 *Montgomery street,*
OPPOSITE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street. Boots, Shoes, etc.
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Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.
Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.
Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.

NEW YORK, July 1st, 1865.

I do hereby appoint Mr. WM. H FINCH & CO., from this date, my sole Agents in California for the sale of goods manufactured by me. WM. WEED,
de30-3m No. 86 Bowery, New York city.

NOTICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

FAIRBANK'S STANDARD SCALES.

Every HOUSEKEEPER should have a reliable SCALE in the PANTRY to use in testing the weight of ARTICLES purchased from the BUTCHER and GROCER.

See samples of all sizes at Salesroom.

FAIRBANKS & HUTCHINSON,
mar4 1m 334 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

JOS. WINTERBURN & CO.,

J. WINTERBURN, V. A. TORRAS, W. HOFFSCHNEIDER.

(Successors to W. P. Harrison.)

Printers and Electrotypers,
413 TO 417 CLAY ST., (Below Sansome,)
SAN FRANCISCO.

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING
Neatly and Promptly Executed.

ELECTROTYPING
Done at the shortest notice.

Stamps of all kinds made to order.

Printing in Spanish, French, German and Italian Languages, executed with correctness.

A "Mammoth" and two No. 3 Hand Presses FOR SALE very cheap. fe3 3m

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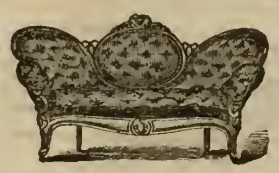
FURNITURE AND *BEDDING!*



LARGEST STOCK!
LATEST STYLES!
The Best Workmanship,
AND
LOWEST PRICES!
AT
Goodwin & Co.'s
FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,
Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*
ja16 SAN FRANCISCO.

NEW TYPE.

STERETT'S STEAM PRINTING HOUSE, 533 CLAY STREET.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF *FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.*

NEW *PIANOS* FOR SALE AND TO RENT

AT LOW PRICES,
AT
Kohler's Music Store,
No. 424 *Sansome street, near Clay.*
fc20-1m

MR. AND MRS. COGILL AND SONS,

Teachers of Dancing,
CONGRESS HALL,
On Bush-st., adjoining Russ House.

SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. fe10-3m

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CALEB M. SICKLER,

DEALER IN
Stoves and Tin Ware,
422 *KEARNEY STREET*
BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE,
SAN FRANCISCO

AGENCY FOR STEWART'S STOVES
de28 3m

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF,

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

fe2 *SAN FRANCISCO,*

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
a28 Liedesdorff street, San Francisco.

J. PEIRCE, Furniture and Bedding *WAREROOMS,*

NOS. 415, 417, AND 419 CALIFORNIA STREET, NEAR MONTGOMERY.

THIS STOCK OF FURNITURE, etc., was selected with great care, and special attention given to the wants of this market, ENTIRELY AT THE EAST. It is NOT COMPOSED OF REFUSE GOODS, ODDS AND ENDS OF OTHER HOUSES that have lately closed out here, but CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF NEW GOODS, made after the latest patterns and in the most durable manner.

The present Stock is fully TWICE as large as that of any other house here. Parties having any doubts of this, or that the assortment is not superior to any in the city, can easily satisfy themselves by calling.

The stock of Case Goods is larger than ever before.

J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,
de16 3m SAN FRANCISCO.

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Pacific Business College,
751 MARKET STREET,
(BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH,)
SAN FRANCISCO.

An Institution designed to prepare Young and Middle aged men for an active and successful BUSINESS LIFE.

This is the largest, most complete, and thorough Institution of the kind on the coast, and

THE ONLY

Commercial College which is conducted on Actual Business Principles. Its great system of Business Training is endorsed by the Most Eminent Financiers and Business Men of the Nation.

REGULAR BANKS AND BUSINESS OFFICES have been introduced, by which we are enabled to fit our Students in the best possible manner, and shortest possible time, for active Business Life.

Those in pursuit of a

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION

should examine the merits of this College. Send for the *COLLEGE REVIEW*, giving full particulars of the College, besides containing other important and interesting matter. Sent free to all desiring it.

Further particulars can be had by calling at the College, or addressing M. K. LAUDENSLAGER, President
fe17 3m Business College, San Francisco.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
IN
FINE CLOTHING,
AND
Gent's Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
Nos. 200 *and* 202 *Montgomery street,*
Corner of Bush, - - - San Francisco.

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,
de30 3m San Francisco.

E. CAMPIONI, COSTUMER,

No. 710 *Washington street,*
(A few doors above Kearney,)
SAN FRANCISCO.

THEATRICAL AND MASQUERADE COSTUMES MADE TO ORDER.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.
de30 3m

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mail able printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

THE

AWARDED THE HIGHEST PREMIUM

AT THE

State Fair of California,

The only Fair on the Pacific coast at which any two double-thread Machines were exhibited in competition in

1865.

If there is a FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE within one thousand miles of this office that is not working well, it will be attended to if I am informed of it, without expense to the owner. SAMUEL HILL,

General Agent,

111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

THE

FLORENCE

SEWING MACHINE

RECEIVED THE *FIRST PREMIUM*, A GOLD MEDAL, at the Great Exhibition of the

AMERICAN INSTUTE, - - - New York, 1865.

fe10-3m

THE EXCELSIOR HAT

OF

SAN FRANCISCO,

Paris, New York and London

STYLES FOR

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1866,

WILL BE INTRODUCED

Saturday, - - - - March 3,

AT

MEUSSDORFFER'S

HAT MANUFACTORIES,

Nos. 535 and 637 Commercial street..San Francisco
No. 125 J street.....Sacramento
Corner D and Second streets.....Marysville

Our style in MOLESKIN for this season is, we feel confident, the SUPERLATIVE OF ELEGANCE AND FINISH; our MERINO PINAUD and ST. CLOUD the most successful result of Parisian taste. Especial attention also deserve our

Chelsea, Chester, Crescent, Newport, Derby, and Clarendon Resorts.

CALL AND SEE THEM. mar4-1m

A MOONLIGHT DRIVE!

A GOOD TEAM,

AND

Supper at the Cliff House!

CAPTAIN FOSTER, the Proprietor, is always ready to receive "Evening Calls." The delightful Moonlight Nights which we are now enjoying, render a

MOONLIGHT DRIVE

TO THE

CLIFF HOUSE

TRUE ENJOYMENT

CAPTAIN FOSTER is never caught napping, and resources of the Cliff House are unlimited. ja27-t

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SCHOOL FURNITURE.

RANKIN'S PATENT SCHOOL DESK;
Liquid Slating for Blackboard;
ARITHMETICAL FRAME;
Babbitoulan System of Writing—the Best System known.

W. HOLT,

de9 3m 305 Montgomery street, Room No 2.

NEW YORK ACCIDENTAL

INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 141 Broadway, New York,

FOR INSURING AGAINST

Accidents of All Kinds!

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - - $250,000

THE BUSINESS OF THIS COMPANY is the insuring against accidents of all kinds, whether by travelling or otherwise.

This Company issues two classes of policies: one to secure the payment of a fixed sum to the event of death caused by an accident of any description; the other securing a weekly allowance in case of injury causing total disablement, and a fixed sum in case of death arising as above.

Annual Premium on $2,500.....$7 50
Annual Premium on 5,000.....15 00
Annual Premium on 10,000.....30 00
(Without compensation.)
Annual Premium on $2,500, with $12 50 per week compensation.....12 50
Annual Premium on $5,000 with $25 per week compensation.....25 00
Annual Premium on $10,000, with $50 00 per week compensation.....50 00

Other amounts at corresponding rates.
No policy to exceed $10,000.

GENERAL ACCIDENTS

Include the Traveling Risk, and also all forms of Dislocations, Broken Bones, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Gunshot Wounds, Burns and Scalds, Bites of Dogs, Assaults by Burglars, Robbers or Murderers—the Action of Lightning or Sunstroke, the Effects of Explosions, Floods, and Suffocations by Drowning or Choking; where such Accidental Injury is the cause of death within three months of the happening of the injury, or of total disability to follow his usual avocations.

INDUCEMENTS.

The rates of premiums are very low.
The plan is so simple that any one can comprehend all its workings.

No Medical Examination is Required.

Any who have been rejected by Life Companies, in consequence of hereditary or other diseases, can effect insurance in this Company at a very small cost.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS!

REMEMBER THE WASHOE, YOSEMITE, THE GOLDEN GATE AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

Persons about to visit Europe or New York can obtain Insurance against the Risks of the Voyage.

PREMIUM—Two Dollars per One Thousand Dollars.

GENERAL ACCIDENT TICKETS (Including the Travelling Risk)

ISSUED BY ALL AGENTS. $5,000 for 24 hours, 25c. Weekly Compensation, $25.

Four days.....$1
Eight Days.....2
Twelve Days.....3
Twenty Days.....
Thirty Days.....5

Covering $5,000 against death, with $25 per week in case of disability by reason of accident, by the

NEW YORK ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

141 Broadway, N. Y.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS,

NORTHWEST CORNER MONTGOMERY AND SACRAMENTO STREETS,

de16 3m San Francisco.

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,

ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California

GEO. P. KIMBALL & CO.,

Carriage Manufacturers,

CORNER MARKET AND FOURTH STREETS,

San Francisco.

GEORGE P. KIMBALL.....W. H. KNIGHT.

We have always on hand a large assortment of Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Thoroughbrace Wagons, Express, Grocery, Soda and Butcher Wagons and Lumber Gears.

CARRIAGES AND WAGONS

Of every description made to order and at shortest notice. Particular attention paid to the building of Wide Track Buggies and Wagons with Brakes, for mountain use. Orders from the country promptly attended to.

N. B. Kimball's Patent Goose Neck Trucks on hand.

ma12 3m

THE

MUTUAL

Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED 1842.

Assets, ALL Cash,

OVER

$14,000,000!

AN EXAMPLE OF THE

DIVIDENDS OF 1866.

POLICY NO. 33,321,

FOR

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

Issued in San Francisco, August 22, 1864.

The amount Premium paid thereon in one year was $304 40.

The Amount of Dividend for one year to August 22, 1865, was

$539 62,

Being $235 22 *More than am't Premium paid,*

Making the amount of Policy on August 22, 1865,

$10,539 62!

If the Dividend is used in payment of Premium, instead of being added to the Policy, the next payment required will be

Only $88 22,

instead of $304 40.

OTHER EXAMPLES OF

Policies Issued in 1864.

Amount Policy.	Premiums paid One Year.	Dividends One Year.
$10,000	$220 80	$394 77
5,000	120 72	237 27
2,500	87 40	141 80
1,000	21 70	39 48

ALL THE PROFITS OF THE COMPANY ARE

DIVIDED ANNUALLY,

AMONG THE STOCKHOLDERS,

AND

CAN BE USED IN PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS, OR ADDED TO THE POLICY, AT THE OPTION OF THE ASSURED,

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

LIFE POLICIES ISSUED,

PAID UP IN FIVE OR TEN YEARS.

AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES issued, paid up in Ten Years or otherwise.

CHILDREN'S ENDOWMENT POLICIES, Etc.

H. S. HOMANS,

General Agent for California, Oregon, and Nevada.

No. 609 Clay street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

N. B.—Holders of Policies issued through this Agency in 1864 can ascertain the amount of their Dividends upon application to the General Agent, and the Amount of Dividends on Policies issued in 1865 as soon as received.

fe17-1m

OCCIDENTAL

INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary. mh25-tf

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - - - $10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - - 11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - - - 2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, - $75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

No. 414 California street, - - - San Francisco

Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
au19-3m

NATIONAL

Insurance Company.

TEMPORARY OFFICE.

Brannan's Express Building,

402 Montgomery street, (second floor.)

PERMANENT OFFICE,

(After March 1st,)

408 *Montgomery street,*

Adjoining London and San Francisco Bank, and opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

Capital.....One Million of Dollars,

Paid Up in Full.

LOSSES PAYABLE IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN

This company is prepared to insure brick, frame, and other BUILDINGS, MERCHANDISE, FURNITURE, and other insurable property, on the most favorable terms. Losses will be adjusted promptly in GOLD coin.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Albert Dibblee, Chairman, Joseph A. Donohoe,
John G. Bray, Richard G. Sneath,
George W. Gibbs, Henry Pierce.

WILLIAM PIERCE, President.
D. W. C. THOMPSON, Vice President
W. W. WIGGINS, Secretary. fe10-3m

RELIABLE

AND LIBERAL!

THE BROOKLYN

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

HAS MADE ALL ITS POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

Dividends declared and PAID annually on the MUTUAL PLAN. Its policies are INCONTESTIBLE after five years from their date.

Thirty days grace in payment of premium.

C. W. BOUCK, President.
A. D. POLHAMUS, Vice President.

STEPH. T. KING,

General Agent for the Pacific States and Territories,

712 Montgomery street,

fe24-1m SAN FRANCISCO.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

GRAND MATINEE:
AT HALF PRICES, Commencing at 2 o'clock,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, MARCH 10.

FIRST REPRESENTATION of the Long-Talked of and most Perfect Operatic, Spectacular, Diabolical, Terpsichorean, Farcical Burletta in Three Acts, entitled the

Seven Sisters,

produced with THE FULL STRENGTH OF THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY, and a

Grand CORPS DE BALLET of
FIFTY YOUNG LADIES AND MISSES!

In the First Act,
GRAND ZOUAVE MARCH, DRILL, AND TABLEAUX, BY THE FEMININE CORPS DE ZOUAVES.

The Second Act, catitled
THE ALLEGORY OF THE UNION,
written by W. LEMAN, at the request of Mr. Maguire, expressly for this Theatre, comprises
Ten Grand National Tableaux

The piece concludes with a
GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE
IN THE BOWER OF FERNS!
Forming the most Gorgeous Spectacular Representation ever produced in San Francisco.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - - - 50
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - - $5 and $10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

AT

REDUCED PRICES!

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.,

NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,

WILL OPEN

On Monday, March 12th,

EXTENSIVE INVOICES OF
NEW STYLE
SPRING DRESS GOODS!

AND WILL ALSO OFFER ALL KINDS OF

DOMESTIC GOODS,
DRESS GOODS,
LINEN GOODS,
SHEETINGS,
SHIRTINGS,
PRINTS,
ETC.,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

See our Advertisement in Daily Papers.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
mar10 Lick House Block.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,
SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flaage Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED,
mar10 3m SAMUEL WHITE.

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
a27-tf between California and Pine.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLE

SILK HAT,

1866,

INTRODUCED - - , - - - MARCH 3,
BY
McGANN & CO.,
FASHIONABLE HATTERS,
No. 654 Washington street,
Two doors below Kearny.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES.—Silk, Felt, Beaver, and other HATS for sale at the lowest prices.

CAPS of every description, suitable for all ages, made to order.

McGANN & CO., being experienced and skilled in all the branches of the manufacture of Hats, feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to their patrons. Every description of Hats and Caps made to order.

Remember, McGANN & CO., Practical Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

☞ New Goods by every steamer. mar10

SPRING MEDICINE.

PURIFY THE BLOOD

AND

Constitution,

WITH

LE DOYEN'S

SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK,

IODINE ALTERATIVE.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
fe19-1m SAN FRANCISCO.

TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.—We can honestly recommend those who are suffering from diseases of long standing, or from the use of mercury, to call at the Electric Medical Institute. The system practiced by Dr. Howard and his associates is the most sensible we have heard advocated. If there is anything that deserves the name of humbug, it is that which claims to cure every disease with one remedy or system. It would not be more ridiculous if Dr. Howard's Rheumatic remedy was advertised as a cure-all. In diseases peculiar to females Dr. Howard has no superior; particularly in chronic irregularities he is unsurpassed by any other physician in the State. We are personally acquainted with a number of ladies who have been restored to health at the institute, notwitstanding their complaints being pronounced incurable by some of the best physicians in the city. To all who need the assistance of a physician, we would say, call at the Electric Medical Institute, 648 Washington street, before going elsewhere. In Dr. Howard you will find a gentleman who is worthy of your confidence.—*S. F. Irish People.*

WAGONS.—Every species of wagons that any one can need, made of the best material, well fitted and finished, can be found at the Depot of MILLS & EVANS, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lead Bars, are kept constantly on hand.—*California Leader.*

BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.—If you want a trim neat, light, and yet durable style of buggy or carriage, go to Nos. 37 and 39 Webb street, between Sacramento and California, where you will find just such a vehicle as will suit your taste. POLLARD & CARVILL not only deal in these articles, but manufacture them to order, and do repairing, painting, trimming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neatness. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
ja27 tf between California and Pine.

JOHN MIDDLETON & SON,

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—We call the particular attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. P. Howard, in another column. It gives us pleasure to recommend to those who need the assistance of a physician, the valuable services of Dr. P. Howard and his associates. In a city like San Francisco, where there are so many disreputable concerns, it is gratifying to find one worthy of the confidence and patronage of the people. At the Electric Medical and Surgical Institute, 648 Washington street, the gentlemen conducting it are eminently qualified, and the system they practice is based on sound and philosophical principles, comprising within itself the Hydropathic and Electropathic systems, and the Electric practice of medicines. To the ladies we can recommend the Electric system as particularly adapted to their delicate constitutions. The rooms are fitted up in splendid style, and the Bathroom is large and convenient. Their Electropathic instrument is one of the best we have ever seen, having six different currents of great power, yet so well controlled and regulated that it can be applied to the most delicate. The numerous patients throaging the Institute, and their happy faces, speak volumes in its favor. The best surgical skill is also to be found at the Institute. In fact, we are satisfied that there is more scientific attainment than at any other Institute in the State. Dr. P. Howard was, in former years, the proprietor of the Electropathic Institute, and established for it a reputation second only to the Eclectic Institute. Being compelled to visit Mexico on business, the Institute passed into other hands. Dr. P. Howard has been long and favorably known, and to those who are in need of the services of a physician we recommend him as in every way worthy of their confidence.—*S. F. Irish News.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES

DEVOTED TO LIVE TOPICS,

THE DISSEMINATION OF A PURE LITERATURE, DEVELOPMENT OF HOME TALENT,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA

Published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

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"THE EATIN' OF THE GREEN."

[THE author having had numerous requests for copies of the following parody upon "Wearin' of the Green," adopts publication as the easiest way of complying with the wishes of his friends. And this being St. Patrick's Day, the verses may not be inappropriate to the occasion. Unfortunately, however, Dan Setchell's irresistibly droll singing of the parody cannot be published.]

OH, Paddy dear, and did you hear, the news is goin' round?
The dandelion's forbid, bedad, to grow upon the ground.
For with the boys you see, forbye, it isn't all serene—
They've had a wholesome warnin' 'gin Eatin' of the Green.
I met wid Doctor Murphy, and he tuk me by the fist,
And he said, How's your ould stomach? and I said, Hould your whist!
She's the most distressful stomach that ever was foreseen,
And they're doctorin' people everywhere for Eatin' of the Green.

Then since the victual we must eat is England's bloody beef,
They can't do less than give us quills to pick our blarsted teeth;
We'd much prefer for diet, tail duck and broiled sea bass,
Boned turkey—faith, we'd bone it—and a *patty fois de grass*;
Then we'd take the praties from the pot and feed 'em to the pig,
And he would root among 'em, and think he'd something big,
But still in out new diet objection would be seen:
In that same grass they'd say we were still Eatin' of the Green.

But if at last the doctors will not feed us as we please,
We'll pack our duds and dudiheens, and go beyond the seas.
I've heard of California, where people never die,
And earthquakes are not dangerous—unless the papers lie;
Where the pigs are fed on chestnuts, and the sheep are fed on hay,
And the beans to go along wid 'em is just as cheap as they;
Where the bloody Beef of England gives place to pork and beans,
And where folks live until they die still Eatin' of the Greens.

[*From C. H. Webb's Burlesque of "Arrah-na-Poke.*

THE new toy called Pharaoh's serpents seems to be a dangerous customer. According to a report read by Dr. Macadam before the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, they are composed of a highly dangerous and poisonous substance called the sulpho-cyanide of mercury. The material is a double-headed poisoned arrow, for it contains two poisonous ingredients, namely, mercury and sulpho-cyanic acid, either of which will kill. Experiments having been made upon the lower animals, it has been found that one-half of a sixpenny Pharoah's serpent is sufficient to poison a large-sized rabbit in an hour and three-quarters. A less dose also destroys life, but takes longer to do so. The toy, therefore, is much too deadly to be regarded as merely amusing; and seeing that it can be purchased by every school-boy, and brought home to the nursery, it is rather alarming to think that there is enough of poison in one of the serpents to destroy the life of several children; and the more so that the so-called Pharaoh's serpent is covered with bright tinfoil, and much resembles in outward appearance a piece of chocolate or a comfit.

ACCORDING to a supplement to the Copyright Act, authors and artists must now send copies of their works to the Library of Congress in order to make the copyright valid. Formerly, to place the title-page on record was enough, but in the present Congressional muddle probably the members can no longer "read their titles clear." A cheaper way of filling their Library, Congress could not well devise.

[For the Californian.]

RAISING PLANTS FROM SEEDS.

THERE are two ways in general of enjoying flowers. Some persons delight in having them merely for their beauty, others for a real love of them, liking to take care of them and delighting to see them grow. The first taste is soon satisfied by buying a few plants now and then. The second is still more inexpensive, but in gratifying it we give time and pains to our floral pets, and, by noting as we learn to do, the plants that accord, those that are easily grown, and those that we mostly care for, our enjoyment becomes vastly greater. The poorest and darkest room can thus find some plants to lighten it, and the gayest and gaudiest drawing-room can find some to tone it down and touch it with their refinement.

There is something extremely charming to the mind of the amateur in being able to point to some special plant and declare that he grew it. There is no need to go over all the arguments to prove that it *is* possible to grow flowers without a range of gardens. There are not now many houses in which some plants do not find shelter, and every year the variegated plant stands, and the flower-filled windows and balconies become more numerous. It is a noteworthy fact that tastes, as well as rules, simplify. Every year in which we grow plants, our stands and beds of flowers become more self-tinted. More than one or two colors are perfectly lost for ornament, just as the loveliest trees bear masses of one tint only. In plant treatment as in many other things in life, we learn much more by a little experience than by any amount of hearsay. The absolute advantage of watering with warm water, which makes us come at last to regard cold as sheer poison, the scorching and burning tendency of sunshine on frost-touched leaves, and the equal blasting of tender green leaves in cold draughts, the wonders of proper drainage, the benefits of moist air, and at the same time its harm and danger when applied to plants like the geranium, which absolutely require such dryness as will allow their leaves to respire freely—these things all dawn upon one, and become solid capital.

To the true lover of floriculture, there is no branch of it so interesting and fascinating as the raising of new kinds and varieties from the seed. Take a packet of seed of the verbenas, petunias, portulaccas, pansies, carnations, or anything of that kind, and watch the results of its products.

As soon as they begin to appear above the surface of the ground, each plant is examined and compared with others to see if there is any difference in their habit of growth; and then, when the blooms begin to open, with what interest each unfolding flower is scanned, every shade, and tint, and marking is criticized. Is it not pleasing to watch the growth of some handsome plant from the time it just peeps above the ground till it arrives at full maturity, and do not its beautifully colored and elegantly-formed flowers amply repay one for all trouble?

Again, what can afford a more interesting recreation and relief from the duties of the day than the care and attention bestowed on some favorite plants. The study and culture of flowers is instructive. Who can look upon a flower, examine its curious construction, and notice minutely its various parts, without being filled with admiration and being convinced that "it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes" We are told that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," and yet they were not sent for man's actual want, but simply to render his sojourn here more pleasant than it would otherwise have been.

"Shall I sing of happy hours
Numbered by opening and closing flowers?"

Everything connected with flowers imparts gracefulness to the mind, delicacy to the thought, elegance and refinement to the imagination, and to these advantages we may add goodness and benevolence to the heart. The late A. J. Downing, in writing on this subject, asks, "What is the reason American ladies do not love to work in their gardens?" It is of no use whatever that some fifty or a hundred of our fair readers say, "we do." We have carefully studied the matter, until convinced beyond all contradiction that they do not. They may love to "potter" a little. Three or four times a year, in the spring, they take a fancy to examine the color of the soil a few inches below the surface; they sow a few seeds and plant a few roots, and it is all over.

Love flowers with all their hearts they certainly do. Few things are more enchanting to them than a fine garden; and bouquets on their centre tables are positive necessities with every lady; but our wives and daughters only love gardens as the French love them—for the results. They love to walk through them, they enjoy the beauty and perfume of their products, but only as amateurs. They know no more of the intense enjoyment of her who plans, creates, and daily watches the growth of those gardens or flowers—no more of that absolute, living enjoyment which the English have in out-door pursuits—than a mere amateur who goes through a fine gallery of pictures knows of the intensified emotions which the painters of those pictures experienced in their souls when they gazed on the gradual growth and perfect splendor of their finest masterpieces. We would convince them that only to pluck the full bloom flower is like a first introduction to it, compared with the life-long friendship of its mistress, who has nursed it from its first two leaves, and that the real zest of our enjoyment of nature, even in a garden, lies in our looking at her, not like a spectator who admires, but like a dear and intimate friend who loves. After long intimacy she reveals sweets wholly hidden from those who only come to her in full dress and in the attitude of formal visitors. If any wish to know how completely and intensely English women enter into the spirit of gardening, they have only to watch the wife of the most humble artisan, who settles in any of our cities. She not only has a stand of flowers, but her yard is a perfect curiosity-shop of botanical rarities. She is never done with training and watering and caring for them. Comparing them with the neglected and weak specimens in the gardens of her neighbors, one might be tempted to believe that they had been magnetized by the charm of the personal fondness of their mistress into a life and beauty not common to other plants:

"Each blossom that blooms in her garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears."

FLORAL DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.

March 11th. St. Eulogius, Cornish Heath, (*Erica vagans.*)
March 12th. St. Gregory, channelled Ixia, (*Ixia Bulbocodium.*)
March 13th. St. Euphrasia, Heart's-ease, (*Viola Tri-color.*)
March 14th. St. Maud, Mountain Soldanel, Soldanel, (*Sold. Alpina.*)
March 15th. St. Zachery, Colt's-foot, (*Tussillago Farfala.*)
March 16th. St. Julian, Nodding Daffodil, (*Narcissus nutans.*)
March 17th. St. Patrick, Shamrock, (*Trifolium repens.*)

THE SHAMROCK.

The botanical name of the Shamrock, like that of the Scotch Thistle, is a matter of dispute. Mr. Bishens, in an amusing paper read before the Linnean Society, has with great ingenuity endeavored to show that the Wood Sorrel, (*Oxalis acetosella,*) is the true *Shamrock;* while Dr. Withering and Professor Rennie point out the White Clover (*Trifolium repens.*) and Mr. Loudon marks the Black Medick, (*Medicago Lupulina,*) as the genuine national emblem of Ireland. Anciently the inscription of the Order of the Bath was "*Tri numina junsta in uno,*" taken from the Holy Trinity. At the coronation of James I., *numina* was omitted, and the motto is now looked upon as an allusion to the union of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the word *Regna* being understood.

Oh Shamrock! pride of Erin, thou dost claim
Not for her sons alone the rapture warm;
Each Christian heart should kindle at the name,
Fated the stubborn Pagan to disarm.

Then, Shamrock, whilst the poet of thine isle
Thy praise shall sing, as "prized of bard and chief,"
Be ours to greet with gratitude, the while,
The holier story of thy simple leaf. IRIS.

FOR PALESTINE.—A Maine paper states that a colony of fifty families, principally from that State, is to embark for Palestine in July next. They propose to settle at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa. Building lots have been purchased, and they will carry out with them Yankee implements, with a view to resuscitate the great and long slumbering resources of that once splendid land.

[For the Californian.]

TWO POETS DISCUSSED.

WITH the publication of that much-abused volume—*Outcroppings*—a question sprang up which has not yet been definitely answered. I refer to the question as to whom we shall grant the precedence of California poets. The critic of THE CALIFORNIAN stated that this precedence belongs to Charles Warren Stoddard. This opinion was the subject of extended remarks in the *Leader* by "The Mufti," making four consecutive "Leader Papers."

The "Leader Papers" having attracted some attention as critical productions, it is only fair to criticise them in turn. In the first place the reader shall have a brief synopsis of them, together with an exposition of their just demands and inconsistencies.

The Mufti's avowed aim is "the demolishing of an acknowledged critic." Let us see, if, as the common expression is, in trying to *distinguish*, he has not *extinguished* himself.

His papers may be divided into two parts. In the first, he demands reasons for the important decision rendered by the "critic of THE CALIFORNIAN" with reference to the relative position that Charles Warren Stoddard occupies in the scale of poets, and supports his demand by arguments; in the second, he endeavors to define the "school of poetry" to which that critic belongs.

Under the first head he states several truisms: *vide* this—"The true critic never praises or condemns, except on some principle which he is prepared to state and justify." He shows that THE CALIFORNIAN has not fulfilled this requirement. He is therefore right in throwing the burden of proof upon one who made so important a statement. But I will cite another truism which The Mufti overlooked. The practice of the true critic is always consistent with his theory. The Mufti is, then, far from being a true critic; for, in almost the same breath that he imputes a fault to another, he commits the same himself. Without even specifying the grounds of his opinion, as the other had done, he repeatedly asserts that "The Chandos Picture" is a far greater poem than "At Anchor," charging him who would say otherwise with "a singular idiosyncrasy." In doing thus does he not, besides violating his own precept, draw the burden of proof upon himself? If he oppose an already asserted opinion with another, surely he should first show the falsity of the opposite conclusion. Truly the homely saying, "The pot calls the kettle black," never was more aptly illustrated.

Under the second head he says: "I intend to *advocate* what I infer to be the real spirit and tendency of the principles upon which the poetical criticism of THE CALIFORNIAN is founded." Should any one desire to know accurately what The Mufti intends to do, the word *advocate*, referred to Webster, will give him the key. But, to save time, one can "presume what is meant."

This is his argument. Because another person prefers "At Anchor" to "The Chandos Picture," and because of similar preferences, it is inferred that he must belong to the "Exquisite School. The Exquisite School prefers "a certain vague and dreamy luxuriance of thought" to those ideas that "are never shrouded in a haze of words, through which some uncertain half-meaning is discernible." Ergo, the one who prefers "At Anchor" to "Chandos Picture" prefers a *vague* and *dreamy* thought, shrouded in a *haze* of words, etc., to the opposite of this. But if we compare the two poems, these characteristics do not immediately disclose themselves. Therefore, if The Mufti would have us rely on his *keen* perception of the motives which actuate others, he should show wherein these characteristics lie. He says that, according to the critical principles of THE CALIFORNIAN, Byron, Scott, Campbell, etc., cannot be poets. So bold an assertion as this should have something in its support.

What weight can the opinions of such an inconsistent critic have with the observing reader? The faults of his papers are dogmatism, inconsistency, prolixity and ostentation of knowledge. Viewed as a whole, the articles are worthless. Parts being separated, there is one just demand which has been referred to, *i. e.*, give the reasons why Charles Warren Stoddard should be placed in a higher rank than Edward Pollock.

The original question has therefore been narrowed down to a very small compass, and within this compass only shall I discuss it.

A full definition of poetry and poetic principles, would, if given here, suggest that too much ignorance was presumed on the part of the reading public; for this reason, and also for the sake of brevity, poetic principles will only be brought forward when called for to support any opinion.

Let us first criticise Edward Pollock's "Chandos Picture."

The conception of the poem is as follows: All the dead heroes whom Shakspeare's "song has named" have been born anew into an immortal life. Therefore the spirits of those whose names have been forgotten are filled with lamentation. They gather around the spirit of the dead though immortal bard, moaning and shrieking, "forgot—forgot!" This conception is bold and natural, and glows with genuine poetry. The theme is great and most suggestive, and therefore one would expect to see it expanded into more than an ordinary poem.

After the conception had been formed, the first question which arose in the mind of Pollock must have been this: assuming that spirits may be represented to the senses, where would they most likely be found? Would not the answer be—in that place where we, in our superstition, suppose ghosts are to be seen? And would not this be at the grave? Why should spirits hover about an empty picture? Living men might do so, but not disembodied spirits. However, *de gustibus non est disputandum.*

Pollock has pictured a person watching at midnight in the chamber where hangs the famed Chandos Picture, and telling, in the form of soliloquy, what he sees and feels. A soliloquy is an expression of thoughts as they naturally arise in the mind, arranged in their natural order. Any violation whatever of this rule materially injures a composition. Moreover, if any unnatural words are introduced, they especially detract from the worth of a poem. The reason why a soliloquy exerts so powerful an effect upon the feelings is the fact that the reader is, in imagination, made to go through all that the speaker is suffering, in a most vivid manner. Therefore, the poet entirely fails of his aim in this respect, if a natural order is broken up and words are introduced which no one in the position of the speaker would utter. This we find to be the great fault of Pollock. He commences aright, by placing the reader in the position of the speaker in respect to time; but he mixes up the rest in such confusion, that one cannot understand the subject until he has read all at least twice through, and has adjusted the various parts properly in his own mind. After he has done the work which it was the poet's business to do, he considers the poem a fine production.

The order in which the various elements of the poem should be placed will be represented briefly as follows: time, place, attendant circumstances in the order of dependency, and, lastly, the thoughts suggested by what precedes.

It is needless for me to show, in their respective orders, how Pollock so mixes up irrelative ideas, and causes the speaker to make such statements concerning himself, that, for the sake of perspicuity, he is compelled to put into his reluctant mouth the forced and prosy question—"And wherefore watch I fearless?" How unpoetical to ask and answer a question, in order to extricate himself from a difficulty. The MS. of this poem should have been sent back to the writer with the injunction given to the careless student—"A very good idea, but badly expressed: write it over again."

In order to be assured that this criticism is not unfounded, let the stanzas be read in the order indicated by the following figures: 1, 3, 4, 9, 10, 13, 5, 6, 7, 2, 12, 11, 14, 15, etc. Stanza number eight would be thus dispensed with. Every one will mark the improvement; yet a remodelling of the whole is needed.

We will find that this want of artistic finish pervades the language as well as the arrangement of the poem. There is evident a frequent extravagance in metaphor sometimes verging into hyperbole and sometimes into untruth and self-contradiction. I will notice several instances:

——"In the dark
The sounds have lost their way and wander slowly."

This metaphor plainly shows that the poet was not one to notice and remember accurately the relations in nature. Every one knows that, in a still, enchanted midnight, sounds seem to travel on the wings of electricity, startling the hearer with their distinctness.

In the fourth stanza we find "in mist;" but in the next, "all night long the stars, etc."

The first line of this conplet,

"And the low ring of their unvarying song
I hear without amazement."

is a bold, and very pleasing idea; but the second destroys its effect, by treating that which is a fancy as if it were a fact. It is also unnecessary, for no one would be amazed at a mere fancy.

Sprites should be substituted for "things" in the eighth stanza. In the seventeenth *hero's* would be more appropriate than "angel's."

These remarks, however, refer only to the rhetoric and logic, as it were, of the poem; but as these are the principle elements they will suffice for this brief essay. Yet it is but just to add, in order not to appear to undervalue the "Chandos Picture," that it is, in both conception and language the embryo of a most beautiful poem. But as Horace says, *Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum nesciet.* The vividness with which separate images are presented is rarely surpassed. The extravagance being seen in thought rather than in words, the language may be said to be most concise.

It would be well now to ask the question, what is the office of a poet? in order to determine whether Pollock has fulfilled this office. It is not merely to conceive great and fanciful thoughts. It is chiefly to express in poetry a conceived thought. Therefore, although a perfect conception is necessary to a perfect poem, yet the manner in which a conception is expressed is of primary importance in criticizing a poem. If this were not so, then, many who cannot write a line of poetry should be given the precedence of our great poets. What would Milton's fame be if his masterpiece were treated thus? Would not his conception of heavenly discord, of infinite beings standing on finite spots fighting with the weapons of mortals, invented to destroy human life, be far inferior to those of lesser poets?

Shall I do wrong then, if I assign a poem whose conception is perhaps considered less grand—though expressed in perfect poetry—a higher place than one almost the sole merit of which is the conception? None will hesitate in answering that the swoop of the "eagle" with a *broken wing* is less pleasing than the perfect flight of the swallow: that a perfect violet is more acceptable than an ill-formed rose. Therefore, on the ground of instrinsic worth, I will compare "the beautiful trifle, 'At Anchor,'" with "so grand and majestic a piece as 'The Chandos Picture.'"

The main thought of the poem now to be considered may be expressed in this manner: A sailor has been drifting over the seas of time and space, has seen the brightness of the sun, the fertility of the soil, and the rich treasures in tropic climes, and at last has returned to spend his last hours in his own humble cot. Although he has seen in other lands a brighter sky, more verdant groves, and richer gems than his eyes see now, yet he is filled with a quiet contentment and subdued joy. Sitting "by the green home-shore," and singing "the songs he sang of yore," he contemplates, "with a full joy ne'er felt before," his "quiet home," ancestral grove, and the mound concealing love's most precious jewel, while his swelling heart bursts forth in love for "each rock and stream and dell," rendered sacred by holy associations. What though there are fragrant shadows in "the groves of spice beyond the sea;"

"'Tis here he only cares to dwell,
'Tis here he ever longs to rest."

What a touching illustration of the words, "Home, sweet home!"

But, as to the manner in which this thought is expressed, no comment is needed. What can be more poetic and appropriate than the subject, "At Anchor?" How can the style of writing be made more suitable to its sentiments? Observe how delicately the antithesis of *now* and *then* is expressed in the first stanza: of a humble home and the luxuriance of the isles, in the second; of a jewel enhanced by love, and another by avarice, in the fourth; of remembering affection and careless pleasure, in the last. Notice the natural sequence of thought. Is anything redundant, anything lacking, to make the ideas complete? Nothing.

What *breadth of thought* is shown in the manner in which the reader is enabled to grasp and retain in a moment a clear conception of far separated antitheses. What *artistic finish* is evinced in the perfect appropriateness of the subject, the subdued tone, and the choice of words and images, to the thought, and in the sequence of ideas. What *melody* is perceived in both rhythm and metre. And, as a beautiful form is the result of a perfect adjustment of perfect and well proportioned parts, so do we breathe in a true *poetic atmosphere* when we read this poem, the parts of which are artistically made and arranged, and intrinsically poetical.

For these reasons, I do not hesitate in giving the simple, chaste poem of Stoddard a place before the imperfect extravaganza of Pollock.

The comparison between the two poets has been mainly based on these two poems; but when we go further and compare Pollock's "Evening" with even the weakest of Stoddard's poems published in *Outcroppings*, what a large balance is there in favor of the latter. In "Evening" we perceive the characteristic originality and boldness of conception which belongs to the writer; but also, as a destructive offset, the lack of true poetic sensitiveness and artistic finish is painfully evident.

As before, we have in this poem a soliloquy. The faults are not of exactly the same kind as in the "Chandos Picture;" yet much worse, as they evince not only a careless writing, but also a want of the delicate perception needed by the poet. Any one possessed of a small amount of poetic feeling, though not even professing to be a poet, will be jarred unpleasantly by the uncalled-for and inappropriate change from soliloquy to address in the lines commencing

"How many an hour have you and I,"

and ending with the line,

"In such ships of mist as I see now."

Also by the sudden transition from poetic figure to prose fact, for which the reader is not prepared, but which the last division of the poem forces him to undergo.

Consider also the inapplicability of the illustration contained in the address to "Sweet friend." Pollock endeavors by it to illustrate the feeling which one experiences in gazing upon these "phantom ships." But he utterly fails; for the illustration represents "remorse" on account of actual disappointment, while the "phantom ships" are merely ominous and fill the mind with *anxious forebodings* of evil.

Then again notice this inconsistency. The speaker has been represented as filled with superstitious fear. These

clouds seem "Phantom ships." In the last part he becomes inspired with a hope which, though strong, cannot entirely dispel the weight which his "heart in vain resists." Therefore the clouds must still seem, notwithstanding the hope, phantom ships bringing evil news. But instead of keeping up the figure of speech, which a soliloquy especially demands, the clouds are again called "mists."

On what principle can the simile, "like souls forgiven," be justified in retaining the position and relation it holds? The writer desires to say that the coming morn will cause these clouds to vanish before its rays of sunlight as the dismal phantoms of superstition are dispelled by the light of truth. But in the first place these clouds are represented as *active*, and then in the same breath *passive* with respect to the same action. First, he says, at the coming morn,

"These mists
Will brighten and shine and soar to Heaven;"

and afterwards that the *day* will shine them away.

The faults of Pollock are, to sum up—a great lack of artistic finish and of an accurate and delicate sense of the appropriate. Therefore, since parts are ill-adjusted and incongruous, a fragrant mist surrounds the poem, instead of the pure, bright, poetic atmosphere for which it is sometimes mistaken. As an offset to this I might fairly bring forward the beautiful piece entitled "Through the Shadows," and show by it how the style of Stoddard's writing varies most appropriately with the subject chosen in both choice of words, metaphor and rhythm. I could show also, in each of the four pieces published in *Outcroppings*, the artistic skill of the poet and the delicacy of the conceptions.

But further remarks are unnecessary when it can plainly be seen that what is good in Pollock is the sound core of a decaying apple, while Stoddard may be sliced throughout and yet no very imperfect spots will be found. And what is more in his favor, he is yet a mere youth. If then at his inexperienced age he produces only *beautiful trifles*, provided they be perfect, may we not place him, for his future promise only, in the front of those who attempt and fail in grand and majestic efforts?

PRO AND CON.

ABOARD THE "PROMISED LAND."

THE "good ship" *Promised Land* really deserved that praise. She was new, had made only one voyage, in a remarkably short space of time, was copper-fastened, two hundred tons burden, was of course registered A 1 at Lloyd's, and was now loading at the St. Winifred's Docks. Many had read the enticing and almost appetizing advertisement, which had been in the *Times* for many days, under the heading of "Steam to the Brazils," of the "spacious poop and after-decks," the "airy and well-ventilated saloons," and the decks "flush from end to end, and offering an agreeable and unobstructed promenade," of the surgeon, who was "experienced," of the "fire-annihilator," which was infallible, of the "water-condensing apparatus," and, above all, of that "Favorite," Captain Robert Magregor, who was "so well known on the American station." This collection of nautical blessings irresistibly induced me, when appointed engineer for surveying a new line of railway in the Brazils, to choose the new "barque-rigged liner," the *Promised Land*, and her Favorite Captain, Robert Magregor.

It was a long time, however, before the loading was done, and the ship ready to drop down the river. Meanwhile, the collected inducements had had a favorable impression on others besides myself, and on making some last inquiries at the office before sailing, I found that nearly all the berths had been taken up, and that we were to sail with a full complement of passengers and cargo. This was a very agreeable prospect; for to a good sailor, and before the novelty has worn off, a voyage is one of the pleasantest incidents in life. At last a sort of intimidating notice appeared, quite different from the alluring tone of previous invitations: all must be on board by a certain Thursday, and by a certain hour, otherwise deposit, passage-money, everything, would be forfeited. When I punctually obeyed this mandate, sailors were getting in casks of water, putting last touches to the rigging, and shipping new sails that looked like nautical table-linen. The sun was shining, and there were Lascars and foreign sailors in red jackets. The chatter of tongues was very loud, and the whole had a Neapolitan air. Above, on the paddle-box, was Captain Magregor, that Favorite Captain, a surprisingly young man for a Favorite Captain, but of a stout bluff build, with sandy hair, and large fair face, and a very Scotch accent, in which he gave his orders. He seemed a good man of business. We knew nothing of his seamanship then. Firm, steady, and with a practical roughness, by his exertions everybody and everything were got on board; and by ten o'clock, a passenger, who had already become nautical, came into the saloon to announce that we were going to "haul out" of dock. In half an hour we *had* hauled out and were going down the river.

That was rather a dismal first meeting of all the passengers in the saloon. There was an air of trouble on most faces, and every one was coming in and out uneasily of the little cellars, which were called state-rooms, "blocking" their hats as they did so. The lamps were lighted, and looked yellow and sickly enough, and were already swinging and "turning" as the vessel moved. I looked round and saw a good many of the passengers. There was a Spanish-looking actress, a wife or two of a consul, two or three commercial travellers, a couple of officers and their wives, some Frenchmen, some Germans—with, in fact, the almost unvarying elements which make up the complement of a packet bound on a long voyage. One gentleman I particularly noticed, who was taking supper with great relish by himself. He had come on board early, had established himself early in one of the best cabins, and had put everything he wanted in its "proper place." When nearly every one was like a moody and troubled spirit, going up on deck and coming down again, and poking into wrong cabins, and lurching over unseen trunks and packages, he was perfectly and calmly at home. By eleven o'clock he had finished his supper, had read the evening paper through by a wax-candle, as he would have done at his club, and had gone comfortably to bed. This gentleman's name I was curious enough to inquire, and found it was Colter, a chancery barrister in fair practice, who had been ordered a long sea voyage to strengthen his chest, and enable him the better to direct his voice at their "L'dships."

I was a fair sailor, too, and had done many long voyages; but was not so much at home as the chancery barrister. I was painfully sensible of the discomforts of this way of travelling from the first, and awoke several times; once indeed by the vessel's stopping, and by that pattering of feet which follows on a vessel stopping, and with some shouting. After a few minutes, however, we moved on again, and I fell asleep.

In the morning we were tossing about in the Channel. The sea was like melted aluminium, dull and angry, and the "barque-rigged liner" rode heaving and lurching. Already the bulk of the passengers were in their misery, to the music of the "hish" of the waters, and the straining and creaking of the inside timbers. It was a dark day, too, was raining on deck, and only a bare half-dozen appeared at breakfast. Captain Robert Magregor came down himself, and sat at the head. "Stiff bit of weather to begin with," he said, cheerfully; "always the better, though, for my passengers; they get into it at once, and have it all over. I wish we had a good storm at once, to try this vessel. She'd stand anything, sir. Go anywhere. Built under my own eye."

The chancery barrister was of course there, picking out the best bits of broiled ham and eggs with his fork. I saw him well. Tall, thin, with a yellowish face, and "thin hair he-sprinkled spare." "Captain," he said, abruptly, "what was the stoppage last night? It awoke me. Somewhere off Gravesend, eh?"

"Yes," said the captain, "off Gravesend it was—a small hooker came alongside with two passengers. We nearly ran 'em down; serve 'em right, too. Pretty thing, stopping a vessel in her course! And only the agent would have been making a row, and talking of the company, and perhaps stop the passage-money out of my salary, I'd have let him shout till they were hoarse."

"And now, captain," said the barrister, buttering toast, with a rasping, crackling sound, "what were they like—men, women, or children?"

"A woman, sir—a lady, I suppose we must call her," the captain said, with disgust. "Nice thing, isn't it, ladies coming out in hookers to stop mail-packets on the high seas?"

"And where is she now?" said the barrister, eating a fresh egg. "Breakfast in berth, eh?"

"I suppose so," said Captain Magregor, angrily. "Of course, she's sick. By Jove, the wind's freshening again," he said, rising; "this is the style of thing. It looks like a *good* storm before night."

I was left with Mr. Colter, who said: "What we would call, in an address to a jury, a rude son of Neptune, a hardy son of Ocean, eh, sir?"

"That man," I said, "doesn't care for a single thing else in the world but his profession—a true mariner."

"I don't know all that. I want him to contradict me. I should say he is undeveloped—that he has not had an opportunity. For he is surprisingly young, you remark, though built upon old lines. The fact is, we can't say that he might not break out in any new direction, if the opening came. Now for a cigar upon deck."

All that day the weather freshened; by dinner-time it was almost a storm, and we had less company at the table than even at breakfast. Captain Magregor was in great delight. His eye kindled. "After all," he said, "what is there in the world to the sea! It is everything to me: father, mother, wife, and lover. Here's her health, gentlemen! Would you say as much for your professions?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Colter, shortly. "Even if I felt it, I would not."

This all went on for a couple of days, when things began to mend. The storm abated altogether; and one morning we arose to the smoothest and most lovely weather that could be conceived. The sea was blue and smooth as the Mediterranean at Genoa. The passengers came crawling out of their burrows, with miserable faces, but with some hope. They plucked up wonderfully, as some one remarked. In fact, at the breakfast-table, all but some children were assembled. The captain was at the head, a little down at the loss of his stormy weather, and I and Mr. Colter near him.

"We are all here?" said the barrister; "a difference to the first day, eh? By the way, where's the Gravesend lady? She that woke us up out of our sleep—eh, captain?"

The captain answered gruffly that he did not know.

"You should have all your passengers here, captain. No excuse such a morning as this. No breakfasting in bed—in berth, I mean: it's bad for the morale of the ship."

The Scotch captain shook himself at this.

"We'll have none o' that aboard. No favor or exceptions. Here, steward! You're not to take in breakfast to any one—d' ye hear?"

"No, sir. Only that lady in No. 20."

"Has she been ill?"

"No, sir, the stewardess says. She had dinner yesterday there, and tea and breakfast ever since she came aboard."

The captain almost leaped up with anger.

"This is outrageous, My orders defied by any woman. Lady or woman, it's all one. I'll have the same discipline for all. That's logic, Mr. Colter."

"And good logic, too," said that gentleman.

"Ay, ay. The ship before everything. And see, steward. Tell that lady—what's her name?—"

"Mrs. Arlington, sir."

Mr. Colter, at hearing this name, started.

"Arlington!" he said. "Are you sure?"

"Why," said the captain, "what's there in it?"

Mr. Colter seemed to be ashamed of having started or shown surprise.

"Nothing," he said. "There's a leading case, you know—Arlington and Hooker; very nearly the same point as the rule in Shelley's case, but cut down a good deal, you know.

"Well, tell Mrs. Arlington she must be here for dinner or go without any. That's blunt; but it's the fact and truth."

The captain went on deck.

"Now," said Mr. Colter to me, "why should that lady, who has come on board in an exceptional manner, and who has not been in the least ill (as, indeed, I found out in a very odd way, for I saw her reflected in the little skylight of my berth, and reading and working all through the storm)—why shouldn't she come in and take her meals with us—eh?"

"Well, I never thought of it in that way," I said.

At dinner that day—the fine weather still continuing—all the passengers were assembled, except one. Just as the covers were taken off, a little rustle was heard, and a tall, graceful lady stood at the door, looking down the long table as if for a place. She was very neatly cut out of the great human material—slight—was in a purple silk—had a very small face and features—soft hair, with a tiny cap. She seemed almost as shy as a girl, and about two-and-thirty years of age. The lawyer got up, and, with much hustle, caused room to be made for her opposite—near the captain—who shook himself angrily like a Newfoundland dog.

"Expect every one to be in time on board the *Promised Land*," he said, roughly. "Can't allow any eating and drinking in the cabins. So I hope, in future, ma'am—"

She was quite composed, and answered him with a soft voice: "I beg pardon, indeed, Captain Magregor. I did not know the rules—indeed, no. But in future you will find me the most obedient of all your passengers."

"Well, I hope so," he said. "Get this lady some soup."

The barrister, who had his eye on her all this time, said to her graciously, "Hope you have not suffered during the rough weather."

She answered softly, and with an expression of pain, "I always suffer. I am almost always a martyr."

"Why," said the Scotch captain, "we know that you weren't ill during the storm; for you had your meals in regularly, and this gentleman here saw you sitting up, reflected in some way on his skylight, reading away when it was blowing great guns. Now?"

She raised her eyes from her plate, and turned them steadily on the barrister. He helped himself to wine—very coolly.

"You are determined to be hard on poor me, Captain Magregor," she said. "I did not say that I *was* sick, but that I was *almost always* sick. I will even appeal to that gentleman who used reflectors to see how I employed my time."

The barrister laughed. "That's putting it very strongly against me. But if I had had such a reflector the other night when our vessel was stopped, and mysterious passengers came on board, that would be worth something. What do you say, captain?"

"I say it was a thing I wouldn't do again, for this lady or for any lady."

Again her eyes were studying the barrister very carefully. Then she turned to the captain:

"Must I beg pardon again? My offences seem to be increasing every moment. I was always told that ladies on board were turned into goddesses—could rule and dictate—and that gallant seamen were only too proud to put their heads at their feet. When we made a voyage from India, in a Que s

ship, we found it so. But I suppose there is a difference in the service. The captain was like a knight of King Arthur's, and yet one of the bravest and best seamen in the navy."

Our captain colored up, but could not say anything. The barrister said, suddenly, as if putting a question: "You were coming home from foreign service—you and your husband?"

She almost started, looked at him, then answered steadily with her wonderful eyes on him: "Well, yes; supposing we were?"

"O, certainly," said he, with great politeness; "I have no right to put inquisitive questions."

"No more," she said, with a firm smile, "than you have to construct those reflectors of yours. Even my enemy here, Captain Magregor, wouldn't resort to that."

The captain was moody.

"You should say, ma'am, a captain of a Queen's ship; which, thank God, this is not. We have our own ways here; we don't want to take pattern by Queen's ships. A Queen's ship, ma'am, I can tell you, would not stop as I was fool enough to do the other night."

"No, indeed," said she, softly; "such kindness could not be expected every day."

"It must have been very perilous," continued the barrister, addressing her, "that coming on board in an open boat on a rough night. It required great courage," he said, looking round with a smile, "or great pressure and necessity. From Gravesend, I think you said," he repeated.

"Suppose it *were* Gravesend," she answered, with a smile which was not a smile of pleasure. "Would you like to hear," she went on, calmly, "my birthplace, names of relations, age next birthday, and other particulars according to a census paper?"

The barrister put up his hands to his face.

"Serve me right," he said; "a capital hit—well sent home, too."

"Ah!" said she, laughing, "I wish to hit nobody, provided they do not hit me."

"At any rate," said the barrister, "I have got a lesson."

But I don't think he had. For at tea that night he came up to the table laughing. "Look here," he said, "I am incorrigible. I belong to the law. So that is my excuse. You know the challenge you gave me about a census paper? Well, I have been working my head ever since, as I should do at a brief for the Vice-Chancellor to-morrow morning. May I tell you what I have found, provided I tell you how?"

The faintest flush of uneasiness passed over that piquant face, but she hid it by setting back the little cap. "Do as you please," she said, with a smile. "You know I am helpless. Captain Magregor here, who I thought would be my protector, is turned against me; so everybody is privileged."

"No, no," said he, vaguely. "It is you who went against me about the Queen's ship."

"The dirtiest, ugliest thing that ever sailed," she said; "badly managed—badly handled, I think you call it."

"Yes," said he, "that's the word. Not kept so clean as this, I'll swear."

"No, no, indeed," she said.

"Well, that's something," he said. "Now, what are this gentleman's discoveries?"

"First," said Mr. Colter, "you are married, madam, or were married, and your husband's name is Charles H. Arlington—a captain in her Majesty's 90th Regiment of Foot, now stationed at Chatham."

She almost started out of her seat, a strange wildness came into her eyes, with a dash of fury, as she bent over to the barrister.

"What do you mean?" she said, in a thick voice. Every one had been listening, and now turned to each other with surprise and wonder. In a moment her face had changed. She had burst into tears, and with her handkerchief to her face, she just uttered the words, "He is dead! how unkind!" and floated away out of the saloon.

Many reproachful eyes were turned on the barrister.

"Come, I say, Mr. Colter," said the captain, who had looked after her with much compassion, "this is going a little too far, I think. A helpless woman is no match for a clever lawyer. It ain't equal, you know. Poor soul!"

"'Pon my word," said the eager barrister, "I meant nothing—I really did not. It was a mere chance shot. I knew her name was Arlington. So I looked in an Army List."

The next morning when the wind had again freshened, I went very early upon deck. It was a cool, delicious morning, and the vessel was bending through the waves with a sharp breezy decision that is always very acceptable. It was about seven, and I was sure I should have the deck all to myself; but, to my surprise, there was the captain leaning against the mainmast, with a lady in a little hood talking to him. I knew both hood and lady. Presently they began to walk about, and the captain pointed out this "stay" and that rope. In all these things she seemed to take an eager interest, and, I could see, was asking all sorts of questions, which he answered very readily, and with great alacrity and pleasure. Then he came towards me and explained the compasses, and then she went to the very end of the vessel, where she stood up on the forecastle in the breeze, and looked down on the hissing waters with more courage than, perhaps, I could have done, and looked like a statue. I was leaning on the side of the vessel, looking at her in this attitude, when I heard a voice close at my ear: "A fine morning." It was Mr. Colter, the barrister.

"I thought we should have the deck nearly to ourselves," he said, and walked down towards the pair at the end. When the lady saw him coming, she jumped down. She said nothing to him beyond "Good morning;" but that was said with an air of defiance.

That day the luggage "wanted on the voyage" was to be got up—a grand ceremonial of unpacking for passengers, and a remarkably busy and amusing scene. Every one got up his trunk, and got out things which he could not or would not want. Still it was an amusement, and even playthings are welcome upon a voyage. Every one was unlocking and unpacking, even the great Chancery barrister, Mr. Colter, Q. C.

At dinner we were all in great spirits. The captain had given champagne, which was much enjoyed by the lady who sat near him. Her eyes began to sparkle, and she talked very pleasantly and with great animation. I noticed that Captain Magregor listened with extraordinary attention to everything she said, spoke very little himself, not even a word about his beloved ship.

"We deserve this," said the barrister, gayly, "after our hard work to-day. Excellent wine it is."

"You should drink, Mr. Colter, to our full and perfect reconciliation; and promise, over Captain Magregor's capital champagne, so kindly given, never to offend me any more. You must get rid of your animosity to me. Will you promise?"

"Certainly," he answered, merrily, "with all my heart. I am deeply penitent. I feel as if I had committed contempt of court, and had been told to attend at the sitting of his lordship to-morrow. Indeed, how could I feel anything but cordial good-will to a person about whom I am beginning gradually to know everything?"

"Know everything?" she said, a frown coming on her forehead. "You are beginning again. Now, I warn you!"

"Yes," said he, "but we have not drunk our champagne together yet. It is really the oddest thing. There must be some mysterious relation between us, for these things force themselves on me. Now, to-day, at the luggage, I found out your house and street!"

"Champagne, ma'am?" said the waiter.

"No," she said, fiercely, "I'll not drink with you. I'll have no reconciliation."

"Pray hear me first," he said. "Stay a moment, waiter; I saw a portmanteau swung up rather roughly (by the way, captain, a hint to your fellows would be no harm, they are only too willing,) when the side grazed against the hold, and half tore off a card. I saw it wouldn't stay on a minute, and really with the best intentions, though you won't credit it, took it off. On the face was your name, Mrs. Arlington, written in a very pretty hand. On the back was, 'To be left at Captain Arlington's, Grove Villa, Chatham. Seven and sixpence to pay. 11 | 6 | 63.' (You know the odd way they write that.) The very day before our vessel sailed. Obviously the trunk-maker's bill for a lock or repairs."

She almost ground her teeth, and the wine shook in her hand.

"You will not stop till you get a lesson," she said, grimly. "I am not a woman to let myself be persecuted. I can do nothing myself; but if I ask other gentlemen"—and she looked at Captain Magregor—"I am sure they will help me. Perhaps the next thing you will tell us at dinner, that you have opened my little trunk, and searched it."

"I think," said Captain Magregor, who had been appealed to, "you might let this lady's affairs alone. If we have barristers aboard, I don't see why we need have barristers' ways. In fact, now, as captain of this craft, I tell you plainly, Mr. Colter, I won't have it. I have authority here, and I must require you to give over prying into this lady's business, or looking into her trunks and that sort of thing."

He looked to her, whose eyes turned to him with speechless gratitude. There was a silence. Half the table heard that speech. Mr. Colter drank a little wine, then called in a clear voice to a gentleman a few places from him—

"Mr. Wilson! you were next me to-day when a portmanteau came out of the hold with a card hanging to it. Would that card have dropped off at a touch?"

"At a touch," said Mr. Wilson.

"Did I save it from dropping back into the hold?"

"You did," said Mr. Wilson.

"Who was it first perceived that there was writing on the back?"

"I did, certainly," said Mr. Wilson. "In fact, I remarked it as the trunk came up."

"There!" said Mr. Colter, calmly. "So much for looking into this lady's trunks. As for my remark yesterday about the husband of this lady, I looked, out of the merest idle curiosity, to see his rank and regiment, in an Army List—"

"An Army List!" she repeated, starting.

"Yes," he went on. "An Army List *of the present* month, and this is only the seventeenth, and I found him there. But that, of course, must be a printer's error (these things are edited so carelessly,) for I think we understood you to say your husband is not alive?"

"Never," she answered excitedly. "I said I was afraid he might be dead or dying, as I left him very ill."

"Then I mistook," he went on. "Now I put it to our captain, a brave man, and one of the best seamen going, whether he has not been a little rough with me to-day."

The captain colored.

"Well," said he, "perhaps I spoke too strongly, and perhaps you are right, Mr. Colter. You know I have great responsibility."

The look of anger and contempt the lady gave him was beyond description. She rose at once.

"I see you have deserted me," she said, in a whisper to the captain. "Well, so be it. I shall go on deck, and make the wind and the sea my friends. They, indeed, are faithful."

And she passed out. In about ten minutes the captain followed her.

The next thing we heard was that the captain had given up his own private cabin to the strange lady. She had come on board late, and had to put up with the worst accommodation. This inflamed all the ladies still more, but more particularly Mr. Colter, who said it was "an instance of singular partiality." That very day we saw an English brig bearing down on us with a signal of distress flying. This was welcome news to the passengers, and brought every one up from below with glasses, to share in the excitement. We slackened speed and let her come near. It turned out, after all, that she was only "short of water," which created quite an ill feeling against the brig, and sent down most of the passengers in disgust. The captain came aboard our vessel in his long-boat, and was presently surrounded by a group asking him all manner of questions, which provided a great subject of discussion at dinner that day. After dinner, Mr. Colter said in his gay way, "While you were all talking to the captain, I got hold of the steward and secured a couple of English newspapers. What do you say to that? I suppose no one ever thought of that: though there is not much news, except—except—indeed—" and he kept looking up and down the columns, searching for his bit of news, "one of the usual dreadful murders," he said. "Where is it?"

As he spoke, I was made to look up by an angry and impatient rustle opposite, and there saw the eyes of the lady fixed on him with such an expression of mixed terror and agony, that I was really startled.

"At Chatham, I think it was," he said; "near to your part of the world. So you had a lucky escape, Mrs. Arlington."

She was growing pale and red by turns, her hands were grasping the table with a clutch, and she half rose to go.

"Ah, here it is!"

"What do you mean by this?" she said.

He did not affect to see her, but I saw him steal a look at her.

"Why, you are not well," said Captain Magregor. "Take my arm, and come on deck."

"You won't wait to hear the exciting details?" said Mr. Colter. "Why, I declare, it's not at Chatham, after all. It was at Portsmouth. Yes, at Portsmouth. How stupid of me."

A curious expression of relief came into her face. "It was only for a moment," she said. "You know my poor husband is lying ill there, and these things happen so often."

"Ah, I see," said the captain.

"Was the murderer a sergeant—one Ridley?" asked a passenger.

"Yes! God bless me, yes!" said Mr. Colter. "How did you find that out?"

"Why, that all happened before we left England. I read it in the *Times* a week before. The fellow must be hanged by this time."

"Well, well," said Mr. Colter, laying down his paper, "after that, I give it all up. I am getting stupid. I may retire from the profession."

The correcting passenger laughed and received a step in rank on the spot, in respect, from his fellow passengers.

Meanwhile our captain never abated his attentions to the lady, though he grew more gloomy and moody every day. He had lost all his enthusiasm for his ship, and never talked of her in a boastful and affectionate way.

The next day a great dark steamer, homeward bound, came in sight, which the captain, eagerly getting his glass, and making the lady who stood near look at, pronounced to be one of the Cunard vessels. As it drew near, all the passengers got out their letters, which, after a short parley, were sent on board; and it steamed away out of sight. This was a real incident, and was talked over eagerly and noisily at dinner, Mr. Colter, to whom the captain was very cool and yet very submissive since their little discussion, quite taking the lead. "Such a mail as went on board," he said; "all of us writing home to our fathers and mothers, daughters, wives

and husbands. By the way," he went on gayly, and with his eye on the lady, "I didn't see you give a contribution, not a line, to that poor husband in the barracks at home, sitting in his bare room, coming back from their dull mess."

She colored. and again that fierce contortion of impatience came into her face. "How do you know?" she said, "Is the next thing to be that I am to show you all my letters before I post them?"

"God forbid," he answered laughing, "if I had to read or look at ladies' long letters. No, no, Mrs. Arlington, only, as I always tell you, you are quite a study to me." He laughed again. "But, come now," he went on, half addressing those near him, "I *did* remark that Mrs. Arlington missed the post, or did not know there was a mail going, and thus lost such an opportunity of writing to her husband. It was very unlucky."

Some of the passengers looked one at the other, for, by this time—and really in part owing to these hints of the barrister—a sort of mystery of suspicion began to get among them about this lady. A little passage that took place between them a couple of mornings later "intrigued" us all yet more.

"I am hungry this morning," he began, addressing the company as usual, "and do you know who is the reason? No one would guess, I am sure. Mrs. Arlington, *you* are the reason I am hungry. What is this, fried collops? Yes, Mrs. A. is the reason." Again she was in great confusion.

The ladies' eyes were upon her. "Now for the explanation. Mrs. Arlington spilt some of my chocolate this morning. I think you did it on purpose. The steward was carrying it in (I always have it at home, and I must say the lad makes it *nearly* as well as my own man,) and Mrs. Arlington here ran against him, spilt some of it, and the poor boy brought it in afterwards to my cabin, and wanted to know if he should make more. Of course, I said no. But I didn't even take what was left."

The public were a little disappointed at this story, which they could not follow. The only thing they enjoyed was her really helpless state of confusion and terror. And after that morning the impression still more evidently prevailed that there was something very odd about the strange lady. Later we all knew the signification of this chocolate story.

Meanwhile, her conversations with the captain increased. That Scotch young seaman seemed to be losing gradually all his heartiness. To Mr. Colter he was civil, but moody and distant. It was remarked that the lady used to get up early now, and was sometimes found by a curious passenger sitting, at perhaps seven in the morning, with the captain.

The *Promised Land* had now been some seven or eight days out, and with fair weather. We were all getting tolerably well shaken down into the ship, as Mr. Colter said. This eighth day was remarkably fine, with a bright sun out, and the one or two always sick passengers came creeping out of their berths to get a little fresh air and sun. Poor souls! Every one was happy, but the only curious thing was the behavior of the captain, who all the day long had his powerful double-glasses to his eyes searching the horizon far and near. This at first was not attended to; but, as he continued anxiously at this all the day, even sending men to the masthead, and keeping a little boy there till he nearly fell off, people began to wonder, and then to ask. The first to take notice was Mr. Colter: "Not looking for land, surely?" he said, with a smile. "I made up a reckoning with the mate, and we are in latitude so and so."

The captain answered him roughly: "I can look through my glasses, I suppose, without having to give an account of myself, Mr. Colter? We leave our witness-boxes at home on board this ship." And walked away down to the cabin to the lady; then came up and spoke to the man at the wheel. It was now about five o'clock, and time for dinner. Mr. Colter, who was very friendly with the mate, and talked a good deal about the ship and her handling, now walked over to take a look at the binnacle before going down. "Why, look here, Cobbett," he said, "we're taking a bend out of our course. Eh? What d'ye say?"

"Yes, we are, sir," said the mate. "What's this, Jim?"

"Cap'en bid me keep a quarter-point or so to nor'ard," said the steersman.

"Very odd," said Mr. Colter.

"I don't know what's coming over the cap'en," said Cobbett, thoughtfully. "I think," he added cautiously, "he's now after one of the Haver liners (so he pronounced it) for New York, which we should meet about here. That's what's at the bottom of it, sir. I suspect he wants news or something."

"O, indeed," said Mr. Colter, and went down to dinner. At this meal the captain and lady were both restless, and spoke little. Mr. Colter was cheerful. When it was nearly done, a steward's boy came in, and whispered to the captain, who got up hastily, and went on deck. This motion excited curiosity. What could it be?

After dessert had been put on, Mr. Colter, wiping his mouth with his napkin, said gayly, "I really must see what it is all about."

"Ah, you may see and see again," said Mrs. Arlington, with extraordinary fierceness, "but you will not find out much, or be able to *interfere* much *now*."

"I?" said he, good-humoredly. "Not I, indeed. But a little walk on deck can do no harm." He went up, and presently many followed, for curiosity is stronger than wine.

The evening and the half darkness had come on. The skylights over the saloon looked like gorgeous illuminated globes. The sea was fresh, and cool, and blue, and the moon, seeming to be out a little before its time, was shining. Many faces were looking out to the one point where there was a black patch, and a twinkling red and green light growing larger every moment. Many fingers pointed it out to each other. "See the Haver packet!" said Cobbett, coming up to Mr. Colter; "we're out of our course by three hours. Nigh on forty mile! Only think! Of course it's his affair, and he'll see what the owners will say."

The captain was on his paddle-box, giving orders.

"We're going at full speed, you see," said the mate. "She's a faster boat, and won't lie by for us. The French skipper knows *his* dooty to *his* company."

"O, I see," said Mr. Colter. "Where's Mrs. Arlington?"

She was in her cabin. By and by some boxes were coming up from the hold. Presently she herself came up, dressed in her shawls and cloaks, and with all her baskets and packages. "I see," said Mr. Colter again.

"Perhaps you do," she said; "but not for much longer. I am going at last to be set free from your insolent and unmanly persecutions. This kind captain is going to put me on board that vessel which is bound for New York."

By this time a knot of leading passengers had gathered round, listening with wonder. We were gradually drawing nearer to the vessel. The captain was coming down from his paddle-box with triumph.

"We shall overhaul her yet," he said. "They have seen our signals. They are getting out the boat so as to have it ready. They have stopped at last."

He was turning to go, when Mr. Colter, suddenly changing his habitual jocular manner, said: "Just a word with you, captain, before you move in this matter."

He took him by the arm, and led him away down to the end of the vessel, the captain going sulkily. Mrs. Arlington was very restless during this interview; but she looked very often towards the dark French ship.

In a moment they both came back. The captain was very excited.

"I'll not listen to you, sir. You should be ashamed of yourself. I shan't move in the business, or listen to such calumnies."

"Brave and gallant protector," she said, taking the captain's hand. "I knew I had a friend who would stand by me."

"Then you force me to appeal to the passengers; and to them I *shall* appeal."

"You would not be so cowardly—so cruel," she said, half imploringly.

"I shall tell them what I know *and can prove*, as soon as we touch land. I shall tell them that this woman—"

"Tell what you like," said the captain, doggedly. "Here's the vessel, and go on board she shall."

In fact we were now drifting up beside the great black figure of the French steamer, breathing and blowing off the steam like a tired horse. The men were in the boat, and the trunks were about being swung over the side.

"Well, then," said Mr. Colter, "if you won't listen to reason, I shall go too. New York will be very pleasant, and *we have an extradition treaty with that country*."

There was a pause. The two stood looking at each other, the lady trembling and breathing hard. The voice of the French captain was heard through a speaking-trumpet.

"Well, then," said she, with a sort of dreadful smile; "since you are so positive in the matter, I suppose you must have your way. I am very sorry to have given these foreign gentlemen all this trouble; but it is better to submit than to have a scene. I shall never be able, Mr. Colter, to repay you for all your intrusive kindness."

She hurried down again to her cabin, but her last look at the barrister was one no one could forget.

The vessel was put on her old course.

For some days more the voyage continued. Still the lady did not come into the cabin for meals. "I have given her leave," said the captain, ferociously. "I suppose I have *that* power aboard my own ship, and I'd like to see the man that will dispute it."

"So should I," said Mr. Colter, smiling. "Poor Jack would be laid in irons, and properly so. The law gives you full power, cap'en, to a certain extent. *We must all support the law*, cap'en. The legal theory is, that the deck of every English vessel is a portion of the British soil."

The captain answered nothing. It was the last day. We were to be off the coast by evening. By evening we were off the coast, near a tongue of land and a lighthouse. But it was nearly dark. Passengers were all in excitement. A splash of oars was heard alongside, and the Customs officers, one green-looking men in brigand hats, came on board. They went through the usual business. To our surprise we heard Mr. Colter talking, in what was apparently excellent Spanish, with the leader of the party. The leader was very obsequious, and touched his hat often. Mr. Colter gave him a letter as the boat went away—two were left behind in charge of the vessel.

Colter was now regarded as a being of mysterious power.

About nine that night (we were all to land in the morning) another boat was heard coming alongside, and a gentleman came up the side, who in English asked the captain to see Mr. Colter. The captain asked his business a little gruffly. "I am the consul here," said the other.

Mr. Colter, who was smoking, came up. The consul took off his hat. "I hope Lord Boxminster is well," he said, obsequiously. "His lordship wrote to me by the last mail. We shall do everything we can for you, Mr. Colter. Would you like to come ashore to-night and sleep on dry land—at an hotel? I can manage that."

"Well then, do you know, I should," said Mr. Colter, gayly. "I have, however, a few little things to put together first."

"Hope you enjoyed the voyage," said the consul.

"Well I *did*, since you ask me," he answered. "It has really been like Westminster Hall all the way. I suppose you can give me half an hour?"

Half an hour after that he came into the saloon muffled up to go. I and the captain were the only people there. "Good by," said Mr. Colter, good-humoredly, "for the present. It seems a little invidious my being the *only one allowed to go ashore*, but I shall be back in the morning. Good by."

"And what legacy do you leave behind?" said a woman's voice close by. We looked up, and saw flashing eyes, and distorted features, and a quivering lip.

"Good gracious!" said Mr. Colter.

"What legacy? I say," she repeated; "a noble, manly, and chivalrous one! You a gentleman? No; I will tell you what you are—a miserable spy, a common detective! God forgive you."

"What strange language!" said Mr. Colter, looking round.

"If I was a low creature I would curse you," she went on, in a fury; "I would pray—as I will pray to-night—that the boat which takes you to shore may open, and sink to the bottom. You mean, unworthy spy, you! You mouchard, you! You crawling, creeping, sneaking spy; this is th dirty work *you* love! Curse you, I say!"

"What language!" said Mr. Colter, not in the least disturbed.

"What have I done to you? Why did you fasten on me from the beginning of the voyage—a poor woman that did you no harm—tell me that, eh?"

Mr. Colter suddenly became grave. (It was a curious and most exciting scene; the yellow oil lamps of the saloon playing on her face.)

"Since you ask me," he said, "I shall tell you—something, at least. Young William Arlington, your husband—*that was*—"

"Was?" she repeated, faltering.

"—was the son of a very dear friend of mine. I knew something of his history—how the foolish boy had been entrapped into a marriage at Boulogne with a sort of half French woman, that no one knew anything of, and about whom there were strange rumors. Now, Mrs. Arlington?"

"False, false—every word of it," she said, furiously.

"We shall see," he said, gathering up his coats and shawls. "I shall not appear much more in this business. Others will look after it. Sorry no one else is allowed on shore. Good night all."

She gave a half shriek, and shook her hand at him. May that boat of yours sink you, sink you, sink—"

She stopped herself, and rushed back into her cabin: for stray passengers were looking out in wonder. I could not for a long while get rid of the dreadful idea of her appearance as I saw her then.

In the morning—a beautiful bright morning—we saw the fine, gorgeous coast quite clear. But to my astonishment there were police in the Spanish dress on the deck, talking with the captain, who was very excited. And the English consul was there too. The passengers were all gathered on the deck, and whispering.

At last the captain went down, and two of the officers. He came up in a moment, with a wild, scared face.

She was in her cabin; but it was fast locked. No one had seen her. No one could see her, or ever did see her again. That deadly look given to Mr. Colter proved to be the last look she gave to mortal man. When the anxious captain had at last her cabin door forced, she was found lying in her berth quite dead and cold; and the ship's doctor pronounced that she had died of poison.

When the English newspapers got out to the Brazils, we all heard of the dreadful Chatham murder of a young officer who had married a half French milliner against the wishes of his family.

The murderess, the papers said, had got away—it was believed in a Brazilian packet;—but hoped, according to their favorite phrase, that "the officers of justice would soon be on her track."

Mr. Colter made the return voyage successfully, and much improved in his health, and is now the well-known Sergeant Colter, who stands next for Solicitor-General.

NOBLE SISTERS.

"NOW did you mark a falcon,
Sister dear, sister dear,
Flying toward my window
In the morning cool and clear?
With jingling bells about her neck,
But what beneath her wing?
It may have been a ribbon,
Or it may have been a ring."
"I marked a falcon swooping
At the break of day:
And for your love, my sister dove,
I 'frayed the thief away."

"Or did you spy a ruddy hound,
Sister fair and tall,
Went snuffing round my garden bound,
Or crouched by my bower wall?
With a silken leash about his neck;
But in his mouth may be
A chain of gold and silver links,
Or a letter writ to me."
"I heard a hound, highborn sister,
Stood baying at the moon:
I rose and drove him from your wall,
Lest you should wake too soon."

"Or did you meet a pretty page
Sat swinging on the gate:
Sat whistling whistling like a bird,
Or maybe slept too late:
With eaglets broidered on his cap,
And eaglets on his glove?
If you had turned his pockets out,
You had found some pledge of love."
"I met him at this daybreak,
Scarce the east was red:
Lest the creaking gate should anger you,
I packed him home to bed."

"Oh patience, sister. Did you see
A young man tall and strong,
Swift-footed to uphold the right,
And to uproot the wrong,
Come home across the desolate sea
To woo me for his wife?
And in his heart my heart is locked,
And in his life my life"
"I met a nameless man, sister,
Hard by your chamber door:
I said: her husband loves her much,
And yet she loves him more."

"Fie, sister, fie, a wicked lie,
A lie, a wicked lie,
I have none other love but him,
Nor will have till I die.
And you have turned him from our door,
And staboed him with a lie:
I will go seek him through the world
In sorrow till I die."
"Go seek in sorrow, sister,
And find in sorrow too:
If thus you shame our father's name,
My curse go forth with you!"

[*Christina Rossetti.*

HINTS ABOUT HORSES.

THE following article by Cornelius O'Dowd appears in one of the English magazines. It is a review of a work entitled *The Handy Horse-Book*—written by a cavalry officer—which is certainly worthy of an American reprint.

OF the things on which all people imagine they can talk, and yet of which the number who really know anything is very small, the horse is most conspicuous.

It has been said that every man in England "thinks he can drive a gig," and the misfortune is, that the delusion is not merely the error of an excessive conceit, but is part and parcel of that intense snobbery which runs through the national character, making a man estimate the possession and the management of a horse as an evidence of a certain social status, and advancing his familiarity with equine matters as the surest test of his rank and condition.

This pretension would be laughable if it had not its grave aspect in the fearful catalogue of accidents it has led to. Of these we read in almost every newspaper, fearful records as they are of gross ignorance and grosser self-sufficiency. Strange as it may seem, there is no country in Europe in which the taste for horsemanship is stronger than in England, and yet in which the horse as an animal is less studied and understood.

One of the most popular errors is to attribute too much to the rider's own skill—that is, to place more to the account of the man than of the horse, and to ascribe the brilliant display of a successful run to the horseman, and not to the animal he bestrode. Now I am very far from disparaging judgment or "hand"—probably my error would be to accord them more than their due; but I think our tendency is generally to ascribe far too much to the man, and too little to his horse. In cross-country riding, the horse that knows his work will always do it best with the least interference. When men talk of sparing their horse here, and making play there, they are simply usurping the credit of that judgment the horse himself will employ. You may choose the part of the fence you wish your horse to take, but he'll take it himself in his own way far better than any suggestion of yours could intimate to him. The horse too, will "take off" before his leap with far greater accuracy if left in a measure to himself; and in the measure of his stride, as he nears his fence, the animal will be guided by the amount of effort he is called on to make. I speak of course of a well-trained horse—a hunter; not of those fiery reckless animals that breast their walls and flounder into their double ditches, and to ride which is a harebrained a feat as a man can well perform.

The great test of good riding is the "consent"—the spirit of union established between the horse and his rider—the intuitive knowledge of what your horse can do being joined to your own power of conveying your wish to the animal. That attained, there is no more to be gained. This is not every man's gift, still rarer is it every woman's. To have it a man must live much with his horse—know when he is good-humored, when angry, when his *amour propre*—and has he not *amour propre?*—is flattered, and when his pride is wounded. I have know a horse "shut up" from an ungenerous stroke of the whip, and refuse to go on. He must know when there is something wrong with his horse—when some passing derangement of health has occurred, or some inconvenience of a severe bit or over-tight girth has chafed him. What misery have I not seen a horse suffer, and what imputations on his temper have I not heard pronounced, because his bit had got beneath his tongue, or a nail in the pad of his saddle punctured his back?

I have seen a horse lie down and roll over to rid himself of the torture of a tight girth; and many a horse has been made a rearer by a coarse bad hand and a hasty temper. Nothing, however, more palpably displays the popular ignorance about the horse than the descriptions we read in our novels of horses and horsemanship. It would seem as if the writers not merely never rode themselves, but never had a friend or acquaintance who did ride.

People are fond of citing the old maid's husband as the type of all that is wildly imaginary and unreal; for my own part, I think I know of another type far nearer to everything that is out of nature. It is the horse that we find in Fiction!

Of all the creatures maligned, ridiculed, and calumniated of men, I do not believe that there exists anything to compare with this unlucky animal. His mad freaks, his wild exploits, his recklessness, his fury, his ungovernable passion, are stock themes, though, to be sure, they are occasionally balanced by his fidelity, his fondness, his love and his sagacity. He is made to do the most harebrained of actions at one time, and at another he is represented as calculating the cost of an exploit with the skill of an actuary and the craft of an Old Bailey lawyer. He can go for days and nights unceasingly, and at full speed, and never evinces weariness till the last moment, when he drops down suddenly dead. He has that general acquaintance with the characters of the tale that he is able to show his sympathy with the heroine, and his detestation of the wretch that persecutes her. If he never wants food, he is always ready to accept the most incongruous rations from the hands of his master or mistress; and by his general state of preparedness he suggests a secret suspicion in the reader's mind, that he knows how to saddle and bridle, and even shoe himself. Whyte Melville certainly understands a horse, and writes of him like a man who does so. Equally, too, Mr. Surtees, the author of *Soapy Sponge*, and other works of that order; he hits off the salient points of each particular style of horse in a way that no mere conventional knowledge could supply. You see that the man has ridden; but the majority of fiction-writers display the sort of ignorance that would set a group of stable-boys in a convulsion of laughter. The fact is, the author is not usually a horseman, or rather the horseman is not usually a writer. Your man of letters may bestride his stout fourteen-hand cob, and jog over the Downs at Brighton, or perhaps may steal along Rotten Row on a daisy-cutting canterer with a good character not to "shy;" but to mount a strong-boned, square-jointed three-quarter bred, with a light head and a powerful quarter, fully equal to fourteen stone, and fast in any country, and do him credit over a five-and-forty minutes "fast thing," you'll not hear of him at the Garrick, take my word for it. You'll find some gardeners, a stray cricketer, now and then a very tolerable boating man, amongst the writers; but there is a combination of qualities in the rider—I mean here the real horseman—not akin to the daily life and habits of the penman. Let no one quote Byron to me—he was a down-right bad rider; he rode mere hacks, highly trained, and he rode them without judgment, and ill. Scott sauntered about on a Highland pony and never pretended to ride. I forbear to talk of my contemporaries; but what a list of incapables could I give if I only threw off my reserve!

To find such a book as that whose title I have placed at the head of this paper is really a boon. It is the work of a man who knows his subject and likes it. He tells us, in his few words of preface, that it was from the frequent occasion he was called upon to answer questions and give advice to his friends on horse matters he was induced to commit himself to print. It is not often that the insistance of a man's acquaintance results so profitably for the public. In the present case, we have every reason to be thankful for the persecution. It is all that such a book should be—brief, intelligible, replete with sound sense, and a thorough understanding of what it treats.

His few words of counsel to buyers are excellent. But so long as the code of horse-selling honor is built upon the maxim of *caveat emptor* in every animal of price, no man should think of relying on his own judgment, for not merely are the diseases of the horse very numerous, but the ingenious devices to mask and conceal them are just as many; and "shoving off a screw," as it is jocularly called, seems such a venial offence, that there are many would do it with their best friends. In some regiments there is occasionally an understanding against this—in others I have known a free-trade in such rogueries encouraged. I remember poor old A. of the Queen's Bays, on a memorable election riot in Dublin, when the mob lighted large fires across College Green to arrest the advance of cavalry. A. alone dashed through the blaze in full swing of his gallop, while the whole leading file turned and bolted. "Splendidly done!" cried the Major. "What will you take for that horse? I never saw a horse face fire like him." "A hundred and fifty, Major," was the answer. "It took five years before I brought him to that." The bargain was made, and the secret of the five years' training only discovered in the morning—the horse was stone blind!

As to blindness, there are various diseases of the eye most difficult of detection—some, amaurosis for instance, not at all discoverable by any examination of the organ.

There is, too, an affection of the sight which renders the horse timid with respect to shadows on the ground, and which has no organic change in the eye by which it can be detected. The Germans call this "Bodheusheu." This curious affection belongs to certain breeds, especially Hungarian and Polish horses.

It is not a little singular how particular breeds of horses perpetuate certain defects—as we find, for instance, the Australian a buck-jumper, and the Mustang a roarer; and the Sardinian, which has an Arab cross, an irreclaimable biter. The Roman horse, too, except when ill, very rarely lies down; and, notwithstanding, it is most uncommon to find him puffed about the legs, or what is called "gummy."

There are in the little volume before us some useful hints about saddling:

"A saddle should be made to fit the horse for which it is intended, and requires as much variation in shape, especially in the stuffing, as there is variety in the shapes of horses' backs. An animal may be fairly shaped in the back, and yet a saddle that fits another horse will always go out on this one's withers. The saddle having been made to fit your horse, let it be placed gently upon him, and shifted till its proper berth be found. When in its right place, the action of the upper part of the shoulder-blade should be quite free from any confinement or pressure by what saddlers call the 'gullet' of the saddle under the pommel when the animal is in motion. It stands to reason that any interference with the action of the shoulder-blade must, after a time, indirectly if not directly, cause a horse to falter in his movement.

"*Girths.*—When girthing a horse, which is always done upon the near or left-hand side, the girth should be first drawn tightly towards you under the belly of the horse, so as to bring the saddle *rather* to the off side on the back of the beast. This is seldom done by grooms; and though a gentleman is not supposed to girth his horse, information on this as well as on other points may happen to be of essential service to him; for the consequence of the attendant's usual method is, that when the girths are tightened up, the saddle, instead of being in the centre of the horse's back, is inclined to the near or left-hand side, to which it is still farther drawn by the act of mounting, so that when a man has mounted he fancies that one stirrup is longer than the other—the near side stirrup invariably the longest. To remedy this he forces down his foot in the right stirrup, which brings the saddle to the centre of the animal's back.

"All this would be obviated by care being taken, in the process of girthing, to place the left hand on the middle of the saddle, drawing the first or under girth with the right hand till the girth-holder reaches the buckle, the left hand being then disengaged to assist in bracing up the girth. The outer girth must go through the same process, being drawn under the belly of the horse from the off side tightly before it is attached to the girth-holder.

"With ladies' saddles most particular attention should be paid to the girthing."

The author is perfectly right in his remark about the English habit of putting the saddle too far forward, a blunder which even our cavalry regiments occasionally commit. Such of our officers as have seen an Austrian cavalry regiment, or a Hungarian hussar regiment, will not have failed to be struck by the perfection of saddling displayed, not merely in the position of the saddle on the exact centre of motion of the animal, but in the admirable precaution adopted against sore backs. The Hungarian tressle leaves the spine so free that you could pass a cane between the saddle and the horse's back. I remember the arrival of a regiment, four thousand strong, in the Vorarlberg, with seven sore backs only, after eight days' marching. Our hussars in the Crimea were at one time almost disabled from this one cause.

Our author says, to make your horse change his foot in a canter, turn him as if to circle towards that side to which you require the foot to lead, he will use the foot forward that you wish, to support himself in turning. This is quite correct,

but it is not the usual English doctrine. Most people in starting to canter press the near side rein to turn the horse's "counter" to that side, and compel him to strike out "off-leg." The Bauchet system is directly opposed to this, and insists that the rein should be drawn on the side the rider wishes the leg to be advanced. Certainly in this way the horse's action is more true, because he goes perfectly straight.

It might be wished that one so conversant with his subject had referred occasionally to Bauchet; especially when speaking of the advantages of the dumb jockey. In all that relates to arching the neck, and giving pliancy to the muscles about the throat, "the flexions," as practiced by Bauchet, are a vast improvement over the coarser methods of our English trainers. I do not agree in what our author says about one being always able to "sit a kicker." I have had two in my life which I can pronounce to be strong exceptions to his rule. One was a racing mare—"Pauline"—who ran well for the Corinthian's, when the property, I believe, of Lord Howth; she could kick anything off her back that ever mounted her. I saw her throw herself, in Clarendon's Riding School, Dublin, with the dumb jockey, so complete a summerset that the central rod of the dumb jockey entered the ground up to the very pad, and held her there as it were impaled; and yet even this failed to cure her.

Dycer told me that he had sold her upwards of thirty times by auction. She was a great beauty, with fine action, and it was hard to believe on seeing her that she was unridable. I tried, like many others, and made a most "indigne" ending.

My other kicker was a powerful thoroughbred of grand and showy action; his plan was to plant his fore legs firm under him, *not in front*, hog his back, and kick till his croup would actually strike the rider. You might hold his head how you pleased, for he contrived to pivot himself on the fore quarter. For a while, perhaps, you might keep your seat, but as weariness came on, for it was no small fatigue, he was certain to throw you at last. With this horse, I believe, it was an attempt to relieve himself of the pressure of the girth, for, with merely a sheet and a loose roller, he went perfectly well.

Some foreign horses, "Polacres" especially, have a trick of rearing against any object that will support them, such as a wall or a tree, and striking at it violently with their fore legs. They rarely or never fall back, but they stand so nearly perpendicular that the rider's position is the reverse of pleasant. I remember once mounting one of these beasts, with a saddle provided with safety clasps for the stirrup-leathers, which accordingly gave way when the pressure became lateral, so that I slipped over the tail with the leathers and stirrups, and found myself sitting at the beast's heels.

There are some excellent remarks about shoeing, and the general care of the foot, in this little volume; but I would, with all deference to so high an authority, enter my dissent to his treatment of what is called "brushing" or cutting. The malady, in full nineteen cases out of twenty, is not a local affection at all, or in any way dependent on the foot—the source of the disease is in the mouth; it is from a horse having a "hard side" he travels obliquely, and so comes to cross his action and cuts. The first thing to do with a cutter is to examine if the bridle-rein of one side does not chafe the neck, showing that unequal pressure has to be employed. I have cured scores of cutters without ever altering the shoe or changing the nailing, simply by handling and making the mouth equal on each side.

I am willing to have my theory tested by any one who has a cutting horse, so fully persuaded am I that malformation has nothing whatever to do with the malady.

As to roughing in frost, let me also give him a wrinkle especially adapted to our climate, where frost is rarely of long continuance, and where, consequently, frequent changes of the shoe might be required—it is, to have the shoes made to receive two small "spuds" of iron in the heel, which are to be screwed in, and removed when the horse enters his stable. These afford all the security against slipping in frosty weather, and do not oblige the necessity of removing the shoe itself. It is the universal practice in many parts of Germany and along the Baltic, and in Canada. By this practice you will be able to resist those terrors of your groom's foreboding about "tearing the horse's feet to pieces," fresh nail-holes etc. Nor is it the least beneficial part of the plan I recommend, that the danger the author speaks of in the horse treading on the opposite foot with a frost-nailed and calked shoe, has here no existence, since the "spuds" are removed when the horse is stabled, and their place filled with two flat-headed nails even with the shoe.

I wish the writer had said a word about tips or half-moon shoes, which leave the heel free, and are an admirable sort of shoe where the horse has feet to permit it. I know of no such security against greasy heels, thrush, or fungus, as this mode of shoeing.

"Calking the hind shoes of the hunter on the outside quarter only," he justly observes, will give the "animal more confidence at his fences and on landing." This, however, is also a question of the "ground," for in wet spongy soils the horse will receive no assistance from the calks.

Indeed, all advice with regard to hunters must have an especial reference to the country they hunt over. The very conventionalities of the hunting-field will show this. What would be said in Leicestershire, for instance, of the old Galway habit, which obliged the man who first cleared a fence to "call the ground," as it was termed?—that is, he should announce whether he had lighted on grass, or bog, or granite, or shingle, for the benefit of those who came after him.

There is a story of old Dudley Perse of Roxborough, a bold rider and a keen sportsman, who, after taking a high wall, completely disappeared, there being a "drop" of double the height. When Lord Gort cried out, "What's at the other side, Dudley?" the answer was, "*I* am, thank God!"

I cannot part with our dragoon without entreating him in the next edition of his admirable book (and it will see a dozen, or I know nothing of pig-skin) to let us have a chapter on the caprices of horses, their strange likings and dislikings, for they are in this respect very singular creatures, and well worth study and attention. Much of what is called restiveness is nothing more than the effort of the animal to express some inconvenience he desires to have removed—a strap that annoys, or a billet that hurts him; nor is it a little singular how far association of ideas will influence the horse; and the place where he has been relieved, and the man who relieved him, be remembered gratefully for a long time.

Some such circumstance, I have no doubt, had its effect on a cob I once possessed, and who was very difficult to mount, but stood motionless if his fore feet were placed in water. If it could be traced, I feel certain that the animal recurred to some time and place where the cold water about his feet had given him relief from pain.

It is not necessary I should follow our author into the medical portion of his treatise. I have looked through it, however, and find it like all that precedes it—sound, sensible, and easily understood.

For "clap" of the back-sinew, or break-down, or indeed any lameness that results from sprain, the Austrians use a simple application I have seen highly beneficial. It is to make a paste of the common marl with vinegar, and anoint the whole limb. The quicker drying of the inflamed part will at once direct you to the true seat of the mischief; but, besides this, the application is the best and most equable form of bandage, and may be suffered to remain several days without renewal.

Let me also advise a remedy for sore back. When the disease has proceeded to ulceration, and produced one of those sluggish, ill-conditioned ulcers, with flabby granulations, and an ichorous discharge, my remedy is lint steeped in warm "gum elemi ointment;" the ointment to be heated in a spoon over a candle, and the lint well soaked in this, and inserted into the sore. I have known more progress effected by this dressing in one week than by three months of other treatment.

If the author of this volume will accept any of these suggestions for his next issue, they are heartily at his service, being the only recompense in my power for all the pleasure and instruction I have derived from his volume.

"Waterfalls" of Heathen Origin.—Our lady readers may be surprised to hear that the present styles of wearing the hair in nets were practiced by the wild Karens in Burmah, more than thirty years ago. In a letter which Dr. Judson wrote, thirty-four years ago, he said: "On one Karen lady I counted between twelve and fifteen necklaces of all colors, sizes, and materials. Three was the average. Brass belts above the ankles; neat braids of black hair tied below the knees; rings of all sorts on the fingers; bracelets on the wrists and arms; long instruments of some metal perforating the lower part of the ear by an immense aperture, and reaching nearly to the shoulder; fancifully constructed bags enclosing the hair, and supended from the back part of the head, not to speak of their clothing, constituted their fashion and the ton of the fair Kareneses."

Success versus Skill.—It is told of the late Sir Astley Cooper, that on visiting Paris he was asked by the surgeon-in-chief of the empire how many times he had performed a certain wonderful feat of surgery. He replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times. "Ah, but monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty time. How many time did you save his life?" continued the curious Frenchman, after he had looked into the blank amazement of Sir Astley's face. "I," said the Englishman, "saved eleven out of the thirteen. How many did you save out of one hundred and sixty?" "Ah, monsieur, I lose dem all, but de operation was very brilliante."

"The success of 'Songs without Words,'" says the London *Fun*, "has of course suggested a companion series called 'Songs without Music,' by a highly talented author. They are to be sung, we hear, at a fanciful entertainment of the kind now popular, to be called 'Walks without Legs.' The author of this *mélange* is said to be one of our worst comic writers, and among its principal features is a variety of jokes without wit. As the entertainment will be especially adapted to audiences without sense, overflowing houses are expected."

Tom Thumb and the Yorkshireman.—A story is told by the *Illustrated Times* of a Yorkshireman who went to London especially to see Tom Thumb, and arrived on the night of his last levee, too late. In the dilemma he applied to an editor, to whom he had an introduction, to get him an interview. The editor took counsel with the colossal Paul Bedford, and Paul agreed to be "Tom Thumb" for the occasion. The Yorkshireman was then sent to his house. "Is General Tom Thumb at home?" asked the Yorkshireman. "Yes, sir," said the servant, who immediately ushered him into the portly presence. The Yorkshireman looked upon Paul Bedford, and Paul Bedford returned his gaze. "I beg your pardon," said the countryman, "there is some mistake. I wish to see General Tom Thumb." "I am General Tom Thumb!" said Paul, blandly. "You!" cried the astonished Yorkshireman. "Me! Sit down—sit down, dear boy, and take a glass of wine." "It is a swindle—a robbery—a do—an imposition!" roared the countryman. "What is?" asked Paul, innocently. "*You* are!" cried the Yorkshireman. "The bills say you are only two feet something high—that you only weigh seventeen pounds." "No more I do," said Paul, "*in public*; but I am in private here, at home, and taking my ease." "And—and your wife and baby?" stammered Roseberry Topping. "Just now they are out," was the reply, "and, therefore, of the size and weight described in the programmes. No one knows what we public characters go through in our anxiety to gratify our audiences. You see, during our levees we suffer so much from compression that we are obliged to resort to these means to restore the natural balance."

Singular Freak of a Fish-Hawk.—On Friday evening, about dusk, as we were passing up the Fourth avenue between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets, we noticed a large gull or fish-hawk poising himself, and oscillating with his grand wings outstretched over and near the roof of a house in East Nineteenth street, near the centre of the square. We stood and watched him for a few moments, for he seemed to be perfectly fascinated with the smoke or color of the chimney, and apparently laved himself in it with the greatest pleasure. Presently, as we gazed, he lifted himself gradually to some two or three hundred yards more of altitude, and then, after one slow circle, darted like an arrow at the roof. He must, of course, have dashed himself to death, but whether he went into the chimney, or broke himself upon the roof, we could not see. Certainly he did not rise again, and our conclusion was, as we walked away, that he had been decoyed to his experiment, by the odor of some savory mess of fish, which was arising from the kitchen of the house where he made such an unexpected call.—*Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.*

Education.—"Without education," says Luther, "men are as bears and wolves." Is it not the clearest duty, prescribed by nature herself, under silent but real and awful penalties, for governing persons in every society to see that the people, so far as possible, are taught; that wherever a citizen is born, some chance be offered him of becoming "a man," and not a "bear or a wolf;" and more care be had that the intellect of such citizen, which is the sacred lamp of heaven, and (in the truest sense) God's own "revelation" to him, be not left smothered under dark ignorances, sensualities and sordid obstructions, but made to shine for him, and guide his steps toward a good goal? This is forever the duty of governors and persons of authority in human societies.—*Carlyle.*

Miss Emma Hardinge, who lectured through California some time since, and more recently starred the Atlantic States, is now lecturing in England, upon "America." The London announcement says: "Miss Emma Hardinge has for some years past been lecturing in the United States on the great political, social, and religious questions of the day, and her efforts have been everywhere greeted by vast and most enthusiastic audiences. During the political campaign in favor of the re-election of President Lincoln, Miss Hardinge delivered thirty-two orations in thirty-eight days. She also spoke the famous New York oration on Lincoln's death. She speaks entirely extemporaneously, and is pronounced by the American press to be 'the most wonderfully gifted and eloquent of living orators.'"

The Lincoln-literature has lately received an addition from abroad, in the shape of a handsome pamphlet, which contains six hundred lines, more or less, entitled "Sur Une Gravure Stances. A Abraham Lincoln." It is not, as we might expect, a monody on his "taking off," for most of it was written—its author, J. H. Serment, tells us—in 1864, "Ce n'était donc pas un chant de triumphe, mais un cri d'angoisse et de sympathie pour une grande cause, en meme temps de confiance en son avenir." The immediate cause of the poem appears to have been an engraving from a picture by M. Biard, representing some fugitive slaves pursued and overtaken by planters' dogs on the banks of a river.

"The Best" is the title of a weekly paper soon to be started in New York.

NOTICE.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 17. 1866.

HOWE LONG? HOWE LONG?

TO expect in this decade—perhaps we should say decadence—statesmanship in the Senate, or to look for those master efforts of eloquence which once went forth to thrill every nerve of the nation, would simply be to prepare the ground and sow the seed for an incalculable harvest of disappointment. But in view of the shrewdness and smartness for which country lawyers are celebrated, it would seem that we might count with some certainty upon occasionally hearing a bad cause tolerably well pleaded.

Senator Howe, of Wisconsin, made a speech on the 11th of January last which is now being circulated as a campaign document by the opponents of the Administration. Nothing more illogical, we apprehend, has ever before been shot into that memorable dust-cart, the *Congressional Globe*. In the outset he attempts to prove that the doctrine of State indestructibility is an absurdity, supporting his argument by the following "parallel:"

"Sir, I believe the laws of Connecticut forbid murder. But if some near and dear friend of yours should be waylaid, and have his throat cut from ear to ear, and you should apply for letters of administration upon his estate, would you not be surprised after you had marshalled in the probate court the proofs of his death, to be gravely told by the judge, 'Sir, you are mistaken; your friend cannot be dead: the law forbids murder. The cutting of your friend's throat was clearly illegal, and therefore null and void?'"

In this attempt to be clever, the Senator succeeds very well in making himself ridiculous. His illustration does not at all apply, and, with Senator Howe's leave we will shape a better one: Suppose, sir, it were claimed that some near and dear friend of yours had been murdered—stabbed, perhaps, to the heart with an ivory paper-cutter. Certain parties proposed to take possession of his effects and commit him to the grave without further ceremony. Knowing that he wore proof-mail, which rendered him invulnerable against all attempts upon his life, you refused to believe that he was dead, and eventually whipped those who asserted that he was until they confessed that they lied. Now, the case is parallel. But having fought to prove that our friend was not dead, having established the further fact that he cannot be killed, are we ourselves to proceed on the assumption that he is? Are we to shut him out from all social and political rights in the future, enter upon his estate and administer it without permitting his voice to be heard, tax him without allowing him representation, or are we to assist him to rise, brush the dust from his clothes, and once more establish himself in the attitude of a man? The idea of Senator Howe, that having fought over the body of a friend to prove that he is alive, we should proceed to bury him the moment the battle is ended, scarcely seems consistent. He also cites the fact that suicide is illegal, pointing to the absurdity of saying that because illegal it cannot be committed. Here again he by no means goes to the root of the matter. From the outset the Union party has claimed that, aside from being illegal, the suicide of a State is impossible—and we have proved it. Does Senator Howe insist that we now deal with the States which have attempted it as though they had succeeded in accomplishing their object?

Great complaint is made by the radicals of the familiar language which the President made use of in calling Forney a "dead duck" in the course of a few impromptu remarks upon an entirely unofficial occasion. President Lincoln's homely jokes and little anecdotes for a long time furnished food for the animadversion of his political enemies. Nor do we know that Senator Howe can stand forward as a type of dignity in debate, for in a solemn speech in the Senate—it certainly is stupid enough to be the very concrete essence of solemnity—speaking of the Southern States, he says:

"Perhaps the most succinct and apposite term to be found in the American lexicography would be to say they were 'played out.'"

It must at least be conceded to President Johnson that he made no attempt to shoulder his "dead ducks" off upon American lexicography.

As a humorist, Senator Howe signally fails. His jocoseness over Lazarus and the solemn scene of his resurrection, fails to amuse us, though we notice that the customary "[Laughter]" at that point interpolates the speech as reported in the *Globe*. To the Senator's thinking, Lazarus stands forth in history as the prototype of the South. It is a little singular that while the Senator was in so happy a humor, with so favorable an opportunity ready to his hand, he did not offer a resolution in Congress censuring the Savior for not having kicked Lazarus after raising him.

Indeed, Scripture seems to furnish Senator Howe with his principal illustrations, but we are rather surprised at his awkwardness in selecting from so fruitful a field only the ones that tell against himself. An engineer may hoist himself with his own petard occasionally, but it is not incumbent on him always to do so. For instance:

"Mr. President, will any one tell me that in spite of all these acts there are many good men in those communities, men as true to their convictions as are to be found anywhere? Who doubts it?—Who doubts that Paul, when he threw Christians into prison, compelled them to blaspheme, gave his voice against them when condemned to death, and went snuffing on their track toward Damascus, was as true to his convictions as ever he was? But who believes he was then a suitable or a safe guardian for the disciples of Christianity?"

The sequel of Paul's experience does not seem to occur to the Senator, but without belonging to a Bible-class he might remember that Paul was tenderly entreated of Heaven, and that to the small still voice which fell upon him he yielded that obedience and faith which he would perhaps have denied to harsher measures. Had the other Apostles refused to accept his conversion, insisting upon keeping him standing out in the cold in an indefinite probation, it is not unreasonable to suppose that Paul would very soon have gone back upon his new faith and relapsed into his former hardness of heart.

In his attempts to borrow illustrations from other sources, the Senator is quite as unfortunate as he is in his raids upon the sacred pages. The light of the stars is not made to shed the brightest of rays upon his argument, when, in allusion to the renunciation of the right of secession by some of the Southern States, he cries:

"Yes, Mr. President, they renounce it as Galileo renounced the theory of the earth's motion."

A shrewd controversialist would hardly compare the renunciation of a dogma like the right of secession to the renunciation, under compulsion, of an eternal truth, since established, for it is not the duty of the gladiator to put weapons into the hands of his opponents. On the whole, we fancy it will occur to the careful reader of Senator Howe's speech that, were he on trial for his life, and without counsel, he would consider it a serious misfortune to have the Senator appointed to defend him, for, however slight might be the evidence against him, with such an advocate his conviction might be counted on to a certainty. We are surprised that *The Free American* could not find a better campaign document than the speech it has chosen to publish.

A VOICE FROM YUBA.

WE have always admired the Marysville *Appeal*. Dignified in demeanor, calm in controversy, able in argument, the *Appeal* is one of the few papers to whose request for an exchange we have yielded without the mental annotation that in journalism, what seems a perfectly fair exchange, is very often, in point of fact, a robbery. Wearied with the perusal of papers, pamphlets, and books wherein the tenets and traditions of the English language were monotonously adhered to, discouraged at finding that in most instances our contemporaries preferred to spell their words and construct their sentences according to the dicta of fusty old pedagogues—sticklers for the preservation of the purity of the language—it was pleasant occasionally to turn to the columns of the *Appeal* and learn that one journal at least had the courage to set all such canons at defience. Its excursions into the fields of historical research and political economy were little less interesting than its wanderings in the more flowery paths of *belles-lettres*, its discoveries and announcements in the one direction being nearly if not quite as overwhelming as its innovations were startling in the other. To assert, however, that Andrew Johnson in refusing to yield to the sway of Sumner, Stevens, and others of the mad radical wing of the Republican party, betrays the confidence reposed in him by those who elected him to office, scarcely seems in keeping with its frequent tacit declaration that a verb is not bound to agree with its nominative case in number and person; though the discovery that Secretary Seward is in reality no statesman, besides being ambitious to a degree which renders him unworthy the confidence of his party, is certainly no less ingenious than the accompanying discovery that party is one of those exceptional nouns ending in *y* which do not form their plural in *ies* according to the common rule.

Second to the *Appeal's* discovery of the incapacity and vaulting ambition of our Republican Premier, we incline to rank its blazon of its conviction that "THE CALIFORNIAN is edited by a Webb-footed Union man, with no political pretentions or ability." Setting aside the delicate stroke of wit conveyed in the foregoing phenomenal sentence, viewing it as a solemn statement rather than as *jeu d' esprit* begotten of country air and exercise; waiving the criticism to which the fastidious mind might think it open, upon the score of decorum, not to say decency—we will not even more than passingly point to the suggestive fact that a daily paper, which makes political pretensions, should know how to spell at least one of the words, and that the editor would not have impaired his reputation for political ability by saying "nor ability" instead of "or ability," while he would have secured by the change the advantage of having one grammatical sentence in his paper. Thus lightly we glide over the perilous waters of our contemporary's orthography and syntax, feeling so complimented at finding ourselves seated in the same boat with Seward that we prefer to maintain the seat at all hazards, confident that, if the worst comes to the worst, that pedal peculiarity at which the *Appeal* so wittily hints will enable us to swim to the shore.

In a late number of our valued contemporary, we find a paragraph apologizing for a very sensible article taking a view of the present issue between Congress and the President entirely different from that which the paper had before expressed. The temporary absence of the editor is offered in excuse. Of the goings and comings of the editor we know nothing definite, but we some time since came to the conclusion not only that the schoolmaster up there was abroad, but also that he was bent on a permanent emigration. However, it was not during the absence of the editor, we apprehend, that the list of journals which support Congress appeared in its columns. Leading off the list was the APPEAL in letters which shouted, followed by *Sacramento Union* in type that whispered to the sight. The mild egotism of that arrangement excited our unbounded admiration. For the Sacramento *Union* is a power. Deprecating the position which it took at the outset of the present issue between Congress and the Executive, regretting the bitterness and unscrupulousness with which it has waged the fight, we still concede to it the credit of having brought into play the heaviest editorial artillery yet arrayed against the Administration. The *Union's* guns are heard at Washington, but we question whether the *Appeal's* smooth-bore platitudes create much concussion in the air outside of Yuba.

AMUSEMENTS.

SATURDAY last witnessed the production of *The Seven Sisters* at the Opera House to an immense audience. The name of the fashionable ladies who turned out at the *matinée* was legion. But the crowning triumph was reserved for the evening. Amid the glare of countless chandeliers and gas-burners the seven sisters did disport themselves upon the stage, while the manager, unable for the crowd to get in at the door, stood in front of the theatre and indulged in pleasant visions of a run. Nor, we are happy to say, has he been disappointed. Every night during the week the house has been crowded, and the sisters could not have drawn better had they been seven devils. We do not intend to ruffle the composure of the illustrious manager by a single harsh criticism. Things have gone hard enough with him in the line of his profession lately without our casting a stone to ruffle the smooth sea on which he is now sailing. We may say of the piece that it is excellently put upon the stage and that the closing scene is a grand triumph of taste and effect. We have seen the same piece better played, certainly, but we question whether it could be better played by the same company. Courtaine as the lady devil is very funny, and Mrs. Edwin as the leading sister enters into the spirit of the part with real zest. She drills her Zouave army like a born dragoon. Thorne, who committed the mistake on the first night of dressing up for Dave Scannell when playing an author's part—the Chief has not yet published his Memoirs of the Fire Department—dressed himself properly on subsequent occasions and did the little that he had to do well. Leman, who modernized the scene in which the Sister States are introduced, proved himself to be nearly as mighty with the pen as with the buskin. Jackson, as the inevitable negro, kept the audience in constant laughter, the result perhaps of being himself in such excellent humor over a recent happy event in his family that he could not refrain from publishing the occurrence. Little Harry Jackson—one of the seven precocious wonders of the world—was capital, and if the last addition to the Jackson race be as clever as he, the fortune of the father is indeed made. This afternoon and evening, and probably all next week, *The Seven Sisters* will be played.

Last evening, the charming comedienne, Miss Emily Thorne, was made the recipient of a complimentary farewell benefit—*War to the Knife* and *The Laughing Hyena* constituting the entertainment. It is not always safe to prophecy, but in this instance there is no danger of making a mistatement in positively asserting that the house was a full one, since all the dress circle seats were gone in the morning. An excellent *cantatrice*, pleasant in voice and manner, never overdoing her part, and always up to its requirements, Miss

Thorne possesses all the elements of a popular favorite, and it is not at all surprising that our generous people turned out in such strength to give her a parting benefit.

At the Metropolitan, the Buislays have been busy with *Le Pied de Mouton*, or *The Sheep's Foot*, for ten days past. If anything may be predicted from the preparations, it will be one of the most gorgeous spectacular pieces ever produced in this city. A magic staircase, a ballet on skates—our managements generally let their ballets slide—eccentric wheels, dissolving views, fairies, demons, bats and acrobats—a perfect carnival of spectacle is promised. Miss Hinckley's shapely figure will appear vested in the most marvellous doublet and trunks; Mrs. Alicia Thorne—petite and pretty as a pink—is to have dances and songs to the audience's content, and all the ladies and gentlemen of the troupe, in fact, are suited with parts which fit them. Woodhull is added to the company, as well as Mme. Acosta and M. Weithoff—the latter is a famous skater. Monday night, the Sheep's Trotter will be trotted out, and long may it trot. This afternoon a grand matinee will be given, the comic pantomime of "The Country Apothecary," with the Buislays in their unparalleled feats, filling the programme.

At Hayes Park, to-morrow, a great balloon ascension is advertised. The balloon is christened *The Pacific*, and so large is it that two furnaces are necessary for its inflation. Ryland is the name of the adventurous æronaut, and "Come rise up, William Ryland," will be played by the band. It is not promised that Ryland will break his neck for the entertainment of the people, but, the chances lying in that direction, a great crowd will undoubtedly go out to see it done.

The Pacific Anatomical Museum still continues the favorite resort of those who wish to see themselves as others do not see them. Wonderful, wonderful indeed, are the works of wax! The soul that can wander among the physical curiosities which are revealed in this wonderful waxen world, without being wrought up to a pitch of enthusiasm by the sublimity of his surroundings, must indeed be dead to the beauties of nature and all the finer feelings of humanity. Smoothly as ever flows Dr. Jordan in his course of Sunday lectures.

Among theatrical *on dits* we may mention that Forrest is expected about the middle of next month, to open at Maguire's Opera House about the first of May. It is said that he will return to us Agnes Perry as his support. The seats will be sold at auction. The Menken is reported as due about the same time, but the movements of that eccentric star are not to be counted upon with any certainty. Whether Miss Emily Thorne will return East immediately or form some new combination or engagement for the entertainment of our public seems to be as yet uncertain. Mr. Charles Thorne proclaims an intention of going East very soon, but we rather fancy he will be persuaded to stay here a while longer. On the 10th of next month the Buislay family are up for departure, under the Platt management, taking with them Roundy and little Beneux—the latter displays a shrewdness beyond his years, or rather his size, and a proof of his capacity is found in the fact that to his care *The Sheep's Foot* is entrusted. Miss Hinckley threatens to go also on the 10th prox., but there is no telling what theatrical inducements to remain may not intervene. *The Enchanted Beauty* is underlined as the next spectacular novelty at the Opera House. Tibbetts, with his *Brown's Horse*, will return from Sacramento during the coming week.

NEW BOOKS FROM ROMANS'

BOOKS continue to multiply, reprints struggling with volumes written this side the Atlantic. In *Half a Million of Money*, Mrs. Amelia B. Edwards names a tempting sum, but it falls far short of the actual amount involved. The plot is a strange one, and yet in its details it scarcely has the air of novelty, for we recognize many old acquaintances. A whimsical old merchant died in 1760, leaving a fortune of half a million pounds, not to be divided among his three sons, but in trust, to accumulate for one hundred years, then to be divided between the eldest male issue of his eldest son and the city of London. At the end of the hundred years the money amounted to something more than four million pounds, so that the fortunate heir has reason to consider himself decidedly in luck. Brought up in ignorance of what is in store for him, he has no idea of the value of money, and on first coming into possession of it his time principally occupied in signing checks for his friends' use. The authoress conducts him through a course of club life, dispenses brandy-and-water and cigars as liberally as ladies always do in their *con amore* sketches of young men, but evinces decidedly more knowledge of her subject than most young ladies do. A rascally cousin has conspired to rob the hero of half his fortune, and this gives an opportunity for the introduction of a by-plot. Modern in scene, we finally see the hero fighting in Italy under Garabaldi; indeed there can be no complaint that the action of the book is not sufficiently varied and exciting. As a work of art less perfect than *Barbara's History*—by the same authoress—*Half a Million of Money* is still a most interesting novel and decidedly above the average. The English papers, however, say that she should have consulted a barrister before arranging the legal framework of the story, episode of the will, inheritance and all, turns out to be impossible in English law.

The Queen's Revenge, by Wilkie Collins, is a collection of stories and sketches by that author, most of which have appeared in English periodicals. All are good—many excellent.

Old New York; or, Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years, is written by the late Dr. John W. Francis. An old Knickerbocker, everybody will remember Dr. Francis as one of those good natured, bustling gentlemen found in all societies. Very kind-hearted and a general favorite, he went everywhere, knew everybody, and acquired a reputation for a great deal more talent than he actually possessed. Reading the volume before us—prefaced by a memoir of the author written by Henry T. Tuckerman—we can but remark how much pleasanter it is to hear gossip than to read it. Conscientiously we cannot say that we admire Dr. Francis' style as a writer.

The Criterion is a collection of essays by H. T. Tuckerman, published in very handsome form by Hurd & Houghton. The subjects are familiar inns, authors, pictures, doctors, etc. Tuckerman is a close observer and analyzes well, but his great fault is prolixity. He elaborates an idea too much, and attempts to spread it over too large a surface. If he only had as many ideas as he has words, he would be a most remarkable writer.

In *Principles of Education*, the author of *Amy Herbert* has produced a book which commends itself directly to parents. Of all sciences, the one of female education seems to us the least understood, and the most imperfectly practiced. Mr. Sewell professes to derive the principles set forth in his book from "nature and revelation," and we assure the reader that sound common sense was not left out by him in his consultations.

In *Poems Relating to the American Revolution*, by Philip Freneau, we are carried directly back to "the times that tried men's souls." While many were at work with sword and bayonet, Freneau was busy with his pen, cheering the soldiers as they marched to battle, and stirring their hearts around the camp fires at night by his patriotic numbers. Very few prominent events of the Revolution escaped the muse of Freneau, and he even lived to commemorate the incidents of the second war with Great Britain in 1812. The naval victories of Hull, Macdonough, Porter, and others, were celebrated by him in verse which excited emulation in all who sailed beneath the blue. In this degenerate and ungrateful age Freneau may be to a great extent forgotten, but it may be assumed that a poet from whom both Campbell and Scott condescended to borrow whole lines is not destitute of merit. The book is prefaced with an introductory memoir of the author by Evert A. Duckink.

It has of late been fashionable to abuse Tupper, but he has never excited our ill-will to the degree of saying cruel things about him. As a poet he is rather prosy, but he always inculcates the best sentiments, and young ladies may turn over his pages with perfect safety. As a novelist he is by no means bad. *The Crock of Gold* amused and interested us much—it was many years ago that we read it, and most novels were forbidden to our eyes. *The Twins and Heart* may be called companion tales to *The Crock of Gold*. If we remember rightly, the thesis of the latter story was "Thou shalt not covet." So in *The Twins* the author sets forth, very delicately, the sin and evil consequences of committing adultery; while in *The Heart* "thou shalt not bear false witness" is the reigning moral. We should not be at all surprised to see Martin Farquhar yet illustrate each of the commandments by a neat little novel.

We always take T. S. Arthur up with care and lay him down tenderly. There is so little of him that the mind is agitated by a terrible apprehension that he may break, dissolve, or in some way disappear. Eminent advocate of temperance though he is, we sometimes wish that Mr. Arthur would infuse a little spirit into his works. Or, if prejudiced against anything strong, why not give us water pure instead of milk and water. *The Lost Bride* is before us. We have not read it, and do not intend to, for man is not immortal. But we know very well what it is all about. A few couples meet each other in a sort of country cotillon, balance backwards and forwards, chassée, and talk twaddle to each other, all conducting themselves in a perfectly proper manner, until ten o'clock comes, when the lights will be blown out and the party dismissed with some parting injunction from the author similar in freshness and originality to that rather trite aphorism, "Be virtuous and you will be happy." Long since we succeeded in ciphering Arthur's stock in trade and general style down to so fine a point that now it is not at all necessary to read his stories.

WE think the true meaning of the President's "dead ducks" has not yet been reached. He simply intended to intimate that Forney was given to the circulation of short-lived *canards*.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

THOSE who have read attentively the police reports for the past five years, will remember one name which was of frequent occurrence—a woman's. It could be counted upon with regularity. The facetious reporter always had his favorite joke thereupon—no need that we repeat the oft told stale, for it is familiar to all. In this woman, too, the faithful policeman had a treasure. No matter how unproductive his round was, though he walked the street the night through without finding a single case of even incipient intoxication or mild larceny to report, he still had one resource. His reputation for vigilance need not be suffered to go by default in absence of an arrest. Let him turn to any of her familiar haunts, and he was sure to find MARY HOLT in a state which warranted her committal to the station house.

Regularly every morning her face was to be seen among the many in the dock, peering over the heads of the other prisoners like a bloated moon about to set after an all night's debauch. The charge against her was always the same, and her answer was unvarying. "Drunk in the streets, your honor." No special pleading was ever attempted by her—never did she attempt to deny or extenuate her offence. In the earlier part of her career she may have urged epilepsy as an explanation of the condition in which she was found, representing that fits ran in the family, and she was their victim. But, of late years, no subterfuge of that kind commended itself to her. Drunkenness had become her normal condition and sobriety was not expected, indeed, would not be believed, of her. To have appeared in Court with the assertion that she was sober would have been regarded as the very wildness of intoxication, the first whispering of delirium, and instead of a comfortable cell in common with a few boon companions in the city prison, or more solitary confinement in the county jail, an asylum would have become her home.

At times it has seemed that she was conscious that she had a certain reputation to sustain, and rather gloried in the consistency with which she sustained it. The Judge looked for her in the dock as regularly as he looked for the appearance of the bald head of his clerk at the desk below, and she never disappointed him. As his eye turned inquiringly in that direction, then resting satisfiedly upon her with "You here again, Mary?" her face would glow with something akin to enthusiasm and pride, a certain sense of duty fulfilled was visible in her attitude and seemed to creep into the accents of her voice as she answered with the semi-unconscious half-deprecating air of one who has done good by stealth and blushes to find it fame: "Yes, your honor." Then the Judge put his spectacles upon his nose, expressed in set terms his sorrow at the error of her ways with rather an approving air than otherwise, and spoke her sentence as though he were chewing comfits. Mary would then be led below, almost as considerately as though she were a Duchess; and glancing over at the reporters' table it was plain to see by the smile upon the features of the humorous member of that fraternity, as he sharpened his pencil and settled himself squarely in his seat, that he was preparing to rewrite his favorite joke.

But a slight mistake occurred on Saturday morning last, and the usual programme was varied. A vigilant officer, having no one to arrest, and knowing one locality to which he could betake himself with as much certainty of finding something as the schoolboy has when he dives into the burrow of his rabbit, bent his steps towards the particular sidewalk under which Mary was accustomed to sleep. Sure enough, he found her; unconscious to all around her—even unconscious, perhaps, that the whisky bottle by her side was empty. As usual he tumbled her into a cart and drove her to the Station House. It was on tumbling her out that the little mistake was discovered. She was dead. Three persons on that eventful morning were signally disappointed; the Judge who was accustomed to pronounce her sentence, the clerk who recorded it, and the reporter who was cheated of an opportunity to ventilate his favorite joke. The latter did indeed sharpen his pencil and jot down as the head-line of a paragraph, "LOST HER HOLT," but to his credit be it said that he blotted it out, and I do sincerely hope that in view of that one act of mercy, the Recording Angel will drop tears upon some of his many offences in writing them down and blot out a few forever.

On that Saturday morning, you see, it fell to the lot of another Judge to speak Mary's sentence to so many days below. And in view of the poor creature's miserable life and unutterably wretched death, and the many days she spent "below" on earth, I do hope that that last sentence was a short one.

INIOO.

H. M. HEUSTON, of the well-known firm of Henston, Hastings and Co.—whose name the observant reader has occasionally met with upon suburban walls—leaves for the Atlantic States and Europe in the steamer of Monday next. If the people about the Tuilleries do not see themselves advised by placards on the wall of the Palace to go to Heuston, Hastings, and Co. to buy their clothing, while travellers in Egypt find the same injunction staring them in the face from the blank sides of the pyramids, we have entirely underrated Mr. Henston's indefatigability.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

As Amended March 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper..$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right..... 05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand..... 02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100..... 05
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S. 02
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place..... 10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500..... 50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels..... 05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less..... 50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office..... 1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule..... 25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons.....10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50..... 10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part 25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such 25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100..... 05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y, 25
Certificates, other than specified..... 05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale..... 10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500.....1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse..... 50
Ganger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr. 25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons.....5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500..... 50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof.....1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries..... 10
To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1 00
For any other purpose..... 50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof..... 50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft, 25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property..... 02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000..... 10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs..... 25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid..... 50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record..... 50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100..... 50

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Maurice J. Dooley, Plaintiff, *vs.* John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton, her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, children of J. H. and Annie Moore; Helen R. Masterson Ord, and Pacificus Ord, her husband, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, Helen R. Masterson Ord and Pacificus Ord, her husband:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

In and by said complaint, the plaintiff prays the following judgment and relief:

1. That the said defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, and that all adverse claims of the said defendants, or either of them, may be determined by a decree of this Court.

2. That plaintiff be adjudged to be the owner in fee simple, in possession of, and lawfully entitled to the possession of so much of said Lot 77 as is first described in the complaint.

3. That the defendants, and each and every of them, be adjudged and decreed to have no estate, right, title, or interest of, in or to said portion of said Lot 77, legal or equitable; and that they, and all persons claiming, or to claim under them subsequent to the commencement of this action, be barred, and perpetually restrained and enjoined from asserting or pretending to have any right, title, interest, or estate of, in or to the same, and from making any conveyance thereof—other than to plaintiff or his grantees; and for such other and further relief as shall be agreeable to equity—but without costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District in and for the County of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. By James E. Ashcom, Deputy Clerk.

de23-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDICial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS B. VALENTINE, Plaintiff, *vs.* ERASTUS V. JOICE and ANDREW J. MOULDER, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Erastus V. Joice and Aadrew J. Moulder, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within the county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought that the Defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, &c., to certain real estate particularly described in the complaint, and to obtain a decree that the plaintiff is owner in fee simple absolute thereof, that said defendants have no estate, right, title, or interest therein or to any part thereof, that they be forever debarred and perpetually enjoined from setting up any estate in or claim said real estate, adverse to plaintiff—besides costs of suit and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal of Court. } By Jas. E. Ashcom, Deputy Clerk.
Int. rev. stamp. } B. S. Brooks,
de23-3m Plaintiff's Attorney.

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Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
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Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
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Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage.
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50.
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
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fe25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative.)
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig.)
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Radical.)
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church.)
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory.)

The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our late Civil War, and though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability, and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and party.

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CHARLES HENRY WEBB, Editor.

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AND THE

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EARL HALDEN'S DAUGHTER.

A BALLAD—A. D. 1400.

I.

IT was Earl Haldan's daugbter,
She looked ncross the sea;
She looked across the water,
And long and loud laughed she:
"The locks of six princesses
Must be my marriage fee,
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Who comes a-wooing me!"

II.

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She walked along the sand:
When she was aware of a knight so fair,
Come sailing to the land.
His sails were all of velvet,
His mast of beaten gold,
And "hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat,
Who saileth here so bold!"

III.

"The locks of five princesses
I won beyond the sea;
I shore their golden tresses,
To fringe a cloak for thee.
One handful yet is wanting,
But one of all the tale;
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Furl up thy velvet sail!"

IV.

He leapt into the water,
That rover young and bold;
He gript Earl Haldan's daughter,
He shore her locks of gold;
"Go weep, go weep, proud maiden,
The tale is full to-day.
Now hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Sail westward, ho, and away!"

[*Charles Kingsley.*

THE CONFESSIONS OF PUFF.

THERE are few productioas so attractive as confessions. Despite of all experience, the word "confessions" has a charm that few can resist. We know that of all the productions of an author, his confessions are probably the most unreal and the most romantic; and yet, in spite of all this—possibly because of it—confessions, although the most deceptive of books, are the most profitable of speculations; and when an author, hard up for material, boldly plunges the knife into his own bosom, and serves himself up with his own sauce, the public generally relishes the dish. A well-known Parisian journalist—if our readers will pardon the expression—has just cooked his owa goose iu this fashion, and has laid opeu the secrets of an organization which has flourished for a loag time amongst our clever neighbors, but to which the more matter-of-fact British genius has never aspired. The French man of business gives the English credit for being far ahead of his countrymen in the great art of advertisiug—just as every nation will readily cede to another the palm of diplomacy, however egotistic it may be on all other questions; and the common, clumsy advertisement, which every one knows to be such, passes in France by the name of *annonce Anglaise*. But the ingenious French mind does not stop there. In addition to the ordiaary *annonce*, the French press has its *réclames* and its *faits-divers*; which, put into plain English, mean puffs ordinary and puffs extraordinary; and the journal, from the official *Moniteur* to the lowest printed sheet, has its graduated tariff of mercenary enthusiasm, varying in price from a few *sous* to six *francs* a line. This system has been in opcration for many years, and it may easily be conceived how much it has done for the welfare, if not for the independence, of the French Press. One would have thought such a system sufficient to meet the wants of even "the most spiritual people in the world;" but genius cuts out new paths where ordiaary mortals imagine nothiag more can be done.

M. Villemessant came up to Paris, a young mau from the country, a good many years since, and seeing that the edifice of *Réclame* was not quite complete, he invented the crowning stone of the *Courrier*. He started a journal of fashion, called the *Sylphide;* and he tells very naively how he worked the new oracle, and who helped him in his labors. He says: "I set about finding a female chronicler of the fashions; not one of those *comtesses* or *marquises* of Carnival, whose titles are derived from the golden book of pseudoayms, but a real lady of the fashionable world; and I was lucky enough to put my hand on one of the true aristocracy of the empire, who signed her articles with the high-sounding name of the Duchesse d'Abrantès." The *Courrier* was, and still is, a list of the fashionable world—a mosaic of silks, satins, ornaments, and perfumes to be used by the upper ten thousand, cleverly worked up by a female hand, and coutaining special mention of the wares of those who were willing to pay the piper. M. Villemessaut says modestly: "I was unable to put together thirty lines of an article; but I was soon master of all the slides and strings, and no one knew better than I did how to to inspire a *réclame*, or to put my finger on the sensitive chord of the advertiser." Aad he gives us some amusing specimens of the products of his new workshop. Here we have an example of the *rèclame élégiaque:* "A Grisette's Legacy.—Last Sunday, the occupants of a house ia the Rue Saint-Honoré were in chase of a canary, which was flyiag about their premises, having come from nobody knew where. The pursuit was all the more eager from the fact that the hird had a piece of paper attached to its neck by a thread. At leugth the little creature was made captive, the paper detached, unfolded, and read. Its contents were as follows: 'Poor, ill, without work or any other resource, I know not what will become of me. I am only twenty; but I will not lead a life of shame! I have decided: all will be ended to-night. The ouly friend I have in the world is this little bird, which I set at liberty! I implore the person who may catch it to take great care of it. It sings so sweetly, poor little thing! Signed, Marie.' The bird was taken by M. ——, proprietor of the establishment of the Rue ——, who gave it asylum, and watches over it with religious care." This puff was duly exhibited beforehand to the proprietor in question, who was delighted with it; and the success was so great that he was compelled to buy a canary, and hang its cage up in the most prominent part of his shop. The shopkeeper had bought a hird that did not sing; and a seatimental lady who had read the sad story, said, "Poor litttle thing, it mourns for its mistress!"

M. Villemessant treats us to specimens of the *réclame á double détente*—in which two hirds are killed with one stone—and other wonderful examples of his uew art. He tells us that the perfumers, silk-mercers, and *modestes* bit like gudgeons, and that a fortaight after the *Sylphide* was started he had orders on hand for *rèclames* to the extent of many thousand francs. But he wanted a little ready money; so he picked out a great house, one of the retail silk aud calico lords who had never condescended to the *réclame*. With a bit of draft enthusiasm in his hand he approached the potentate—whose name, as well as those of his other clients, he gives at full length—and with a trembling hand he turned the handle of the door which led iuto the great man's sauctum. After a few preliminary remarks, the precious bit of copy was read; the great man, who had never advertised in his life, was so struck with the idea, and so charmed with young M. Villemessant, that a bargain was concluded at once, and the journalist departed with twelve hundred francs, twelve piles of five-franc pieces in silver, which M. Villemessant calls the columns of his new temple, safe in the depths of his breeches-pockets—famous ballast against the lightness of his heart.

M. Villemessaat tells some amusing anecdotes of the modesty of some of his clients. One perfumer was indignaut at being called in the *Courrier* the "*Demi-dieu* of Perfumes." "*Demi-dieu*," said the purveyor of sweet smells, "and pray who is the *dieu* of perfumes—M.- —— or M. ——?" Another client, a fashionable tailor, said: "I have a horror of a large amount of puffery; when you speak of me, say simply, *Le dieu de la Mode*—no more!" Could modesty go beyond that? M. Villemessant has started innumerable journals. If the *Sylphide* was his *hors-d'œuvre*, *Figaro* was, and still is, his *piece de résistance;* while the *Grand Journal* and the *Evènement* are recent additions to his bill of fare. He has worked the *réclame* in every possible form, and his *Courrier* has become a feature in almost every publication. He tells us how he introduced the new notion iuto the great papers; he went to M. de Girardin, whose journal, *La Presse*, was already on the high road of success, and whose device at that time was, "*A new idea every day.*" M. Villemessant's little proposition struck him at once; it was new, and promised to he fruitful. M. de Girardin closed with the proposal instantly, and said, "I will give you the *feuilleton* of *La Presse* once a week; you will do what you please with it, but you must take care that the matter is well manaaged. You shall give me a hundred francs a week, and pay me a month in advance." The money was paid next moruing; and then, says M. Villemessant, the next thing was to sub-let the apartments in the house he had taken. This, too, was soon achieved. One celebrated goldsmith—whose name is given in full—ordered twelve bits of interested enthusiasm, of from five to ten lines in leugth, at the rate of a hundred francs each; and before long, to quote M. Villemessant's own words, "I found gold on the very surface, and had only, as it were, to stoop—*me baisser*—happy expression!—to pick up orders." Many of these *courriers de modes* are written by ladies.

M. Villemessant has himself told us that his Duchesse was really a member of the *haut monde*, although she borrowed a title that did not quite belong to her; and he tells us how he seduced another lady of title into the business. The latter was, and is, a *marquise;* and was at the time referred to, living in such state that the pushing young maa from the country was quite dazzled when he approached the sanctum of the *grand bas-bleu*. The lady condescended to enter into the business, assuming a title below that which was hers by right, and the *courriers* of the Comtesse —— had immense success. The lady is well known and respected by all who move in the literary circles of Paris; she is not so young or so rich as she once was, but she is *spirituelle*, and has written some very clever books. We could name another *comtesse*—if we thought it polite to snatch the *loup* from a lady's face—a real, living, breathing, clever, laughing countess, who now wields the *courrier* pen in a well-known daily journal. These things are no secrets in Paris; but when writing in an English journal it is fitting to write as English journalists do, and so we leave to M. Villemessant the amusing task of unmasking the ladies. *Comtesse* has becoaie almost the universal title of those who chronicle the elegances of fashionable life in Paris; but all *comtesses* are not countesses—all are not even women; many a Comtesse du Carnaval wears a beard behind her mask. M. Villemessant does not hesitate to name at least one well-known journalist who has done, who perhaps still *does*, *courrier* work; who is, or was, not above taking a leasc of a literary apartmeut, and letting it out by the yard. It is an ingenious mode of doing immense service to others without self-sacrifice; and there is, of course, nothing exclusive or unfair in the matter, for the *Courrier des Modes*, like the London Tavern, is open to all the world—who can pay for its advantages. M. Villemessant confesses all these things, and many more, in his last new publication; and mentions in his confessions many names of living individuals and existing firms incidentally. We suppose this is a new form of *réclame*, possibly to become famous under the title of the *Confessional!* We do not think, however, that the new notion is so good as that which made the fortune of the modest young uian from the country, who signs himself H. de Villemessant.

A STRANGE WEDDING.—The St. Louis *Democrat* says that, a few days ago, Charles Moritz, a returned soldier, being anxious to marry and settle down, offered an acquaintance fifty dollars, provided he procured him a person of whom he might make a wife. The bargain was struck, and Moritz's friend and a few others determined to work a practical joke on the bachelor. They had a boy, dressed up in women's clothing, introduced to Moritz, who was pleased with the look of the bargain, and, arrangements being made to that end, a confederate joker married the pair, and received five dollars from the happy bridegroom for tying the knot. Moritz also paid over seventy dollars lor the wedding supper, and gave his bride a handsomc present in money. The sudden illness of a sister called the bride away from the wedding feast, and she did not return. Next day Moritz set out to hunt her ap, when he was told the whole affair was a farce. He did not regard the matter in the same light, and the parties to it are in jail for trial on a charge of swindling.

DURING all this clamor of Congress for severity towards the conquered States, the exhibitioa which a very large number of Congressmen made of themselves on the field of the first Bull Run will occur to a great many minds. Their scrambling was a sight to see. The Springfield *Republican* says most truly, that the men who put down the rebellion do not join ifi the demand for the further punishment of the Secessionists, but, "If there is a general who has never won a battle, a soldier who invariably skulked when fighting was to he done, a camp-follower who was ever on hand to plunder conquered towns, a civilian who was always ready to pour out the blood and money of everybody else to save tho nation—these are the men who are now eager to kick the prostrate foe and confiscate his valuables—these are the men who are continually making abortive attempts to arouse all hatreds and stir the popular heart to vengeance."

AT St. Louis, during the month of January, the different railroad companies ran four-horse omnibuses, loaded with passengers, across the ice-bridge of the Mississippi river. The event is interesting, as one which does not occur once in many years. There is no doubt that, if iron tracks had been laid, the steaai locomotives could have crossed with equal safety.

A WEDDING BREAKFAST was given by a substantial farmer, blessed with five daughters, the eldest being the bride, when a neighbor, a young farmer, who was honored with an invitation, thinking, no doubt, he ought to say somethiug smart and complimentary on the event, addressing the bridegrooiu, said: "Well, you have got the pick of the batch!"

SOUTHERN lawyers are reaping abundant pecuniary harvests by their charges in drawing up petitions in behalf of Southern applicants for pardon. One attorney, of South Carolina, has forwarded upward of one thousand petitions to the Attorney-General's office, for each of which he received the fee of twenty-five dollars.

M. SARDON, the French playwright, having recently had an interview with tho Empress Eugénie, at Compiègne was complimented by her Majesty, upon his efforts to ridicule the prevailing extravagance in ladies' toilets. The Empress said that she had tried, last winter, to set the example of greater simplicity of dress, and that she was determined to wear still more unpretending toilets this season.

LADIES.—We sincerely believe that you will be pleased and gratified with the tone and beauty imparted to the complexion by Davidson's Circassian Bloom. Sold by all druggists.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

To Poor Writers.—If you would learn to write a good hund, try the Babbittonian—the new system of instruction in penmanship. It is the cheapest and best. Purchase the forms, which will be the only instruction you need, and practice will make you an excellent pensman. Call on Warren Holt, Room No. 2, Mead House, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, and learn particulars. Read the following:

The Babbittonian system of Penmanship appears to me really to possess all the advantages which it claims in the above printed summary.

Rev. P. V. Veeder,
Principal of City College, San Francisco.

San Francisco, October 13, 1865.

The elements and principles of the Babittonian Penmanship seem to me valuable for their practicability and simplicity. I do not hesitate to add my testimony in favor of this system as one of the best in use.

J. C. Pelton,
Superintendent Public Schools.

State of California,
Department of Public Instruction,
San Francisco, Oct. 16, 1865.

To Whom it May Concern: I have carefully examined the Babbittonian system of Penmanship, and take pleasure in recommending it to teachers and others interested, as one which possesses many merits. Its cheapness is one of its more cordent merits.

JOHN SWETT. Supt. Pub. Instruction.

Taking Lessons from Us.—The English are beginning to evince a desire to learn how to read and write the English language. The dictionaries of Webster and Worcester have been republished in England, and are received by a large number of Englishmen as standard authorities for the languago. The Babbitonian Penmanship, an American system, has been republished in London and adopted by prominent seminaries there, and may possibly do away with some of the stiffness of style of writing still prevalent there. The New York *Times* remarks that the English first gave us a language, and taught us to speak and write; we give it back to them with interest, improved and made more useful to the mass of the people.—*Morning Call, Jan. 7th.*

To the Sick and Afflicted.—We can honestly recommend those who are suffering from diseases of long standiug, or from the use of mercury, to call at the Electric Medical Institute. The system practiced by Dr. Howard und his associates is the most sensible we have heard advocated. If there is anything that deserves the name of humbug, it is that which claims to cure every disease with one remedy or system. It would not be more ridiculous if Dr. Howard's Rheumatic remedy was advertised as a cure-all. In diseases peculiar to females Dr. Howard has no superior; particularly in chronic irregularities he is unsurpassed by any other physician in the State. We are personally acquainted with a number of ladies who have been restored to health at the institute, notwitstanding their complaints being pronounced incurable by some of the best physicians in the city. To all who need the assistance of a physician, we would say, call at the Electric Medical Institute, 648 Washington street, before going elsewhere. In Dr. Howard you will find a gentleman who is worthy of your confidence.—*S. F. Irish People.*

A REMARKABLE CURE.

DR. HOWARD'S RHEUMATIC MIXTURE

Cures Rheumatism in three to ten days. Warranted, or no pay required. Howard's Medical and Surgicul Institute, No. 648 Washiugton street, near Kearny.

Read the following letter:

San Francisco, February 12, 1866.

Dr. P. Howard—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for seven years; a great part of the time I was unable to do anything, and my ankle would swell to such an extent that I could not wear a boot. I tried every known remedy, and many Physicians who would insist on my confining myself to my room; but it was of no use: I only became worse and almost discouraged. I accidentally saw one of your bills, and although I had little confidence in your remedy, I commenced using it, and you may judge of my surprise when, after using it three days, I was able to go to work. I am now as well as ever I was in my life, and I have not lost any time while taking your remedy, except the first three days.

In order to benefit others, and to assure you of my gratitude, you may publish this if you think proper to do so.

Your friend,
R. W. Mabery, 120 Natoma street.

Dr. C. W. Moore's Medical and Surgical Institute.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

Wanted—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. Shear, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California.

On the "Qui Vive."—A large number of fashionable ladies of San Francisco, who are noted for the graceful style and elegance of their dress, as well as for the irresistible attractiveness of their fascinating smiles, which the consciousness of being fashionably and tastefully dressed spreads over their classical features, are ever on the *qui vive* to take the advantage of "circumstances" and to decorate, adorn, and embellish with every imaginable kind of ladies' dress trimmings, buttons, gloves, etc., their graceful figures, at a price so low that any and all can afford to dress fashionably, and even elegantly. The present victims of these vigilant and economical leaders of the fashion, are the members of the celebrated firm of M. Homberger & Co., 300 Kearny street, corner of Bush, who keep constantly on hand a superior and extensive assortment of ladies' dress trimmings, buttons, hosiery, gloves, woolen ware, and fancy goods, also a splendid lot of Berlin zephyr worsted, all of which they offer at greatly reduced prices. In consequence of which, the store is crowded from morning till night, no one leaving without making purchases, and all going home both suited and delighted with the style of the article as well as the price paid for it.—*Golden Era.*

Concord Wagons and Harness.—The Pacific Concord Carriage Manufactory is prepared to supply the Pacific Coast with Concord wagons and harness made to order. The members comprising this firm have long been in the employ of the celebrated manufacturing house of L. Downing & Son, Concord, New Hampshire; so that parties wishing Concord wagons or harness can obtain just the same quality of article here and save 25 per cent. on their purchase money. We have seen some of their workmanship, and can recommend it to the public Address Belduke & Co., 820 Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth.—*San Francisco Leader.*

Dainty Work.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

San Francisco, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, Joseph Sparrow.

Accident and Loss of Life.—With the details of the dreadful disasters of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *Yosemite* fresh in memory, it is not needful that we should urge on the public the importance of guarding as fully as possible not only against the recurrence of such startling calamities, but also as far as they can against the consequences that arise from them. Accidents are terribly frequent in this new State of ours. Hardly a day passes but we have to record some loss of life, or terrible mangling that leaves the victim with hardly a wish to live. Stringent legislation is demanded to protect travellers from carelessness and criminal negligence of public carriers. It is with great interest that we have watched the rapid growth of Accident Insurance Companies, and we are happy to know that the New York Accidental Insurance Company, established by some of the wealthiest capitalists of the East, have placed their agency in the hands of Bigelow & Brother, Insurance Agents, of this city. We advise every one to take out a policy. The premium is very small—the price of a good cigar only per day—while the benefits are great; $25 per week, if disabled, or $5,000 in case of death. Who would not give $2 50 to be insured for a trip to Washoe, or 25 cents for a trip to Sacramento City? That's all it costs. We predict a large business for the agency in this city. The Company have complied with the State law, and are fully prepared to issue policies, or travelling tickets, at once.—*S. F. Call.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

Dr. Wm. K. Doherty's Medicul and Surgica Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfure of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

Opinions of the Press.—We call the particular attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. P. Howard, in another column. It gives us pleasure to recommend to those who need the assistance of a physician, the valuable services of Dr. P. Howard and his associates. In a city like San Francisco, where there are so many disreputable concerns, it is gratifying to find one worthy of the confidence and patronage of the people. At the Electric Medical and Surgical Institute, 648 Washington street, the gentlemen conducting it are eminently qualified, and the system they practice is based on sound and philosophical principles, comprising within itself the Hydropathic and Electropathic systems, and the Electric practice of medicines. To the ladies we can recommend the Electric system as particularly adapted to their delicate constitutions. The rooms are fitted up in splendid style, and the Bathroom is large and convenient. Their Electropathic instrument is one of the best we have ever seen, having six different currents of great power, yet so well controlled and regulated that it can be applied to the most delicate. The numerous patients thronging the Institute, and their happy faces, speak volumes in its favor. The best surgical skill is also to be found at the Institute. In fact, we are satisfied that there is more scientific attainment than at any other Institute in the State. Dr. P. Howard was, in former years, the proprietor of the Electropathic Institute, and established for it a reputation second only to the Eclectic Institute. Being compelled to visit Mexico on business, the Institute passed into other hands. Dr. P Howard has been long and favorably known, and to those who are in need of the services of a physician we recommend him as in every way worthy of their confidence.—*S. F. Irish News.*

Many of the Diseases which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. Benton, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

Buggies and Carriages.—If you want a trim neat, light, and yet durable style of buggy or carriage, go to Nos. 37 and 39 Webb street, between Sacramento and California, where you will find just such a vehicle as will suit your taste. Pollard & Carvill not only deal in these articles, but manufacture them to order, and do repairing, painting, trimming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neatness. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

Wagons.—Every species of wagons that any one can need, made of the best material, well fitted and finished, can be found at the Depot of Mills & Evans, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lend Bars, are kept constantly on hand.—*California Leader.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

For the best finished, fashionable hats, go to McGann & Co.'s, Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

THE MIEL INSTITUTE,

54, 55 and 56 South Park.

THIS FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOL, for Young Ladies, will reopen on the 2d of January, under the direction of MISS FLORENCE JAMES. PROF. MIEL will continue to take charge of the French classes. Apply at 55 South Park. ja30-3m

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLE

SILK HAT,

1866,

INTRODUCED - - , - - - MARCH 8,

BY

McGANN & CO.,

FASHIONABLE HATTERS,

No. 654 Washington street,
Two doors below Kearny.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES.—Silk, Felt, Beaver, and other HATS for sale at the lowest prices.

CAPS of every description, suitable for all ages, made to order.

McGANN & CO., being experienced and skilled in all the branches of the manufacture of Hats, feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to their patrons. Every description of Hats and Caps made to order.

Remember, McGANN & CO., Practical Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

☞ New Goods by every steamer. mar10

NEW BOOKS

JUST RECEIVED AT

A. ROMAN & CO.'S.

Across the Continent: A Summer's Journey to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons, and the Pacific States, with Speaker Colfax: By Samuel Bowles, Editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.
Winnifred Bertram, and the World She Lived In. By the author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family."
Personal Reminiscences of the Life and Times of Rev Gardner Spring, D. D., with Portrait.
The Pilgrim's Wallet; or Scraps of Travel gathered in England, France and Germany. By Gilbert Haven.
A Spinster's Story. By M. A. F.
Tales, Romances and Extravaganzas. By Thomas Hood.
A Summer in Skye. By Alexander Smith.
Winning his Way. By "Carleton."
The Letters of Mozart. Translated by Lady Wallace.
The Freedman's Book. By L. Maria Child.
A Biography of Richard Cobden: By John McGilchrist.
Herman: or Young Knighthood. By E. Foxton.
Later Lyrics. By Julia Ward Howe.
Country Love vs. City Flirtation; or Ten Chapters from the Story of a Life. Reduced to Rhyme, for Convenience Sake, by H. T. Sperry.
Fighting Joe; or, The Fortunes of a Staff Officer. By Oliver Optic.
The Privateersman. By Captain Marryat, R. N.
The Dutch Pilgrim Fathers. By Edward Hopper.
DeVaue; a Story of Plebeians and Patricians. By Hon. Henry W. Hilliard.
Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. By J. G. Holland.
The Priuce of Kushna; a West Indian Story. By Richard H Kimball.

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Bohn's Celebrated Libraries.

We have on hand the largest stock of

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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

From Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the company.

Steamers of this line will be despatched on the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month. When these dates fall on Sunday, the steamer will leave on Saturday preceding.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

MARCH 19, - - - - - GOLDEN AGE
Captain E. S. Farnsworth.
(Connecting with the *NEW YORK*, Captain Horner.)

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING
Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES
NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY
And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cyliadrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quick ilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived by thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.
CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!
W. D. FARRAND.

1886. 1866. 1866.

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LAMOTT,
THE LEADER AND INTRODUCER OF
FASHIONS,

HAS OPENED HIS MAMMOTH HAT AND CAP Establishment at

227 Montgomery street, near Pine, Russ Block,

Where can be found the greatest variety of Hats and Caps for Gents', Youths' and Children's wear ever offered on this coast.

He outshines them all, and defies competition in the Hat Business.

His Factory at the East makes all his Goods expressly for his California market, which is something that has never been done before. Give him a call at

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EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,
PRINTERS,
And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

DR. C. W. MOORE'S
Medical and Surgical Institute,

COMMERCIAL STREET,
A few doors below Kearny, - . - San Francisco.

ATTENDING AND RESIDING PHYSICIAN,
C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

Late Surgeon U. S. A., Quarantine Physician at New Orleans and Boston, Lecturer on Morbid Anatomy and Diseases of Women and Children, Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc., etc.

FOR THE CURE OF DISEASES,
WHETHER ACUTE OR CHRONIC,
No. 641 Commercial street,
A few doors below Kearny, where he can be consulted at all hours.

Especial attention paid to all Diseases of the URINE and SEXUAL ORGANS, SECONDARY and HEREDITARY AFFLICTIONS in their manifold form,

NERVOUS AFFICTIONS, ETC.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS, of whatever nature, performed scientifically, and the patient boarded at the Institute.

TO THE LADIES.—Private apartments, with female nurses, for those who desire them. CONSULTATIONS FREE.

Parties in the Country may consult the Doctor by letter, and receive, in return, a full description of their disease and its means of cure. All communications strictly confidential. C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

de16-3m 641 Commercial street, San Francisco.

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS.

WE BEG LEAVE TO ANNOUNCE that we have opened a first-class

Boot and Shoe Store,

At No. 133 Montgomery street,
OPPOSITE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street. Boots, Shoes, etc.
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street. Boots, Shoes, etc.
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street. Boots, Shoes, etc.
Ready Made and to Order.
Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.
Ready Made and to Order. Weed's Celebrated.
Weed's Celebrated.

NEW YORK, July 1st, 1865.

do hereby appoint Mr. WM. H FINCH & CO., from this date, my sole Agents in California for the sale of goods manufactured by me. WM. WEED,

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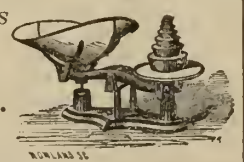
NOTICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

FAIRBANK'S
STANDARD
SCALES.



Every HOUSEKEEPER should have a reliable SCALE in the PANTRY to use in testing the weight of ARTICLES purchased from the BUTCHER and GROCER.

See samples of all sizes at Salesroom.

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J. WINTERBURN, V. A. TORRAS, W. HOFFSCHNEIDER.

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Printers and Electrotypers,
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Neatly and Promptly Executed.

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Stamps of all kinds made to order.

Printing in Spanish, French, German and Italian Languages, executed with correctness.

A "Mammoth" and two No. 3 Hand Presses FOR SALE very cheap. fe3-3m

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LARGEST STOCK!
LATEST STYLES!
The Best Workmanship,
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AT
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STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
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CLAY STREET.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF
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MR. AND MRS. COGILL
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Teachers of Dancing,

CONGRESS HALL,
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SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Series every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. fe10-3m

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422 *KEARNEY STREET*
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SAN FRANCISCO

AGENCY FOR STEWART'S STOVES
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LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF,

STOVES AND METALS,

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PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
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J. PEIRCE,
Furniture and Bedding
WAREROOMS,

NOS. 415, 417, AND 419 CALIFORNIA STREET,
NEAR MONTGOMERY.

THIS STOCK OF FURNITURE, etc., was selected with great care, and special attention given to the wants of this market, ENTIRELY AT THE EAST. It is NOT COMPOSED OF REFUSE GOODS, ODDS AND ENDS OF OTHER HOUSES that have lately closed out here, but CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF NEW GOODS, made after the latest patterns and in the most durable manner.

The present Stock is fully TWICE as large as that of any other house here. Parties having any doubts of this, or that the assortment is not superior to any in the city, can easily satisfy themselves by calling.

The stock of Case Goods is larger than ever before.

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Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,
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Pacific Business College,
731 MARKET STREET,
(BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH,)
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An Institution designed to prepare Young and Middle aged men for an active and successful BUSINESS LIFE.

This is the largest, most complete, and thorough Institution of the kind on the coast, and

THE ONLY

Commercial College which is conducted on Actual Business Principles. Its great system of Business Training is endorsed by the Most Eminent Financiers and Business Men of the Nation.

REGULAR BANKS AND BUSINESS OFFICES have been introduced, by which we are enabled to fit our Students in the best possible manner, and shortest possible time, for active Business Life.

Those in pursuit of a

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should examine the merits of this College. Send for the *COLLEGE REVIEW*, giving full particulars of the College, besides containing other important and interesting matter. Sent free to all desiring it.

Further particulars can be had by calling at the College, or addressing M. K. LAUDENSLAGER, President
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IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
IN
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Gent's Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
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Corner of Bush, - . San Francisco.

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,
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E. CAMPIONI,
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No. 710 Washington street,
(A few doors above Kearney,)
SAN FRANCISCO.

THEATRICAL AND MASQUERADE COSTUMES MADE TO ORDER.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.
de30 3m

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

THE

AWARDED THE HIGHEST PREMIUM

AT THE

State Fair of California,

The only Fair on the Pacific coast at which any two double-thread Machines were exhibited in competition in

1865.

If there is a FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE within one thousand miles of this office that is not working well, it will be attended to if I am informed of it, without expense to the owner. SAMUEL HILL,

General Agent,

111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

THE

FLORENCE

SEWING MACHINE

RECEIVED THE *FIRST PREMIUM*, A GOLD MEDAL, at the Great Exhibition of the

AMERICAN INSTUTE, - - - New York,

1865.

fe10-3m

THE EXCELSIOR HAT

OF

SAN FRANCISCO,

Paris, New York and London

STYLES FOR

SPRING AND SUMMER,

1866,

WAS INTRODUCED

Saturday, - - - - March 3,

AT

MEUSSDORFFER'S

HAT MANUFACTORIES,

Nos. 635 and 637 Commercial street..San Francisco
No. 125 J street.....Sacramento
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Our style in MOLESKIN for this season is, we feel confident, the SUPERLATIVE OF ELEGANCE AND FINISH; our MERINO PINAUD and ST. CLOUD the most successful result of Parisian taste. Especial attention also deserve our

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fe23 tf

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As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

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And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

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INCORPORATED 1842.

Assets, ALL Cash,

OVER

$14,000,000!

AN EXAMPLE OF THE

DIVIDENDS OF 1866.

POLICY NO. 33,321,

FOR

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

Issued in San Francisco, August 22, 1864.

The amount Premium paid thereon in one year was $304 40.

The Amount of Dividend for one year to August 22, 1865, was

$539 62,

Being $235 22 *More than am't Premium paid,*

Making the amount of Policy on August 22, 1865,

$10,539 62!

If the Dividend is used in payment of Premium, instead of being added to the Policy, the next payment required will be

Only $88 22,

instead of $304 40.

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Amount Policy.	Premiums paid One Year.	Dividends One Year.
$10,000	$220 80	$394 77
5,000	120 72	237 27
2,500	87 40	141 80
1,000	21 70	39 48

ALL THE PROFITS OF THE COMPANY ARE

DIVIDED ANNUALLY,

AMONG THE STOCKHOLDERS,

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CAN BE USED IN PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS, OR ADDED TO THE POLICY, AT THE OPTION OF THE ASSURED.

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N. B.—Holders of Policies issued through this Agency in 1864 can ascertain the amount of their Dividends upon application to the General Agent, and the Amount of Dividends on Policies issued in 1865 as soon as received.

fe17-1m

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INSURANCE COMPANY,

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Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, -	11,522,500
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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

GRAND MATINEE:
AT HALF PRICES, Commencing at 2 o'clock,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, MARCH 17,

The Successful Operatic, Spectacular, Diabolical, Terpsichorean, Farcical Burletta in Three Acts, entitled the

SEVEN SISTERS!

Produced with THE FULL STRENGTH OF THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY, and a
Grand CORPS DE BALLET of
FIFTY YOUNG LADIES AND MISSES!

In the First Act,
GRAND ZOUAVE MARCH, DRILL, AND TABLEAUX, BY THE FEMININE CORPS DE ZOUAVES.

The Second Act, entitled
THE ALLEGORY OF THE UNION,
written by W. LEMAN, at the request of Mr. Maguire, expressly for this Theatre, comprises
Ten Grand National Tableaux

The piece concludes with a
GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE
IN THE BOWER OF FERNS!
Forming the most Gorgeous Spectacular Representation ever produced in San Francisco.

THE GRAND SPECTACULAR PLAY,
The Enchanted Beauty,
WILL SHORTLY BE PRODUCED,
WITH GORGEOUS SPLENDOR!

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - - 50
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - - $5 and $10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

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AT

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SPRING DRESS GOODS!

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A GOOD TEAM,
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Supper at the Cliff House!

CAPTAIN FOSTER, the Proprietor, is always ready to receive "Evening Calls." The delightful Moonlight Nights which we are now enjoying, render a

MOONLIGHT DRIVE
TO THE
CLIFF HOUSE
TRUE ENJOYMENT

CAPTAIN FOSTER is never caught napping, and resources of the Cliff House are unlimited. fe27-tf

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, state of California.
In the matter of the Estate of HERMANN PLATH, deceased,
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix of the above named Estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice at her residence on Southwest corner of Union street and Lafayette Place, in said City and County of San Francisco.
SOPHIA PLATH, Executrix
Of the Estate of Hermann Plath, deceased.
San Francisco, March 17th, 1866. mar17-5t

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,

Montgomery street.

LESSEE AND MANAGER, - - - SENOR E. BUISLAY
STAGE MANAGER, - - - - - L. R. BENEUX.

GRAND MATINEE AT TWO O'CLOCK, THIS,
St. Patrick's Day,
For Families and Children, - - - - At Half-Prices.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, MARCH 17,
Will be presented a series of splendid and entertaining
GYMNASTIC, ACROBATIC, AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS, BY THE
Celebrated Buislay Family
And the FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY.

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 19:
First Night of the new Fairy and Spectacular Extravaganza,
THE SHEEP'S FOOT!
An entirely new
FAMOUS TRICK PIECE!
Translated from the French expressly for the BUISLAYS,
and
NEVER PLAYED BEFORE IN THE UNITED STATES,
Which had a Wonderful Run of over
THREE HUNDRED NIGHTS IN PARIS;
Produced with all its original attractiveness of Scenery, Transformations, Tricks, and Music, by
THE CELEBRATED BUISLAY FAMILY,
(with Feats never performed before,) assisted by
MLLE. ACOSTA, MESSIEURS H WIETHOFF and MASSARTIC; MESDAMES SALLIE HINCKLEY and ALICIA M. THORNE; MESSRS. FRED. WOODHULL, RUBY, ROUNDY, ARCHER,
THE CHORUS OF TWELVE,
A *CORPS DE BALLET*, and a Host of Auxiliaries.

Dress Circle and Orchestra seats, $1; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Private Boxes, $10 and $5.

HAYES PARK.

Grand Balloon Ascension!
AND
THE GREATEST BILL OF THE DAY!
AT HAYES PARK,
ON SUNDAY.....MARCH 18,
MR. GEORGE RYLAND
Will make an ascension in the
NEW MAMMOTH BALLOON,
PACIFIC,
THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

MISS ELLENA
will walk a Tight Rope stretched from the floor to the ceiling of the large Pavilion.
HERR HOLMAN
will perform the astonishing feat of resisting the strength of two powerful pulling horses.
A great variety of Acrobatic and Gymnastic Entertainments by the celebrated
Lee Family,
AND OTHERS.
Performances to commence at 2 o'clock.
A GRAND BALL
at the close of the exercisee.
Admission 25 cents. Reserved seats 25 cents extra.

HEUSTON,
HASTINGS
&
COMPANY,

The Fashionable Clothiers
OF
SAN FRANCISCO,

Have established a TRUNK DEPOT in the basement of their Store equal to any in New York city, and prices 20 per cent. lower than any other House in the city.

mar17-3m

NATURE UNVEILED,
AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
a27-tf between California and Pine.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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Cosmopolitan, basement Cosmopolitan Hotel.
Wholers & Starke, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.
A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

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J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush etreets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

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M. Homberger & Co., 300 Kearny street, corner Bush.
Mrs. Norcross, 5 Montgomery street (Masonic Temple.)

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Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

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Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

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R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

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Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
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FURNITURE.
N. P. Cole & Co., 314 Pine, near Montgomery.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Pierce, 415, 417 and 419 California street

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P. J. Flynn, corner Howard and Eighth streets.
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Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

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Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co.. Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

MAPS.
Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

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J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

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M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

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Fifteen-dollar lots for sale by H. S. Brown, S.E. corner of Battery and Commercial streets.

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PURIFY THE BLOOD!
AND
Constitution,
WITH
LE DOYEN'S
SARSAPARILLA,
YELLOW DOCK,
IODINE ALTERATIVE.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
fe19-1m SAN FRANCISCO.

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Profitable Employment
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PAYING INVESTMENTS?

PARTIES desirous of getting into OLD-ESTABLISHED BUSINESS CONCERNS, either as Partners or Sole Proprietors in Mercantile, Manufacturing, Trading, or any kind of business in city or country, can do so by applying at my office.
Men desiring profitable situations in business houses, with MONEY TO LOAN on satisfactory security, can secure such appointments.
Partnerships negotiated, where large or small capital is required.
Business Interests sold quickly for cash.
Real Estate bought and sold.
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S. P. WHITMAN,
Property, General Agency, and Business House, 313 Montgomery street, San Francisco. mar17 3m

LITTLE & CO.'S
Chinese Vegetable
HAIR RESTORATIVE.

THIS PREPARATION is offered to the public as an infallible remedy for premature baldness; and the proprietors guarantee to refund the purchase money in all instances where its use for three months, according to directions, is unattended with success. For this purpose, the name of the purchaser will be registered, if desired.
Price per jar, with directions, $2.50.
LITTLE & CO.,
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THE ONLY LIVING ASTROLOGER,

PROF. COHEN,

530 California street, San Francisco,
THROUGH HIS NATURAL GIFT, can give correct information on the Past, Present and Future, on any subject that may be required so as to avoid trouble. As evidence of his reputation, he has received over 18,000 consultations during his residence of six years in San Francisco! Consultation fee, $2. By letter, $3. Letter box, 104. It is not necessary to give the age. Office, 530 California street. Hours from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M. mar15-3m

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
ja27-tf between California and Pine.

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME IV., No 17.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 24, 1866.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL:
- Inigoings.—By "Inigo."
- Recollections of a Late Dancing Master.—By "Philip"
- Poor Chips.—By C. H. Webb.
- Cultivation of Flowers — Climbing Plants.—By "Iris."
- The Misfortune of being Rich.
- Editorial Paragraphs.

POETRY:
- Unrest.—By Charles Warren Stoddard.

AMUSEMENTS:
- Theatrical Events of the Week.

SELECTED:
- The Fiend-Fisherman; or, Memoirs of an Adopted Son.—By Wilkie Collins.
- A Complaint about Correspondents. By "Mark Twain."
- Amusing Cholera Incident.
- The Liberty of the Press.
- A Comfortable Doctrine.
- "Punch's" Table Talk.
- Irving at the Irving House.

POETRY:
- December Snow.—By R. Buchanan
- Cleopatra.—By W. W. Story.

[For the Californian.]

UNREST.

O! VESTAL LILIES, white and still,
Thy golden cressets newly trim:
O! wine-tipt tulip-globes now spill
Thine Orient oils upon their flame;
My heavy woe I may not name,
But woe were less if thou wouldst fill
Each glowing cresset's rim.
For I may burn within the fire
All bitterness, and what is true
Endures the ordeal of the pyre,
And swathes itself in gossamer dew.

O! Summer wind return again
And sing my little ills to rest:
Distil thy balm, delightful rain,
Through various currents of sweet air;
The cross is heavy that I bear,
But thou mayest lull the vexing pain
And breathe a quiet in my breast.
Peace, weary heart! O! tongue be mute!
Voluptuous Cereus, pri'thee weep
Thy golden tears, and soft salute
Yon star. My soul desireth sleep.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

INIGOINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 24th, 1866.

THE weather during the past week has not been very favorable for astronomical observations, however beneficial it may have been to crops, milk ranches, and other agricultural interests.

It is little wonder that the milk which is set upon our tables is somewhat thin and diluted, when we consider how the cows have been soaked through this winter. Rain, rain—nothing but rain for weeks—laying the dust, it is true, but not conducing to the comfort of pedestrians in any very eminent degree.

The awkwardness of such weather is at times fearful to contemplate. A few days since—Mrs. Inigo being compelled by circumstances over which neither of us had any control, to go a few miles into the country—I advertised for a dry nurse.

A dozen applied; but, by the time they got to my door, they were all wet ones. It wasn't their fault, poor things, but the unities must and shall be preserved: so none of them were taken into the bosom of my family. And, even as veritable wet ones, an objection would still have interfered to shut the doors of employment in their faces, for I am unware that a full breast of milk and water has ever been considered a desideratum in any family where young children abounded. The pursuit of nourishment under difficulties is reserved as a discipline for our later years.

Let me frankly confess that I am not at all partial to this kind of weather. For it interferes with all kinds of amusements, particularly with moonlight walks, drives on the ocean beach, and chowder parties. As a general thing, it may perhaps be remarked, without fear of provoking dispute, that a stream of cold water trickling down one's backbone is rather an interruption to love-making.

However brilliant one may like to appear in the presence of his beloved, one does not always like to present himself to her as a rain beau. And I, for my part, would every time get wet through to the skin rather than undergo the moral discipline of carrying an umbrella. The evil which I do to my health, and the bad example which I furnish to the rising generation by this improvident practice, have several times been pictured to me in the strongest of water colors, but still no umbrella has yet sprouted above my head. Some day I will perhaps become convinced of the error of my ways, and awake a wiser and a wetter man, but, just at present, I do not fancy the idea of appearing upon the street as a peripateptic mush room. It has, indeed, been represented to me that it is better to look like a mushroom than to incur the rheumatism, but this, like buying butter, is simply a question of taste.

Very often taste makes waste. This is excellently illustrated in the case of a friend of mine who has been to Europe lately. He bought pictures, and indulged extensively in the old masters...

I cannot forbear remarking, *par parenthese*, that others of my friends who go over there are accused of being more given to young mistresses...

As I was saying, however, this particular one is an unfortunate worshipper of Art. One reason that he is so fond of it will perhaps be found in the very significant fact that he knows very little about it, for it will be noticed that the old adage about familiarity holds about as true in æsthetical acquaintances as in our real minglings with men. I accompanied him once, to purchase—as he said—some stationery to put in the nicks of his walls.

Power's Greek Slave struck his fancy, but he objected to the costume. It might be classical, he remarked, and even true to nature, but, when it would have been so easy for the artist—particularly as he was a stone-cutter—to cut out a mantle for her, or a piece of a mantle, if not a complete mantelpiece, he was surprised that the artist had not done so; and, with much pertinence and seeming feeling, he remarked that a small quantity of back-hair might at least have been thrown in as a sort of basso-relievo.

In reply to a suggestion which I made regarding a purchase, he said that he really didn't care about having a Venus de Medicine in the house, and an Apollo bevelled Dear he thought might be too expensive a piece of carving for him to consider.

Finally, running his eye over a catalogue, he was attracted by something titled the Maggio Maggiore. Maggie Maguire? said he, with the air of one who reflects. That must surely be some relative of my old friend, the proprietor of the Opera House in San Francisco. And he at once ordered it sent to his hotel.

One thing he could not understand—why pictures were not always sold according to their size. As he very truly remarked, painters bought their canvas by the yard and it ought to be sold in the same way. Acting on this idea, he bought the largest pictures he could find, and always seemed excessively gratified if, upon a careful reckoning up, he could prove to himself that the cost of the frame, canvas, paints and oil, were exactly covered by the price he paid, after allowing the artist the regular wages for day laborers which ruled in Florence. But his house is furnished with all sorts of pictures and things, and he is *vertu*-ous. Can he be otherwise than happy?

It being possible to be virtuous and yet have cakes and ale—or at least have something ail you—let us drink to Wealth and Stupidity, now and forever, one and insufferable!

It pains me to confess, however, that, notwithstanding the severe standard of morals which I have always striven to attain and preserve—a strife probably which will only end with my life as it has long since promised to furnish me constant employment—I am not happy. Just as everything seems settled and working smoothly, a screw gets loose somewhere and all is out of order.

At present it is that terrible bore the *trichinosis*—you know, sis—that worries me. You hear every one echoing like a Parrott: No more Ham! Westphalia was once a favorite dish with me, but now I shrink back from it as a cat does from soap, shouting to the astonished waiter that I knows his trickinosis and his manners.

Is it indeed true that pork can no longer be eaten in any form without incurring the fearful disease which cut short the life of the Tetrarch of Judea? Is all of that flesh, which the great Law-Giver forbade to his people, alive and moving with these terrible *trichnia* which, invisible to the naked eye, perforate the eater in every direction, asserting a right of way through all parts of the body, without anybody's knowing what is going on? Picture it, think of it, pork-loving man; taste of it, eat of it, then if you can.

Really, all this is very pleasant to think of. A worse curse than that pronounced upon the descendants of Ham is to be visited upon the eaters of ham. Verily, verily, how the company at the Metropolitan must writhe and mourn uneasily in their sleep in view of all the ham-sandwiches which they ate on occasion of a late collation.

Speaking of the Metropolitan reminds me of the grand spectacular piece they are bringing out there—*The Sheep's Foot*.

Do you know that being accustomed to see so many mutton-heads among the audiences of our theatres it seems to me only a preservation of the proper balance of things that a sheep's foot should once and awhile be put upon the stage.

What a verification this is of the saying that extremes sometimes meet.

The extremes of life and death came very near meeting, at a rehearsal of the piece the other evening, when one of the actresses was descending through a trap. It was all along of a counter-weight they tell me, which swung and nearly dashed the young lady's brains out, but it seems to me they did not count her weight rightly or such an accident could not have happened. It proves that a kick from a sheep's foot may in some cases be a very serious matter. Let the public rejoice that the charming Guzman on that occasion was not Don.

Whether or not the public will rejoice at the release of my friend McCarthy, I do not know. I see no reason why they should not, for it is recorded that a good many years ago they got up quite a demonstration over the release of Barrabas.

The fact of the matter is, the public can never be counted upon with any certainty. To borrow a phrase from a speech which I once thought very fine, they are "the slaves of Passion, of Prejudice, and of Pride." In the matter of that election which Pontius Pilate accorded to a memorable multitude, and to which reference has just been made, very few will defend the popular choice, but I am apprehensive that the people of our day would be very apt to repeat it under the same circumstances.

That the voice of the people is the voice of God I am very loth to believe. The proverb which inculcates that idea is one of the many that have no foundation in reason or in religion, and which ought to be turned out from the language as an insult to both. Nine times in ten the public are sure to be wrong, if there exist a single chance for being mistaken.

Has there ever, in any age of the world, been a cross erected around which the populace did not gather, howling and clamoring for blood? The cry of "Crucify him" in the first instance was scarcely the voice of God, and yet it went up from the throats of the people. Bah! I hate and detest that whole batch of stupid sayings of which the one now under discussion makes one. Nine times in ten the voice of the people is the voice of the Devil, for ignorance is dominant among the masses and they are led and swayed by any unscrupulous, bad, and clever man who has the ambition to head a party. *Vox populi, vox Dei*, indeed! As well attempt to tell me that the breaths of a crowd are sweet, and that the aroma which exhales from their sweating armpits is equivalent to the smell of new-mown hay.

INIGO.

THE FIEND FISHERMAN;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF AN ADOPTED SON.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

[The curious legend connected with the birth of this "Adopted Son," and the facts relating to his extraordinary career in after life, are derived from the "Records" of the French Police of the period. In this instance, while the facts of the narrative exist in print, the form in which the narrative is cast is of the author's own devising.]

I.

CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH PRECEDED THE BIRTH OF THE ADOPTED SON.

TOWARD the beginning of the eighteenth century, there stood on a rock in the sea, near a fishing village on the coast of Brittany, a ruined Tower with a very bad reputation. No mortal was known to have inhabited it within the memory of living man. The one tenant whom Tradition associated with the occupation of the place, at a remote period, had moved into it from the infernal regions, nobody knew why—had lived in it, nobody knew how long—and had quitted possession, nobody knew when. Under such circumstances, nothing was more natural than that this unearthly Individual should give a name to his residence; for which reason, the building was thereafter known to all the neighborhood round as Satan's-tower.

Early in the year seventeen hundred, the inhabitants of the village were startled, one night, by seeing the read gleam of a fire in the Tower, and by smelling, in the same direction, a preternaturally strong odor of fried fish. The next morning, the fishermen who passed by the building in their boats were amazed to find that a stranger had taken up his abode in it. Judging of him at a distance, he seemed to be a fine, tall, stout fellow; he was dressed in fisherman's costume, and he had a new boat of his own, moored comfortably in a cleft of the rock. If he had inhabited a place of decent reputation, his neighbors would have immediately made his acquaintance; but, as things were, all they could venture to do was to watch him in silence.

The first day passed, and, though it was fine weather, he made no use of his boat. The second day followed, with a continuance of fine weather, and still he was idle as before. On the third day, when a violent storm kept all the boats of the village on the beach—on the third day, in the midst of the tempest, away went the man of the Tower to make his first fishing experiment in strange waters! He and his boat came back safe and sound, in a lull of the storm; and the villagers watching on the cliff above saw him carrying the fish up, by great basketfuls, to his Tower. No such haul had ever fallen to the lot of any one of them—and the stranger had taken it in a whole gale of wind!

Upon this, the inhabitants of the village called a council. The lead in the debate was assumed by a smart young fellow, a fisherman named Poulailler, who stoutly declared that the stranger of the Tower was of infernal origin. "The rest of you may call him what you like," said Poulailler; "I call him The Fiend-Fisherman!"

The opinion thus expressed proved to be the opinion of the entire audience—with the one exception of the village priest. The priest said, "Gently, my sons. Don't make sure about the man of the Tower, before Sunday. Wait and see if he comes to church."

"And if he doesn't come to church?" asked all the fishermen, in a breath.

"In that case," replied the priest, "I will excommunicate him—and then, my children, you may call him what you like."

Sunday came; and no sign of the stranger darkened the church-doors. He was excommunicated, accordingly. The whole village forthwith adopted Poulailler's idea, and called the man of the Tower by the name which Poulailler had given him—"The Fiend-Fisherman."

These strong proceedings produced not the slightest apparent effect on the diabolical personage who had occasioned them. He persisted in remaining idle when the weather was fine; in going out to fish when no other boat in the place dare put to sea; and in coming back again to his solitary dwelling-place, with his nets full, his boat uninjured, and himself alive and hearty. He made no attempts to buy and sell with anybody; he kept steadily away from the village; he lived on fish of his own preturnaturally strong frying; and he never spoke to a living soul—with the solitary exception of Poulailler himself. One fine evening, when the young man was rowing home past the Tower, the Fiend-Fisherman darted out on to the rock, said, "Thank you, Poulailler, for giving me a name"—bowed politely, and darted in again. The young fisherman felt the words run cold down the marrow of his back; and whenever he was at sea again, he gave the Tower a wide berth from that day forth.

Time went on—and an important event occurred in Poulailler's life. He was engaged to be married. On the day when his betrothal was publicly made known, his friends clustered noisily about him on the fishing-jetty of the village to offer their congratulations. While they were all in full cry, a strange voice suddenly made itself heard through the confusion, which silenced everybody in an instant. The crowd fell back, and disclosed the Fiend-Fisherman sauntering up the jetty. It was the first time he had ever set foot—cloven foot—within the precincts of the village.

"Gentlemen," said the Fiend-Fisherman, "where is my friend, Poulailler?" He put the question with perfect politeness; he looked remarkably well in his fisherman's costume; he exhaled a relishing odor of fried fish; he had a cordial nod for the men, and a sweet smile for the women—but with all these personal advantages, everybody fell back from him, and nobody answered his question. The coldness of the popular reception, however, did not in any way abash him. He looked about for Poulailler with searching eyes, discovered the place in which he was standing, and addressed him in the friendliest manner.

"So you are going to be married?" remarked the Fiend-Fisherman?"

"What's that to you?" said Poulailler. He was inwardly terrified, but outwardly gruff—not an uncommon combination of circumstances with men of his class, in his mental situation.

"My friend," pursued the Fiend-Fisherman, "I have not forgotten your polite attention in giving me a name; and I come here to requite it. You will have a family, Poulailler; and your first child will be a boy. I propose to make that boy my Adopted Son."

The marrow of Poulailler's back became awfully cold, but he grew gruffer than ever, in spite of his back.

"You won't do anything of the sort," he replied. "If I have the largest family in France, no child of mine shall ever go near you."

"I shall adopt your first-born for all that," persisted the Fiend-Fisherman. "Poulailler! I wish you good morning. Ladies and gentlemen, the same to all of you."

With these words, he withdrew from the jetty; and the marrow of Poulailler's back recovered its temperature.

The next morning was stormy, and all the village expected to see the boat from the Tower put out, as usual, to sea. Not a sign of it appeared. Later in the day, the rock on which the building stood was examined from a distance. Neither boat nor nets were in their customary places. At night, the red gleam of the fire was missed for the first time. The Fiend-Fisherman had gone! He had announced his intention on the jetty, and had disappeared. What did this mean?

On Poulailler's wedding day, a portentous circumstance recalled the memory of the diabolical stranger, and, as a matter of course, seriously discomposed the bridegroom's back. At the moment when the marriage ceremony was complete, a relishing odor of fried fish stole into the nostrils of the company, and a voice from invisible lips said: "Keep your spirits, Poulailler; I have not forgotten my promise!"

A year later, Madame Poullailler was in the hands of the midwife of the district, and a repetition of the portentous circumstance took place. Poulailler was waiting in the kitchen to hear how matters ended up stairs. The nurse came in with a baby. "Which is it," asked the happy father; "girl or boy?" Before the nurse could answer, an odor of supernaturally fried fish filled the kitchen; and a voice from invisible lips replied: "A boy, Poulailler—*and I've got him!*"

Such were the circumstances under which the subject of this Memoir was introduced to the joys and sorrows of mortal existence.

II.

HIS BOYHOOD AND EARLY LIFE.

When a boy is born under auspices which lead his parents to suppose that, while the bodily part of him is safe at home, the spiritual part is subjected to a course of infernal tuition elsewhere—what are his father and mother to do with him? They must do the best they can—which was exactly what Poulailler and his wife did with the hero of these pages.

In the first place, they had him christened instantly. It was observed with horror that his infant face was distorted with grimaces, and that his infant voice roared with a preternatural lustiness of tone the moment the priest touched him. The first thing he asked for, when he learned to speak, was "fried fish;" and the first place he wanted to go to, when he learned to walk, was the diabolical Tower on the rock. "He won't learn anything," said the master, when he was old enough to go to school. "Thrash him," said Poulailler—and the priest thrashed him. The farmer's orchards were robbed; the neighboring rabbit-warrens were depopulated; linen was stolen from the gardens, and nets were torn on the beach. "The deuce take Poulailler's boy," was the general cry. "The deuce has got him," was Poulailler's answer. "And yet he is a nice-looking boy," said Madame Poulailler. And he was—as tall, as strong, as handsome a young fellow, as could be seen in all France. "Let us pray for him," said Madame Poulailler. "Let us thrash him," said her husband. "Our son has been thrashed till all the sticks in the neighborhood are broken," pleaded his mother. "We will try him with the rope's end next," retorted his father; "he shall go to sea, and live in an atmosphere of thrashing. Our son shall be a cabin boy." It was all one to Poulailler Junior; he knew as well as his father who had adopted him; he had been instinctively conscious from infancy of the Fiend Fisherman's interest in his welfare; he cared for no earthly discipline—and a cabin boy he became at ten years old.

After two years of the rope's end (applied quite ineffectually,) the subject of this Memoir robbed his captain, and ran away in an English port. London became the next scene of his adventures. At twelve years old, he persuaded society in the metropolis that he was the forsaken natural son of a French duke. British benevolence, after blindly providing for him for four years, opened its eyes and found him out at the age of sixteen; upon which he returned to France, and entered the army in the capacity of a drummer. At eighteen he deserted, and had a turn with the gipsies. He told fortunes, he conjured, he danced on the tight-rope, he acted, he sold quack medicines, he altered his mind again, and returned to the army. Here he fell in love with the vivandiere of his new regiment. The serjeant-major of the company, touched by the same amiable weakness, naturally resented his attentions to the lady. Poulailler (perhaps unjustifiably) asserted himself by boxing his officer's ears. Out flashed the swords on both sides, and in went Poulailler's blade through and through the tender heart of the serjeant-major. The frontier was close at hand. Poulailler wiped his sword, and crossed it.

Sentence of death was recorded against him in his absence. When society has condemned us to die, if we are men of any spirit how are we to return the compliment? By condemning society to keep us alive—or, in other words, by robbing right and left for a living. Pollailler's destiny was now accomplished. He was picked out to be the greatest Thief of his age; and when Fate summoned him to his place in the world, he stepped forward and took it. His life hitherto had been merely the life of a young scamp—he was now to do justice to the diabolical father who had adopted him, and to expand to the proportion of a full grown Robber

His first exploits were performed in Germany. They showed such novelty of combination, such daring, such dexterity, and, even in his most homicidal moments, such irresistible gaiety and good humor, that a band of congenial spirits gathered about him in no time. As commander-in-chief of the Thieves' army, his popularity never wavered. His weaknesses—and what illustrious man is without them?—were three in number. First weakness—he was extravagantly susceptible to the charms of the fair sex. Second weakness—he was perilously fond of practical jokes. Third weakness (inherited from his adopted parent)—his appetite was insatiable in the matter of fried fish. As for the merits to set against these defects, some have been noticed already, and others will appear immediately. Let it merely be premised, in this place, that he was one of the handsomest men of his time, that he dressed superbly, and that he was capable of the most exalted acts of generosity wherever a handsome woman was concerned—let this be understood to begin with; and let us now enter on the narrative of his last exploit in Germany before he returned to France. This adventure is something more than a mere specimen of his method of workmanship—it proved, in the future, to be the fatal event of his life.

On a Monday in the week, he had stopped on the highway, and robbed of all his valuables and all his papers, an Italian nobleman—the Marquis Petrucci of Sienna. On Tuesday, he was ready for another stroke of business. Posted on the top of a steep hill, he watched the road which wound up to the summit on one side, while his followers were ensconced on the road which led down from it on the other. The prize expected, in this case, was the travelling carriage (with a large sum of money inside) of the Baron de Kirbergen.

Before long, Poulailler discerned the carriage afar off, at the bottom of the hill; and in advance of it, ascending the eminence, two ladies on foot. They were the Baron's daughters—Wilhelmina, a fair beauty; Frederica, a brunette—both lovely, both accomplished, both susceptible, both young. Poulailler sauntered down the hill to meet the fascinating travellers. He looked, bowed, introduced himself—and fell in love with Wilhelmina on the spot. Both the charming girls acknowledged, in the most artless manner, that confinement to the carriage had given them the fidgets, and that they were walking up the hill to try the remedy of gentle exercise. Poulailler's heart was touched, and Poulailler's generosity to the sex was roused in the nick of time. With a polite apology to the young ladies, he ran back, by a short cut, to the ambush on the other side of the hill in which his men were posted.

"Gentlemen!" cried the generous Thief, "in the charming name of Wilhelmina de Kirbergen, I charge you all, let the Baron's carriage pass free." The band was not susceptible—the band demurred. Poulailler knew them. He had appealed to their hearts in vain—he now appealed to their pockets. "Gentlemen!" he resumed, "excuse my momentary misconception of your sentiments. Here is my one-half share of the Marquis Petrucci's property. If I divide it among you, will you let the carriage pass free?" The band knew the value of money—and accepted the terms. Poulailler rushed back up the hill, and arrived at the top just in time to hand the young ladies into the carriage. "Charming man!" said the white Wilhelmina to the brown Frederica, as the

drove off. Innocent soul! what would she have said if she had known that her personal attractions had saved her father's property? Was she ever to see the charming man again? Yes: she was to see him the next day—and, more than that, Fate was hereafter to link her fast to the robber's life and the robber's doom.

Confiding the direction of the band to his first lieutenant, Poulailler followed the carriage on horseback, and ascertained the place of the Baron's residence that night.

The next morning a superbly-dressed stranger knocked at the door. "What name, sir?" said the servant. "The Marquis Petrucci of Sienna," replied Poulailler. "How are the young ladies after their journey?" The Marquis was shown in, and introduced to the Baron. The Baron was naturally delighted to receive a brother nobleman—Miss Wilhelmina was modestly happy to see the charming man again—Miss Frederica was affectionately pleased on her sister's account. Not being of a disposition to lose time where his affections were concerned, Poulailler expressed his sentiments to the beloved object that evening. The next morning he had an interview with the Baron, at which he produced the papers which proved him to be the Marquis. Nothing could be more satisfactory to the mind of the most anxious parent—the two noblemen embraced. They were still in each other's arms, when a second stranger knocked at the door. "What name, sir?" asked the servant. "The Marquis Petrucci of Sienna," replied the stranger. "Impossible!" said the servant; "his lordship is now in the house." "Show me in, scoundrel," cried the visitor. The servant submitted, and the two Marquises stood face to face. Poulailler's composure was not shaken in the least; he had come first to the house, and he had got the papers. "You are the villain who robbed me!" cried the true Petrucci. "You are drunk, mad, or an impostor," retorted the false Petrucci. "Send to Florence, where I am known," exclaimed one of the Marquises, apostrophizing the Baron. "Send to Florence by all means," echoed the other, addressing himself to the Baron also. "Gentlemen," replied the noble Kirbergen, "I will do myself the honor of taking your advice"—and he sent to Florence accordingly.

Before the messenger had advanced ten miles on his journey, Poulailler had said two words in private to the susceptible Wilhelmina—and the pair eloped from the baronial residence that night. Once more the subject of this Memoir crossed the frontier, and re-entered France. Indifferent to the attraction of rural life, he forthwith established himself with the beloved object in Paris. In that superb city he met with his strangest adventures, performed his boldest achievements, committed his most prodigious robberies, and, in a word, did himself and his infernal patron the fullest justice, in the character of the Fiend-Fisherman's Adopted Son.

III.

HIS CAREER IN PARIS.

Once established in the French metropolis, Poulailler planned and executed that vast system of perpetual robbery and occasional homicide which made him the terror and astonishment of all Paris. In-doors, as well as out, his good fortune befriended him. No domestic anxieties harassed his mind and diverted him from the pursuit of his distinguished public career. The attachment of the charming creature with whom he had eloped from Germany survived the discovery that the Marquis Petrucci was Poulailler the robber. True to the man of her choice, the devoted Wilhelmina shared his fortunes, and kept his house. And why not, if she loved him?—in the all-conquering name of Cupid, why not?

Joined by picked men from his German followers, and by new recruits gathered together in Paris, Poulailler now set society and its safeguards at flat defiance. Cartouche himself was his inferior in audacity and cunning. In course of time the whole city was panic-stricken by the new robber and his band—the very Boulevards were deserted after night-fall. Monsieur Hérault, lieutenant of police of the period, in despair of laying hands on Poulailler by any other means, at last offered a reward of a hundred pistoles and a place in his office worth two thousand livres a year to any one who would apprehend the robber alive. The bills were posted all over Paris—and, the next morning, they produced the very last result in the world which the lieutenant of police could possibly have anticipated.

Whilst Monsieur Hérault was at breakfast in his study, the Count de Villeneuve was announced as wishing to speak to him. Knowing the Count by name only, as belonging to an ancient family in Provence, or in Languedoc, Monsieur Hérault ordered him to be shown in. A perfect gentleman appeared, dressed with an admirable mixture of magnificence and good taste. "I have something for your private ear, sir," said the Count. "Will you give orders that no one must be allowed to disturb us?"

Monsieur Hérault gave the orders.

"May I inquire, Count, what your business is?" he asked, when the door was closed.

"To earn the reward you offer for taking Poulailler," answered the Count. "I am Poulailler."

Before Monsieur Hérault could open his lips, the robber produced a pretty little dagger and some rose-colored silk cord. "The point of this dagger is poisoned," he observed; "and one scratch of it, my dear sir, would be the death of you." With these words, Poulailler gagged the lieutenant of police, bound him to his chair with the rose-colored cord, and lightened his writing-desk of one thousand pistoles. "I'll take money, instead of taking the place in the office which you so kindly offer," said Poulailler. "Don't trouble yourself to see me to the door. Good morning."

A few weeks later, while Monsieur Hérault was still the popular subject of ridicule throughout Paris, business took Poulailler on the road to Lisle and Cambrai. The only inside passenger in the coach besides himself was the venerable Dean Potter, of Brussels. They fell into talk on the one interesting subject of the time—not the weather but Poulailler.

"It's a disgrace, sir, to the police," said the Dean, "that such a miscreant is still at large. I shall be returning to Paris, by this road, in ten days' time, and I shall call on Monsieur Hérault, to suggest a plan of my own for catching the scoundrel."

"May I ask what it is?" said Poulailler.

"Excuse me," replied the Dean; "you are a stranger, sir—and, moreover, I wish to keep the merit of suggesting the plan to myself."

"Do you think the lieutenant of police will see you?" asked Poulailler; "he is not accessible to strangers, since the miscreant you speak of played him that trick at his own breakfast-table."

"He will see Dean Potter, of Brussels," was the reply, delivered with the slightest possible tinge of offended dignity.

"Oh, unquestionably!" said Poulailler—"pray, pardon me."

"Willingly, sir," said the Dean—and the conversation flowed into other channels.

Nine days later the wounded pride of Monsieur Hérault was soothed by a very remarkable letter. It was signed by one of Poulailler's band, who offered himself as King's evidence, in the hope of obtaining a pardon. The letter stated that the venerable Dean Potter had been waylaid and killed by Poulailler, and that the robber, with his customary audacity, was about to re-enter Paris by the Lisle coach, the next day, disguised in the Dean's own clothes, and furnished with the Dean's own papers. Monsieur Hérault took his precautions without losing a moment. Picked men were stationed, with their orders, at the barrier through which the coach must pass to enter Paris; while the lieutenant of police waited at his office, in the company of two French gentlemen who could speak to the Dean's identity, in the event of Poulailler's impudently persisting in the assumption of his victim's name.

At the appointed hour the coach appeared, and out of it got a man in the Dean's costume. He was arrested in spite of his protestations; the papers of the murdered Potter were found on him, and he was dragged off to the police office in triumph. The door opened, and the posse comitatus entered with the prisoner. Instantly the two witnesses burst out with a cry of recognition, and turned indignantly on the lieutenant of police. "Gracious Heaven, sir, what have you done!" they exclaimed in horror; "this is not Poulailler—here is our venerable friend; here is the Dean himself!" At the same moment, a servant entered with a letter. "Dean Potter. To the care of Monsieur Hérault, Lieutenant of Police." The letter was expressed in these words: "Venerable sir—Profit by the lesson I have given you. Be a Christian for the future, and never again try to injure a man unless he tries to injure you. Entirely yours, Poulailler."

These feats of cool audacity were matched by others, in which his generosity to the sex asserted itself as magnanimously as ever.

Hearing, one day, that large sums of money were kept in the house of a great lady, one Madame de Brienne, whose door was guarded, in anticipation of a visit from the famous thief, by a porter of approved trustworthiness and courage, Poulailler undertook to rob her, in spite of her precautions, and succeeded. With a stout pair of leather straps and buckles in his pocket, and with two of his band, disguised as a coachman and footman, he followed Madame de Brienne one night to the theatre. Just before the close of the performance, the lady's coachman and footman were tempted away for five minutes by Poulailler's disguised subordinates to have a glass of wine. No attempt was made to detain them, or to drug their liquor. But, in their absence, Poulailler had slipped under the carriage, had hung his leather straps round the pole—one to hold by, and one to support his feet—and, with these simple preparations, was now ready to wait for events. Madame de Brienne entered the carriage—the footman got up behind—Poulailler hung himself horizontally under the pole, and was driven home with them, under those singular circumstances. He was strong enough to keep his position after the carriage had been taken into the coach-house; and he only left it when the doors were locked for the night. Provided with food beforehand, he waited patiently, hidden in the coach-house, for two days and nights, watching his opportunity of getting into Madame de Brienne's boudoir.

On the third night the lady went to a grand ball—the servants relaxed in their vigilance while her back was turned—and Poulailler slipped into the room. He found two thousand louis d'ors, which was nothing like the sum he expected, and a pocket-book which he took away with him to open at home. It contained some stock-warrants for a comparatively trifling amount. Poulailler was far too well off to care about taking them, and far too polite, where a lady was concerned, not to send them back again, under those circumstances. Accordingly, Madame de Brienne received her warrants, with a note of apology from the polite thief.

"Pray excuse my visit to your charming boudoir," wrote Poulailler, "in consideration of the false reports of your wealth, which alone induced me to enter it. If I had known what your pecuniary circumstances really were, on the honor of a gentleman, Madam, I should have been incapable of robbing you. I cannot return your two thousand louis d'ors by post, as I return your warrants. But if you are at all pressed for money in future, I shall be proud to assist so distinguished a lady by lending her, from my own ample resources, double the sum of which I regret to have deprived her on the present occasion." This letter was shown to royalty at Versailles. It excited the highest admiration of the court—especially of the ladies. Whenever the robber's name was mentioned, they indulgently referred to him as the Chevalier de Poulailler. Ah! that was the age of politeness, when good breeding was recognized, even in a thief. Under similar circumstances, who would recognize it now? *O tempora! O mores!*

On another occasion, Poulailler was out, one night, taking the air, and watching his opportunities on the roofs of the houses; a member of the band being posted in the street below to assist him in case of necessity. While in this position, sobs and groans, proceeding from an open back-garret window, caught his ear. A parapet rose before the window, which enabled him to climb down and look in. Starving children surrounding a helpless mother, and clamoring for food, was the picture that met his eye. The mother was young and beautiful and Poulailler's hand impulsively clutched his purse, as a necessary consequence. Before the charitable thief could enter by the window, a man rushed in by the door, with a face of horror, and cast a handful of gold into the lovely mother's lap. "My honor is gone," he cried, "but our children are saved! Listen to the circumstances. I met a man in the street below: he was tall and thin; he had a green patch over one eye; he was looking up suspiciously at this house, apparently waiting for somebody. I thought of you—I thought of the children—I seized the suspicious stranger by the collar. Terror overwhelmed him on the spot. 'Take my watch, my money, and my two valuable gold snuff-boxes,' he said, 'but spare my life.' I took them." "Noble-hearted man!" cried Poulailler, appearing at the window. The husband started; the wife screamed; the children hid themselves. "Let me entreat you to be composed," continued Poulailler. "Sir! I enter on the scene for the purpose of soothing your uneasy conscience. From your vivid description, I recognize the man whose property is now in your wife's lap. Resume your mental tranquility. You have robbed a robber—in other words, you have vindicated society. Accept my congratulations on your restored innocence. The miserable coward whose collar you seized is one of Poulailler's band. He has lost his stolen property, as the fit punishment for his disgraceful want of spirit."

"Who are you?" exclaimed the husband.

"I am Poulailler," replied the illustrious man, with the simplicity of an ancient hero. "Take this purse, and set up in business with the contents. There is a prejudice, sir, in favor of honesty. Give that prejudice a chance. There was a time when I felt it myself; I regret to feel it no longer. Under all varieties of misfortune, an honest man has his consolation still left. Where is it left? Here!" He struck his heart—and the family fell on their knees before him.

"Benefactor of your species!" cried the husband—"how can I show my gratitude?"

"You can allow me to kiss the hand of madame," he replied.

Madame started to her feet, and embraced the generous stranger. "What else can I do?" exclaimed this lovely woman, eagerly—"Oh, Heavens! what else?"

"You can beg your husband to light me down stairs," replied Poulailler. He spoke, pressed their hands, dropped a generous tear, and departed. At that touching moment, his own adopted father would not have known him.

This last anecdote closes the record of Poulailler's career in Paris. The lighter and more agreeable aspects of that career have hitherto been designedly presented, in discreet remembrance of the contrast which the tragic side of the picture must now present. Comedy and Sentiment, twin sisters of French extraction, farewell! Horror enters next on the stage—and enters welcome, in the name of the Fiend-Fisherman's Adopted Son.

IV.

HIS EXIT FROM THE SCENE.

The nature of Poulailler's more serious achievements in the art of robbery may be realized by reference to one terrible fact. In the police records of the period, more than one hun-

dred and fifty men and women are reckoned up as having met their deaths at the hands of Poulailler and his band. It was not the practice of this formidable robber to take life as well as property, unless life happened to stand directly in his way; in which case, he immediately swept off the obstacle without hesitation and without remorse. His deadly determination to rob, which was thus felt by the population in general, was matched by his dendly determination to be obeyed, which was felt by his followers in particular. One of their number, for example, having withdrawn from his allegiance, and having afterward attempted to betray his leader, was tracked up to his hiding-place in a cellar, and was there walled up alive in Poulailler's presence—the robber composing the unfortunate wretch's epitaph, and scratching it on the wet plaster with his own hand. Years afterward, the inscription was noticed, when the house fell into the possession of a new tenant, and was supposed to be nothing more than one of the many jests which the famous robber had practiced in his time. When the plaster was removed, the skeleton fell out, and testified that Polailler was in earnest.

To attempt the arrest of such a man as this, by tampering with his followers, was practically impossible. No sum of money that could be offered would induce any one of the members of his band to risk the fatal chance of his vengeance. Other means of getting possession of him had been tried in vain. Five times over, the police had succeeded in tracking him to different hiding-places; and on all five occasions, the women—who adored him for his gallantry, his generosity, and his good looks—had helped him to escape. If he had not unconsciously paved the way to his own capture, first by eloping with Mademoiselle Wilhelmina de Kirbergen, and secondly by maltreating her, it is more than doubtful whether the long arm of the law would ever have reached far enough to fasten its grasp on him. As it was, the extremes of love and hatred met at last in the bosom of the devoted Wilhelmina; and the vengeance of a neglected woman accomplished what the whole police force of Paris had been powerless to achieve.

Poulailler, never famous for the constancy of his attachments, had wearied at an early period of the companion of his flight from Germany—but Wilhelmina was one of those women whose affections, once aroused, will not take No for an answer. She persisted in attaching herself to a man who had ceased to love her. Poulailler's patience became exhausted; he tried twice to rid himself of his unhappy mistress—once by the knife and once by poison—and failed on both occasions. For the third and last time, by way of attempting an experiment of another kind, he established a rival to drive the German woman out of the house. From that moment his fate was sealed. Maddened by jealous rage, Wilhelmina cast the last fragments of her fondness to the winds. She secretly communicated with the police—and Poulailler met his doom.

A night was appointed with the authorities; and the robber was invited by his discarded mistress to a farewell interview. His contemptuous confidence in her fidelity rendered him careless of his customary precautions. He accepted the appointment; and the two supped together, on the understanding that they were henceforth to be friends, and nothing more. Toward the close of the meal, Poulailler was startled by a ghastly change in the face of his companion.

"What is wrong with you?" he asked.

"A mere trifle," she answered, looking at her glass of wine. "I can't help loving you still, badly as you have treated me. You are a dead man, Poulailler—and I shall not survive you."

The robber started to his feet, and seized a knife on the table.

"You have poisoned me?" he exclaimed.

"No," she replied. "Poison is my vengeance on myself: not my vengeance on *you*. You will rise from this table as you sat down to it. But your evening will be finished in prison, and your life will be ended on the Wheel."

As she spoke the words, the door was burst open by the police, and Poulailler was secured. The same night the poison did its fatal work; and his mistress made atonement with her life for the first, last, act of treachery which had revenged her on the man she loved.

Once safely lodged in the hands of justice, the robber tried to gain time to escape in, by promising to make important disclosures. The manœuvre availed him nothing. In those days the Laws of the Land had not yet made the acquaintance with the Laws of Humanity. Poulailler was put to the torture—was suffered to recover—was publicly broken on the Wheel—and was taken off it alive, to be cast into a blazing fire. By those murderous means, Society rid itself of a murderous man—and the idlers on the Boulevard took their evening stroll again in recovered security.

* * * * * * * *

Paris had seen the execution of Poulailler; but, if legends are to be trusted, our old friends, the people of the fishing village in Brittany, saw the end of him afterward. On the day and hour when he perished, the heavens darkened, and a terrible storm arose. Once more, and for a moment only, the gleam of the unearthly fire reddened the windows of the old Tower. Thunder pealed and struck the building into fragments. Lightning flashed incessantly over the ruins; and, in the scorching glare of it, the boat which, in former years, had put off to sea whenever the storm rose highest, was seen to shoot out into the raging ocean from the cleft in the rock—and was discovered, on this final occasion, to be doubly manned. The Fiend Fisherman sat at the helm; his Adopted Son tugged at the oars; and a clamor of diabolical voices, roaring awfully through the roaring storm, wished the pair of them a prosperous voyage.

POOR CHIPS.

"ALL hands, ahoy!"

It was my middle watch below. For a weary week and more we had been beating against the baffling sou'west winds of the Cape; but with the morning of this day came a fair northerly wind, and we were making the most of it. Contrary to the usual custom of compliment to these rough latitudes, we had not sent down our lighter spars from aloft; and so with the first breath of the favorable breeze we were flying before it under a cloud of royals and stun'-sails. But as the day grew the wind freshened; one by one the royals were furled and stun'-sails sent in, though our Captain, whose hardihood in carrying sail had become proverbial, manfully held on everything to the last, so that when our watch left the deck the ship was staggering under top-gallant sails, top-sails, and courses. Soon after going below we heard the other watch setting jibs and stay-sails, by which we inferred that the wind was hauling on the quarter. But I was drowsy; the creaking of the jib-sheet block overhead was soon merged in the chirping of robins round the door-way at home; in the rattling cordage I heard but the stir of autumn leaves, and the groanings of the strained masts were to my retrospective fancy but the swaying of nut-laden trees in the merry woods which we boys were wont to rifle. Thus wrapped in dreams of the past, I lost all consciousness of the present, until recalled to a ship's life and duty by the hoarse cry at the forecastle hatchway, "All hands to shorten sail, ahoy!"

We were not long in getting on deck, for a sailor's toilet is soon made. He has no starched collar to adjust, no wonderful cravat to tie; nor is he very particular as to cleansing his teeth or running the point of a marlin-spike round the rims of his finger-nails, when thus hurriedly called. A growl, a shake, and he is dressed. Confusion enough was visible and audible on deck when we got there. It was "clew up!" and "clew down!" "let go halliards!" here, and "start away sheets!" there. And well they might be starting sheets, for the wind, fair when our watch went below at eight bells, had now hauled to the westward and was blowing a whole gale. The watch on deck had furled the top-gallant sails, clewed up the courses, settled away the top-sails, and were then furling the mizzen. Our watch took its accustomed station at the fore. Many hands make light work; in a few seconds the sail was lying to the yard in loose folds, and the word was given to hand it. After belaying my clew-line, I stepped to the halliards to see that they were well taut—not thinking it necessary to go aloft, since the yard was already alive with more men than could well work—when the mate, who, after his customary fashion, had been stumping about deck and cursing the whole crew for a lubberly set of land-crabs, sung out to know who was forward. I answered.

"Lay aloft, then, you Sandy, and see why they don't pick up that sail, and tell me if you find any skulkers in the top."

"Ay, ay, sir!" and I sprang cheerily into the rigging.

On getting into the top, I found Chips shivering under the lee of the fore-mast head.

"Chips! Chips!" said I, "why aren't you out on the yard there? The mate is swearing a blue streak below, and if he learns of your being stowed away here he'll make you ship all sorts of seas."

"Oh, Sandy!" said Chips, "I'm too weak; the wind would strip me from the spar;" and the tremors that shook the poor fellow's frame, as he clung cowering to the eyes of the rigging, confirmed his words.

"Any skulkers there in the top, Sandy?" shouted the mate from below.

"Not a soul, sir!" I sung out, cheerily, and swinging myself to the yard above, assisted as best I could in stowing the bunt of the sail; for, as I have before remarked, the yard was already packed with more men than could well work.

It may have been a lie that, but if no more aggravated charge of falsehood be brought against me when this watch below is out and all hands are summoned to the great quarter-deck above, my soul will rest sufficiently easy with itself on the score of truth. Singular as it may seem, I look back at the dim face of that untruth with the most perfect satisfaction; I pet its memory somewhat as one would fondle the recollection of a dear departed child. I've achieved volumes since, yet I regard that sentence as a more golden one than any that I've written. I am sure it embodies a better sentiment than men are accustomed to utter in daily and familiar conversations.

A word here to tell the reader who Chips was all this while. The name, you know, is a generic one, and applied to all ships' carpenters. Sailors are most sensible godfathers, and always christen with an eye to the preservation of the unities—thus the cooper is known as Bungs, and the blacksmith as Smut. But our Chips was of a gentler humanity than the generality of these hewers of wood, and, of course, a favorite with the crew. Something more than a pun was meant when a frolicsome youngster swore that our Chips was of finer grain than any that ever before floated. It was in the hope of re-establishing his health, much impaired by some pulmonary disease, that he came to sea; and for a time, while cruising in the balmy tropical latitudes, it seemed as though his object would be obtained. The soft, caressing breezes that wander in those courts of the sun, with the bewitching nights and refulgent days, would woo the weary soul back, if any temptation could, from the very verge of the grave; for it almost seems impossible that any brighter heaven can lie beyond. But as we sailed southward, and the Southern Cross began to bend above our heads, and still southward, until the Magellan Clouds poised themselves over the royal-truck, the rough winds and icy sleet which reveal themselves with these wonders proved too much for his frail constitution, and he failed rapidly. It was then that we began to speak of him as "Poor Chips;" and we spoke thus quite as much in love as in pity. It came out afterward that he had been engaged to a girl in Boston. I remember that often in his sleep he would murmur the name "Mary Haley;" and in our tropical cruisings, through long hours of the night-watches, he would sit between the knight-heads or the windlass-bitts humming a song of which I can only remember that the refrain was Aileen-a-Roon.

I have said that his gentle manners and unobtrusive disposition endeared him to all on shipboard. I should have said to all except the mate; but then to have the good-will of the latter was small credit to the man with whom it rested. Years have passed since I sailed with that mate, but, looking back through their intervening vista, I see him before me now, as then, a perfect nightmare of meanness and ugliness. His quarter-deck name was Maxim, but in the forecastle he was known as "Devil-bug." Tall and snaky in build, with that unsightly curvature of spine which makes a ship what we call "hogged," a man stoop-shouldered, the villainy of his face hedged in by a pair of brick-red whiskers, sure no man ever lived on whose whole exterior nature at birth wrote "tyrant, coward, and scoundrel" more plainly. His arms, long, lean, and bowed, as they hung loosely by his side, might not inaptly be compared to a parenthesis; but it was a miserable affair of a heart that they inclosed. Indeed nature seemed aware that it was not worthy of appearing in the body of her work, and so inclosed it in brackets—a sort of postscript to a most miserably-constructed article. From the first he took a dislike to Chips, and never suffered an opportunity of venting it to pass unimproved. He reveled in that infernal delight which a mean nature ever has in degrading a nobler one. Was a ringbolt to be scoured, a mast slushed, or any other piece of drudgery, important or unimportant, to be done, to Chips it was appointed. Even at the time of which I write, in that rough weather of which all who have ever sailed around the Horn have had experience, while the poor fellow was so weak that in dressing he had to steady himself by laying one hand on his bunk, if not on deck as soon as the others of the watch, this ever-to-be-execruted Devil-bug would rush into the forecastle, shake him from his hold, and "freshen his way," as he termed it, up the ladder with a rope's end. Many a hand longed on these occasions to drop a handspike on the rascal's head; but discipline prevailed, and his punishment was not then.

To return now to my story.

While on the top sail yard I noticed that the parrel-band had worked loose, and, notifying the mate, he ordered me to remain and make it secure. I detained Chips with me, nominally to assist, really to keep him beyond the reach of his tormentor. Having finished the little job, we went down. The balance of the men were handing the mainsail, and I stood by to attend their calls to the deck, while Chips busied himself in coiling up the loose rigging. At this moment the mate came along with a spare gasket in his hand.

"Here, you Chips, take this gasket, and lay out and stow that flying-jib snug."

Now this was merely a "work-up job," and none knew it better than myself, since I had furled the sail in question the evening previous, and at his order had taken special pains to make it secure; moreover, it was a task of no inconsiderable danger to a landsman like Chips, as the ship was rearing and plunging in that fierce head-sea like a crazy colt—her jib-boom one moment pointing to the zenith, the next to the nadir, and describing in every sweep a full semi-circle. Accordingly I ventured to say that I myself had furled the flying jib before our watch went below, had taken the precaution to put extra stops about it, and was sure that it was safe.

"Ah!" said the mate, "since you are so fond of working your jaw-tackle you can lay out there, too."

Of course, it was not for me to reply, but to obey. It is the very gospel of the sea to go when ordered, and, taking the gasket in my hand, I started forward. I heard Chips beg to be excused from the work, alleging that his legs were so we a

they could hardly support him about deck, and he feared he should fall overboard. I also heard the rude curse and the still ruder kick given him in reply; and the fellow came crawling out after me on the long spar which stretched like a gibbet-arm far over the water. We gained the flying jib-boom, and made rapid work of it—for really there was nothing to do of furling but go through the form commanded by the mate—and I was passing the last turn of the gasket, when the foot-rope suddenly slackened beneath my feet, a wild cry of despair rang out on the midnight air, and I was alone on the spar. Looking downward, I saw Chips clinging to a piece of rigging that dangled under the bows. My God! I shall never forget the freezing horror of that face as, lit by the phosphorescent glare of the parted waters, it looked upward for a help that my arm was powerless to give. Even now it haunts me of nights, and I often start from sleep with the cry on my lips which I then, more from instinct than volition, sent thrilling through the ship—"Man overboard!', A terrible cry that, to mingle with the whistling of the gale. For a moment only he thus hung. The ship plunged her head quivering under water, and when she again rose, shaking the spray from her hempen mane like a drenched lioness, Chips was gone. One piercing cry for help came from far to leeward, but none could be given. It would have been impossible to lower a boat in such a sea; and though the life-buoy was detached from the taffrail, it is not probable that any hand rose to clutch it.

With us rude sailors the name of Chips became a household word: and many a rough hand would wipe away a tear when it was mentioned, or when the owner looked at the empty hammock which now swung untenanted. And what said the mate?—that "the skulking scoundrel had gone where he could 'soldier' forever if he pleased."

Well, we doubled the Cape at last, and gliding along in the smooth waters of the rightly-named Pacific, soon forgot the hardships through which we had so lately passed. In the nights of brimming beauty which crown the cup of the low latitudes we drank oblivion to the manifold horrors of the Horn. One night — it was the larboard watch's middle-watch on deck—while bowling along at perhaps seven knots the hour, most of us lounging about deck in drowsy attitudes, Aileen-a-Roon came swelling on the air as distinctly as any human voice could give it utterance. It seemed to come from a little in advance of the ship, now dying away in plaintive melody, and anon rising in a wild swelling cadence, as Chips was wont to hum it. There could be no mistake about the tune; and the loungers, as by one accord, sprang to their feet to assure themselves that they were indeed awake.

"It comes from the flying-jib-bnom end," quoth Old George, the Nestor of our crew. "I knew he would come again, and I know what and whom he wants."

"What's all this nonsense about?" cried the mate, angrily, coming forward, as was his wont whenever conversation drew a group together on the forecastle: he was ever fearful that the crew were hatching some conspiracy against him. He knew that he deserved to be killed, and was correspondingly suspicious that some plot might be laid to that end. Perhaps, too, he saw the shadow of his fate beckoning him on.

"Chips has come back to finish passing his gasket, sir," said Old George. "Listen! Do you not hear him out there humming his Aileen-a-Roon?"

"Aileen-a-Roon be d——d!" said the mate; "it's the flying-jib sheet-block chafing on the topmast stay. You didn't seize that Scotchman on as I told you, you old rascal. Look out for your watch below to-morrow. I'll soon clap a stop on this ghost's jaw of yours." And, taking a marline-spike in his hand, he started out on the bowsprit.

Now let no reader at this moment exult in thinking that he has detected in his author a statement that passes the bounds of probability. None better than myself know that it is not customary for the mate of a ship to amuse himself by doing odd jobs in the rigging at night; I should never have ventured to invent such a story. To have maintained his usual custom and that of officers of his kind, that mate should have sent three men out on the jib-boom to do one man's work, and distributed the rest of the watch at the mast-heads to look out for land in the middle of the Pacific ocean. But again I say, gentlemen, that the finger of Fate was in it; he was beckoned on by the shadow of his doom, and followed. Well, we watched the mate out, and sure enough, when he seated himself crosswise on the spar, the melody ceased.

"Old Devil-bug is right about the ghost," said a merry younker; "no man once well clear of this old hulk would come back again, dead or alive!"

No one gainsayed him; and, half-ashamed of our ready superstition, we resumed our lounging postures about the deck. Time passed on, and eight bells was struck. The relief watch turned out, but where was the mate to pass the orders of the night to his second? We all saw him go out on the jib-boom, but none remembered to have seen him come in. The second mate called "Mr. Maxim!" so loudly that he woke the captain, but no Mr. Maxim made answer. All hands were turned up, the ship hove to, and the boats lowered and sent in all directions, groping through the night, but without avail. And though we shortened sail and cruised vigilantly in that vicinity for a week no tidings came of the missing mate.

Old George shook his head and said, "I told you so." The young sailor never again laughed at the credulity of his elders.

My story is done. In all essential particulars it is true. If you doubt the assertion of the author, seek any one of the men that sailed in the whale ship *Walter Scott* on her cruise in '51, and see if the whole yarn does not have his corroboration. Or, granting the main facts, you may laugh and say that I have tortured a mere coincidence into a miracle; that the flying-jib-sheet hummed "Aileen-a-Roon:" that the mate fell overboard unheeded, and that the rushing waters stifled his cry for assistance. Very possibly you are right. Sailors reason by perception, landsmen by induction. None will dispute that retribution came where it was deserved; the precise manner in which the bolt fell is scarcely worthy of argument. We undoubtedly agree as to the hand by which it was launched.

I have told you of Chips' death, and what came of it. You can draw your own conclusions. Certain it is that two women in New England wear black—the one mourns a husband that went down to sea and never returned; the other, a lover.

C. H. Webb.

[For the Californian.]

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

CLIMBING PLANTS.

THE almost entire absence of climbing plants in the beds and borders of small flower gardens is greatly to be regretted, for very few plants possess the pleasing aerial lightness which distinguishes these. When in appropriate situations, they may be made to contribute largely to the general appearance of a garden by covering with verdure unsightly objects, or in assisting to form alcoves or verdant passages. A few stones or roots may be thrown together, and the climbers, if planted at the base, will speedily cover them, forming a most agreeable object; rustic vases and baskets are very proper places for them and these articles appear in a much more artistical and appropriate light when filled with creepers or overhung with festoons of the natural flowers and foliage of climbers, than when occupied with stiff-looking geraniums or other plants of a similar growth; and even flower beds may be filled to great advantage with plants that are naturally climbers.

By placing a few small bushes on the surface of a bed, the plants will soon cover them all, and as most of them are very abundant bloomers, the display is not inferior no less enduring than that of any other plants.

Sometimes when they are used to cover rock work or roots, they are just stuck into a small fissure in the stones or a hole in the roots with scarcely a handful of soil to cover them and then left to perish under the stigma of a bad name, the culture of them being, in consequence, given up or discontinued, but such plants are not allowed a fair chance even for their lives, much less of developing their several beauties. They should be planted at the base of whatever they are wished to cover, with free scope for the roots, selecting tall growing species for the top, and dwarfer ones for the bottom of the subject.

For the edging of walks or beds there is nothing more beautiful than some of the climbers, forming an excellent contrast to other plants.

The ivy forms one of the very best of edgings for a wide walk or a drive. Keeping it pegged down to the ground it can be kept in any desired shape; or, put under trees where grass will not grow, it will form a very close verdure. By taking small plants and placing them in the ground as far from the body of the tree as desired, and then training the shoots towards the centre, they will soon cover the entire surface of the ground.

The Tropeolum is another good plant for the same purpose; being in flower nearly all the time and very hardy, it is very desirable. It can be grown from seeds or cuttings; some of the new varieties are very handsome, and when planted in contrast with other suitable colors, we have in the tropeolum one of the most showy objects of the garden.

Ipomveas of the various kinds are among the most beautiful of the climbing plants, and, when grown in a mass, they will hardly be recognized by those who have only now and then seen a single plant bearing here and there a poor, starved flower.

The Passifloras are also admirably adapted both for bedding and training on trellises, and their curious and beautiful flowers will always make them favorites.

The Sollyas, with their pretty blue flowers, as well as the Maurandias, with their blueish purple flowers; the Everlasting Peas, with their variegated colors; the Lophospermum, with its pink tubular flowers; the Thunbergias, with orange-colored flowers, and a black spot in the centre; some of the Kennedyas, with their pea-shaped flowers of various colors, are very pretty.

The variety of climbers from which persons of taste can select is very large; and they can gratify their love of beauty to the fullest extent by a judicious arrangement of them. There are many which are only in bloom for a short time, and whose beauty is soon past, which, in a cold climate and the long winters, do not seem out of place; but here, where we have such a uniformity of temperature, something is required which is ever green and constantly in bloom. Most of the forementioned varieties combine these merits.

Climbing Roses and Honeysuckles have not been mentioned, as every one is supposed to have them. Most of us are compelled by circumstances to live in houses which some one else built, or which have by ill luck an ugly expression in every board or brick, from the sill of the door to the peak of the roof. Paint will not hide it, nor will cleanliness disguise it, however many defects and sins these things cover.

But vines will do both, or, what is better, with their lovely, graceful shapes, and rich foliage and flowers, they give a new character to the whole exterior. However ugly the structure, only give it this fair drapery of leaf and blossom, and nature will touch it at once with something of grace and beauty. What summer foliage is to a naked forest, what rich tufts of ferns are to a rock in a woodland dell, what "hyacinthine locks" are to the Goddess of Beauty, or wings to an angel, the drapery of climbing plants is to a cottage.

FLORAL DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.

March 18. St. Cyril, Great Leopard Bane, (*Doronicam Pardalionetes.*)
March 19. St. Joseph, Yellow Star of Bethlehem, (*Ornithogalum buteum.*)
March 20. St. Wulfran, Dog's Violet, (*Viola Canina.*)
March 21. St. Bennet, Bulbous Fumitory, (*Fumaria Bulbosa.*)
March 22. St. Catherine of Sweden, Pilewort, (*Fricaria Verna.*)
March 23. St. Alphonsus, Peerless Daffodil, (*Narcissus Incomparbilis.*)
March 24. St. Irenœus, Golden Saxifrage, (*Chrysosplenum Oppositifolium.*)

Iris.

THE "LIBERTY OF THE PRESS."

IN this country, where the effective and simple invention of *avertissement* is unknown, the press has a liberty not bounded even by the dictionary, but limited only by the imaginations of the people who write for it. A certain check upon journalistic fancy once existed, when nearly all the writers for the press were known; for then, individuals aggrieved by a newspaper had the means of personal satisfaction in their own hands, and there was nothing in public opinion to restrain a citizen from beating an editor if he liked. This means of satisfaction is still the resort of injured innocence in the remoter districts, but it must be confessed that it is liable to sad abuses, and that an editor may now and then be flogged for upholding a great principle, as well as for defaming private character. In this metropolis—where some characteristics of our civilization have found their ripest growth—the *argumentum ad hominem* is difficult of application in most cases of editorial offence; for the journalists are nearly all sheltered under the cloak of impersonality, which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and the public has come to look with a sentimental disfavor upon the device of beating the responsible editor.

In Italy, where the Government exercises a certain control over the press, it is the custom for each journal to maintain as its *gerente responsabile* a stout laboring man, who, for a stipulated salary, consents to be cast into prison in atonement for such offences as the journal may commit. Consequently, this honest fellow spends half his days in arrest; the journalists pay the fines, and write what they please. This would be the true principle on which to make the journalists personally responsible in this country. For a very slight consideration, a newly arrived emigrant, or an able-bodied freedman, or one of those Constitution-as-it-was people, who believe that slavery is a fine thing and flogging a privilege, could be induced to represent the editor of any leading journal, and take those beatings which can now no longer be given to the real offenders.

We Americans, who have so much civil liberty, have singularly little individual freedom, and it is to be acknowledged that the palladium of our liberties is often made to bear rather heavily upon us. From thrones, and crowns, and usurpations of political power we are tolerably safe; but we have our tyrants, nevertheless. The number of chiels among us taking notes with a view to printing them is out of all proportion to the census, and the

"Sweet little cherubs who sit up aloft"

in the fifth stories of the daily newspaper offices, writing articles, have a sharper tooth for private character than could be wished. There are laws for libel on our statute-books, but they have heretofore been of very difficult and infrequent application. Unless the tendency to scandal is in some way checked, we shall have, with a really not very wicked civilization, such a state of things as exists in some European countries, where unspotted reputations are unknown, and purity of life is no safer from infamy than its opposite.—*The Nation.*

There is a French Episcopal Church, in New York, where the contributions are collected by young ladies, and wicked people call it a "pretty waiter-girl church."

CLEOPATRA.

[The following remarkable poem by W. W. Story—the eminent sculptor—appeared in the August number of *Blackwood*. Aside from the magnificence of its diction, the idea of the poem is so bold and original that very few will feel themselves familiar with it even on a second reading. The doctrine of the Metempsychois never had an ampler or more fitting illustration.]

HERE, Charmian, take my bracelets,
They bar with a purple stain
My arms; turn over my pillows—
They are hot where I have lain:
Open the lattice wider,
A gauze on my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
And in his arms I lay;
Ah, me! the vision has vanished—
Its music has died away.
The flame and the perfume have perished—
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor
Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose-leaves,
They cool me after my sleep,
And with sandal odors fan me
Till into my veins they creep;
Reach down the lute, and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished,
And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
Loiters the slow smooth Nile,
Through slender papyri, that cover
The sleeping crocodile.
The lotus boils on the water,
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf-pavement
Never a ripple is rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
Those feathery palms to wave,
And yon little cloud is as motionless
As a stone above a grave.

Ah me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh! for a storm and thunder—
For lightning and wild fierce rain!
Fling down that lute—I hate it!
Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them together
Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty—
My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers—
That flushes across the light.
Look! listen! as backward and forward
To his hoop of gold he clings.
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
And shrieks as he madly swings!
Oh, cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
Till he hears you even in Rome.

There—leave me, and take from my chamber
That wretched little gazelle
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
And its silly tinkling bell!
Take him—my nerves he vexes—
The thing without blood or brain—
Or, by the body of Isis,
I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
Mistily stretching away,
When the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
Pours from the west its fire,
And melted, as in a crucible,
Their earthly forms expire;
And the bald blear skull of the desert
With glowing mountains is crowned,
That burning like molten jewels
Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past-time,
Æons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed
I wandered, where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The silence of mighty woods,
And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started
When he heard my footstep near,
And the spotted giraffes fled wildly
In a yellow cloud of fear.
I sucked in the noontide splendor,
Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,
Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
As the shadows of night came on,
To brood in the trees' thick branches
And the shadow of sleep was gone;
Then I roused, and roared in answer,
And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
And wandered my mate to greet.
We toyed in the amber moonlight,
Upon the warm flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive arms—
How powerful he was and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
Twitched curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
With a wild triumphant cry,
And we met, as two clouds in heaven
When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
For his love like his rage was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor—
For I was flexile and fair—
Fought for me in the moonlight,
While I lay couching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
And, ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
To breathe him a vast half-hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
Ere they had time to shrink.
We drank their blood and crushed them,
And tore them from limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for!
Not this weak human life,
With its frivolous bloodless passions,
Its poor and petty strife!
Come to my arms, my hero,
The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior that storms a fortress!
I will not shrink or cower.
Come, as you came in the desert,
Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
And love as you loved me then?

[For the Californian.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LATE DANCING MASTER.

IF I had not heard the bell tolling the other day, I might never again have thought of the man whom I have seen only seldom of late, or have run back on the gamut of my years to the melodious days of small boyhood, to the oldest of tunes that seemed to stumble from a sober violin, and to the recreation which we found once a week, at the little seldom-opened hall in my native place. But the bell told me that he has gone away now, that young children will no longer wait upon him to acquire graces of manner, and awkward middle age will not ask his ministrations to guide them into the paths of elegance and propriety of action. They may lament his absence, but he will be only a memory. His name has gone from the columns of the daily prints, where he allured youth and age to come and mend their ways by taking heed thereto. And though the gilt letters that spelled his name seem little worn at the doors where he used to administer, it were as useless to ask for him there as to go to the lone mountain yonder, and knock at the white slab that stands near the narrow house, where he now spends his days and nights.

I have seen him pass me a few times during these last months, as unconscious of my presence as of an early sorrow. I had not seen him for more than a decade of years, yet my first glance at him revived in me the same old feeling of pity, that my little boyhood even felt, when he was my preceptor, and I an awkward pupil, who oftener heard from him hints of my impurturbable awkwardness, than direct compliments for my adolescent grace. I couple with the memory of him and my early self the impressions that I ever have, not always I fear without envy, of certain diminutive persons not older but comelier than myself. These somehow speedily accomplished each new phase of the dance, and were rewarded with gentle strokes upon the head, and with being led off to a dance with a very pretty girl in dark eyes and blue dress (always my delight,) who moved with an easy elegance that no tutorship could instruct, and which came only as an inheritance of nature. I remember thinking there occurred instances of his partiality, and that he and I and the little girl in blue would all have been better friends, if he had distributed such rewards a little differently.

I don't think he was always as gentle as he would have his precepts make us, for through some days his dark hair would look darker than ever, and in the scowls on his brow one could read the warnings of his impatience. He spoke quickly in those days, and directed us nervously about with his finger, and made urchins, who were never born to be docile, bear the weight of that impatience quite unjustly. He had prejudices that I could not explain, and I am mindful even to-day of his singular indulgence to a pair of little passionate, bright eyes, that used to flash when they chose to, adorned with coral ear-rings, and a plain gold ring on the plump right hand; and of his tireless spite against little flaxen hair, that hung in curls over a scarlet dress, with drooping eyes that always wondered pitifully, while no answer came—only occasionally a lip-quiver, if any reproof was spoken. I think the latter was a kind of human target at which he would send all the shafts of his discontent with the little multitude. The child was not naturally endowed with considerable intelligence, and he ventured a guess, as if it were infallible, that any error which occurred must be on account of her presence. And my memory does not serve me, or when he found unusual success attending his ministrations, he kept very near the little dark eyes and brought out unusual dimples by his unrestrained compliments. Flaxen hair never spoke much, always came punctually, and waited in her scarlet dress. And, although she was so constant and prevalent, she came not to be altogether a favorite with one youthful critic, whose adolescent humor was only satified with calling her "Scarletina." And her companions, perhaps unkindly, accepted the amendment. So little flaxen hair found early, that it's the fortune of some to find thorns so thick about their roses, that they cannot pluck them without bleeding.

I think there are in the experiences of childhood such days of overwhelming festivity and joy, absorbing all intellectual vigor in diproportionate visions of bliss, and driving far away legitimate duties from the thoughts, as do not come to the later age, when there is mixed into the current of our lives such oil of soberness as makes the flow unruffled and silent. I remember one of these eras was when this master announced to us that there would be, what he called an "exhibition," at a period distant not less than four weeks. The youthful interpretation of this was, that the great hall of the little city would be thrown open, for boundless joy—not guessing that it was a method of advertising the accomplishments which he had engrafted upon these little human twigs. But they thought only of the apparently disinterested kindness, and perhaps no revelation of the true fact would have marred their anticipations.

What an effect upon youthful society the anticipation of a great delight induces! I remember that then little girls grew suddenly strong in their loves and antipathies. They became very affectionate, and would crowd together around the desks in school and would walk in files of four abreast up and down the yard with their arms around each others' waists. (I know the little boys too, some of them, wanted to walk on the outside and put their arms around the outside little girls' waists, and that the outside little girls didn't want them to.) And they would keep farther away than ever from the girls they did not love. And, if I remember, they would contort their faces when they met them, and go right off and talk to their bosom and waist friends and express entire disbelief in their possible pleasing appearance upon the coming occasion. I am sure the gentleman who taught our feet could not have guessed how the youthful thoughts danced over the books at school, and chasseed in and out the ribbon shops, and balanced to corner dry goods and slipper stores, and promenaded a great distance away from geography and mathematics. (Perhaps the tutor of the feet cared little for the success of the tutors of the head. He never boasted of any scientific knowledge, and gave no special evidence of any literary acquirement, further than was necessary to express a correct computation of accounts between himself as creditor and numerous parents as debtors.)

The hall of our exhibition was a large stone affair, with broad steps leading up to the great entrance. But we went in by the side avenue, and up two flights of winding stairs. I can see the long procession standing in the upper halls—little blue dress without her blue, but clothed in white like all the rest, but she hadn't changed her eyes or left them at home, and a girl who had made me trustee of many social confidences, perfectly dazzling in robes of tissue (but her wings were covered up,) and "Scarletina," not Scarletina at all, but white-robed and shining, with only a little red ribbon twisted in with her flaxen hair—and boys that were not very handsome commonly, trying to create a sensation, with black jackets and enamelled pumps, among those little white flutterers who were clearly almost overwhelmed with their own unaccustomed wealth of attire.

I remember the unmistakable pride which that master took as he directed the small multitude down the winding steps into the blazing hall, glorious with extravagance of chandeliers and with gaily adorned parents and friends, and magnificent with an orchestra of many instruments. One forgot the humbleness of the dancing school room where we appeared only in the daytime, and the homely little fiddler who sat upon a rostrum in the shadow and scraped away, seeming to think of nothing in particular but how long he must fiddle and of his daily wages.

Such evenings came only seldom into the routine of our lives and were like oases in what seemed the desert of our growing-up days. They were bountcous in nourishment, being rich in anticipation, creamy in participation, and satisfactory in remembrance. We overlooked the impatience of the teacher, in the bountiful bestower of such occasional joy.

The chapter of my life, in which I see his presence through many pages, was lived in a little New England city by the sea. Our early impressions are abiding, and therefore when I met him again a few months ago, after a good many years, I recognized him speedily. He was a tall gentleman with a semi-official visage—an after-dinner countenance as it were. The most casual observer would say he could be a master of ceremonies better than any other. Without æsthetic culture, he could tell what was comeliest and yet be afar off from what was most beautiful. His own walk demonstrated his appreciation of the poetry of motion. You would have said, had you known him, that no one was by nature better adapted to teach others in that branch of æsthetics that appertained to mode. It's an art, whose secrets Nature doesn't whisper to every one, how to meet the stranger without or within thy gates, to salute impressively, to attend uncompromisingly, to part from suggestively ; and if, not being one of those whom Nature has so favored. you had met him, I believe that you would have rested, as having reached a safe haven, after an uncertain voyage. I know there were many men, half through the journey, even in my little native city, and who had not "known all these things from their youth up," who called him under the shadow of their own fig trees and asked and received instruction. And though it may not be writ upon their grave-stones that they walked always afterwards in the paths of rectitude, it is in the remembrance of many of a later generation that these aged disciples thought better of their own accomplishments, and even ventured to assert claims in the society of their generation, which may or may not have seemed to more properly belong to them. But this is a reproach rather against the vanity of maturity, than the successful efforts of our accomplished master.

In my contemplation of him as the dancing master, I considered him excellent in his calling, though wished I could rub the scowl off his forehead. I do not think he considered any person as being as competent in his profession, and so there was an easy dignity about him, an unmistakable excellence, an utter disinclination to be considered as competing with any other. And while, in those days, I thought him sometimes very cross and not over-partial to me, yet if any person ever hinted at a comparison of him with a certain maiden lady, of indefinite years, and with such a horrible monosyllabic name that no person ever invited her to change it, who taught similar branches in a smaller hall or at a cheaper rate, my logical faculty became intensified in his favor and hardened my closed fingers and made me his champion indisputably. I emphasized arguments in his favor, and probably took poetic license with his good qualities, and spoke of them in the superlative degree.

And I thought of him as a man, apart from his magisterial character. I believed his earlier days must have been better than his latter. A languid dignity seemed natural to him. What, as a pupil, my eyes saw as a scowl, I could otherwise believe were lines that some former anxiety had left—the footprints of an early distress. I never asked where his boyhood had been passed, but I kept thinking there was an air about him of dethroned royalty. He had adopted that profession which appertained peculiarly to the elegancies of life. His limbs were not muscular, and his light step never hinted the inheritance of the gardener, Adam, who "earned his bread by the sweat of his face." Whatever his gains, he spent right royally, and scarcely acknowledged the right of tradesman or any one of the mercantile community to present any numerical statement of his obligations. He would waive them off with a surprise upon his countenance and a suppressed lip-curl, as a king might direct one to his chamberlain or chancellor of the exchequer. His dress was always the "purple and fine linen" of the shops, and there was ever an indescribable, unliquidated air about them. I did not think, at that early age, that the uniformity of his fine attire might arise from the risk of leaving salable garments at home and within the reach of such persons connected with the judiciary as attach and sell under process for the payment of debts. I now think he had no preference for such persons, and recognized their occasional brief authority.

I do not know when, in those early days, he went out of my sight, but there is a slip in my recollection a good many years ago, not marked in time, but a period during which I have no memory of him. And these years—I cannot count them—went by, and one day I met this uncrowned sovereign walking on the sunny side, in that dignity which I know must have been an inheritance, with the same lines on his brow, but deeper cut, and, plainly enough, the old regret hanging about him for the early blessings. The former richness of attire was present, but I thought Time had been stealing some of the elasticity from his limbs. He was following the old, elegant calling still, and, I presume, gathered about him all of every generation as it outgrew its infant grace, and was ushered into the awkward bashfulness of immaturity. I have passed the door where his name in gilt letters guided the stranger, and from the open windows have heard the measured tones from that violin—the same to which my youthful feet were taught to keep time. And at the window I have seen bouquets of young faces, almost the same, they seemed, as those grouped together years ago. One day there was there a little pale face with flaxen curls, but saffron ribbons, and I half believed it was the same that now must belong to a maturer woman, the unloved "Scarletina" of a good while ago,

"As if a rose could shut and be a bud again."

I never passed his name but I thought over again my youth. He seemed to me, as I met him, as not of to-day, but an unprogressive guide-board—a hand that did not move, but kept pointing backward to different and earlier days, as if derisively, and knowing that I could not return upon that path.

But now he has gone away from tripping girls and stumbling boys, from the routine of teaching to the presence of the great Teacher ; from the afternoon lessons to sparkling young eyes and blue dresses, and from brass-buttoned jackets, and from evening assemblies where he was master of ceremonies, uncertain if he shall receive any other reward, but sure that creditors or the judiciary cannot touch his goods. He carried no treasures away, and has left no possessions behind. No one has applied in behalf of bereft heirs for Letters Testamentary or of Administration. His only estates are what he may have in eternity, of which the County Recorder even can give no information. There is many a man and woman who, when they hear of his passage, will stop a moment to remember him—the subdued relic of royalty, heir to what unknown throne!

Elegant teacher—anxious waiter upon Fate! Thou didst wander through Time, wondering if thou mightst not chance to catch some misdirected beatitude, and wast disappointed! Skillful guide of youth and inelegant maturity to gracefulness and ease, better things were wished thee than thou didst acquire. Corrector of ignorant steps and reveeler of new accomplishments to pedal capacities, thou hast finished thy work and hast gone beyond the reach of all men's compliments and recommendations! Art thou waiting in thy whereabouts, ready to greet thy former pupils as they pass beyond the gate? Did thy scholars, who had gone before, remember thy presence in the eternal halls, and welcome thee? Or art thou unmindful of thy earthly calling, and hast left thy pumps and earthly pomp out of mind? Nathless, we follow thee as far as we may on thy journey, and have burned candles for thy way, if it was perchance darkened. We know some peace has come to thee, for in death thou hadst lost that early and continuous frown, and may be thou hadst reached again thy lost crown and thy wished-for beatitude. Soul of my departed Teacher, Vale! and Amen!

PHILIP.

A COMFORTABLE DOCTRINE.

WHEN Dr. Livingstone was sleeping out one night, in the course of his explorations, a lion seized and shook him, with a view to further proceedings. It is not many men who can say with Miss Pecksniff that they have "lived to be shook" in such a style as this. The Doctor records it as his experience that the result of this shaking was to superinduce a sort of comatose state, a feeling half of numbness, half of contented repose, in which he disregarded pain, and had no considerable dread of the tearing of flesh and limbs which was to precede his death. Thereupon he suggests the idea that perhaps the practice of shaking their prey which is observed in all feline animals, as well as in dogs and in some of the more violent fishes, is a Providential arrangement to spare the necessary victim pain.

If we look into tales of death by violence, we shall see in very many cases some such preparation for a comparatively easy death—easy, that is to say, as compared with the horror which the account excites in those who hear or read of them. This would appear to be notably the case in some kinds of railway accident. The shock and jar of a collision has something peculiarly numbing about it. Passengers who escape unhurt from such a catastrophe relate that they suddenly became conscious of something happening or being about to happen, and knew nothing more till they found themselves faced round the other way, or heels uppermost, or contorted in some of the many strange ways in which the human body is found to be contorted after accidents of this kind. There has been no blow to account for a loss of consciousness ; there is no bruise to show, no outward injury done, and yet locomotion of a very complicated and difficult nature has been achieved, and a space of time has passed which cannot by any means be called instantaneous, for it has sufficed for the crash and tumult of the collision to come to an end, and the transported passenger finds himself settled and stationary. A Scotch physician who was in a bad railway accident some years ago discovered himself sitting at the top of the cutting in which the accident occurred, externally unhurt, as if he could not have been thrown there ; indeed, from the nature of the case he could not have been. How he had got there he had no conception ; and it seemed quite certain that he had not been carried or in any way helped there. His nervous system was so completely thrown out of gear that he never recovered from the shock.

It can scarcely be doubted that had death come upon him in any form whatever during the interval which elapsed between his leaving the carriage and his finding himself quietly seated on the cutting, many yards away from the ruined train, he would have met it without conscious suffering. And, without going through such a hazardous ordeal as this, large numbers of persons have had experience which points in the same direction.

A man who is a bad sailor, and has crossed the Channel in really dirty weather, sitting on the deck, knows what it is to be suddenly lifted as it were from his seat by some strange power, such as that which carried the prince and princess in the *Arabian Nights* backwards and forwards through the air, and deposited ever so far off in a heap, among ruinous *débris* of umbrella and cloak, and other impediment of a sick passenger on a stormy day. At the moment of his deposit, and for some moments after, no imminence of death in any form could have much effect in rousing him even to a struggle to evade it. And much the same result follows sometimes from what the Irish call a gentle tap on the head ; so that in many very horrible accidents resulting in prolonged "agonies of death," which make every nerve of one's body quiver at the bare recital, there are great chances in favor of the victim's having received just some preparatory jerk. or shock, or blow which paralyzes that part of his system to whose sensitiveness pain is due, and so renders him unable to feel the lengthened pangs.

And this may very well hold in the case of those who struggle on and cry aloud in their apparent torture, even as the "subject" under the surgeon's knife makes signs of pain when his nerves are under the blessed influence of anæsthetics.

It is a comfort to think of such things in these days, when steam locomotion and steam machinery bring to so many households the horrors of a dreadful death to enhance the usual sorrow for death. And, in face of the terrible catastrophe in the Bay of Biscay, it is a great comfort to think that a similar effect is often produced, though perhaps not to so high a degree, by fatigue, by exposure to wet and cold, by prolonged and anxious doubt. Sea-sickness has especially and to a very high degree this effect. A man under its influence will constantly say, "Do with me what you will." If he were to fall overboard, he is sure he should make no effort to save himself. If he is told that the ship is sinking, the announcement has but little interest for him. In that storm in which the *London* went down, long before a tenth part of the passengers could have become accustomed to the motion of the vessel, we may be sure that there were many whose ordinary sufferings rendered it impossible for them to have that keen perception of the horrors of the situation which each fresh detail brings to us on land. And of the rest large numbers must have been tired into resignation, tired by the efforts at self-preservation and the preservation of others they had so spiritedly and so nobly made, tired by exertions the very intentness of which precluded the possibility of much agony of anticipation while such exertions lasted. Many again of those whose sex or age or infirmities forced them to be somewhat inactive spectators of all that went on were doubtless only half alive to their trials. The discomforts of a vessel on which the sea was making clear breaches, the numbness of cold and the results of exposure to wind and spray, the deafening noise of the elements and the confusion of all within the ship—all these and many more influences would be at work to reduce persons of weak constitution to a half-regardless state, some time before death was known to be inevitable.

THE *Athenæum* says : "If parents of small means would train up one of their daughters to undertake the cooking of the family, and another to do the housework, instead of keeping an over-worked, incompetent maid-of-all-work, it would be far better for the girls themselves and for the comfort of the family, than let them go out into the world as second and third-rate governesses or music teachers. We have seen the comforts of a house in which the daughters have been trained to do all the work of the family. The young ladies were as refined and their hands as nicely kept as if they had done nothing but the desultory uselessness which seems to preside over female employment. The more refined and lady-like a woman is the neater and quicker she transacts any household work she undertakes."

ON the occasion of starting a convivial club, somebody proposed that it should consist of twelve members, and be called "The Zodiac," each member to be named after a sign.

"And what shall I be?" inquired a somewhat solemn man, who was afraid that his name would be forgotten.

"Oh!" replied Jerrold, we'll bring you in as the *weight* in Libra."

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1866.

THE MISFORTUNE OF BEING RICH.

IN view of the difficulty which a rich man is said to experience in entering into Heaven, it would seem that by the workings of the great natural law of compensation he should be permitted to have a comparatively easy time of it upon earth. But no! Against the embarrassment of riches he has to struggle even here below. When he gives in alms it is almost invariably complained that he does not give enough; if he refuse to give at all still worse is his fate, for as before he was denounced as a niggard, he is now anathemized as a miser.

If he become involved in a lawsuit, no matter what right may be upon his side, a jury is morally certain to find a suit against him, particularly if the action be one for damages. If the scale of justice lean to his side, the thought that "he can afford it" is pretty sure to turn the beam. In the very outset of the case he has to struggle against a popular prejudice. Even the voice of the press is lifted up against him, and that inexorable finger-post points out to the popular sympathy the direction in which it must travel.

We have seen a notable instance of this in a late breach of promise suit, brought against a wealthy bachelor of this city. It is not upon record that the defendant has ever done harm to any one, or failed to pay his taxes regularly, and all honest dues. His enjoyment lay in the accumulation of wealth, as that of some others lies in spending it. He followed the bent of his inclinations, getting all he could and keeping all he got. While other men were devoting themselves with success to the comparatively easy task of spending money, he was turning his energies to the more difficult science of saving it. Not to the sirens of earth did he incline his ear—deaf he has been to them, as were the sailors of Ulysses when their barque glided safely past the perilous land of which mention is made in the *Odyssey*. Wine flowed, but he did not dissolve his dollars in the bowl. From the fascinations of the green-cloth he turned away. It may be that he gave little or nothing in charity, but should it not be also recorded to his credit that he spent little of his substance in wastefulness? For spending money, whether on contribution-boxes or other seductions, we are not sure that men deserve extravagant praise. To the one it is a gratification to give, to the other it is a pleasure to keep—why deny to a man the pursuit of happiness in his own way? Cleopatra found an expensive pleasure in swallowing pearls; other eccentrically disposed persons have derived gratification from standing upon a wharf and dropping gold pieces into the water. The only pearls swallowed by fair lips now-a-days are those which go down unconsciously with the succulent oyster; but what is the difference whether a man drop his money into the water, into a contribution-box, or into his own iron-chest, if in each instance it be only his individual pleasure which he seek to serve?

It never seems to be taken into account that it is generally only by the practice of the most rigorous economy and stern self-denial that great wealth is acquired. In making money, as in making love, it may be said, *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*. John Jacob Astor was accustomed to say that getting together his first thousand dollars was more difficult than the acquirement of all the rest of his fortune. Certainly it requires some resolution for a young sprig to grip himself by the throat with one hand, clutch tightly the neck of his purse with the other, and tread among the flowery paths "where every prospect pleases, without letting go a dime! and should we not give the proper credit-marks for it? Some call this sacrifice of the pleasures of the senses virtue, but may we not also term it economy? Most men, acting upon the *dum vivimus, vivamus*, and *carpe diem* principle, eat their cake as they go along, but that is no reason why one whose pleasure lies in seeing his cake should nibble away upon it until nothing is left. No, not at all; if he choose let him lock it away in his strong-box and occasionally smell of it through the keyhole to assure himself that it is there. If it mould or he die before venturing upon a bite, it is his business and who shall interfere?

Every man has his idea of what happiness is and starts out to attain it. One man thinks it lies in getting religion, another in getting rich. It is the custom to say that the man who sets his mind upon wealth finds it only dross when he grasps it, and is discontented. Not so, at all. It may fairly be assumed that the man who thinks enough of money to deny himself much of what goes to make life pleasant in order to acquire it, values the object of his pursuit enough to not regard it as an idle bubble and all that when it is in his hand. His chief trouble and greatest anxiety is destined to lie in the difficulty of keeping it. He is quite as happy as the man is who started out at the same time with the ambition to become a statesman, a shoemaker, or a Justice of the Peace, and attains the object of his ambition. Each has his troubles, for the successful man is always envied. The statesman is maligned, slandered, and perhaps sent as consul to some obscure port in Japan where he is liable to have his throat cut with swords, the shoemaker has rivals in trade who use cheaper leather and undersell him, and the Justice of the Peace is accused of corruption in deciding a case involving the ownership of a sheep.

Of these troubles the rich man has his full share, and is equally deserving of sympathy. One of the annoyances to which he is subject is the overtures of the fair sex. If he look at one, a latent wink which must mean something is detected in his eye; if he speak to one twice, a family consultation is at quickly held to decide whether or not his attentions are honorable—if he speak thrice, he is open to a breach of promise suit at once. A cloud of witnesses will swear that they hard emotion in his voice, saw love in his look, and that he positively had matrimony in his eye. His case is prejudged before being called before the Courts, and whatever its merits may be, the struggle against all the many influences brought to bear, is always a difficult and generally a vain one. In view of the privations a man has to undergo in getting rich, the trouble he has in keeping so, and the many other annoyances to which he is subject, we submit that the rich man should always have fair play, that it should be assumed that he is quite as good as a poor man so long as he pays his taxes, and that in view of the fact that he will, in the common course of nature, be called upon to go to his account with only a very slim chance of squeezing his portly figure through the needle's eye, he should not be baited and badgered to the extent he is on earth.

A NEW feature has been introduced into Shakspearean criticism. We have heard much—too much, perhaps—about the various subjects mentioned by him, but we are now threatened with notices of the things which he did not mention. In a recent number of *Notes and Queries*, Mr. Walter Thornbury has an article on "Shakspeare's Silence Concerning Smoking," and he promises others on "Shakspeare's Silence About Scotchmen and Silver Forks."

PATTI's reception at the *Italiens* in Paris was brilliant beyond anything in the history of the triumphs of this theatre, but the enthusiasm of the audience did not quite reach the point it attained at Marseilles, where the people took the horses from her carriage and dragged her to her hotel, and then, snatching her bonnet from her head, tore it into shreds and divided them around as souvenirs.

SWINBURNE, the poet, proposes to edit a selection of Lord Byron's poems, and to furnish the volume—which Moxon, of London, will publish—with an introductory critical essay on Byron's life, character and genius. Swinburne, by the way, is still a young man, not having attained his thirtieth year. His father is a Rear-Admiral in the British Navy. His mother is the daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham.

THE New York *News* has sent Miss Carry Corinne Lester to the South as its special correspondent and agent. She is described by those who have seen her as a very beautiful and accomplished lady. The proprietors of the *News* are complimented by the Southern journals for the skill they have displayed in the selection of such a representative.

WE acknowledge the receipt from M. Gray, 613 Clay street, of two pieces of new music entitled, "Good Bye at the Door," and "The Listening Mother," arranged for the piano.

AT the "Young Men's Ball," in Washington, Grant, Meade, Sherman, and Thomas, danced in one of the sets.

A HANDLESS man a letter did write;
The dumb dictated it word for word;
It was read by one who had lost his sight;
And deaf was he who listened and heard.
It was *nought* that the handless man did write;
And *nought* was read by his dumb compeer;
It was *nought* that struck on the blind man's sight;
And *nought* on the deaf man's ear.
For one and the same, as we all well know,
Are a cipher, and nought, and the letter O.

AMUSEMENTS.

MAGUIRE'S *Seven Sisters* have held possession of the Opera House stage during the week past as well as the preceding one. The piece has had a very successful run, drawing uniformly good houses. The cool weather may perhaps have had something to do with increasing the attendance, moving people to gather around the fires of Phlegethon which at intervals are commanded to light the darkness of of the scenery. This afternoon and evening, however, the *Seven Sisters* abdicate the throne. No more will Courtaine, in short skirts and with gauze wings, disport upon the stage. Mrs. Edwin must disband her Zouaves; Jackson will be called upon to wash the cork from his face, and Leman will be obliged to adjourn his Congress of States. But *The Enchanted Beauty* is underlined for speedy production, so that all who are fond of scenic display may expect an opportunity of soon again revelling in a perfect paradise of theatrical effects. A few chanting beauties, let us incidentally remark, would be a material addition to the Opera House Company in such pieces as the popular taste seems to require and managements have determined to give. On Friday evening, Charles Thorne took a benefit, Miss Emily Thorne—a thorn, however, claiming an entirely different geneological tree—volunteering for the occasion. *The Corsican Brothers* and *The Pleasant Neighbor* were announced for the entertainment, and, the box-sheet being filled early in the day, it is safe to say that he had a crowded house.

Benefits being in order, Harry Jackson will present himself before the public on Thursday evening, next week. On the principle that one good turn deserves another, Mr. Jackson should certainly have a good house, for, having contributed to the population lately, it is only fair that the population should now contribute something to his support. Aside from this claim for a benefit which shall be a benefit, Mr. Jackson is a careful and pains-taking actor, and in his peculiar line of characters has few rivals upon this coast. And Harry Jackson, Jr.,—who kindly volunteers for the senior's benefit—is a perfect little gem of precocity. As a general thing, infant prodigies are detestable bores, and very few ever amount to anything as adults. But this little fellow is a rare exception to what is unfortunately a general rule. Neither pert nor forward, his whole soul is evidently wrapped up in a profession to which he seems to have taken as naturally as a duck to water. On the stage he appears entirely unconscious that he is on exhibition, entering into the spirit of his part with a *con amore* air especially pleasing. His Irish personations are excellent. One explanation of the modest grace that invests the little fellow may be found in the fact that his father has never starred him, and, if this system of wise repression, accompanied by judicious culture, be maintained to the end, we have an idea that Jackson Jr. will become an ornament to a profession which has never yet been too extensively decorated.

If any proof were wanted that our people delight in spectacular pieces, and will turn out if a novelty be presented to them, the truth made itself palpably apparent on Thursday night. It was fairly a gala night at the Metropolitan. The long-promised *Sheep's Foot* was presented, and there was not standing-room in the house. For weeks it had been in careful rehearsal, and the most mysterious rumors were rife concerning it. It was known that on one occasion, at least, at rehearsal, the leading actress was shot up in the air, ten feet or more, like a Congreve-rocket, by way of trying the catapult power of a trap. In consequence of this experiment, it was confidently expected on some sides that the ladies of the theatre, ballet and all—easily enough the latter could be lifted—would be kept bouncing up and down at the mouths of traps, like pith balls toyed with by the breath of a juggler. But all were disappointed. With the rising of the curtain, Don Guzman came forward *en domino*, drew a concealed weapon on himself, and had it jerked from his hand with a promptness which speaks well for the aerial police. Very soon after, Signora Leonora Mandeville Thorne and Don Lopez Leach came forward, standing on their feet, instead of on their heads, and sang a duet in most charming style. And then, behold, we had Don Niaso Nigodinos Woodhull and Lazarillo Ruby upon the scene. But we cannot, will not, recount the plot of the piece. The tricks, transformations, effects and all, would fill a small volume. It is called the sheep's foot because that inexpensive morsel of mutton is given to the genial Guzman by a good genii—we preserve the singular use of the noun adhered to on the stage, though always under the impression that it is plural—to assist him in making up to and off with Leonora, but a pig's foot would have done equally well as a talisman, and been much better for jelly. But sometimes there is a good deal in a name. This, it will be remembered, is the piece which was produced at La Porte St. Martin, in Paris, at an expense of 150,000 francs, and ran two years—a pretty good run on one foot. Ah, in that city to which all good Americans go when they die, they know how to do things! But *revenons a nos moutons* or *a notre Pied de Mouton*—the piece went off very well the first night, all things considered. The reluctant traps by postponing the delivery of two members of the quintette and smashing the guitar of one innocent who did not know their viciousness,

contributed somewhat to the mirth of the audience in the beginning. But such *contretemps* are pleasant rather than otherwise to all save the stage manager. Conscientiously, however, we cannot compliment Beneux on his ballet—of course Acosta and Wiethoff are excepted from this criticism, for they could not be better, and in point of justice should not be counted in among the recruits. A little ballet is a dangerous thing, and, shade of Terpsichore, what a ballet was this one! But doubtless it will improve as it gets older. The principal characters were very well played. As "Don Guzman" Miss Hinckley excelled all her former efforts in dress, fairly unpacking her trunks and proving conclusively that, though endowed with a sheep's foot, she is by no means possessed of a sheep's leg. The character was excellently sustained throughout. As "Leonora" Mrs. Thorne was *naive* and *piquant* as usual, though she requires a little practice in getting down magic stairs. Leach and Woodhull were both very good in their respective parts. The good genii—her first essay we are told in a speaking part—will acquire a better modulation of voice after a little practice. In the skating scene Wiethoff and Ronndy distinguished themselves, but Acosta evidently is not at home on ice, still, she was charmingly awkward, and such a *danseuse* can afford to have her skating smiled at. The anvil chorus was excellently well done, and the double-stick combat could scarcely have been improved upon. Of the acrobatic performances of the Buislays it is unnecessary to speak, for they have no rivals. Altogether the new piece is the most successful as well as ambitious scenic piece we have yet seen produced in California, and if it draws as it at present promises to, a sheep's foot will for the future be synomonous as a representative of value with a foot of the best mine on the stock list.

In giving themselves over to things seen and scenic, our people are now but following the example of that universal fashion-setter—Paris. *La Famille Benoiton* has been playing at the Vaudreille Theatre since early in November, a correspondent writes, and even now seats have to be secured weeks in advance. Everything is *a la Benoiton* in costume, from boots up, and two of the actresses have already retired on fortunes and princes. At the Chatelet, a *revue* called *The Magic Lantern*, has been another sensation. It is said that the presence of so many people in the theatre is owing to the absence of clothes on the many people on the stage—which speaks well for the primitive taste of the people of Paris. According to all accounts, clothes are indeed few and far between, such magnificent distances being preserved that finally the police took umbrage and lent their friendly shade. The lady who personated Eve stepped out from a large book—the first volume of the book of nature—wearing a *chignon* and a fig leaf—*et viola tout*. The reigning conundrum for some time was: What was the first leaf in the book of nature? The answer is so plainly *aux yeux*, as to spare the trouble of giving it. *Le Lion Amoureux*, at the Francais, was the last sensation of the town. Written by Ponsard, a member of the Academy, the Emperor has been twice to see it, and the author has been granted a pension, paid by the Education Office. We yet look to see a peusion granted by our Board of Education to the gifted author of *The Wild Irish Mother*. The get-up of *Le Lion* is said to be perfectly splendid, Marshal Vaillant having actually gone behind the scenes to show Bressant how to wear his hat with the regular military air, while the costumes of Hoche and Tallien were copied from dresses loaned by the families. Encouraged by the success of *Le Pied de Mouton*, perhaps some *tete de mouton* of a manager here will bring out a translation of some of the abovementioned pieces—*The Magic Lantern*, for instance, would be a light little thing to do.

At Hayes Park—to which rural retreat the Sunday laws do not reach—another grand balloon asceusion is advertised for to-morrow. Woodhull has lately taken to ballooning, but in this instance Ryland appears as the æronaut. Miss Elleua will also walk a tight rope. Herr Holmau will pull against a span of horses, and the Lee family will also entertain the people with a variety of acrobatic and gymnastic feats.

The farewell concert given by Miss Jenny Landesman at Platt's Hall, on Wednesday eveuing, was very well attended. The young lady possesses a naturally fine mezzo-soprano voice, and, with the cultivation which she will have an opportunity of bestowing upon it in Europe, we may yet astonish the outside world by another prima douna. She leaves upon her European trip at an early day. The Misses Lamlein won much applause by their performance upon the piano, and from their present execution much may be augured of the excellence which they are one day destined to attain.

A leader in yesterday's *Alta* headed "How much can we bear," leads off thus: "The question of how much taxes a people can bear and live etc." Oh, *Alta! Alta!* That is more than we can bear, great as is our liking for our good natured contemporary. It would have been so easy to writte, "how much taxation," "how great a tax," or "how many taxes." But "how much taxes" taxes us beyond what we can bear, indeed, good *Alta*.

A COMPLAINT ABOUT CORRESPONDENTS.

WHAT do you take us for, on this side of the continent? I am addressing myself personally, and with asperity, to every man, woman, aud child east of the Rocky Mountains. How do you suppose our minds are constituted, that you will write us such execrable letters—such poor, bald, uninteresting trash? You complain that, by the time a man has been on the Pacific Coast six months, he seems to lose all concern about matters and things and people in the distant East, and ceases to answer the letters of his friends and even his relatives. It is your own fault. You need a lecture on the subject—a lecture which ought to read about as follows:

There is only one brief, solitary law for letter-writing, and yet you either do not know that law, or else you are so stupid that you never think of it. It is very easy and simple: Write only about things and people your correspondent takes a living interest in.

Cannot you remember that law, hereafter, and abide by it? If you are an old friend of the person you are writing to, you know a number of his acquaintances, and you can rest satisfied that even the most trivial things you can write about them will be read with avidity out here on the edge of sunset.

Yet how *do* you write?—how do the most of you write? Why, you drivel and drivel, and drivel along, in your wooden-headed way, about people one never heard of before, and things which one knows nothing at all about and cares less. There is no sense in that. Let me show up your style with a specimen or so. Here is a paragraph from my Aunt Nancy's last letter—received four years ago, and not answered immediately—not at all, I may say.

"St. Louis, 1862.

"Dear Mark: We spent the evening very pleasantly at home, yesterday. The Rev. Mr. Macklin and wife, from Peoria, were here. He is an humble laborer in the vineyard and takes his coffee strong. He is also subject to neuralgia—neuralgia in the head—and is so unassuming and prayerful. There are few such men. We had soup for dinner likewise. Although I am not fond of it. Oh, Mark, why *don't* you try to lead a better life? Read II. Kings, from chap. 2 to chap. 24 inclusive. It would be so gratifying to me if you would experience a change of heart. Poor Mrs. Gabrick is dead. You did not know her. She had fits, poor soul. On the 14th the entire army took up the line of march from——"

I always stopped there, because I knew what was coming—the war news, in minute and dry detail—for I could never drive it into those numsculls that the overland telegraph enabled me to know here in San Francisco every day all that transpired in the United States the day before. and that the pony express brought me exhaustive details of all matters pertaining to the war, at least two weeks before their letters could possibly reach me. So I naturally skipped their stale war reports, even at the cost of also skipping the inevitable suggestions to read this, that, and the other batch of chapters in the Scriptures, with which they were interlarded at intervals like snares wherewith to trap the unwary sinner.

Now what was the Rev. Macklin to me? Of what consequence was it to me that he was "an humble laborer in the vineyard," and "took his coffee strong?"—aud was unassuming, and neuralgic, and prayerful? Such a strange conglomeration of virtues could only excite my admiration—nothing more. It could awake no living interest. That there are few such men and that we had soup for dinner, are simply gratifying—that is all. "Read twenty-two chapters of Second Kings" is a nice shell to fall in the camp of a man who is not studying for the ministry. The intelligence that "poor Mrs. Gabrick" was dead, aroused no enthusiasm—mostly because of the circumstance that I had never heard of her before, I presume. But I was glad she had fits—although a stranger.

Don't you begin to understand, now? Don't you see that there is not a sentence in that letter of any interest in the world to me? I had the war news in advance of it; I could get a much better sermon at church when I needed it; I didn't care anything about poor Gabrick, not knowing deceased: nor yet the Rev. Macklin, not knowing him either. I said to myself, "Here's not a word about Mary Anne Smith—I wish there was; nor about Georgiana Brown, or Zeb. Leavenworth, or Sam Bowen, or Strother Wiley—or about anybody else I care a straw for." And so, as this letter was just of a pattern with all that went before it, it was not answered, and one useless correspondence ceased.

My venerable mother is a tolerably good correspondent—she is above the average, at any rate. She puts on her spectacles aud takes her scissors and wades into a pile of newspapers and slashes out column after column—editorials, hotel arrivals, poetry, telegraph news, advertisements, novellettes, old jokes, recipes for making pies, cures for "biles"—anything that comes handy; it don't matter to her; she is entirely impartial; she slashes out a column, and runs her eye down it over her spectacles (she looks over them because she can't see through them, but she prefers them to her more serviceable ones because they have got gold rims to them)—runs her eye down the column and says "Well, it's from a St. Louis paper, anyway," aud jams it into the envelope along with her letter. She writes about everybody I ever knew or ever heard of, but unhappily she forgets that when she tells me that "J. B. is dead; and that W. L. is going to marry T. D.;" and that "B. K. and R. M. and L. P. J. have all gone to New Orleans to live," it is more than likely that years of absence may have so dulled my recollection of once familiar names that their unexplained initials will be as unintelligible as Hebrew unto me. She never writes a name in full, and so I never know who she is talking about. Therefore I have to guess—and this was how it came that I mourned the death of Bill Kribben when I should have rejoiced over the dissolution of Ben. Kenfuron. I failed to cipher the initials out correctly.

The most useful and interesting letters we get here from home are from children seven or eight years old. This is petrified truth. Happily they have got nothing to talk about but home, and neighbors, and family—things their betters think unworthy of transmission thousands of miles. They write simply and naturally, and without straining for effect. They tell all they know, and then stop. They seldom deal in abstractions or moral homilies. Consequently their epistles are brief; but, treating as they do of familiar scenes and persons, always entertaining. Now therefore, if you would learn the art of letter-writiug, let a little child teach you. I have preserved a letter from a small girl eight years of age—preserved it as a curiosity, because it was the only letter I ever got from the States that had any information in it. It runs thus:

St. Louis, 1865.

"Uncle Mark, if you was here I could tell you about Moses in the Bulrushers again. I know it better, now. Mr. Sowerby has got his leg broke off a horse. He was riding it on Sunday. Margaret, that's the maid, Margaret has took all the spittoons, and slop-buckets, and old jugs out of your room, because she says she don't think you're ever coming back any more, you been gone so long. Sissy McElroy's mother has got another little baby. She has them all the time. It has got little blue eyes, like Mr. Swimley that boards there, and looks just like him. I have got a new doll, but Johnny Anderson pulled one of its legs out. Miss Doosenberry was here to day; I give her your picture, but she said she didn't want it. My cat has got more kittens, O, you can't think—twice as many as Lottie Belden's. And there's one such a sweet little buff one with a short tail, and I named it for you. All of them's got names, now—General Grant, and Halleck, and Moses, and Margaret, and Deuteronomy, and Captain Semmes, and Exodus, and Leviticus, and Horace Greeley—all named but one, and I am saving it because the one that I named for You's been sick all the time since, and I reckon it'll die. [It appears to have been mighty rough on the short-tailed kitten, naming it for me—I wonder how the reserved victim will stand it.] Uncle Mark, I do believe Hattie Caldwell likes you, and I know she thinks you are pretty, because I heard her say nothing couldn't hurt your good looks—nothing at all—she said even if you was to have the small-pox ever so bad you would be just as good-looking as you was before. And my ma says she's ever so smart. [Very.] So no more this time, because General Grant aud Moses is fighting.

Annie."

This child treads on my toes, in every other sentence, with a perfect looseness, but in the simplicity of her time of life she doesn't know it.

I consider that a model letter—an eminently readable and entertaining letter—and, as I said before, it contains more matter of interest and more real information than any letter I ever received from the East. I had rather hear about the cats at home and their truly remarkable names, than listen to a lot of stuff about people I am not acquainted with, or read "The Evil Effects of the Intoxicating Bowl," illustrated on the back with a picture of a ragged scalliwag pelting away right and left, in the midst of his family circle, with a junk bottle.—"*Mark Twain*," *in the New York Review.*

Miss Adelaide Phillips.—A writer in the Boston *Transcript* warmly and truly praises Miss Adelaide Phillips, remarking: "A pure contralto voice is a rare gift; and in the first rank of contralto artists, (very limited in number) the name of Adelaide Phillips is widely known. Her early professional life was passed among us, and we have reason to be justly proud of her well-earned fame. Accustomed from her childhood to the boards—having, indeed, no recollection of her first appearance on the stage—Miss Phillips possesses the rare advantage of life-long habit united with the dramatic and vocal gifts which were born with her. At the time when, as a very young girl, she had been advised to study for the opera, Jenny Lind was sweeping through this country,

"'A living voice, a breathing harmony."

She heard Adelaide Phillips sing, and not only did justice to the great promise of her musical gifts, but addressed to her an autograph letter of generous encouragement aud tender counsel; the check for a thousand dollars, which the latter enveloped, was less valuable to the heart of the young girl than the blessing that accompanied it. Miss Phillips followed Jenny Lind's advice in choosing Garcia as her instructor, and studied with him in London for two years, after which time she spent a season in Italy, and made her successful *début* in the opera at Milan. Since then her voice of song has passed over many lands, and wherever she appeared excited strong admiration. Those among us who were in Paris in the winter of 1862 will remember the interest they felt, when Adelaide Phillips made her *début* at the Italian Opera, and their pride in her magnificent representation of Azucena. It was no light achievement to assume successfully a *role* which the Parisians associated with Alboni. Miss Phillips's professional engagements have carried her far away and detained her from us long. Once more we hear her glorious voice in oratorio and in opera, and never has she sung better than during the last few weeks. We welcome again her presence among us."

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To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House ,8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage.
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50.
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

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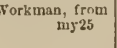

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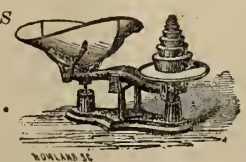

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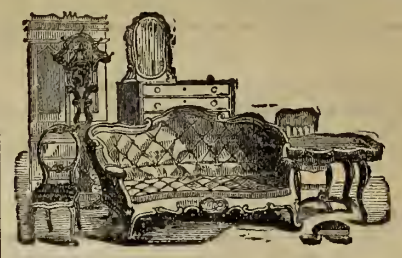

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DECEMBER SNOW.

I.

THE cold, cold snow! the snow that lies so white!
The moon and stars are hidden, there is neither warmth nor light—
I wonder, wife—I wonder, wife—where Jeanie lies this night?

II.

'Tis cold, cold, cold, since Jeanie went away,
The world has changed, I sit and wait, and listen night and day,
The house is silent, silent, and my hair has grown so gray—
'Tis cold, cold, cold, wife, since Jeanie went away.

III.

And tick! tick! tick! the clock goes evermore,
It chills me wife—it seems to keep our child beyond the door;
I watch the firelight shadows as they float upon the floor,
And tick! tick! tick! wife, the clock goes evermore!

IV.

'Tis cold, cold, cold! 'twere better she were dead,
Not that I heed the Minister, and the bitter things he said—
But to think my lassie cannot find a place to lay her head—
'Tis cold, cold, cold, wife—better she were dead!

V.

The cold, cold snow! the snow that lies so white!
Beneath the snow her little one is hidden out of sight,
But up above, the wind blows keen, there's neither warmth nor light,
I wonder, wife—I wonder, wife—where Jeanie lies this night!

[*Robert Buchanan's "Village Voices."*

CHOLERA INCIDENT.

[We translate the following amusing incident from a late Paris paper, as the cholera furnishes few amusing incidents to relieve its terror.]

WHEN the cholera raged with most fatal virulence at Toulon, a convict, who was dying rapidly of the epidemic, collected his fast expiring strength in one extreme effort and beckoned to the turnkey, under whose charge he had been since his imprisonment. The turnkey bent his head near the dying prisoner, and the latter gasped in almost inarticulate sounds (everybody knows the loss of speech is one of the symptoms of the cholera) this dying confession: "You have been kind to me ever since I reached here, therefore I would in turn do you a kindness. As it is evident I shall never leave here except feet foremost, I cannot profit by the money which I had hidden in order to enable me to live when my term of imprisonment ended. I give it to you. The retiring pension you will receive from the Government is a mockery, but with the amount of money I have hidden you may live at the end of your service in something like ease. Maybe you have heard of the great robbery committed at Grenoble in 1856. A bank was broken into and a great deal of valuable property stolen. Much of it was of no account to me (for I was that burglar;) it consisted of bills payable, bills of exchange, and railway bonds to order; but there were $3,000 which I laid hands on and which I have still in my possession—at all events they are secreted in an abandoned quarry in Isere County. I give them to you, but mind you! I give them to you on one condition, and this is, that you distribute $1,000 in legacies to my best friends; the rest will be yours. Swear to me that you will fulfill these conditions—remember you are swearing to a dying man!" The turnkey took the required oath. The dying convict then wrote on a dirty piece of paper the names of his legatees and the amount of their respective legacies opposite each name and address; and on the other side of the same sheet a minute plan of the neighborhood where the abandoned quarry was to be found and of the spot of the quarry where the money was secreted. He continued to add verbal explanations until he was speechless. A few moments after his words ceased to be audible he sighed heavily and fell back—a corpse. The turnkey summoned the hospital servants and the dead body was carried to the dead house, where it was covered with a pall. The turnkey at once asked for leave of absence. It was refused. Irritated by this refusal and fevered by the impatience of handling his treasure, he ran away, without pausing to think he made himself a deserter by this act and was liable to be captured any day. He went to Marseilles, which he reached in so fainting a condition he felt it necessary to take somebody into his confidence. He had not money enough to travel to the spot where the treasure was hid. He took the inn-keeper into his confidence and soon inflamed his cupidity. They were a long while agreeing upon terms, but the inn-keeper persuaded the turnkey to dismiss all thought of the legatees and to divide the whole $3,000 equally between them. Terms being accepted, they sat out to discover the treasure's hiding place. It was not easy. The convict was unfamiliar with local names, and a county is a large place for the game "hide the switch." They hunted for four months, going over every foot of ground in Isere county, at a terrible cost to the inn-keeper's purse. At last the conviction forced itself on their minds that they had been humbugged! that there was no abandoned quarry in Isere county, and no hidden treasure! The inn-keeper's anger at this discovery was unbounded; he beat the turnkey unmercifully, and, as the turnkey was not patient, blows were returned. The "friends" were black and blue when they returned to Marseilles. As the turnkey got out of the car he was arrested for desertion, and the first person he saw at Toulon—he could not believe his eyes!—was the dead convict, and the first thing he heard—he could not believe his ears!—was that the convict had never been ill, and that he, the turnkey, was the third person the mischievous convict had made April fool of in the midst of summer.

IRVING AT THE IRVING HOUSE.—To the stranger no more characteristic evidence of our material prosperity and gregarious habits can be imagined than that afforded by the large, showy, and thronged hotels of our principal cities. They are epitomes of the whole country; at a glance they reveal the era of upholstery, the love of ostentation, the tendency to live in herds, and the absence of a subdued and harmonious tone of life and manners. The large mirrors and bright carpets which decorate these resorts are entirely incongruous—the brilliancy of the sunshine and the stimulating nature of the climate demands within doors a predominance of neutral tints to relieve and freshen the eye and nerves. It is characteristic of that devotion to the immediate which De Tocqueville ascribes to republican institutions, that these extravagant and gregarious establishments in our country are so often named for living celebrities in the mercantile, literary, and political world. This custom gives those who enjoy this distinction while living "the freedom of the house" It greatly amused the friends of our modest Geoffrey Crayon, when encouraged by his affectionate kinswoman and his friend Kennedy to "travel on his capital," under the pressure of necessity, he once thus desperately claimed the privileges of his honored name, wherefrom his sensitive nature habitually shrunk. "I arrived in town safe," he writes from New York to his niece, "and proceeded to the Irving House, where I asked for a room. What party had I with me? None. Had I not a lady with me? No; I was alone. I saw my chance was a bad one, and I feared to be put in a dungeon as I was on a former occasion. I bethought myself of your advice; and so, when the book was presented to me, wrote my name at full length—'from Sannyside.' I was ushered into an apartment on the first floor, furnished with rosewood, yellow damask, and pier-glasses, with a bed large enough for an alderman and his wife, a bath-room adjoining. In a word, I was accommodated completely *en prince*. The negro waiters all call me by name, and vie with each other in waiting on me. The chambermaid has been at uncommon pains to put my room in first-rate order; and, if she had been pretty, I absolutely should have kissed her; but as she was not, I shall reward her in sordid coin. Henceforth I abjure all modesty with hotel-keepers, and will get as much for my name as it will fetch. Kennedy calls it travelling on one's capital."—*Tuckerman's Essay on "Inns."*

LIEBIG NOT ORTHODOX IN HIS COFFEE.—Baron Liebig, the great chemist, has recently written an article upon coffee-making for the London *Popular Science Review*. But Liebig does not know how to make coffee, notwithstanding. In the first place he advises the boiling of it, an absurdity which good cooks abandoned long ago. His process is to put three-fourths of the coffee you intend to use into the pot and let it boil fifteen minutes; then put in the other fourth of the coffee and take the pot at once from the fire; and the great philosopher tells us that the boiling gives the strength and the infusion without boiling gives the flavor. This is neither good theory nor good practice. What we want is to save both the strength and the flavor of all the coffee we use, and the strength without the flavor is no better than a decoction of burnt peas and chiccory. Filtration is the true method. It retains the delightful aroma of the coffee, which is its best quality, and it secures all the desirable part of what Liebig calls its streagth. Those who filter their coffee, in the French style, can easily demonstrate this by boiling over the grounds that have been filtered. They will find that they can obtain from them only a woody, astringent fluid, with almost no resemblance to coffee. Liebig describes the coffee made by his method as "untransparent, something like chocolate thinned with water," but he insists that this muddiness is not a want of clearness, but is owing to the oil retained in the coffee by proper roasting. We feel quite sure the philosopher's coffee sadly needs settling. Coffee moderately roasted, instead of being burned to bitterness after the common fashion, and then made by filtration, yields a perfectly transparent liquid, as beautiful as wine. We quite agree with the Baron in deprecating the expulsion of the delightful aroma from the coffee by excessive roasting, but we are sure he will not be competent authority in the matter of making coffee till he has used a Freach filter.—*Springfield Republican.*

CONUNDRUM for cold weather:

If the grate B m t put:
If the grate B . putting:
If the grate be empty, put coal on;
If the grate be full, stop putting coal on.

"PUNCH'S" TABLE-TALK.

1. A MAN gave me a story of a valet, in the country, who was told by his master that as one of the keepers was ill, he, the non-hero-worshipper, must go out with the sportsmen next day, and help to load. Valet declined. Being told that he must, and again declining, his reasons were demanded. "The last time I did that, sir, I shot a gentleman; and if that occur again it might be injurious to me."

2. On New Year's night I was done at whist, and that's the truth. Husband and wife against us. I detected three signals, and I dare say there were more. "Don't look so sleepy, Charles," said Mrs. Charles, "I declare you shan't dine at the Rag and Famish, as you call it, any more." The villain played a Club. Later, Mrs. Charles launched a sarcasm at her lord. He smiled with the utmost good temper, and said, "A wife loves to give her husband a Dig in Society." The woman came out with the very Spade she ought to have played. Then the last distinct call I heard was this: "I suppose, *Mr. Punch*," says the female fiend, "that *Mrs. Punch* has had a little present, a rag or something for *her* New Year's gift. I, of course, get nothing." How those facts might be is not to the purpose, but Mr. Charles played the card that gave them the odd trick, I needn't say a small Diamond. Let the couple understand that I don't sit down with it again.

3. Plutarch says that Horatius, of the Bridge, had his eyes so close that people called him Cocles as short for Cyclops. What dreadfully stupid asses the historians would have us consider the ancients to have been! I believe it as much as that he was called Cocles because, like myself, he was addicted to Cockle's pills.

4. The papers say that there is an old party, called Bain, somewhere in Scotland, who is one hundred and seven, and shaves himself every day. I am sorry that years have brought him no more wisdom. I am only in the prime of life, and yet I have learned never to shave.

5. A *décolletée* old girl neglected in a ball-room always reminds me of something that daily appears in the weather-table about the thermometer. "Exposed—in shade."

6. There is a good deal to be said on both sides of the beef, but I am dogmatic—give me the sirloin stake.

7. I wish Sir Samuel Morton Peto, of the Severn, would promise me one of its salmons, and send me a hundred-weight of tea instead. It would not be much for him to do, and it would enable me to write to him in the words of the ancient gladiator, *Non te. Peto, piscem peto.*

8. The gentle Lamartine is composing a sweet poem, called *Ma Mère.* The original is in our spelling-books:

"Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place and make it well?
Ma Mère."

THE insoluble question of the guilt or innocence of Mary Queen of Scots has had its interest renewed and intensified by the new poem of *Chastelard*, in which a rather novel characterization of the unhappy Queen is given. This book has induced the publication in England of another volume under the title of *Mary Stuart, her Guilt or Innocence: an Inquiry into the Secret History of her Times.* We understand that the work is of the nature of a historical defence of Queen Mary. But as the question has been in dispute for two hundred and fifty years, and, as we have little more light upon it now than existed two centuries ago, we have no expectation that it will now be settled. We shall probably have other works taking different sides in the matter, until Mary, in the dim light of time, stands indistinct as Helen of Troy now stands.

THEY had a *balloon* wedding in New York some months ago, and there is now talk of a wedding on skates. The proprietor of one of the most fashionable parks has promised to furnish the ice: all he now waits for are the parties to the ceremony, and, if rumor says truly, he will not have to wait long. The only difficulty will be with the parson, for it is inferred from the language of the good book that only the "wicked stand on slippery places" Fortunately for the ceremony, aldermen are competent to solemnize marriages.

IN the gallery of the theatre in Crow street, Dublin, one night, a coal porter made himself disagreeable; there was a yell of "Throw him over," followed by the exquisitely droll rider, "Don't waste him: kill a fiddler wid him."

AN ESTABLISHMENT WORTHY OF ITS REPUTATION.—The house of Messrs. Coates & Henderson, No. 37 Sutter Street, a few doors below Montgomery, is the most popular place of resort in that section of the city for gentlemen who incline to choice beverages. There are two large and elegant sitting-rooms, carpeted and furnished completely, and supplied with all the leading papers. Their trade in family wines, liquors, etc., is very extensive. Their goods are taken direct from bond, and can be depended on as being equal to the best in the market.

VERY becoming to ladies who value a pure and perfect complexion and skin—Davidson's Circassian Bloom. Sold by all druggists.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

To the Sick and Afflicten.—We can honestly recommend those who are suffering from diseases of long standing, or from the use of mercury, to call at the Electric Medical Institute. The system practiced by Dr. Howard and his associates is the most sensible we have heard advocated. If there is anything that deserves the name of humbug, it is that which claims to cure every disease with one remedy or system. It would not be more ridiculous if Dr. Howard's Rheumatic remedy was advertised as a cure-all. In diseases peculiar to females Dr. Howard has no superior; particularly in chronic irregularities he is unsurpassed by any other physician in the State. We are personally acquainted with a number of ladies who have been restored to health at the institute, notwithstanding their complaints being pronounced incurable by some of the best physicians in the city. To all who need the assistance of a physician, we would say, call at the Electric Medical Institute, 648 Washington street, before going elsewhere. In Dr. Howard you will find a gentleman who is worthy of your confidence.—*S. F. Irish People.*

A REMARKABLE CURE.

DR. HOWARD'S RHEUMATIC MIXTURE

Cures Rheumatism in three to ten days. Warranted, or no pay required. Howard's Medical and Surgical Institute, No. 648 Washington street, near Kearny.

Read the following letter:

San Francisco, February 12, 1866.

Dr. P. Howard—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for seven years; a great part of the time I was unable to do anything, and my ankle would swell to such an extent that I could not wear a boot. I tried every known remedy, and many Physicians who would insist on my confining myself to my room; but it was of no use: I only became worse and almost discouraged. I accidentally saw one of your bills, and although I had little confidence in your remedy, I commenced using it, and you may judge of my surprise when, after using it three days, I was able to go to work. I am now as well as ever I was in my life, and I have not lost any time while taking your remedy, except the first three days.

In order to benefit others, and to assure you of my gratitude, you may publish this if you think proper to do so. Your friend,

R. W. Mabery, 120 Natoma street.

Dr. C. W. Moore's Medical and Surgical Institute.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

Wanted—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals*, *Sacred Mountains*, *etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. Shear, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

Many of the Diseases which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. Benton, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

Buggies and Carriages.—If you want a trim neat, light, and yet durable style of buggy or carriage, go to Nos. 37 and 39 Webb street, between Sacramento and California, where you will find just such a vehicle as will suit your taste. Pollard & Carvill not only deal in these articles, but manufacture them to order, and do repairing, painting, trimming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neatness. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

Wagons.—Every species of wagons that any one can need, made of the best material, well fitted and finished, can be found at the Depot of Mills & Evans, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lead Bars, are kept constantly on hand.—*California Leader.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

For the best finished, fashionable hats, go to McGann & Co.'s, Hatters, 651 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

On the "Qui Vive."—A large number of fashionable ladies of San Francisco, who are noted for the graceful style and elegance of their dress, as well as for the irresistible attractiveness of their fascinating smiles, which the consciousness of being fashionably and tastefully dressed spreads over their classical features, are ever on the *qui vive* to take the advantage of "circumstances" and to decorate, adorn, and embellish with every imaginable kind of ladies' dress trimmings, buttons, gloves, etc., their graceful figures, at a price so low that any and all can afford to dress fashionably, and even elegantly. The present victims of these vigilant and economical leaders of the fashion, are the members of the celebrated firm of M. Homberger & Co., 300 Kearny street, corner of Bush, who keep constantly on hand a superior and extensive assortment of ladies' dress trimmings, buttons, hosiery, gloves, woolen ware, and fancy goods, also a splendid lot of Berlin zephyr worsted, all of which they offer at greatly reduced prices. In consequence of which, the store is crowded from morning till night, no one leaving without making purchases, and all going home both suited and delighted with the style of the article as well as the price paid for it.—*Golden Era.*

Concord Wagons and Harness.—The Pacific Concord Carriage Manufactory is prepared to supply the Pacific Coast with Concord wagons and harness made to order. The members comprising this firm have long been in the employ of the celebrated manufacturing house of L. Downing & Son, Concord, New Hampshire; so that parties wishing Concord wagons or harness can obtain just the same quality of article here and save 25 per cent. on their purchase money. We have seen some of their workmanship, and can recommend it to the public. Address Belduke & Co., 820 Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth.—*San Francisco Leader.*

Dainty Work.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Cluy street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

San Francisco, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, Joseph Sparrow.

Accident and Loss of Life.—With the details of the dreadful disasters of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *Yosemite* fresh in memory, it is not needful that we should urge on the public the importance of guarding as fully as possible not only against the recurrence of such startling calamities, but also as far as they can against the consequences that arise from them. Accidents are terribly frequent in this new State of ours. Hardly a day passes but we have to record some loss of life, or terrible mangling that leaves the victim with hardly a wish to live. Stringent legislation is demanded to protect travellers from carelessness and criminal negligence of public carriers. It is with great interest that we have watched the rapid growth of Accident Insurance Companies, and we are happy to know that the New York Accidental Insurance Company, established by some of the wealthiest capitalists of the East, have placed their agency in the hands of Bigelow & Brother, Insurance Agents, of this city. We advise every one to take out a policy. The premium is very small—the price of a good cigar only per day—while the benefits are great; $25 per week, if disabled, or $5,000 in case of death. Who would not give $2 50 to be insured for a trip to Washoe, or 25 cents for a trip to Sacramento City? That's all it costs. We predict a large business for the agency in this city. The Company have complied with the State law, and are fully prepared to issue policies, or travelling tickets, at once.—*S. F. Call.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

Dr. Wm. K. Doherty's Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

Opinions of the Press.—We call the particular attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. P. Howard, in another column. It gives us pleasure to recommend to those who need the assistance of a physician, the valuable services of Dr. P. Howard and his associates. In a city like San Francisco, where there are so many disreputable concerns, it is gratifying to find one worthy of the confidence and patronage of the people. At the Electric Medical and Surgical Institute, 648 Washington street, the gentlemen conducting it are eminently qualified, and the system they practice is based on sound and philosophical principles, comprising within itself the Hydropathic and Electropathic systems, and the Electric practice of medicines. To the ladies we can recommend the Electric system as particularly adapted to their delicate constitutions. The rooms are fitted up in splendid style, and the Bathroom is large and convenient. Their Electropathic instrument is one of the best we have ever seen, having six different currents of great power, yet so well controlled and regulated that it can be applied to the most delicate. The numerous patients thronging the Institute, and their happy faces, speak volumes in its favor. The best surgical skill is also to be found at the Institute. In fact, we are satisfied that there is more scientific attainment than at any other Institute in the State. Dr. P. Howard was, in former years, the proprietor of the Electropathic Institute, and established for it a reputation second only to the Eclectic Institute. Being compelled to visit Mexico on business, the Institute passed into other hands. Dr. P Howard has been long and favorably known, and to those who are in need of the services of a physician we recommend him as in every way worthy of their confidence.—*S. F. Irish News.*

In the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of WALTER S. McDONALD, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of John F. McDonald, the Administrator of the estate of Walter S. McDonald, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of the said Walter S. McDonald, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on Tuesday, the twenty-fourth day of April, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Walter S. McDonald, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 24th day of April, A. D. 1866, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, March 21st, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and *ex-officio* Clerk of the Probate court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, this 22d day of March, A. D. 1866.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 5 cts., cancelled.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Thos. B. Bishop, Attorney for Administrator. mh24 4w

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or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam-engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

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TO FARMERS, MINERS, LABORERS,

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THE MOST VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL LANDS OF MEXICO,

With an equal interest in the Profits of the Plantations of

THE MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON COMPANY.

HOMES FOR THE POOR AND COMPETENCY FOR ALL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having reserved from their final Subscription List a *Limited Number of Unassessable Shares*, (the remaining shares of the Company having been taken up by the stockholders,) hereby offer the same for sale at the original subscription price of *Sixteen Dollars* each, payable in cash. Every holder of a share will be entitled to a portion of the Company's lands, having the privilege to settle thereon and participate in all the advantages and profits of the enterprise, and special privileges granted to this Company by an Imperial Decree of Maximilian, dated 9th January, 1866, without being subjected to the conditions of regular Government emigrants, this Company settling upon their own lands, secured by private purchase, and held under indisputable Spanish titles.

Shareholders becoming actual settlers will also have the privilege of any employment upon the Company's plantation. Portions of land will be allotted to settlers, to be held by them until a final division makes it their property.

For the purpose of increasing the value of the Company's land, and to create all the comforts of a home and society, it is the intention of the company to form a regular settlement and to lay out a town adjoining their present plantation into building lots, which will likewise be fairly divided between the 8,000 shares which comprise the total number of the company.

A large number of shareholders will settle upon the company's lands after the rainy season in October next. Many of them may then be employed by the company, or by others able to plant for themselves, or in developing the mineral resources of the adjoining mountains, etc., etc.

Men of all trades and professions, desiring to emigrate to Mexico, will have great advantages as shareholders of this company. They will find the lands already purchased for them at a rate equivalent to a free gift, to be held by each shareholder as his property, protected by the best Spanish titles, and the good will of all political parties now contending for the reins of government; the climate the most salubrious, and the land rich and fertile beyond description; every kind of game abounding; the rivers full of fish and with extensive beds of large oysters; altogether, a country where it is easy to procure a livelihood and the comforts of a home with less labor and less capital than in any other part of the world.

The extensive placer diggings, veins of silver, and solid quartz ledges, which are to be found in the immediate vicinity, and acknowledged to be rich and very extensive, can, by the presence of a number of settlers, be profitably developed. Many of these mines are to be found within the limits of the company's grant. The Sierra Madre or Mother Mountain of Mexico, situated only within about twenty miles from the coast, can be reached and developed with greater facility than the more remote remote mines in the interior, and will therefore make the company's lands the most desirable to locate upon.

For Maps and Survey, and further information, apply at the office of the MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON CO., Betge's Book Store, Russ House, Montgomery street, between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock.

☞ All the assessable stock having been taken up by mutual subscription of stockholders, the company will have no more shares to offer after the limited number of *unassessable* shares have been placed, and shall prefer to sell these to actual settlers—a single share of which will be sufficient to entitle them to a large portion of the lands.

We, the undersigned shareholders in the Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having investigated and satisfied ourselves of the importance of the enterprise, recommend the same to the public. We are convinced that under the management of the present officers of the company, with their efforts to induce industrious parties to locate upon the land, that the enterprise must become very profitable to all parties interested, and most beneficial to actual settlers.

S. R. Kettlewell, Blacksmith, 264 First street.
W. C. Mead & Son, 224 Sansome street.
M. O'Neil, Proprietor New Branch Hotel, 12 Sutter street.
Winall & Clapp, 505 Market street.
R. A. S. Repiton, M. D., 816 Montgomery street.
Wm. Rudolph, Gunsmith, 216 Pacific street.
G. Burkhardt, Jeweller, No. 209 Pacific street.
E. Keil, East India Tea Co., 631 Washington-st.
P. D. O'Regan, People's Bakery, corner Fourth and Jessie streets.
Wm. Meyer, Provision Dealer, 258 Third street.
John Dull, Painter and Paper Hanger, 642 Clay street.
A. E. Mylott, Importer and Dealer in Cigars and Tobacco, 305 Battery street
M. M. Baldwin, Jeweller, 433 Montgomery-st.
S. Baysen, Hatter, No. 346 Kearny street.
Mathew McCloskey, 644 Howard street.

San Francisco, March 20th, 1866. mar24 1m

A MOONLIGHT DRIVE!

A GOOD TEAM,

AND

Supper at the Cliff House!

CAPTAIN FOSTER, the Proprietor, is always ready to receive "Evening Calls." The delightful Moonlight Nights which we are now enjoying, render a

MOONLIGHT DRIVE

TO THE

CLIFF HOUSE

TRUE ENJOYMENT

CAPTAIN FOSTER is never caught napping, and the resources of the Cliff House are unlimited. mar24-tf

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

THE

AWARDED THE HIGHEST PREMIUM

AT THE

State Fair of California,

The only Fair on the Pacific coast at which any two double-thread Machines were exhibited in competition in

1865.

If there is a FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE within one thousand miles of this office that is not working well, it will be attended to if I am informed of it, without expense to the owner. SAMUEL HILL,

General Agent,

111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

THE

FLORENCE

SEWING MACHINE

RECEIVED THE *FIRST PREMIUM*, A GOLD MEDAL, at the Great Exhibition of the

AMERICAN INSTUTE, - - - New York, 1865.

fe10-3m

THE EXCELSIOR HAT

OF

SAN FRANCISCO,

Paris, New York and London

STYLES FOR

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1866,

WAS INTRODUCED

Saturday, - - - - March 3,

AT

MEUSSDORFFER'S

HAT MANUFACTORIES,

Nos. 535 and 637 Commercial street..San Francisco
No. 125 J street.....Sacramento
Corner D and Second streets.....Marysville

Our style in MOLESKIN for this season is, we feel confident, the SUPERLATIVE OF ELEGANCE AND FINISH; our MERINO PINAUD and ST. CLOUD the most successful result of Parisian taste. Especial attention also deserve our

Chelsea, Chester, Crescent, Newport, Derby, and Clarendon Resorte.

CALL AND SEE THEM. mar3-1m

FOR GENUINE

Scotch Ginghams,

AND

CHOICE DRESS GOODS,

GO TO

S. MOSGROVE,

222 Third street, Colton's Building.

fe23 tf

OCCIDENTAL

INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary. mh25-tf

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - - -	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

No. 414 California street, - - - San Francisco

Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
au19-3m

NATIONAL

Insurance Company.

TEMPORARY OFFICE,

Brannan's Express Building

402 Montgomery street, (second floor.)

PERMANENT OFFICE,

(After March 1st,)

408 *Montgomery street,*

Adjoining London and San Francisco Bank, and opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

Capital.....One Million of Dollars,
Paid Up in Full.

LOSSES PAYABLE IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN

This company is prepared to insure brick, frame, and other BUILDINGS, MERCHANDISE, FURNITURE, and other insurable property, on the most favorable terms. Losses will be adjusted promptly in GOLD coin.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Albert Dibblee, Chairman, Joseph A. Donohoe,
John G. Bray, Richard G. Sneath,
George W. Gibbs, Henry Pierce.

WILLIAM PIERCE, President.
D. W. C. THOMPSON, Vice President
W. W. WIGGINS, Secretary. fe10-3m

RELIABLE

AND LIBERAL!

THE BROOKLYN

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

HAS MADE ALL ITS POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

Dividends delared and PAID annually on the MUTUAL PLAN. Its policies are INCONTESTIBLE after five years from their date.

Thirty days grace in payment of premium.

C. W. BOUCK, President.
A. D. POLHAMUS, Vice President.

STEPH. T. KING,

General Agent for the Pacific States and Territories,
712 Montgomery street,
fe24 1m SAN FRANCISCO.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

From Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the company.

Steamers of this line will be despatched on the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month. When these dates fall on Sunday, the steamer will leave on Saturday preceding.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

MARCH 30, - - - - - CONSTITUTION,

Captain F. R. Baby.

(Connecting with the *HENRY CHAUNCEY*, Capt. Gray)

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLE

SILK HAT,

1866,

INTRODUCED - - , - - - MARCH 3,

BY

McGANN & CO.,

FASHIONABLE HATTERS,

No. 654 Washington street,

Two doors below Kearny.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES.—Silk, Felt, Beaver, and other HATS for sale at the lowest prices.

CAPS of every description, suitable for all ages, made to order.

McGANN & CO., being experienced and skilled in all the branches of the manufacture of Hats, feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to their patrons. Every description of Hats and Caps made to order.

Remember, McGANN & CO., Practical Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

☞ New Goods by every steamer. mar10

HEUSTON,

HASTINGS

&

COMPANY,

The Fashionable Clothiers

OF

SAN FRANCISCO,

Have established a TRUNK DEPOT in the basement of their Store equal to any in New York city, and prices 20 per cent. lower than any other House in the city.

mar17-3m

GUSTAVE A. SCOTT,

(*Organist of Cavalry Church,*)

TEACHER OF MUSIC.

Residence, "Miel Institute," 55 and 56 South Park.

Class Lessons every day, from 3 till 8 P. M. Terms, $6 per month.

Private Lessons at the Institute or Pupils' Residence, at the usual prices. ja30-3m

THE MIEL INSTITUTE,

54, 55 and 56 South Park.

THIS FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOL, for Young Ladies, will reopen on the 21 of January, under the direction of MISS FLORENCE JAMES. PROF. MIEL will continue to take charge of the French classes. Apply at 55 South Park. ja30 3m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,

MERCHANDISE,

FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED,
mar10 3m SAMUEL WHITE.

GEO. P. KIMBALL & CO.,

Carriage Manufacturers,

CORNER MARKET AND FOURTH STREETS,

San Francisco.

GEORGE P. KIMBALL.....W. H. KNIGHT.

We have always on hand a large assortment of Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Thoroughbrace Wagons, Express, Grocery, Soda and Butcher Wagons and Lumber Gears.

CARRIAGES AND WAGONS

Of every description made to order and at shortest notice. Particular attention paid to the building of Wide Track Buggies and Wagons with Brakes, for mountain use. Orders from the country promptly attended to.

N. B. Kimball's Patent Goose Neck Trucks on hand.
mar2 3m

BEER AND WINE SALOON.

FAUST CELLAR,

Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets.

A. L. THIELE.....Proprietor

WESTPHALIA HAMS, RUSSIAN CAVIAR, SARDINES, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, etc.; the finest Brands of Liquors, Wines, Cigars, and Seltzer Water, Wholesale and Retail.

☞ Fishing and Hunting Parties fitted out at the shortest notice. fe24 3m

STEAM COMMUNICATION

WITH THE

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE CALIFORNIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY will despatch their magnificent new steamship

AJAX,

Two Thousand Tons Burthen,

CHRISTOPHER GODFREY, - - - Commander,

FOR HONOLULU,

ON ———, - - - - - APRIL —, 1866,

AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.

The cabin accommodations of the Ajax are unsurpassed for comfort and elegance.

To invalids and tourists this trip offers unequalled inducements, not only on the point of economy, but also in the superior accommodations of the ship, and the pleasure of a voyage to these Islands.

Freight taken at the lowest current rates.

Bills of Lading will be furnished to shippers, and none others signed.

For Freight or Passage apply to the office of the California Steam Navigation Company.

fe23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,

415 WASHINGTON STREET,

nearly opposite the Post Office,

SAN FRANCISCO,

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

ja1-tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

As Amended March 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisoument to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper..$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right..... 05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand..... 02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100..... 05
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S. 02
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place..... 10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500..... 50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels..... 05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less..... 50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office..... 1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule..... 25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons..... 10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50..... 10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part 25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such 25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100..... 05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y, 25
Certificates, other than specified..... 05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale..... 10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500..... 1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse..... 50
Gauger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr. 25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000. 1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons..... 5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500..... 50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof..... 1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries..... 10
To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate..... 1 00
For any other purpose..... 50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof..... 50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance check or draft, 25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property..... 02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000..... 10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs..... 25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid..... 50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record..... 50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100..... 50

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Maurice J. Dooley, Plaintiff, vs. John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton, her husband - Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, children of J. H. and Annie Moore; Helen R. Mastersou Ord, and Pacificus Ord, her husband, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John J. Young, Mary S. McArthur Clifton, Junius A. Clifton her husband; Annie Moore, widow of James H. Moore; Edward Moore and Annie Moore, Helen R. Mastersou Ord and Pacificus Ord, her husband:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

In and by said complaint, the plaintiff prays the following judgment and relief:

1. That the said defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, and that all adverse claims of the said defendants, or either of them, may be determined by a decree of this Court.

2. That plaintiff be adjudged to be the owner in fee simple, in possession of, and lawfully entitled to the possession of so much of said Lot 77 as is first described in the complaint.

3. That the defendants, and each and every of them, be adjudged and decreed to have no estate, right, title, or interest of, in or to said portion of said Lot 77, legal or equitable; and that they, and all persons claiming, or to claim under them subsequent to the commencement of this action, be barred, and perpetually restrained and enjoined from asserting or pretending to have any right, title, interest, or estate of, in or to the same, and from making any conveyance thereof—other than to plaintiff or his grantees; and for such other and further relief as shall be agreeable to equity—but without costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District in and for the County of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By James E. Ashcom, Deputy Clerk
de23-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH JUDICIAL District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS B. VALENTINE, Plaintiff, vs. ERASTUS V. JOICE and ANDREW J. MOULDER, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisc, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Erastus V. Joice and Andrew J. Moulder, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within the county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought that the Defendants may be required to set forth the nature of their several claims, &c., to certain real estate particularly described in the complaint, and to obtain a decree that the plaintiff is owner in fee simple absolute thereof, that said defendants have no estate, right, title, or interest therein or to any part thereof, that they be forever debarred and perpetually enjoined from setting up any estate in or claim said real estate, adverse to plaintiff—besides costs of suit and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal of Court. } By Jas. E. Ascom, Deputy Clerk.
Int. rev. stamp. } B. S. Brooks,
de23-3m Plaintiff's Attorney.

CHARLES F. RIEHN,

OF

Riehn, Hemme & Co.,

ASSAYERS,

GIVES LESSONS IN ASSAYING—ALSO IN MINERalogy and Chemistry, as far as required to become a Practical Assayer.

Montgomery street, corner of Sacramento, under Donohoe, Kelly & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco. mar5-3m

RHEUMATISM.

The Greatest Remedy

IN THE WORLD!

THE CALIFORNIA RHEUMATIC REMEDY.

This Splendid preparation has never been known to fail in effecting a complete and perfect cure, no matter how long the patient had been afflicted with the disease. The Remedy is used both internally and externally. Hundreds of persons have used it during the past two years, all of whom are prepared to testify to its efficacy.

THE CALIFORNIA RHEUMATIC RHEMEDY will be carefully packed and sent to any part of the Pacific coast, per Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express upon receipt of $10 in gold coin, or its equivalent; and in all cases where the Remedy fails to effect a perfect cure, the MONEY WILL BE PROMPTLY REFUNDED.

For sale at Retail only, by

SAMUEL ADAMS, Druggist,
Corner of Bush and Powell streets,
fe17-3m San Francisco, Cal.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner

From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from

Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
fe11-6m San Francisco

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. fe24-3m

HAMLIN & CROSS.

GEO. HAMLIN.....F. L. CROSS.

DEALERS IN CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,

STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS,

MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS

611 Montgomery street, corner of Merchant.
fe24-tf

MAPS! MAPS! MAPS!

NEW MAPS OF MEXICO, JUST OUT;

NEW MAPS OF IRELAND;

CHART OF OUR FALLEN HEROES.

Maps of every description constantly on hand.

W. HOLT,
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SCHOOL FURNITURE.

RANKIN'S PATENT SCHOOL DESK;
Liquid Slating for Blackboard;
ARITHMETICAL FRAME;
Babbitonian System of Writing—the Best System known.

W. HOLT,
dc9-3m 305 Montgomery street, Room No 2.

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Under the Rose.
A Night in the Coliseum.
Gossip about Dress

POETRY:
In the Churchyard.
The Ghost at the Funeral.

[For the Californian.]

THE SILENT WOOING.

WE walked along the yellow beach
With lingering steps—Aimée and I—
My love had grown too deep for speech,
And hope too faint for e'en a sigh.

And far we went, yet neither spoke:
Aimée seemed lost in fancies sweet;
The tide rolled softly in, and broke
In sighing kisses at her feet.

A merry breeze that came to seek
For sport, wooed ringlets from her hair,
Kissed the fresh fairness of her cheek
And left a rosy token there.

I longed, oh, happy wind and wave,
That I might dare your soft caress—
Seek on her lips the kiss you gave,
And all my lifelong love confess!

My heart's sharp pain gave Courage spur,
But words refused my lips to move:
My yearning hands I stretched to her,
While Hope and Doubt still vainly strove.

Oh, joy! Her soft eyes sought my face!
Dear eyes—with smiles and tears divine!
And with a shy and tender grace
She put her thrilling hands in mine.

Roll in and break, soft, wooing tide!
Vain breezes, bring your softest balms!
Wind, wave, nor all of earth beside
Can win her from my folding arms.

CLYTIE.

INIGOINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 31st, 1866.

I FEEL a pleasure in writing down the last days of these months—driving the finishing nail into their coffin-lids. For they cheat one so. Never a month dawned that it did not whisper of some good that it was going to bring me in its course, but I see the moons grow, and fill, and finally fade away without obtaining a glimpse of the promised blessing.

These wretched, cheating months—they take away my friends from me and bring back only strangers in return. And I feel that each one, for all its purrings and the soft velvety tread with which it glides along, is in reality whirling me rapidly and recklessly on towards the end of a journey which I am not over-ambitious to reach.

Some persons may like to

> ——nightly pitch their tents
> A day's march nearer home,

but I was always very fond of camping out, and had just as lief settle down here in the woods, where I feel well acquainted, permanently. Were I indeed going home—to a place I had visited before and was familiar with—I shouldn't mind it much. But to my thinking there isn't much fun in travelling unless you know where your ticket is taking you to. Riding on a railway route one is generally eager to reach the end of the journey if he knows that something snug awaits him there and that little danger is to be apprehended. But it is different if taking an excursion trip, at a crazy rate of speed over a road on which no return tickets are issued and with an uncertainty about the way that the switch is turned at the end, and the depot at which you are to be dropped.

To anticipate a warm fire upon the hearth of the home towards which you are marching and nightly nearing is pleasant enough, but to have it hinted that there is perhaps too much of a blaze there—that there is a strong probability of finding it altogether too warm to be agreeable—is not calculated to develop any extraordinary enthusiasm in the mind of the tourist who has always found himself comfortable in summer without blankets.

If the Department of the Gulf were only one from which all newspapers—literary weeklies as well as illiterate dailies—were excluded, I should be comparatively easy. But I have an idea that the place is full of editors, that as many and as wretched journals are published there as on earth—the only difference being that they are printed on asbestos paper—that I shall have a connection with one of them, be obliged to write whether I feel like it or not, and that there will be a constant call for copy from the throats of a dozen devils instead of one. Critics will be found there, too, picking one up on little typographical errors, and sitting in judgment on every slip of the pen or brain which an over-worked writer chances to commit.

If all the editors and critics that deserve perdition find their way thither, upon my word I pity the head of the Department. Like the old Scotch minister, I should add to my prayers a postscript for the "puir de'il." He will be dictated to on the manner of governing his kingdom, his policy will be abused and found fault with on all occasions, his family affairs will be brought before the public, and all Pandemonium generally will be kept in an uproar. On the whole, I think he will find it necessary to either suppress the press or grant all gentlemen connected with it permanent leaves of absence.

If THE CALIFORNIAN was only where I sometimes wish it was, they would have at least one excellent, readable, and reliable family journal in Tophet.

It would of course be deprived of the assistance of my pen, but then so many of its other contributors would be there that I would scarcely be missed. Under such favorable "climatic influences," I have an idea that the "Condensed Novelist" would be more brilliant than ever.

None must argue from what has been said that I do not like THE CALIFORNIAN, for on the coutrary I am one of its firmest friends and certainly one of its greatest admirers. I, perhaps, can say what few others can—viz: that I read every article it contains, carefully through, if not understandingly, even the editorials and book notices.

But for all that, acting on the precious truth blazoned in the motto at the head of the paper, about there being a place for all things—I scarcely think the place for THE CALIFORNIAN is California. Intending to make this State my permanent residence, I want it out of my way—for that reason I have often wished it in Tophet. It is my Delilah, for it keeps me writing these wretched papers through mercenary motives when I ought to be employed upon some solemn journal like the New York *Nation*, discussing the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, or writing leaders upon the immortality of the soul. I like the *Nation;* it is so grand, gloomy and peculiar. Application has been made by its editors to engage me for their San Francisco correspondent, but I'm afraid my style is not sprightly enough for them. I have recommended the Theologian of the Era for the situation, and it wouldn't surprise me any day to hear that he had got it, for they are fond of recondite treatises upon subjects that are not cared about, and of publishing articles that nobody reads.

The present reason of my disgust with THE CALIFORNIAN is to find that this week they have shouldered off the theatres upon me for notice. Perhaps they imagine that, because I attend places of amusement very seldom, and was never known to sit but two plays through in my life—these being my own, and I still live—I will notice them impartially.

Well, to begin with Maguire's—here a Dutch joke occurs to me, why didn't I write it my quires?—the Academy of Music isn't open, tho principal reason being because it is closed.

> The minstrel boys up the river have gone,
> With their wild (very wild) harps slung behind them.

I'm glad they did not leave them behind with us. That is the kindest thing I am permitted to say about them, because they don't advertise.

Go to the wall, you niggards, and learn to advertise.

The Opera House has been open all the week: *Seven Sisters* on Monday and Tuesday for the benefit of the female Zouaves. On Wednesday evening Walter M. Leman took a benefit. The public recognizing the fact that he seldom appears to them in the attitude of a beneficiary, gave him a good house, Miss Emily Thorne—who from her frequent volunteering might be a bounty jumper instead of a benefit bestower—volunteered for the occasion. Then, on Thursday evening, Jackson had a benefit, Jackson's son also appearing. The elder Jackson personated the first Napoleon, and certainly looks very much like him, but I've never heard anybody say that the resemblance goes much further. The younger Jackson is such a favorite of mine that I am afraid to say much about him—people might think me prejudiced. So let me briefly say that the house was crowded and that everything went off capitally. Last night they had a repetition of Thursday's bill, for the benefit of Wells who was arrested for being a man he wasn't and discharged for not being the man he was—Mr. Maguire generously donating the house. As the paper is just going to press, and the performance does not come off for some six or eight hours yet, I am unable to speak critically about it, or even to say how large the house was—but just take it for granted it was of the usual size, for I've not heard of its being enlarged for the occasion. This afternoon and evening they give *The Enchanted Beauty*, and it promises to be gorgeous. I shall be there and contribute to the general effect of the piece.

At the Metropolitan, they are doing so well that anything I can say will scarcely help them. Talk of pulling the wool over people's eyes—in this instance it is a *Sheep's Foot* that has bonneted them completely.

Don Guzman still pops up from unexpected places at unexpected times in the most unexpected way, declaring that she is as brave as her sword or any other man's. Still she escapes from limbo—a natural result of the freedom of those limbs which are seen sprouting so naturally from marvellous trunks. Delicia Maudeville Thorne continues to delight everybody as "Leonora"—causing a sigh that she is not a Leonora *pro me*. Leach is capital as ever, and Woodhull has improved the quality as well as the quantity of his jokes—the adorable particularly is bettered. Ruby, Roundy—all of them, with a few notable exceptions, are as good as their parts will allow them to be. In the skating scene, Roundy and Wiethoff distinguish themselves—so does Acosta, but in a different way. What the latter lacks in skating, however, she fully makes up in pirouetting. What can I say about the Buislays? Simply what I have before said, that, as gymnasts and acrobats, it is my opinion they have no equals in the world. To miss that double-stick combat one night would be a double deprivation. Nor must I forget the anvil-chorus in which Wunderlich strikes such a wonderful lick. I trust he will never change his bass, for it is magnificent, and I always accompany the whole chorus with a double hand *cancan*, to the visible annoyance of my next neighbor, who is bald and wears a scratch-wig. I publish his misfortune thus broadly to avenge myself for the indignant looks he gives me because of my volunteer performance.

Does the *Sheep's Foot* draw so well because there is something *fetish* about it? Every night the house is crowded. Some people don't like to see this *Foot* out-legging the legitimate drama (Te-he! Isn't that a nice joke?) But I intend to write an article next week explaining why this is thus, in a philosophical way, after the manner of my friend "The Mufti."

Before closing this brilliant effort of dramatic criticism, I must compliment young Leon Beneux on the way he has put the piece on and stage-managed it. Considering his inexperience and the impromptu way in which he dropped into the position he occupies, his success is indeed remarkable.

INIGO.

IN THE CHURCHYARD.

O YE dead! O ye dead! you are lying at your rest;
I am lying thus above you, and I know not which is best;
Just between us are the grasses, and the gravel, and the clay,
But they measure not the distance into which you pass away.

Reaching downward grow the rootlets of the flowers and the heath,
But they cannot touch the bodies that are lying underneath—
For the eye and ear hath wasted, and the busy heart decayed—
Dust to dust, you're all resolving, as from dust you all were made.

I look upon the sunshine, and the sea-waves as they roll,
And the clouds in high mid heaven—Are such sights before your soul?
I hear the breeze and streamlet, and the curlew, and the sheep
Bleating far upon the mountain—Do they wake you out of sleep?

Do you know the change of seasons, as of old they come and go—
Now the flowers, now the fruitage, now the fading, now the snow?
Do you feel a sudden trembling, when the loved ones tread above,
And the echo of their footsteps is the echo of their love?

Do you find a thrill of sorrow, as the husband or the wife
Dry their tears for the departed, and begin to search their life—
Till another takes his station in the fields you used to tread,
And another takes your pillow, and upon it lays her head?

Do such earthly matters move you? You are past from hence away,
Into larger joys and sorrows than belong to this our day;
And you look down on the whirling of this life with calmer eyes,
That have learnt to bear the measure of Eternity's surprise.

Are you near us? Can you see us? Can you watch us in our ways?
Do you witness all the evil, all the good of all our days?
Do you, knowing all things better, wonder at us in our strife,
As we clutch the tinsel gilding, and pass by the Crown of Life?

O ye dead! O ye dead! young and old, and small and great,
Now you know your doom of sorrow, or your high and blest estate,
And I wonder as I ponder, what you feel and what you see;
As according to the sowing, so your reaping now must be.

O ye dead! O ye dead! small and great, and young and old,
I am longing for your secret, and my longing makes me bold—
But since the day they brought you from your houses on the hill,
You have kept your secret steadfast, and I know will keep it still.

THE CAULDRON OF OIL.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

I.

ABOUT one French league distant from the city of Toulouse, there is a village called Croix-Daurade. In the military history of England, this place is associated with a famous charge of the eighteenth hussars, which united two separate columns of the British army, on the day before the Duke of Wellington fought the battle of Toulouse. In the criminal history of France, the village is memorable as the scene of a daring crime, which was discovered and punished under circumstances sufficiently remarkable to merit preservation in the form of a plain narrative.

THE PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

In the year seventeen hundred, the resident priest of the village of Croix-Daurade was Monsieur Pierre-Celestin Chaubard. He was a man of no extraordinary energy or capacity, simple in his habits, and sociable in his disposition. His character was irreproachable; he was strictly conscientious in the performance of his duties; and he was universally respected and beloved by his parishioners.

Among the members of his flock, there was a family named Siadoux. The head of the household, Saturnin Siadoux, had been long established in business at Croix-Daurade as an oil manufacturer. At the period of the events now to be narrated, he had attained the age of sixty, and was a widower. His family consisted of five children—three young men, who helped him in the business, and two daughters. His nearest living relative was his sister, the widow Mirailhe.

The widow resided principally at Toulouse. Her time in that city was mainly occupied in winding up the business affairs of her deceased husband, which had remained unsettled for a considerable period after his death, through delays in realizing certain sums of money owing to his representative. The widow had been left very well provided for—she was still a comely, attractive woman—and more than one substantial citizen of Toulouse had shown himself anxious to persuade her into marrying for the second time. But the widow Mirailhe lived on terms of great intimacy and affection with her brother Siadoux and his family; she was sincerely attached to them, and sincerely unwilling, at her age, to deprive her nephews and nieces, by a second marriage, of the inheritance, or even of a portion of the inheritance, which would otherwise fall to them on her death. Animated by these motives, she closed her doors resolutely on all suitors who attempted to pay their court to her, with the one exception of a master-butcher of Toulouse, whose name was Cantegrel.

This man was a neighbor of the widow's, and had made himself useful by assisting her in the business complications which still hung about the realization of her late husband's estate. The preference which she showed for the master-butcher was, thus far, of the purely negative kind. She gave him no absolute encouragement; she would not for a moment admit that there was the slightest prospect of her ever marrying him—but, at the same time, she continued to receive his visits, and she showed no disposition to restrict the neighborly intercourse between them, for the future, within purely formal bounds. Under these circumstances, Saturnin Siadoux began to be alarmed, and to think it time to bestir himself. He had no personal acquaintance with Cantegrel, who never visited the village; and Monsieur Chaubard (to whom he might otherwise have applied for advice) was not in a position to give an opinion; the priest and the master-butcher did not even know each other by sight. In this difficulty, Siadoux bethought himself of inquiring privately at Toulouse, in the hope of discovering some scandalous passages in Cantegrel's early life, which might fatally degrade him in the estimation of the widow Mirailhe. The investigations, as usual in such cases, produced rumors and reports in plenty, the greater part of which dated back to a period of the butcher's life when he had resided in the ancient town of Narbonne. One of these rumors, especially, was of so serious a nature, that Siadoux determined to test the truth or falsehood of it, personally, by travelling to Narbonne. He kept his intention a secret, not only from his sister and his daughters, but also from his sons; they were young men, not over-patient in their tempers—and he doubted their discretion. Thus, nobody knew his real purpose but himself, when he left home.

His safe arrival at Narbonne was notified in a letter to his family. The letter entered into no particulars relating to his secret errand; it merely informed his children of the day when they might expect him back, and of certain social arrangements which he wished to be made to welcome him on his return. He proposed, on his way home, to stay two days at Castelnaudry, for the purpose of paying a visit to an old friend who was settled there. According to this plan, his return to Croix-Daurade would be deferred until Tuesday, the twenty-sixth of April, when his family might expect to see him about sunset, in good time for supper. He further desired that a little party of friends might be invited to the meal, to celebrate the twenty-sixth of April (which was a feast-day in the village,) as well as to celebrate his return. The guests whom he wished to be invited were, first, his sister; secondly, Monsieur Chaubard, whose pleasant disposition made him a welcome guest at all the village festivals; thirdly and fourthly, two neighbors, business men like himself, with whom he lived on terms of the friendliest intimacy. That was the party; and the family of Siadoux took especial pains, as the time approached, to provide a supper worthy of the guests, who had all shown the heartiest readiness in accepting their invitations.

This was the domestic position, these were the family prospects, on the morning of the twenty-sixth of April—a memorable day, for years afterward, in the village of Croix-Daurade.

II.

THE EVENTS OF THE DAY.

Beside the curacy of the village church, good Monsieur Chaubard held some small ecclesiastical preferment in the cathedral church of St. Stephen at Toulouse. Early in the forenoon of the twenty-sixth, certain matters connected with this preferment took him from his village curacy to the city—a distance which has been already described as not greater than one French league, or between two and three English miles.

After transacting his business, Monsieur Chaubard parted with his clerical brethren, who left him by himself, in the sacristy (or vestry) of the church. Before he had quitted the room, in his turn, the beadle entered it, and inquired for the Abbé de Mariotte, one of the officiating priests attached to the cathedral.

"The Abbé has just gone out," replied Monsieur Chaubard. "Who wants him?"

"A respectable-looking man," said the beadle. "I thought he seemed to be in some distress of mind, when he spoke to me."

"Did he mention his business with the Abbé?"

"Yes, sir; he expressed himself as anxious to make his confession immediately."

"In that case," said Monsieur Chaubard, "I may be of use to him in the Abbé's absence—for I have my authority to act here as confessor. Let us go into the church, and see if this person feels disposed to accept my services."

When they went into the church, they found the man walking backward and forward in a restless, disordered manner. His looks were so strikingly suggestive of some serious mental perturbation, that Monsieur Chaubard found it no easy matter to preserve his composure, when he first addressed himself to the stranger.

"I am sorry," he began, "that the Abbé de Mariotte is not here to offer you his services——"

"I want to make my confession," said the man, looking about him vacantly, as if the priest's words had not attracted his attention.

"You can do so at once, if you please," said Monsieur Chaubard. "I am attached to this church, and I possess the necessary authority to receive confessions in it. Perhaps, however, you are personally acquainted with the Abbé de Mariotte? Perhaps you would prefer waiting——"

"No!" said the man, roughly. "I would as soon, or sooner, confess to a stranger."

"In that case," replied Monsieur Chaubard, "be so good as to follow me."

He led the way to the confessional. The beadle, whose curiosity was excited, waited a little, and looked after them. In a few minutes, he saw the curtains, which were sometimes used to conceal the face of the officiating priest, suddenly drawn. The penitent knelt with his back turned to the church. There was literally nothing to see—but the beadle waited nevertheless, in expectation of the end.

After a long lapse of time, the curtain was withdrawn, and priest and penitent left the confessional.

The change which the interval had worked in Monsieur Chaubard was so extraordinary, that the beadle's attention was altogether withdrawn, in the interest of observing it, from the man who had made the confession. He did not remark by which door the stranger left the church—his eyes were fixed on Monsieur Chaubard. The priest's naturally ruddy face was as white as if he had just arisen from a long sickness—he looked straight before him, with a stare of terror—and he left the church as hurriedly as if he had been a man escaping from prison; left it without a parting word, or a farewell look, although he was noted for his courtesy to his inferiors on all ordinary occasions.

"Good Monsieur Chaubard has heard more than he bargained for," said the beadle, wandering back to the empty confessional, with an interest unusual to him.

The day wore on as quietly as usual in the village of Croix-Daurade. At the appointed time, the supper-table was laid for the guests in the house of Saturnin Siadoux. The widow Mirailhe, and the two neighbors, arrived a little before sunset. Monsieur Chaubard, who was usually punctual, did not make his appearance with them; and when the daughters of Saturnin Siadoux looked out from the upper windows, they saw no signs on the high-road of their father's return.

Sunset came—and still neither Siadoux nor the priest appeared. The little party sat waiting round the table, and waited in vain. Before long, a message was sent up from the kitchen, representing that the supper must be eaten forthwith, or be spoiled; and the company began to debate the two alternatives, of waiting, or not waiting, any longer.

"It is my belief," said the widow Mirailhe, "that my brother is not coming home to-night. When Monsieur Chaubard joins us, we had better sit down to supper."

"Can any accident have happened to my father?" asked one of the two daughters, anxiously.

"God forbid!" said the widow.

"God forbid!" repeated the two neighbors, looking expectantly at the empty supper-table.

"It has been a wretched day for travelling," said Louis, the eldest son.

"And your father's rheumatism makes him averse to travelling in wet weather," suggested the widow, thoughtfully.

"Very true," said the first of the two neighbors, shaking his head piteously at his passive knife and fork.

Another message came up from the kitchen, and peremptorily forbade the company to wait any longer.

"But where is Monsieur Chaubard?" said the widow. "Has he been taking a journey too? Why is *he* absent? Has anybody seen him to-day?"

"I have seen him to-day," said the youngest son, who had not spoken yet. This young man's name was Jean; he was little given to talking, but he had proved himself, on various domestic occasions, to be the quickest and most observant member of the family.

"Where did you see him?" asked the widow.

"I met him this morning, on his way into Toulouse."

"He has not fallen ill, I hope. Did he look out of sorts when you met him?"

"He was in excellent health and spirits," said Jean. "I never saw him look better—"

"And *I* never saw him look worse," said the second of the neighbors, striking into the conversation with the aggressive fretfulness of a hungry man.

"What! this morning?" cried Jean, in astonishment.

"No; this afternoon," said the neighbor. "I saw him going into our church here. He was as white as our plates will be—when they come up. And what is almost as extraordinary, he passed without taking the slightest notice of me."

Jean relapsed into his customary silence. It was getting dark; the clouds had gathered while the company had been talking; and, at the first pause in the conversation, the rain, falling again in torrents, made itself drearily audible.

"Dear, dear me!" said the widow. "If it was not raining so hard, we might send somebody to inquire after good Monsieur Chaubard."

"I'll go and inquire," said Thomas Siadoux. "It's not five minute's walk. Have up the supper; I'll take a cloak with me; and if our excellent Monsieur Chaubard is out of his bed, I'll bring him back, to answer for himself."

With those words he left the room. The supper was put

on the table forthwith. The hungry neighhors disputed with nobody from that moment, and the melancholy neighbor recovered his spirits.

On reaching the priest's house, Thomas Siadoux found him sitting alone in his study. He started to his feet, with every appearance of the most violent alarm, when the young man entered the room.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Thomas; "I am afraid I have startled you."

"What do you went?" asked Monsieur Chaubard, in a singularly abrupt, bewildered manner.

"Have you forgotten, sir, that this is the night of our supper?" remonstrated Thomas. "My father has not come back; and we can only suppose—"

At those words the priest dropped into his chair again, and trembled from head to foot. Amazed to the last degree by this extraordinary reception of his remonstrance, Thomas Siadoux remembered, at the same time, that he had engaged to bring Monsieur Chaubard back with him; and he determined to finish his civil speech, as if nothing had happened.

"We are all of opinion," he resumed, "that the weather has kept my father on the road. But that is no reason, sir, why you should not make one of us as you promised. Here is a good warm cloak—"

"I can't come," said the priest. "I'm ill; I'm not fit to go out." He sighed bitterly, and hid his face in his hands.

"Don't say that, sir," persisted Thomas. "If you are out of spirits, let us try to cheer you. And you, in your turn, will enliven us. They are all waiting for you at home. Don't refuse, sir," pleaded the young man, "or we shall think we have offended you in some way. You have always been a good friend to our family—"

Monsieur Chauhard again rose from his chair, with a second change of manner, as extraordinary and as perplexiug as the first. His eyes moistened as if the tears were rising in them; he took the hand of Thomas Siadoux, and pressed it long and warmly in his own. There was a curious, mixed expression of pity and fear in the look which he now fixed on the young man.

"Of all the days in the year," he said, very earnestly, "don't douht my friendship to-day. Ill as I am, I will make one of the supper party, for your sake—"

"And for my father' sake?" added Thomas persuasively.

"Let us go to supper," said the priest.

Thomas Siadoux wrapped the cloak round him, and they left the house.

Every one at the table noticed the change in Monsieur Chaubard. He accounted for it by declaring, confusedly, that he was suffering from uervous illness; and then added that he would do his best, notwithstanding, to promote the social enjoyments of the evening. His talk was fragmentary, and his cheerfulness was sadly forced; but he contrived, with these drawhacks, to take his part in the conversation—except in the case when it happened to turn on the absent master of the house. Whenever the name of Saturnin Siadoux was mentioned—either by the neighbors, who politely regretted that he was not present; or by the family, who naturally talked about the resting-place which he might have chosen for the night—Monsieur Chaubard either relapsed into hlank silence, or abruptly changed the topic. Under these circumstances, the company, by whom he was respected and beloved, made the necessary allowance for his state of health; the only person among them, who showed no desire to cheer the priest's spirits, and to humor him in his temporary fretfulness, beiug the silent younger son of Saturnin Siadoux.

Both Louis and Thomas noticed that, from the moment when Monsieur Chaubard's manner first betrayed his singular unwillingness to touch on the subject of their father's absence, Jean fixed his eyes on the priest, with an expression of suspicious attention; aud never looked away from him for the rest of the evening. The young man's absolute silence at table did not surprise his hrothers, for they were accustomed to his taciturn habits. But the sullen distrust betrayed in his close ohservations of the honored guest and friend of the family, surprised and angered them. The priest himself seemed once or twice to be aware of the scrutiny to which he was subjected, and to feel uneasy and offended, as he naturally might. He abstained, however, from openly noticing Jean's strange behavior; and Louis and Thomas were bound, therefore, in common politeness, to abstain from noticing it also.

The inhabitants of Croix-Daurade kept early hours. Toward eleven o'clock the company rose and separated for the night. Except the two neighhors, nohody had enjoyed the supper, and even the two neighbors, having eaten their fill, were as glad to get home as the rest. In the little confusion of parting, Monsieur Chaubard completed the astonishment of the guests at the extraordinary change in him, by slipping away alone, without waiting to hid anybody good night.

The widow Mirailhe and her nieces withdrew to their bedrooms, and left the three hrothers hy themselves in the parlor.

"Jean," said Thomas Siadoux, "I have a word to say to you. You stared at our good Monsieur Chaubard in a very offensive manner all through the evening. What did you mean by it?"

"Wait till to-morrow," said Jean; "and perhaps I may tell you."

He lit his candle, and left them. Both the brothers observed that his hand trembled, and that his manner, never very winning, was, on that night, more serious and more unsociable than usual.

III.

THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

When post-time came on the morning of the twenty-seventh, no letter arrived from Saturnin Siadoux. On consideration the family interpreted this circumstance in a favorable light. If the master of the house had not written to them, it followed, surely, that he meant to make writing unnecessary by returning on that day.

As the hours passed, the widow and her nieces looked out, from time to time, for the absent man. Toward noon, they observed a little assemhly of people approaching the village. Ere long, on a nearer view, they recognized at the head of the assembly, the chief magistrate of Toulouse, in his official dress. He was accompanied by his Assessor (also in his official dress,) by an escort of archers, and hy certain subordinates attached to the town-hall. The last appeared to be carrying some burden, which was hidden from view by the escort of archers. The procession stopped at the house of Saturnin Siadoux; and the two daughters, hastening to the door, to discover what had happened, met the burden which the men were carrying, and saw, stretched on a litter, the dead body of their father.

The corpse had been found that morning on the banks of the river Lers. It was stabbed in eleven places with knife or dagger wounds. None of the valuables about the dead man's person had been touched; his watch and his money were still in his pockets. Whoever had murdered him, had murdered him for vengeance, not for gain.

Some time elapsed before even the male members of the family were sufficiently composed to hear what the officers of justice had to say to them. When this result had been at length achieved, and when the necessary inquiries had heen made, no information of any kind was obtained which pointed to the murderer, in the eye of the law. After expressing his sympathy, and promising that every available means should be tried to effect the discovery of the criminal, the chief magistrate gave his orders to his escort, and withdrew.

When night came, the sister and the daughters of the murdered man retired to the upper part of the house, exhausted by the violence of their grief. The three brothers were left once more alone iu the parlor, to speak together of the awful calamity which had befallen them. They were of hot Southern blood, and they looked on one another with a Southern thirst for vengeance in their tearless eyes.

The silent younger son was now the first to open his lips.

"You charged me yesterday," he said to his hrother Thomas, "with looking strangely at Monsieur Chaubard all the evening; and I answered that I might tell you *why* I looked at him when to-morrow came. To-morrow has come, and I am ready to tell you."

He waited a little, and lowered his voice to a whisper, when he spoke again.

"When Monsieur Chaubard was at our supper-table last night," he said, "I had it in my mind that something had happened to our father, and that the priest knew it."

The two elder brothers looked at him in speechless astonishment.

"Our father has been brought back to us a murdered man!" Jean went on, still iu a whisper. "I tell you, Louis—and you, Thomas—that the priest knows who murdered him."

Louis and Thomas shrank from their younger brother, as if he had spoken blasphemy.

"Listen," said Jean. "No clue has been found to the secret of the murder. The magistrate has promised to do his best—but I saw in his face that he had little hope. We must make the discovery ourselves—or our father's blood will have cried to us for vengeance, and cried in vain. Remember that—and mark my next words. You heard me say yesterday evening that I had met Monsieur Chaubard on his way to Toulouse in excellent health and spirits. You heard our old friend and neighbor at the supper table contradict me, and declare that he had seen the priest some hours later, go into our church here, with the face of a panic-stricken man. You saw, Thomas, how he behaved when you went to fetch him to our house. You saw, Louis, what his looks were like when he came in. The change was noticed by everybody—what was the cause of it? *I* saw the cause in the priest's own face, when our father's name turned up in the talk round the supper-table. Did Monsieur Chauhard join in that talk? He was the only person present who never joined in it once. Did he change it, on a sudden, whenever it came his way? It came his way four times; and four times he changed it—trembling, stammering, turning whiter and whiter, but still, as true as the Heaven above us, shifting the talk off himself, every time! Have you brains in your heads? Don't you see, as I see, what this leads to? On my salvation I swear it—the priest knows the hand that killed our father!"

The faces of the two elder brothers darkened vindictively, as the conviction of the truth fastened itself on their minds.

"*How* could he know it?" they inquired, eagerly.

"He must tell us himself," said Jean.

"And if he hesitates—if he refuses to open his lips?"

"We must open them by main force."

They drew their chairs together after that last answer, and consulted, for some time, in whispers.

When the consultation was over, the brothers rose and went into the room where the dead body of their father was laid out. The three kissed him, in turn, on the forehead—then took hands together, and looked meaningly in each other's faces—then separated. Louis aud Thomas put on their hats, and went at once to the priest's residence; while Jean withdrew, by himself, to the great room at the back of the house, which was used for the purposes of the oil factory.

Only one of the workmen was left in the place. He was watching an immense cauldron of hoiling linseed-oil.

"You can go home," said Jean, patting the man kindly on the shoulder. "There is no hope of a night's rest for me, after the affliction that has befallen us—I will take your place at the cauldron. Go home, my good fellow—go home."

The man thanked him, and withdiew. Jean followed and satisfied himself that he had really left the house. He then returned, and sat down by the boiling cauldron.

Meanwhile, Louis and Thomas presented themselves at the priest's house. He had not yet retired to bed, and he received them kindly—but with the same extraordinary agitation in his face aud manner which had surprised all who saw him on the previous day. The brothers were prepared beforehand with an answer, when he inquired what they wanted of him. They replied immediately that the shock of their father's horrible death had so seriously affected their aunt and their eldest sister, that it was feared the minds of both might give way, unless spiritual consolatiou and assistance were afforded to them that night. The unhappy priest—always faithful and self-sacrificing where the duties of his ministry were in question—at once rose to accompany the young men back to the house. He even put on his surplice, and took the crucifix with him, to impress his words of comfort all the more solemnly on the afflicted women whom he was called on to succor.

Thus innocent of all suspicion of the conspiracy to which he had fallen a victim, he was taken into the room where Jean sat waiting by the cauldron of oil; and the door was locked behind him.

Before he could speak, Thomas Siadoux openly avowed the truth.

"It is we three who want you," he said—"not our aunt, and not our sister. If you answer our questions truly, you have nothing to fear. If you refuse—" He stopped, and looked toward Jean and the boiling cauldron.

Never, at the best of times, a resolute man; deprived, since the day before, of such resources of energy as he possessed, by the mental suffering which he had undergone in secret—the unfortunate priest trembled from head to foot, as the three brothers closed round him. Louis took the crucifix from him. and held it; Thomas forced him to place his right hand on it; Jean stood in front of him and put the questions.

"Our father has heen brought home a murdered man," he said. "Do you know who killed him?"

The priest hesitated; and the two elder hrothers moved him nearer to the cauldron.

"Answer us, on peril of your life," said Jean. "Say, with your hand on the blessed crucifix, do you know the mau who killed our father?"

"I do know him."

"When did you make the discovery?"

"Yesterday."

"Where?"

"At Toulouse."

"Name the murderer."

At those words, the priest closed his hand fast on the crucifix, and rallied his sinking courage.

"Never!" he said firmly. "The knowledge I possess was obtained in the confessional. The secrets of the confessional are sacred. If I betray them, I commit sacrilege. I will die first!"

"Think!" said Jean. "If you keep silence, you screen the murderer. If you keep silence, you are the murderer's accomplice. We have sworn over our father's dead body to avenge him—if you keep silence, we will avenge him ou *you*. I charge you again, uame the man who killed him."

"I will die first," the priest reiterated, as firmly as hefore.

"Die then!" said Jean. "Die in that cauldron of hoiling oil."

"Give him time," cried Louis and Thomas, earnestly pleading together.

"We will give him time," said the younger brother.

"There is the clock yonder, against the wall. We will count five minutes by it. In those five minutes, let him make his peace with God—or make up his mind to speak."

They waited, watching the clock. In that dreadful interval, the priest dropped on his knees and hid his face. The time passed in dead silence.

"Speak! for your own sake, for our sakes, speak!" said Thomas Siadeux, as the minute hand reached the point at which the five minutes expired.

The priest looked up—his voice died away on his lips—the mortal agony broke out on his face in great drops of sweat—his head sank forward on his breast.

"Lift him!" cried Jean, seizing the priest on one side. "Lift him, and throw him in!"

The two elder brothers advanced a step—and hesitated.

"Lift him, on your oath over our father's body?"

The two brothers seized him on the other side. As they lifted him to a level with the cauldron, the horror of the death that threatened him burst from the lips of the miserable man in a scream of terror. The brothers held him firm at the cauldron's edge. "Name the man!" they said for the last time.

The priest's teeth chattered—he was speechless. But he made a sign with his head—a sign in the affirmative. They placed him in a chair, and waited patiently until he was able to speak.

His first words were words of entreaty. He begged Thomas Siadonx to give him back the crucifix. When it was placed in his possession, he kissed it, and said faintly, "I ask pardon of God for the sin that I am about to commit." He paused; and then looked up at the younger brother, who still stood in front of him. "I am ready," he said. "Question me, and I will answer."

Jean repeated the questions which he had put when the priest was first brought into the room.

"You know the murderer of our father?"

"I know him."

"Since when?"

"Since he made his confession to me yesterday, in the cathedral of Tonlouse."

"Name him."

"His name is Cantegrel."

"The man who wanted to marry our aunt?"

"The same."

"What brought him to the confessional?"

"His own remorse."

"What were the motives for his crime?"

"There were reports against his character; and he discovered that your father had gone privately to Narbonne to make sure that they were true."

"Did our father make sure of their truth?"

"He did."

"Would those discoveries have separated our aunt from Cantegrel, if our father had lived to tell her of them?"

"They would. If your father had lived, he would have told your aunt that Cantegrel was married already; that he had deserted his wife at Narbonne; that she was living there with another man, under another name; and that she had herself confessed it in your father's presence."

"Where was the murder committed?"

"Between Villefranche and this village. Cantegrel had followed your father to Narbonne, and had followed him back again to Villefranche. As far as that place he travelled in company with others, both going and returning. Beyond Villefranche, he was left alone at the ford over the river. There Cantegrel drew the knife to kill him, before he reached home and told his news to your aunt."

"How was the murder committed?"

"It was committed while your father was watering his pony by the bank of the stream. Cantegrel stole on him from behind, and struck him as he was stooping over the saddle-bow."

"This is the truth, on your oath?"

"On my oath, it is the truth."

"You may leave us."

The priest rose from his chair without assistance. From the time when the terror of death had forced him to reveal the murderer's name, a great change had passed over him. He had given his answers with the immovable calmness of a man on whose mind all human interests had lost their hold. He now left the room, strangely absorbed in himself; moving with the mechanical regularity of a sleep-walker; lost to all perception of things and persons about him. At the door he stopped—woke, as it seemed, from the trance that possessed him—and looked at the three brothers with a steady, changeless sorrow, which they had never seen in him before, which they never afterward forgot.

"I forgive you," he said, quietly and solemnly. "Pray for me when my times comes."

With those last words, he left them.

IV.

THE END.

The night was far advanced; but the three brothers determined to set forth instantly for Toulouse, and to place their information in the magistrate's hands, before the morning dawned.

Thus far, no suspicion had occurred to them of the terrible consequences which were to follow their night interview with the priest; they were absolutely ignorant of the punishment to which a man in holy orders exposed himself, if he revealed the secrets of the confessional. No infliction of that punishment had been known in their neighborhood—for, at that time, as at this, the rarest of all priestly offences was a violation of the sacred trust confided to the confessor. Conscious that they had forced the priest into the commission of a clerical offence, the brothers sincerely believed that the loss of his curacy would be the heaviest penalty which the law could exact from him; they entered Toulouse that night, discussing the atonement which they might offer to Monsieur Chaubard, and the means which they might best employ to make his future life easy to him.

The first disclosure of the consequences which would certainly follow the outrage they had committed, was revealed to them when they made their deposition before the officer of justice. The magistrate listened to their narrative with horror vividly expressed in his face and manner.

"Better you had never been born," he said, "than have avenged your father's death as you three have avenged it. Your own act has doomed the guilty and the innocent to suffer alike."

Those words proved prophetic of the truth. The end came quickly, as the priest had foreseen it, when he spoke his parting words.

The arrest of Cantegrel was accomplished without difficulty, the next morning. In the absence of any other evidence on which to justify this proceeding, the private disclosure to the authorities of the secret which the priest had violated, became inevitable. The Parliament of Languedoc was, under these circumstances, the tribunal appealed to; and the decision of that assembly immediately ordered the priest and the three brothers to be placed in confinement, as well as the murderer Cantegrel. Evidence was then immediately sought for, which might convict this last criminal, without any reference to the revelation that had been forced from the priest—and evidence enough was found to satisfy judges whose minds already possessed the foregone certainty of the prisoner's guilt. He was put on his trial, was convicted of the murder, and was condemned to be broken on the wheel. The sentence was rigidly executed, with as little delay as the law would permit.

The cases of Monsieur Chaubard, and of the three sons of Siadoux, next occupied the judges. The three brothers were found guilty of having forced the secret of a confession from a man in holy orders, and were sentenced to death by hanging. A far more terrible expiation of his offence awaited the unfortunate priest. He was condemned to have his limbs broken on the wheel, and to be afterward, while still living, bound to the stake, and destroyed by fire.

Barbarous as the punishments of that period were, accustomed as the population was to hear of their infliction, and even to witness it, the sentences pronounced in these two cases dismayed the public mind; and the authorities were surprised by receiving petitions for mercy from Toulouse, and from all the surrounding neighborhood. But the priest's doom had been sealed. All that could be obtained, by the intercession of persons of the highest distinction, was, that the executioner should grant him the mercy of death before his body was committed to the flames. With this one modification, the sentence was executed, as the sentence had been pronounced, on the curate of Croix-Daurade.

The punishment of the three sons of Siadoux remained to be inflicted. But the people, roused by the death of the ill-fated priest, rose against this third execution with a resolution before which the local government gave way. The cause of the young men was taken up by the hot-blooded populace, as the cause of all fathers and all sons; their filial piety was exalted to the skies; their youth was pleaded in their behalf; their ignorance of the terrible responsibility which they had confronted in forcing the secret from the priest, was loudly alleged in their favor. More than this, the authorities were actually warned that the appearance of the prisoners on the scaffold would be the signal for an organized revolt and rescue. Under this serious pressure, the execution was deferred, and the prisoners were kept in confinement until the popular ferment had subsided.

The delay not only saved their lives, it gave them back their liberty as well. The infection of the popular sympathy had penetrated through the prison doors. All three brothers were handsome, well-grown young men. The gentlest of the three in disposition—Thomas Siadoux—aroused the interest and won the affection of the head-gaoler's daughter. Her father was prevailed on at her intercession to relax a little in his customary vigilance; and the rest was accomplished by the girl herself. One morning, the population of Toulouse heard, with every testimony of the most extravagant rejoicing, that the three brothers had escaped, accompanied by the gaoler's daughter. As a necessary legal formality, they were pursued, but no extraordinary efforts were used to overtake them; and they succeeded, accordingly, in crossing the nearest frontier.

Twenty days later, orders were received from the Capital to execute their sentence in effigy. They were then permitted to return to France, on condition that they never again appeared in their native place, or in any other part of the province of Languedoc. With this reservation they were left free to live where they pleased, and to repent the fatal act which had avenged them on the murderer of their father at the cost of the priest's life.

Beyond this point the official documents do not enable us to follow their career. All that is now known has been now told of the village-tragedy at Croix-Daurade.

A NIGHT IN THE COLISEUM.

I HAVE been a wanderer all my life, a truly migratory bird, and, as such, have had an instinctive conviction that a constant residence in the same spot is not only unpleasant, but unnatural. Added to this, I believe I have a spice of what it is now the fashion to call upper-Bohemianism in my nature; that is to say, although I am no musician, I am devoted to music and its followers; no author, no poet, yet do I number amongst my friends and acquaintances many of the most notable names in the world of literature; no actor, but again the green-rooms and *coulisses* of many of the first theatres and opera-houses in Europe and America are as familiar ground to me as the shady side of Pall Mall in the month of May. I never drew a line with pencil or brush in my life, yet at home and abroad I have watched in the painters' studios with the greatest interest the progress of many of the finest pictures that have delighted multitudes during the last twenty-five years. If I may say it of myself, I have been tolerated in this sort of society, possibly from a natural appreciativeness and love of the arts, in addition, perhaps, to a certain *bonhomie* and geniality of disposition, which is surely a passport to some extent amongst those who gain their living by the exercise of their fancy and imagination.

Had it not been my misfortune to be the possessor of a considerable independence, it is possible I might have made some figure in the world in one of the walks of art it has been the delight of my life to watch and be associated with.

After this slight hint at my tastes and proclivities it will not be considered a very extraordinary thing that in the early spring of 18— I should have found myself in Rome. I had been during the winter revelling for about the twentieth time in all the glorious and picturesque antiquities of the Eternal City, and my migratory disposition had given sundry warnings that I might soon spread my wings, and travel, more or less slowly, northwards. Indeed, warm weather was beginning to set in, and the nights were frequently becoming truly Italian, and the last I had intended to spend in my present locality proved to be one of the most lovely we had had that year.

I had been making some small preparatory arrangements for my departure on the morrow; I had also made a slight change in my attire for the sake of coolness, for although nearly nine o'clock, and early in the month of April, it was yet quite sultry. I was enjoying to the utmost a cigar at my open window, overlooking the Piazza del Popolo, and listening to the hum and stir of life around, with the cool, silvery trickling of the fountains rising above all, when my mind went back to past ages, to a time when the only shows which could divert a Roman populace were the deadly struggles for life between Roman heroes; and I thought of the mighty ruins of Coliseum, and how grandly the moon, then rising, would light up its soaring arches.

Acting as usual, upon impulse, I determined on the instant to stroll off and pay a parting visit to them under so favorable an aspect. So, putting on my hat, I descended the staircase of the palatial abode in which my apartments were; and after threading the narrow streets of the modern city, I found myself in the Via Alessandria; on leaving which my way lay through a green lane, where relics of the past, half buried under the turf on either side, met me at every step, and which made me think how often, perhaps, along the path I was even now treading, had rushed the Roman multitude, eagerly pressing forward to enjoy their "butcher's" holiday! But the image of imperial Rome in all her pomp vanished away when, having reached the termination of the lane, the ruins in their full beauty rose before me, and I found myself in a few moments standing alone in the vast arena of the Coliseum.

It is not my purpose, nor does the adventure I am about to relate require that I should attempt to describe a scene so familiar to all visitors to Rome. Viewed under the circumstances in which it was then presented to me, it is one of the grandest sights which the city affords, and one which has been most ably described in many works of history and fiction.

It seemed to me that I was the sole occupant of the place, which, but for the fact that the Roman season was near its close, would probably not have been the case, as the full moon would have been sure to attract groups of tourists to the spot. I wandered about in a dreamy kind of mood for some time

and I then seated myself in a niche of shadow, as I might have done in a painter's studio, the more fully to enjoy the burst of light which fell upon the picture before me.

I can hardly say how long I remained there, nor whither my thoughts had led me, as I sat contemplating the beauty of the scene, and noticing with what tenderness the moon shed her kind rays alike over the divers symbols of Christian and Pagan faith which lay mingled together around me, when I became conscious of approaching footsteps breaking upon the peaceful stillness, which had hitherto remained undisturbed, save by the occasional humming of the night insects. Looking in the direction from whence the sound came, I saw emerging from the shade of one of the opposite arches a tall, dark figure. At first I could hardly discern whether it was that of a man or of a woman; but, on its drawing nearer, and coming into one of the broadest patches of moonlight, I discovered it was a sacristan or lay brother belonging to one of the monastic orders. His head was enveloped in his cowl, and for a minute or two I could but observe, with a painter's eye, of what great advantage, pictorially speaking, this dark figure was to the scene. As I have before hinted, although thoroughly accustomed to foreign travel, I had never quite got rid of the natural suspicion invariably entertained by all Englishmen towards strangers of every degree. I was perhaps scarcely conscious of the direct working of this feeling; but probably to it is to be attributed the impulse which instantly induced me to show myself; and, coming out from the obscurity of the shadow, I passed slowly within speaking distance of him, and we mutually acknowledged each other's presence by a "Buona notte, Signor." Soon after we again met, and he made some commonplace observation upon the beauty of the night, to which I responded, and in a few minutes we were civilly chatting together.

I speedily found from his conversation, and his remarks upon the ruins of the place, that he was a man whose education was very superior to that generally possessed by those occupying the position in life indicated by his dress and appearance. We conversed long, and, finally with enthusiasm—a discussion having arisen as to the time in which the gladiatorial combats were given up. My companion maintained that a close was put to them by the Emperor Honorius, towards the end of the fourth century. On the other hand, I contended that they had ceased under Constantine, more than fifty years earlier, and quoted, as I deemed correctly, several contemporary authorities in support of my opinion. Again he declared that Muratori, the most eminent of all Italian annalists, had fixed the date in the last year of the reign of Honorius, A. D. 423.

"If that be the case," I replied, "then you are right, most undoubtedly, and I am wrong; but I cannot help thinking that you are mistaken in saying that Muratori has made this statement."

"O yes, I can soon convince you of that fact, for it is only this evening that I met with the passage. Moreover, singularly enough, I have the volume with me, and," he continued drawing forth a small book from the pocket of his robe, "I believe the light is strong enough for you to read for yourself that which I assert to be the case: see here." He went on, turning over a page, "If we sit on this column we shall have the light of the moon at right angles with our leaf."

Saying this, he sat down in the place he indicated. In my excitement—for I was most enthusiastic in all such matters—I leaned or crouched down close over him, the better to see the words. Sure enough, it was as he stated, for the moonlight was so powerful that I could plainly read the passage to which he had alluded.

I remembered afterwards that he held the book in his left hand, whilst I bent over him from the other side, and thus his right hand was left free, and close to my side. A few words passed, and at last I was fain to admit that he had had the best of the argument. He rose rather abruptly, and good-humoredly added that, having convinced me of my mistake, he must wish me good night; and with a courteous, yet somewhat hurried salutation, passed on, saying he supposed I was not yet inclined to return home. I had given no cause for him to imagine this, and it struck me as strange that, after our friendly conversation, he should apparently so suddenly wish to get rid of my company.

His departing footsteps were still echoing through the ruins when I thought possibly it was time to be turning homewards. Instinctively I put my hand to my waistcoat-pocket, with the intention of looking at the hour, when lo! my watch was gone! "By Jove!" I exclaimed, "that scoundrel must have been a pickpocket, and this a new disguise and dodge for easing the tourist of his superfluous property!" Straight upon the impulse after him I flew. I could yet hear his quickening footsteps in the distance. Very soon I had him in sight, and in two minutes more by the throat, half-choking him, as I said: "You thief, you have stolen my watch!" He protested, as well as he was able, that he had done nothing of the kind, and remonstrated with me against my violence. I took no heed of this, but instantly commenced turning his pockets inside out; and sure enough in another instant I had abstracted from the breast of his cassock the missing treasure. Yes, there it was, palpably enough, my own, large, old-fashioned silver repeater, without chain, ribbon, or any appendages, carried loose in the pocket as was my custom. Half-shaking the life out of him, I poured forth a whole volley of abuse, telling him he might think it exceedingly fortunate that I did not at once march him off to the authorities; for remembering I was to leave Rome the next morning, I thought it better to inflict a little personal chastisement than to delay my departure to an unknown extent, by seeking the assistance of a court of justice. The fellow vainly attempted to cry for aid, but my grip was so strong upon him that he, being a rather elderly and wheezy man, could only give vent to a few groaning and squeaking ejaculations. With one final outburst of wrath I flung him headlong upon the ground. Boiling with rage and indignation, I strode away at a rapid pace in the direction of the city.

All is quiet as I regain the streets, and the French sentries at the different points of guard are the only people astir. I reach my hotel, congratulating myself upon the presence of mind I have displayed, and the courage and off-hand manner by which I have recovered my property, and inflicted speedy justice on the criminal. I ascend the staircase to my apartments, now in complete darkness. I enter in rather a perturbed state; I am some little time before I can manage to find the matches; at last I lay my hand upon the box containing them, I strike a light, and as it blazes into a flame, and lights up the room, the first thing it shows me, to my consternation, is my watch lying upon the table!

The conflicting feelings that then rushed into my mind can be easily imagined. Here was I, nothing short of a highwayman, having robbed and most unmercifully beaten a civil and unoffending man. There was his property sure enough in my possession; the two watches stared me in the face—not much alike on comparison, except in size, and that they were both silver, and with the strange coincidence that they had no appendages of any kind. I had been guilty of the very crime against the very person whom I had just accused of committing the same outrage upon myself! What was to be done? Of course I could easily explain the mistake, and make the poor fellow ample compensation for the wrong I had done him: but in the meantime I might be apprehended, as it were, red-handed. Worse than this, I had made my arrangements to depart by six the next morning, and my place was already booked in the diligence for Civita Vecchia.

I dare not go, for if I were discovered apparently taking flight, it would be no easy matter, to prove that my escape was not intentional. Further, what was I to do with the stolen property? All these contingencies went with a whirl through my brain. The plain truth of course was that when I had changed my dress just before going out, I had simply omitted to replace my watch in the fresh waistcoat I had put on, and the sudden departure of the sacristan after our argument, which I had remarked with suspicion, was merely accidental. There was but one thing for it, my departure must be deferred; and as soon as daylight would permit, I must go to our consul and place the stolen property, together with an explanation of the circumstances, in his hands. This of course I did, and the matter was eventually made straight by an ample bonus and apology to my poor victim. The consequences to myself entailed nothing more serious than the postponement of my journey for a few days. This was counterbalanced possibly by the lesson learned of the folly of giving way to undue impetuosity, and the injustice of the suspicion which my countrymen are too ready to attach to all people whom they do not know, especially foreigners, which gives rise to a great many of the mistakes made by other nations in their estimate of English character.

THEOLOGICAL VIEW OF NEGRO TESTIMONY.—A very bold and telling speech in behalf of the right of negroes to testify in the Courts was recently made in the Tennessee Legislature by Mr. Richards, who said, in the course of his argument: "Why, Mr. Speaker, to touch very cautiously upon the domain of theology, in which I am but little versed, is it not a fact that the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and other religious denominations of the South have professed for years to have Christianized multitudes of the negroes, and made them fit for heaven? And will these good people have us believe that a man may be a good Methodist or Baptist, and yet not fit to be believed on oath? That he may be worthy to take the sacrament, and unworthy to stand in the witness-box? That he may sing before the Almighty as a saint in glory, but cannot go before a Justice of the Peace to swear to an account of five dollars for work which he has done in the workshop or cotton field? If that be religion? Mr. Speaker, and these the principles on which it is based, I think the less we have of it the better for public morality."

CONFIRMATION.—Dr. Parr was not very delicate in the choice of his expressions, when heated by argument or contradiction. He once called a clergyman a fool, who, indeed, was little better. The clergyman said he would complain of this usage to the bishop. "Do," said the doctor, "and my lord bishop will *confirm* you."

GOSSIP ABOUT DRESS.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Paris says that fancy dress balls have been in a style of unusual magnificence this winter, and the costumes which have graced them have been of the greatest splendor. Another grand fancy dress ball, to take place within a short time, will give work to scores of costomers, dressmakers, and sewing-girls. The following hints from a description of costumes worn at a recent Parisian masquerade, may be found useful in suggestions to our fair readers:

A beautiful dark-eyed and dark-haired belle, well known in Parisian circles, undertook to embody the character of Algeria—a spot of peculiar attractions for some time past to the French. The dress worn by the ambitious lady who desired to become synonomous with the country called on the map, Algiers, may be thus described: Six skirts of white gauze, streaked with gold, worn one above the other; and all opening at the right side over a satin petticoat of the new and exquisite shade of blue which derives its name from the waters of the Mediterranean Sea. The petticoat, as much of it as could be observed, and, probably, the whole of it was embroidered in gold to represent tiny slips. A scarf of the French colors (which are also those of our own fair land) red, white, and blue, was worn across the skirt and loosely but securely tied at the left side. The bodice was of blue satin in one mass of embroidery representing Arabic gold coins, and from the waist-band was suspended a small silver zataghan. The hair was arranged in thick and luxuriant tresses and intertwined with gold cord, and a wreath of flowers, to be found only in Algeria, crowned the brow. Upon entering the room a burnous of white gauze, striped with gold, exactly corresponding with the skirt, was worn, lightly thrown over the shoulders, and, in the course of the evening, laid aside entirely.

The following dress, representative of a humming-bird, will be found extremely beautiful. A skirt of short emerald green satin is covered thickly with humming-birds embroidered in gold and other brilliant colors, the throats and wings being formed from real feathers taken from these gorgeous little birds themselves. The effect of this ingenious arrangement is, at a short distance, that of a flight of humming-birds stopped midway in their flight and having alighted on an emerald greensward. The bodice looks as though it were fastened with humming-birds of almost microscopic dimensions, so minute are their proportions. These birds are represented, not in feathers, but in brilliant metallic substances, which seemingly change color with every position they are placed in. The bodice is made of ruby velvet, embroidered with white bugle beads, and the head-dress consists of three small humming-birds alighting amid the curls.

For ordinary ball-dresses, the following is one of the most beautiful that has been worn during the season. A dress of pale, rose-colored tulle over a slip of white satin; the hair, waving and curling in all the exquisite curves of naturally-waving hair, looking like burnished gold, and dressed with pink and pearl bandelets. On the neck of the fair wearer, gleamed a necklace of fine, pale orient pearls, and on the arms bracelets to correspond.

The dresses for out-door wear remain the same with very little difference—indeed, the difference consists only in the trimming, and occasionally a slight alteration in the sleeve or the bodice, such as an epaulette plain or an epaulette slashed, on a bodice with points, or a bodice round and with a belt. A new style of trimming, in velvet, has taken the place of the Vandyked bands formerly such great favorites. These are cut out at the top in squares like battlements, and each square is more plainly represented by a silk cord trimming around it. Balmoral skirts are trimmed in the same style; but the velvet band should nor match the skirt in color. It should be always of some strangely contrasting shade.

The spring and summer bonnet—there is no longer a doubt of it—is destined to be "The Gipsy." Whether it will "take" and become "the rage," only the summer can prove; but, for our part, we have no hesitation in declaring boldly that we hope it may, for it is extremely pretty, girlish, and, to young faces especially, becoming. Of course, it is not the large gipsy of the days of our great-grandmothers. No! this is a dainty miniature bonnet (or hat, more properly,) of precisely the same shape, but not more than one-third the size of the old-time gipsy. Success attend it!

AN old Methodist, very great at responses, which were not always appropriate, but always well-meant, went to hear a popular preacher. The parson, usually lucid, was rather perplexed, and felt it himself. He labored through the first part, and then said: "Brethren, I have reached the conclusion of my first point." "Thank God!" ejaculated the old man, who sat before him, profoundly interested, in a voice that was heard in every part of the old church. The last part of that sermon was harder to preach than the first.

A WAG, speaking of the cruel treatment of a child by its mother, says: "The child should certainly have the careful attention of some one, or it will be prematurely added to the kingdom of heaven, and thus, perhaps, permanently separated from its kindred."

UNDER THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE KARR.

YOUR yellow rose is the souvenir of a curious history. It was my habit to visit, some two years since, an elderly lady residing in my neighborhood, whom I admired for her *esprit*, no less than for her amiable and benevolent disposition. She was passionately fond of flowers, and you would scarcely credit the pains I took in arranging the bouquets that I occasionally presented, or how delighted I was at her astonishment at receiving a flower that was rare to her, or of a variety not common in the country.

I met at her house, the other evening, an old gentleman who has lately taken possession of a very large property in the neigbborhood, which he had inherited from some distant relative, on condition that be should assume his name, and who, in consequence, is known as M. Descondraies.

He caused himself to be presented at my old friend's, and I might with reason be jealous of his delicate attentions. The acquaintance soon ripened into a mutual friendship, and they spent nearly all their evening together at tric-trac.

I saluted silently, without interrupting the game. When it was finished I offered Madame Lorgerel a bouquet of yellow roses, which I had brought for her.

My roses were very beautiful, which was not the case with the yellow roses of that year, the frequent rains having seriously interfered with their floresceuce. Mine, however, being protected by an overhanging roof, were, perhaps, the only ones that were well opened. Madame Lorgerel exclaimed with delight at the sight of the bouquet.

My flowers elicited no remark from M. Descondraies, who was apparently absorbed in reflection. I was at a loss to account for their mysterious influence upon him; but presently Madame Lorgerel engaged his attention by some remark, which diverted miue from the circumstance. After a moment's silence, he remarked:

You do not know that this bouquet recalls, as if by magical process, an epoch of my life that relates entirely to my youth. Within five minutes I am twenty years of age! within five minutes I am again in love with a woman who should be sixty years old, if, indeed, she still lives. I must relate to yon this history; it is a circumstance that bas exerted upon my whole life a great influence, and of which the sonvenir, even at this day, when my blood bas scarcely heat enough to ucurish my life, and to enable me to play at tric-trac, affects me to an extraordinary degree.

I was twenty (it is now more than forty years ago,) and had just left college, where they used to keep young men longer than they do now-a-days. After having sagely chosen for me, without my concurrence, a profession, my father one morning announced to me that he had obtained my appointment as lieutenant in the regiment of * * * in garrison in the city of Auverge, and bade me hold myself in readiness to leave in three days.

I was somewhat taken aback by this for several reasons: In the first place I had no taste for military life, though that was, in sooth, an easily overcome objection; the sight of a rich uniform, a few exciting phrases, and a little martial music would soon have made me an Achilles or a Cæsar as they preferred.

But I was in love.

Not for the world would I have thought of hinting a word of this to my father; his only reply would have been an order to depart that very evening. But I had an uncle—and such an uncle!

He was a man of about the same age as I am now, but he remained young in spirit; not selfish, for no old man ever renounced with a better grace, the pomps and vanities of Satan but for the sake of others. He loved the young; he understood them without being envious of them. He did not consider his infirmities as advancements, nor old age necessarily wisdom; but by dint of good sense and good nature, he lived for the happiness of others. He mingled in all the generous follies, in all the noble weaknesses of youth; he was the confidant and protector of all their loves, of all their debts, of all their hopes. I sought him then, and said to him, "I am very unhappy, uncle."

"I will wager twenty louis you are not," replied he.

"Ah! uncle, don't jest. Besides, you would lose."

"If I do, I shall pay: perhaps that will help to console you."

"No, my uncle, there is no question of money in my trouble."

"Let me hear it, then."

"My father has just announced to me that I am a lieutenant in the regiment ——"

"A great misfortune, truly. One of the most gallant uniforms, and all the officers gentlemen."

"But, my dear sir, I don't wish to be soldier."

"How? You don't want to be a soldier? Do you happen not to be brave, eh?"

"I don't know that, as yet: however, I shouldn't permit any one but you to ask such a question."

"Well, then, Cid, my friend, why don't you want to be a soldier?"

"Because I want to get married, uncle."

"W-h-e-w!"

"There is no whew about it, uncle; I am in love."

"And you call that a misfortune, you ungrateful fellow? I wish it was I that was in love, I assure you. And who is the object of so chaste a flame?"

"Ah! uncle, she's an angel."

"By-and-bye, you'll prefer a woman. However, what is this angel's name?"

"She is called Noemi."

"That is not what I asked you. For *you* Noemi is all in all. To be sure, it's a pretty name; but for me, who want to know who the angel is, and to what family she belongs, her family name is necessary."

"She is Mademoiselle Amelot, uncle."

"The devil! that is better than an angel; a graceful, tall, brunette, with eyes like black velvet. I do not disapprove of the choice."

"Oh! if I could only appreciate her soul—"

"I know; I understand. And you are repaid by a return, as we used to say in my time. Is that the way you express it now?"

"Indeed, uncle, I don't know."

"How! you don't know, unworthy nephew? You are every day at home in her house, and you don't know yet whether she loves you?"

"She does not even know that I love her, uncle."

"Oh, indeed! You deceive yourself there, my fine fellow, and you prove your inexperience in these matters. She knew it at least a quarter of an hour before you knew it yourself."

"My dear uncle! all that I know is, that I shall kill myself if I do not obtain her hand."

"Oh! Ah! Very well, my brave fellow, there are many chances that your wish will not be gratified. Your father is much more wealthy than hers, and I very much doubt whether he will give her his son."

"Then, uncle, I know what I shall do."

"Indeed? What is it? Do nothing stupid at least, and listen to your uncle."

"Yes, sir."

"In the first place, it is impossible for you to marry at twenty."

"Why so, sir?"

"Because I do not choose to let you, and without me this marriage cannot take place."

"Oh! my dear, kind uncle—"

"If the girl loves you, and if she will promise to wait for you three years—"

"Three years, uncle!"

"Do not argue the question, or I shall make it four. If she agrees to wait for you three years, you shall join your regiment."

"But, uncle—"

"But not at Clermont. I will have you exchanged into a regiment quartered at a short distance from Paris, so that you can visit her at least once in every three months until your probation has expired."

"It must be as you please, uncle; but how shall I know whether she loves me?"

"How shall you know, sir? Zounds! By asking her."

"Oh, sir, I shall never dare—"

"Then take leave of your father, and pack your trunk."

"But, sir, you do not know this girl; I have tried a hundred times to tell her that I loved her—I have despised myself for my timidity—I have thought of a hundred devices—I have learned fine speeches by heart—I have written letters, but hang it, at the critical moment, I have felt as if the first word was strangling me, and I have dodged the question. Her expression is so sweet, and at the same time so chaste, that it seems to me incapable of an earthly passion. As for the letters, they were even more difficult. At the moment of presenting them, they appeared to me so insufferably stupid that I could not tear them in sufficiently small pieces."

"At all events, you must end this matter, my boy. Your father has not told you all; if he sends you to Clermont, it is because the colonel of your regiment is his particular friend, and has an only daughter; it is a rich and honorable match."

"But—"

"I know very well what you are about to say; that all this is nothing in the present case. To be sure, love is a great piece of stupidity, that I should be sorry never to have committed. I know very well that old men call these matters illusions, but who can say that the illusion is not in their own minds? The glass that diminishes an object, is not more faithful than that which magnifies it.

"If she loves you, it is your duty to sacrifice everything for her—it may be thought foolish, but it is right, and you must do it; but you ought to know her sentiments, and the occasion is fortunate to elicit them. You have a rival in this affair, my nephew; you are pale at this idea; would you like to measure the distance between you and him with your sword? Very well; try to display a little of this courage in the presence of the beautiful Noemi. Her friends wish to marry her. You are richer than she, but your rival is richer than you; moreover, he has a title, and still more, he is a husband to her hand, and the *corbeille* is all ready, whereas you will occasion some delay. Go and see Noemi—tell her that you love her; she is aware of it: at all events, it is well to do it; ask her, if she returns your affection, to wait for you three years, and to write me a letter to that effect which I will keep; and then I will break off the other match; I will procure you a commission in another regiment, and in three years, in spite of your father, in spite of everything, I will then marry you to Noemi."

"Uncle, I have an idea."

"What is it?"

"I will write to her."

"As you please."

I left my uncle, and set about my epistle. There was no difficulty in that, for I had already written fifty letters; it was the delivery of the letter that embarrassed me. But as there was no help for it, I bought a bouquet of yellow roses, and slipped the billet into the centre of the bouquet. It was, perhaps, a very silly note, but I remember it to this day. After the avowal of my love, I besought her to return my affection and to be faithful to me for three years. I begged her, in token of her consent to this, to wear one of my yellow roses in her bosom; then, continued I, "I shall dare to speak with you with regard to my—may I not say our mutual happiness?"

"Ah! so you placed the note within the bouquet?" said M'me Lorgerel.

"I did, Madame."

"Well! and afterwards?"

"Alas! Noemi wore no rose in her bosom that night! I wished to kill myself; but my uncle carried me off in spite of myself to Clermont, ingratiated himself with the young officers, and succeeded at length in consoling me, and convincing me that Noemi never loved me."

"And yet, uncle," exclaimed I, "she seemed always so glad to see me; she reproached me so tenderly when I came late."

"Ah! the women accept the love of every one, but it is not every one they love in return."

"So I finally succeeded in nearly forgetting her, and married the colonel's daughter, whom I lost after eight years of marriage. I am, therefore, alone in the world now, for my uncle is long dead; yet, would you believe it? I still sometimes think of Noemi, and the wonder is, that I always seem to see her chestnut curls, and, as my uncle said, her eyes, while in truth she must be a somewhat aged dame by this time."

"Then, you do not know what has become of her?"

"Not in the least."

"Ah! your real name is not Descondraies, then?"

"No: it is the name of my uncle's estate; my name is Edmund d'Altheim."

"Can it be true?"

"How can you doubt it?"

"I can tell you the fate of Noemi."

"What say you?"

"I say that she loved you."

"But the yellow rose?"

"She never saw the *billet*. Your sudden departure grieved her deeply. Finally she espoused M. de Lorgerel."

"M. de Lorgerel?"

"M. de Lorgerel, whose widow I now am."

"What! you? are you Noemi Amelot?"

"Alas! yes; as you are, or rather as you no longer are, Edmund d'Altheim."

"Just Heaven! who would have believed that the day could arrive when we no longer should recognize each other?"

"Is it not strange—and that we should only meet again to play tric-trac?"

"But the bouquet—"

"I have still kept in my possession."

Madame Lorgerel tremulously opened an ebony box, and drew out a faded bouquet.

"Untie it, untie it!" cried M. Descondraies.

In the centre of the bouquet was found the billet, which had remained there forty-two years.

Both were silent. I rose to leave; M. Descondraies also rose.

Madame Lorgerel seized his hands and said to him: "You are right; the passions of youth scarcely become faces scarred like ours with age. Let not our noble sentiment, which, perchance, will give happiness to the rest of our lives, be a subject of ridicule. Do not return for a few days."

Since this time the aged couple are constantly together. There exists between them an attachment that I have scarce seen equaled. They renew together the details of this love which was never confessed. They have a thousand things to tell each other. Their love is retrospective, and they would still marry, but they dare not.

"If I am not at home from the party to-night at ten o'clock," said a husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me." "That I won't," replied the lady, significantly; "I won't wait, but I'll come for you." The gentleman returned at ten o'clock, precisely.

MR. HAWTHORNE'S DIARY.

A BOSTON magazine is publishing extracts from the private diary of a writer whose finished works have given delight to thousands, and have gained undying honor for American literature. The diary was evidently made for the writer's own eye alone. No thought of its publication, probably, ever entered his mind. It consists of records of his walks, observations, passing thoughts, and suggestions for matnrer literary labor. We conceive that in their puhlication an outrage has been committed upon the memory of the gifted and lamented Hawthorne. Many of our prominent authors have wished that they might deny the paternity of their earlier works which bear the marks of youth and erudity. Others have lessened their fame by the publication, while they were in the height of their reputation, of efforts which were made in earlier years; but there are few, we fancy, who would not shudder with horror at the thought that after their death their private memoranda and familiar jottings should be hurried into print and spread abroad among their previous admirers and before unfriendly critics.

An author who writes as Hawthorne wrote sends his productions before the world only after careful and patient elaboration. Having gained a reputation, he has no wish to peril it by hasty and inconsiderate publication. What an injustice, then, to drag before the public the unwrought material and the private records which were meant only for the eye of the author! It is as if the slight sketches and unfinished studies of an artist were paraded in the exhibitions after his death, hung before a gazing crowd and labelled with the name of oue who had gained distinguished triumphs in art. Such a proceeding shocks our feelings. We havc no desire to see thrust before the public the chips from tne sculptor's chisel, the stray markings of the painter's brush, or the unfinished waifs of the author's pcn. It is far more pleasing and far more just to enjoy again their great works by which they gained their laurels.

And we have no right thus to pry into the journal of the departed romancist. The works which he wished to be given to the world, he himself gave. On those he lavished the wealth of his rich genius and exquisite imagination. On those he wished his fame to rest; through those he wished to be judged by cotemporaries and posterity. Is not the wish reasonable? Has not the author a right to demand that his merits be judged hy the works whieh he has elaborated, ou which he has spent his best years. and which he has chosen to offer for the criticism aud decision of the public? Or is it right to rummage the dead author's desk and publish a selection, not the author's, of passages from the scrap-books aud notebooks whieh he has left hehind him?

The reason of the publication of this diary may be found, probably, in the desire of the magazine publishers to keep upon their list of coutrihutors the name of one so widely known and so worthily honored. But we submit that it is no right of publishers thus to parade in their issues the private notes and personal records of the authors whose elaborate works have gained them renown. If such a course is to be encouraged and pursued, we shall have next the publication of a deceased writer's expense-hooks and the records of his personal disbursements. No author who has achieved any prominence, and who wishes to preserve his fame undimmed, will dare to leave, or even to keep, any record of his stray thoughts or unfinished efforts, with the fear and the prospect hanging over him that whatever he puts upon paper will be rushed into print after his death.

There is a growing disposition to pry curiously into the private ways and personal habits of illustrious authors and promiuent public men which deserves severe censure. What the author presents for the world's judgment, we have a right to try by the sternest standards of impartial criticism; but beyond this we have no right to go. The public actions and declared opinions of the statesman are fair subjects for thorough examination and free discussion; but with his private and domestic life the public have no right to meddle.

Of the passages which have thus far heen printed from Hawthorne's notebooks some will please and some disappoint us. But, as the author never presented them to the public for its judgment, we do not make them the subjects of our criticism. We have seen their publication with unfeigned sorrow, and we enter our protest against it.—*Round Table.*

A QUAINT CONCEIT.—Charles Lamb's humor was at times almost too fine for his company; and some of his comically extravagant declarations at times were accepted gravely by those who should have known him better. On mere strangers and acquaintances whom he did not care to set right as to his true opinions, social puritans and pedants whom, perhaps, he delighted in "shocking a little," it was natural that unfavorable impressions should be left. Thus, in a circle where his biographer was present, and where the infamous witnesses on the Queen's Trial were being discussed, Lamb said gravely that "he should like to know them—to ask them to supper." "You would not sit with them?" asked Talfourd, solemnly—a question that brought out the smart answer: "Yes, I would sit with anything but a heu or a tailor."

HEAD DRESSES AND HAIR DRESSING.

HUMMING-BIRDS have been so popular for trimming bonnets, hats, head and ball dresses, during the last four years, that it is now to be feared that the race is becoming extinct, and that the demand for them is greater than the supply. The ever inventive French artificial florists have come to the rescue, by introducing what are called "metallic humming-birds and butterflies." These are apparently made of foil papers of the most dazzling, brilliant colors, and they positively glisten with light, the hues changing according to the position the little bird may be placed in. Not very many of these metallic imitations of the most exquisite among the feathered tribe have been made, therefore it is probable that some time will elapse before the English market is supplied.

The head dresses worn during the day differ essentially from those intended for evening wear. While the former are simple in character, it seems impossible to arrange the hair too fantastically and too elaborately for full dress. The small rolled *bandeaux* ealled *béliers* are now abandoned, which is a pity, as they were easy to arrange, and the hair thus dressed proved generally a very becoming style. They are now replaced by short frizzed curls, which necessitate either the wearing of false hair, or the cutting of the front hair short, and neither of these alterations is agreeable. What is styled the "Metternich" head dress is one of the most simple arrangements now recognized. The hair is waved in front, and a small bandeau is worn low on the forehead; a second bandeau is then turned from the temples; a bandelet of velvet, with a small bow either in the front or at the side, is then tied round the head, and a third bandeau of hair is rolled forward to meet it; at the back of the head there is a large *chignon* of ringlets.

Head dresses affect more and more the antique style. The great novelty is called the Pompeian bandeau. It is composed with one or two rows of gold beads, which are placed forward on the forehead, passed behind the ear, and allowed to fall forward on the chest, forming thereby a sort of necklace. Thcse Pompeian bandeaux are also made of gold chains, of small squares of chased silver, and of cameos. I have seen some very rich ones made of diamonds and pearls, and of pearls and emeralds. The character of this bandeau is to be the same width in the centre as it is at the side of the head. As it is worn very forward on the head, it is with difficulty that the small ringlets can be so arranged as to play on the forehead. It is a becoming head dress to those who have regular classical features; and the neeklace, which falls behind the ear, is likewise becoming to those who have thin throats. All head dresses, even if they are made of flowers, are worn very forward on the head; the only exeeption to this rule is the Cleopatra head dress, which consists of a coronet of plaits placed one above the other, and the smallest of curls issuing from the plaits; it is an almost universally becoming arrangement of the hair.

Iu the evening veritable wreaths and coronets of frizzed curls are worn, and these are enlivened with flowers imitated either in diamonds or cnamel or filigreed work. For the back, the *chignons*, composed of hows of hair, are replaced by a row of thick curls, which are wound round the finger, the end being concealed and pinned up. Formerly these curls were called *boudins*, and they are now arranged one after the other in regular rotation at the back of the head, looking rather stiff and inelegant, but they are found to be a convenient arrangement for damp weather. The *Belle Hélene chignon* is preferred by those ladies who have fair light hair; it is composed of light ringlets, which fall uniformly round the throat, and are fastened at the top by means of a comb with a straight top. Both steel and jewelled combs are very popular; the ornamental tops are about one inch and a half wide, and are always straight. Those who can afford it purchase combs with gold tops, studded with precious stones; the more modest purses content themselves with either cameos, pearls, or enamel, all of which produee an exceedingly pretty effect at candlelight. Very young girls alone wear flowers in their hair, arranging them as round flat wreaths. Such flowers as pinks, daisies, mignonette, corn-flowers, etc., are used for the purpose. Sometimes two sprays of different flowers are tressed together; the forget-me-not and elematis answer for this, and look very pretty so arranged.

GOOD-BREEDING.—Good-breeding and refinement, or rather the externals of these qualities, are generally considered as wholly precluding those vulgar manifestations of ill-temper, rudeness, impertinence, and similar feelings, which the unsophisticated display with such perfect frankness. But it does not thence follow that the well-bred and refined have not their little spites, little envious feelings, little assumptions of consequence to gratify; indeed, they do gratify them very freely; all the difference lies in the manner; for there is a finish, a delicacy of touch in the polite impertinence of the well-bred, which the under-bred may envy, but must never hope to attain. The slight that can be conveyed in a glance, in gracious smiles, in a wave of the hand, is often the *ne plus ultra* of art. What insult is so keen, or so keenly felt, as the polite insult, which it is impossible to resent?

A NEW RAPE OF THE LOCK.

PARISIAN hair-dressers affirm that the present fashion of loading the head with falsc hair must, ere long, be brought to an end by the impossibility of procuring the necessary supplies of hair. Already the difficulty of obtaining hair has brought certain enterprising "hair-hunters" (as they are technically termed) into trouhle, as has been shown by an incident that occurred a few days ago, on the Boulevard Montmartre, where a young girl was found by a policeman. weeping so bitterly as to excite the inquisitive pity of that functionary. Questioned by the guardian of public order as to the cause of her tears, the girl replied that she was an orphan, that both her parents had recently died of cholera, leaving her in the utmost poverty, and that having made the acquaintance of a certain D. he had offered to place her with his wife as a housemaid: that she had accepted this offer, and had gone with D. to his house, hut had seen nothing of his wife, who was, he said, gone into the country for a day or two; that D., on pretext that she might be hungry, had given her a piece of bread and a glass of wine, whieh latter had "got into her head" in a very strange way, and had caused her to become unconscious for an hour or two; that, on coming to herself, she found that her hair, which was jet black and very luxuriant, had been cut off while she had been asleep; and that D., on fiuding her awake, had ordered her to go away, telling her she had no business to be there, and had pushed her out into the street, telling her, in answer to her reproaches for the theft of her hair, that she was a drunken jade, and that he did not know what she was talking about. The policeman, having heard the girl's story, which she confirmed by taking off her cap and showing him that her hair was cut off close to the roots, gave information to his chiefs of the assault that D. had committed, and proceeded, with a couple of his brethren, to the house indicated by the girl. Through their investigations it was ascertained that D., who is a hair-dresser is also a dealer in hair, and that he has obtained large quantities of this article by freqnenting the public balls, making acquaintance with the women he meets there, and eontriving, by the offer of small sums of money, to induce them to sell him their locks. Latterly, the demand for hair increasing, and the supply falling off, this zealous caterer to the folly of the hour has adopted the violent mode of proceeding which has brought him into uncomfortable contact with the arm of the law. It seems that he has latterly heen in the habit of prowling about the lowest quarters of the capital, where he watches for any girls whose appearance betokens poverty and friendlessness, and having inveigled them to his lodgings, contrives, either by the offer of a trifling sum of money, or, if that is rejected, by violence, to possess himself of their hair. A great number of curious letters were found at D.'s lodgings. One of these billets ran thus:

"Monsieur, you are a scoundrel. You have stolen my hair, and left me to starve. You know well enough that, up to this hour, you have not paid me oue *sou*. ERNESTINE."

A certain countess writes as follows:

"Monsieur, you have not acted honestly. The hair you have sold me is doubly false, for it is dyed, and stains my neck. I warn you that, if you do not change it, I shall summon you before the tribunal for deception in regard to the quality of the goods you have sold to me."

Another correspondent addressed the hair embellisher in these words:

"Infamous brigand, you nearly strangled me while cutting off my hair by force, and you leave me without a farthing. If, by six o'clock this evening, you have not sent me two Napoleons, I will denounce your villainy to the police.
JUDITH."

The evidence against the too enterprising "hair-hunter" being deemed conclnsive, D. was sent to prison, where he now is, to await his trial.

A VERY curious lawsuit is now progressing in France, arising from some legacies left hy M. Couvreux to the servants of the hotel at which he was stopping at the time of his death. M. Couvreux, a gentleman of wealth and position, was a perfect monomaniac on the subject of guillotines, one of which he had fitted up in his room, and after experimenting on numbers of dogs and cats, he became convinced it was the only method by which a man could die without pain. Accordingly, one evening he tried the experiment on himself. It was most successful, and his head rolled pleasantly on the floor; but whether he suffered any pain or not is of course unknown. His relatives contest the will on the plea of insanity.

HENRY J. POTTER. of Bridgewater, Mass., has constructed a steam engine, which he has built for driving a watchmaker's lathe. This engine is seven-eighths inches bore, and one and three-eighths stroke, and has a horizontal cylinder. It has an oval boiler, thirteen inches greatest diameter by eight inches high, which is armed by two kerosene burners. The engine makes about 300 revolutions per minute, works with great ease, and is a desirable and practical thing for small purposes. It carries ten pounds of steam.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 31. 1866.

IS THE LEGISLATURE SO CORRUPT?

IF all the charges—or, indeed, one-half of them—brought against the present Legislature be true, it is one of the most corrupt and venal bodies that ever assembled to the disgrace of a State. In justice to itself, it should either purge itself at once and forever of the accusations publicly brought against it, or every member should resign and thus tacitly confess his guilt. In the first instance, in the case of the *Daily American Flag* newspaper, which charged that seven Senators had been suborned to vote against the repeal of the Specific Contract Law, the responsible editor was arrested and called upon to make the assertion good. Refusing to answer the questions propounded to him, and failing to substantiate his charges, he was committed to a prison from which he has but lately been released. But the voice of the *Flag* was but as a whisper, a word, compared with the ceaseless clamor which the *Evening Bulletin* has made and is making. Boldly and broadly, without a single qualification, it asserts that the Legislature is to all intents and purposes a den of thieves; that it is wholly under the control of the lobby; that there is no bill, however infamous or corrupt, the passage of which cannot be procured, if sufficient money be sent to Sacramento. In a recent issue it declares that "there is at the present time scarcely a man throughout the length and breadth of the State, who is not thoroughly convinced that what he terms the 'lobby,' were money enough sent to Sacramento, could pass a measure taxing the people of California, in violation of the Constitution, $10,000,000 annually for the next twenty years; if they could be made to pay such a sum."

If it be indeed true that our Legislature is so hoplessly venal, so morally corrupt, the journals which have made the onslaught upon it and trumpeted its villainy to the world, deserve credit and the thanks of the community for their manly and outspoken course. For the press is a watch-tower, and its sentinels should never prove recreant to the trust reposed in them by the public. But if it be untrue, if the charges so loudly and sweepingly made, and so broadly disseminated, are false, very few will deny that the utterers are deserving of severe punishment. For it is not a light thing to publish to the world that the legislators of a State are as merchantable as harlots, and quite as lost to shame. Dismissing all the platitudes by which the *Bulletin* thinks it necessary to prove that a member of the Legislature has no right to accept a bribe, and once establish the fact that members have, or even a general belief in that direction, and the result is scarcely one which can be favorable to the interests of the country. The immigration induced by such a state of things would probably be very similar to that population of which our city freed itself when it rose some years ago and took the law into its own hands, or rather made laws and executed sentences without consulting the statutes of the State. Whether the charge be true or not makes little difference so far as the outside world is concerned, for all will be apt to believe what is so persistently repeated, and never once refuted. Nor can we exactly see, in our present light, how the Senate, which took such indignant note of the charges made by the *Flag*, came to pass so lightly and unheedingly by the more damning accusations of the *Bulletin*. For the latter is in every respect the more powerful, influential, and wider circulated journal of the two. If the former damaged the reputation of the Legislature by its attacks, the latter has torn it to shreds at home and abroad, if there be anything in journalistic fury. Are the charges indeed true, or is the Legislature afraid to deal with an established journal as severely as with one that is not quite so firmly planted on its pins?

THE Dashaways give a concert and social party at their hall on Thursday evening next. An excellent time is promised—good artists, much dancing, and an abundance of lemonade and Napa soda. Everything goes and everybody should go—for the cause of Temperance sadly needs recruits.

GOOD TIMES COMING.

IF anything may be built upon present indications, the dull dark clouds that for some months past have been hanging over the prosperity of our State are well nigh dissipated. There has already been a decided advance in the market price of standard mining stock and a revival of business, and the promises of the future are bright. Reports from the interior state that "everything is green and growing"—it is delightful to think that occasionally things in the interior are growing as well as green—the air is filled with the balm of flowers, grain fields look well, an abundant harvest of fruit is expected, the hay crop is excellent, the mining season by the late bounteous rains will be prolonged until late in the summer—in short an era of prosperity to make amends for the late period of gloom may be counted upon with certainty. Gathering its lifeblood from the interior, our city may look to see its veins once more tingling with health and a reign of confidence in her resources established—which only an earthquake can shake. In view of the tide of wealth which is so soon to flow in upon us, but one caution is necessary to those of an enthusiastic turn of character—wait until it comes. It is the too common fault of our people to be forever discounting the future, counting their chickens before they are hatched, and in not infrequent instances killing by their injudicious eagerness the hen before the eggs are laid. All can afford to wait. There is no necessity for increasing personal expenses until the Pactolean current actually comes coursing among us, and we are ladling it into our pockets. Extravagance is the popular vice, and the spending of an inheritance before coming into its possession is an indiscretion to which the sanguine are specially subject. If a word to the wise is sufficient, two words to the foolish should be enough. To the latter—unfortunately we feel that we are addressing the great bulk of all populatious—we say wait until the harvest comes home to your doors before you go to market with it and spend the proceeds. With the upper rim of the good time, so long promised, just visible above the edge of the horizon at last, wait until it bursts upon us in all its glory before basking anticipatively in the full broadness of its golden beams. For it is never pleasant to be disappointed, and where much expectation is excited by promise, the performance is almost certain to disappoint.

TO VENTURE upon a criticism of San Francisco weather, is dangerous, indeed. To take up the failings of a favorite aunt, and speak in sceptical terms of her taste in caps and bonnet strings, condemning unqualifiedly her habit of scattering snuff around in the eyes of her acquaintances in taking her regular pinch, would not contribute in any material degree to the harmony of the family circle. It has been the fashion for years past for local reporters to climb Telegraph Hill to view the charming landscape, and write paragraphs comparing the heavens to "the skies of Italy." The "Bay of Naples" was especially favorite as a foil, and contrasts were instituted between that and our own Bay, which by no means turned wholly to the advantage of the former. Even the fog which came rolling in of afternoons was considered invigorating and healthy. But the day is already dawning when people exhibit a tendency to growl at and criticise the climate, and editors are getting tired of throwing bouquets and getting nothing but deluges of rain or sand in return. It was formerly the fashion to call attention to the legs of the rising generation, deducting from the amazing development of muscle which they exhibited conclusions which resolved themselves into positive compliments to our sand-hills. But since the idea of digging down the hills and carting them away has been acted upon, we hear persons expatiating upon the evils which result from the flying sand, causing the features of even the best-natured of the population to contort into a chronic frown, and making the majority of our beauties cross-eyed. On the whole, great as are the advantages of San Francisco in some respects, we apprehend that the less said about its climate the better. For strangers who come out here and fail to find the Italian skies, are very apt to think that they have been imposed upon, and grumble and growl; when, had nothing been promised them, they would contentedly resign themselves to "climatic influences."

THE New York *Nation*, a good and moral journal in the main, but fearfully behind the age in all that pertains to matters of living and vital interest, laughs at a correspondent of a New York journal for asserting that the *Nation* was wrong in speaking of the fervor of San Francisco suns—especially as nothing was said about the daughters. It calls the correspondent a "cockney," venturing as blindly in the dark in determining upon his nationality as it did in guessing about our climate. We are surprised that the *Nation* should so far forget its dignity as to "call names." It is better to be stupid than vituperative.

THE London *Athenæum*, saucily reviewing Mr. Barnum's new volume, *The Humbugs of the World*, by P. T. Barnum, Esq., finds fault with it for being personally so unrevealing, and says *The Barnums of the World*, by A Humbug, Esq., would be a fitter title for it, as it is not confined to humbugs in the strict sense of the term, and it is *not* by Barnum.

NEW BOOKS FROM ROMAN'S.

OF all arts that of letter-writing is one of the most difficult—we might also add one of the most dangerous. A great many books have been printed to show how letters should be written, but as a general rule they serve an exactly contrary purpose—to show how they should not be. Letter-writing is sufficiently practiced on all sides to establish a high standard of excellence upon the principle that practice makes perfect, but unfortunately among lady correspondents there are very few Madame de Sevignés while, unfortunately for the credit of the other sex, it must be confessed that Horace Walpoles are almost equally rare among men. If anything in letter-writing may be learned from good models, James P. Holcombe, LL. D., has done the public a service in *Literature in Letters*, a compilation of selections from the correspondence of eminent persons. That eminent persons always write eminently good letters is by no means eminently true, but in the volume before us there is not one which would not do to pattern from.

In *Letters of Life* Mrs. Sigourney communicates to Mrs. Caroline Washburn her autobiography. It is as minute as though transcribed from the pages of a journal; interesting of course, but containing some details which, while they may have interest to near and dear friends, have little or none to the general public.

"The mob of gentlemen that write with ease," has been greatly swelled during the present century. It is to be lamented, perhaps, that rhyme is so easy, for it is not to be disputed that mediocre verse is less difficult to write than good prose. Against filling the columns of newspapers with verse no reasonable objection can be urged, for a certain amount of space is always open that may as well be occupied with lines that rhyme as with editorials and news items that do not, but really we do not think that G. H. Hollister will take rank among the poets of the day from the publication of *Thomas à Becket, and Other Poems*.

A biographical sketch entitled a *Memoir of James L. Petigru*, by Wm. J. Grayson, commends itself to the attention of all who are interested in the lives of representative men. As the reader will remember Mr. Petigru was a native of South Carolina, a leading member of Charleston society, and, to his praise be it spoken, he stood alone among his fellow citizens the open and consistent opponent of treason, resisting the subtle seductions of secession. The biography, the preface informs us, was written upon scraps of old paper, having been undertaken during the privations and anxieties of the siege of Charlestou when the materials for writing had become scarce. Within a few hours of its completion the author died, from the effects of a tedious illness, aggravated by patriotic regrets and personal bereavements.

Jean Ingelow, who has never yet written anything that detracted from her reputation, adds to it in *Stories Told to a Child*. It is such books as these that make one sorry that he cannot shake off from his shoulders the years that have accumulated there and be a child again—if only for one long winter night. They didn't print such books for us when we were children; in beauty of exterior as well as charm of contents the ones of the present day bear away the palm. The one before us is as handsome as an annual or any of the extra fine-featured books that used to come to us as birthday presents. And the stories are told with a simplicity which will commend them to youthful understandings. In talking to little fishes the authoress does not commit the too common error of using language only adapted for addressing great whales.

Mrs. Oliphant, in *Agnes*, gives us a novel in that peculiar, quiet style which has won for her more good critical notices than readers. She stands widely distinct from that school of lady romancists whereof Miss Braddon is chief and Mrs. Henry Wood second in command. *Agnes* is a subdued story of English life.

Under the attractive title of *Coupon Bonds*, we have an interesting little story in pamphlet form by J. T. Trowbridge, detailing the adventures which befell a few thousand dollars in government securities. Pilfered by a little fellow to cover his kite with—a new way of bringing about a rise in the funds—they were all found at last and contributed to bring happiness to the home of a returned volunteer.

John Greenleaf Whittier—the Quaker Poet! we always feel a quiet content on learning that he has a poem in the *Atlantic*, or has printed a new one in a book. *Snow-Bound*, a Winter Idyl, is one of the most charming productions of his pen. As a critic very truly remarks, it will for the future bear to American literature the same relation that "The Deserted Village" does to the English. It is said to be indeed a truthful reflection of phases of the poet's early life, and that the characters are real companions of his youth. A fine engraving of the author forms the vignette of the volume.

FROM Major Jack Stratman we have received a copy of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Almanac and Repository of Useful Information;* Special Edition for the Pacific Coast. A graphic—lithographic, at least—likeness of President Johnson prefaces the pamphlet, humorous pictures and anecdotes are abundant, while a really valuable collection of statistical, historical and other information, is furnished *gratis*—for, we take it, the Chief Magistrate's countenance ought of itself to be worth fifty cents.

[For the Californian.]

THE GERMAN LOVE OF FLOWERS.

THE following extracts from a letter from Germany will give the readers of THE CALIFORNIAN some idea of the love and appreciation of flowers abroad, and perhaps afford some practical hints of which they may be able to take advantage. The writer says :

"One of the first things which attracts the attention of a stranger upon entering Germany is the universal love of flowers. Everywhere you see them, and often in the greatest profusion. In all the large towns, the flower-dealers and the flower-girls are established and well-patronized persons.

"Wherever you go you are sure to meet them, at the cars, on the steamboat, at the *table d'hote*, the concert, and the ball, in the streets, and in the reading-rooms. In the large cities, if there be a bit of vacant ground attached to a dwelling, it is converted into a flower-bed; however, as people seldom live in a house by themselves, but several families upon the various floors of the same building, all cannot even enjoy a miniature garden, and to make up for it you find the windows filled with beautiful flowers. I have seen large buildings in which every window had its floral screen. And way up in the attic windows, which look like loop-holes in the steep roof, you see carefully cherished plants and gracefully trained vines, their lively refreshing green contrasting very favorably with the red dusty tiles around them. And who knows what a blessing these flowers may be to some lone, wearied seamstress, who, year after year, sits at her lonely window, with nought for a prospect save the glaring sea of roofs around her; or to some poor invalid, who, month after month, longs in vain for the pure air and green fields of childhood's happy home.

"I remember one poor woman, whose rooms were so small that there was scarcely enough space to turn round in them, who showed me a collection of plants which would have graced any conservatory. The German gentlemen delight to wear flowers in their button-holes, and I used to meet, day after day, certain gentlemen who never failed to have some beautiful fresh flowers in their coats. Some seemed to show a preference for some particular flower; for you always saw this one with a rose and that one with a geranium, while others would wear little clusters of violets or lilies of the valley. The ladies, too, delight to adorn their hair with beautiful flowers, preferring, often, some single fair flower, to a profusion of glass beads or steel nonsense, and I have seen fairy-like exotic blossoms, strangely beautiful, deliciously fragrant, which formed more fitting ornaments for a brow of beauty than the rarest gems. No present is more acceptable than a beautiful bouquet, and upon one's birthday it is a customary gift.

"But the flowers are not always from the green-house or the garden. They are fond of wild flowers, and no German family ever returns from a rural ramble without an armful of them. They delight to gather beautiful grasses and ferns, interspersing them tastefully with flowers, to form immense bouquets. In the cities, where possible, they have gardens and arbors, where they love to linger, to read and to sing; or, perhaps, a spacious balcony covered with trailing vines will be scene of their tea parties. But, if these be wanting, the whole family will visit some large public concert or tea garden, and, securing a table under some spacious tree, will gather around it, and, looking up at the over-spreading branches above them, will forget the brick walls and paved thoroughfares which everywhere encircle them, while the tuneful orchestra, which ever and anon sends forth its clear strains of music, makes them forget for the while the petty cares and sorrows which pamper their existence. In the smaller towns, you find almost universally a garden connected with every house, and in this garden a never-failing arbor, where the family can take their meals. In a drive upon a pleasant afternoon in the environs of a large city, I have seen scores of families sitting out of doors drinking their afternoon coffee, some in gardens, some in lawns, and some on little plats of grass in front of their houses, just large enough to place their chairs and tables. The Germans are very fond of little family excursions into the country, both for their own pleasure and that of their children. If some pleasant spot is to be found within no very great distance, perhaps they will walk, taking with them a bounteous luncheon, and sitting around upon the green grass, under noble trees, they listen to the cheery warble of the birds, and drink in the pure air and sunshine, while the children romp and play, chasing butterflies and gathering flowers; and thus they pass a pleasant afternoon, until the evening shadows begin to gather round them, when they turn their steps homeward, all the better and happier for their communion with nature. If you wish to see the population of a German city, and every grade of it, you have only to visit some of their parks on a Sunday.

"Here you will see the prince and the peasant, the general and the private, the peer and the artisan, all together, all pursuing the same object, but still separated as by walls of iron. King and princes, knowing that their subjects are more contented when they are allowed such pleasures, have fitted up magnificent royal parks and gardens, and thrown them open to the public. In this manner the poor and middle classes, although able to do but little in this way themselves, become familiar with and grow into a love of horticulture. Their dwellings are often untasteful and unpretending, but they are made beautiful by their surroundings."

With such a climate as we have here, and the ease and facility with which plants are grown, why is it that there are not more evidences of this refined taste amongst us? It only needs a beginning, for, when once fairly inaugurated, it will spread its influence, and whole neighborhoods will change and become noted for their beauty. IRIS.

CRITICISM ON POETRY.

[FROM a department entitled "The Doctor's Club" in the New York *Atlas*, we make the following extract. The Doctor, with his club, strikes heavily at a style of criticism which is evidently not admired though fully appreciated by him.]

THE subject upon which I intend to gossip with you this evening, is Criticism on Poetry.

I am induced to take up this subject, first, because you are all poets, and will, therefore, understand me, and second, because I have just read in our Pacific exchanges some very sprightly criticisms on *Outcroppings of California Verse*, edited by Frank Bret Harte, well known as "The Condensed Novelist," and containing what purport to be selections from the best of the Californian poets.

Almost every editor in California being poetically inclined, Mr. Harte was compelled to overlook some of them in making up his little volume, which rather injudicious act brought about that worthy gentleman's ears such a hornet's nest as never before was let loose upon anybody.

No sooner did the book make its appearance than the slighted editorial poets set up a howling and snarling worthy of a pack of hounds on the trail of their victim.

The editor of the book being also the editor of THE CALIFORNIAN, is charged with showing partiality to those connected with that journal, particularly to C. H. Webb, *alias* Iuigo, five of whose poems he gives to one or two from other writers, whom the dissatisfied claim to be much better representatives of the muse.

To give you an idea of the way poetical editors criticize the works of their brother poets, allow me to read you the following from one of the "slighted" ones on C. H. Webb's poems. From it you will learn how easy it is to find something to growl about when you are disposed to growl :

"With head uncovered we now approach that portion of the volume devoted to the productions of C. H. Webb—one of the editors of THE CALIFORNIAN. He is liberally patronized. Five of his pieces are given—the largest number selected from the *Outcroppings* of any one of Mr. Harte's poets. Why Mr. Webb is thus profusely honored we are not informed. No reason for it is discernible in the selections. A bungling dentist in San Francisco once pulled six teeth from the mouth of a suffering applicant in the attempt to find the diseased grinder. Mr. Harte probably found himself in a like dilemma in attempting to operate upon the poems of Mr. Webb. He extracted wildly in the hope of finally getting hold of the right tooth, but the molar remains. Frankly speaking, Mr. Webb's poems are trash—the very trashiest of the trash constituting the staple of *Outcroppings*. They remind us of a medley song thrown together by a melodious poet—full of familiar sounds in comical incongruity. They are weak paraphrases of 'Old Dog Tray' and 'Johnny was a Shoemaker,' uttered through an unclean imagination, and set to the music of 'What do You Think of Me?'"

Having thus gone up to Poet Webb "with head uncovered,' the slighted one, not satisfied with his fearfully scathing opening address, proceeds as follows to dissect the various effusions of the said Webb :

"The first is 'The June Month.' It is made up of hackneyed rhymes, worn-out sentiments, and threadbare phraseology. It is twenty lines in length, and in that brief space occur the following trite old plagiarisms :

> The blossom and the bursting bud
> Are woven in her tresses.
>
> With lips like rare-ripe cherries.
>
> And wreathe its brim with roses.
>
> The birds all leave the open plains,
> And seek the hazel covers.
>
> And every breeze that fans her cheek
> Comes laden with caresses.
>
> Her apron filled with butter-cups.
>
> We're going down the meadow path.

These commonplaces are regarded as poetic in the original, but Mr. Webb makes a felonious and merciless use of them in 'The June Month.' The next is 'Das Meermadcheu.' The title suggests an attempt by Mr. Webb to intimate that he is able to read Goethe and Schiller in the original. It is something about a mermaid—exactly what, we are unable to discern. A man rides down to the sea, and a mermaid steals his horse; that's about all we can make out of it. The conceit was probably stolen by Mr. Webb and left unfinished. Some of the imagery in this poem is very striking. Of the mermaid, Mr. Webb says :

> Her skin was whiter than words can speak,
> The blush of the sea-shell lit her cheek.
>
> Her lips had ripened in coral caves,
> And her eyes were blue as the deeper waves.
>
> Her long yellow hair fell soft and free,
> Like a shower of amber upon the sea.

We have no right to object to the sea-shell blush of the monster's cheek, or her coral lips, or the ocean blue of her eyes; Homer made use of the same expression 4,000 years ago, and all of 4,000 poets have since appropriated the figures; but the description of the mermaid's 'long yellow hair,' which fell 'like a shower of amber upon the sea,' is Webb's. It can be no one's else. 'My friends,' said Dow, Jr., 'when it rains buttermilk, may your basins be right side up.' A buttermilk dispensation from above, and a shower of amber would be alike remarkable. Should it fall in chunks, our prayer would be for the protection of a potash-kettle or a brick vault. In the opinion of some, amber is the fossilized excrement of a marine monster. Mr. Webb probably refers to a shower of the mephitic substance in its primitive condition. The poem in its present aspect will not do to handle."

Having thus given vent to his bile, the slighted one, before taking leave of the offending Webb, bestows upon him the following advice, free *gratis :*

"Mr. Webb writes prose with some facility; but, with *Outcroppings* before us, we esteem it a duty to advise him never again to venture upon a poem with a thesis more exalted than a didactic description of the calamities of an inverted milk wagon."

[As the Doctor laid the paper on the table, the Governor took up the poems of Tennyson, and, handing them to the speaker, requested that, as he was talking of criticism at the present day, he would favor them with his opinion of the Poet Laureate.]

Tennyson, my friends, is a scholar, as he has undoubtedly shown by the beautiful language in which he has clothed *Enoch Arden* and one or two other of his effusions; but all scholars are not great poets, which fact is placed beyond dispute in the very same work, its plot being as old as the hills, while the story with the characters' names changed is as well known to every old sailor as are the habits of Mother Carey's chickens.

That he has written two or three very good things I will not deny; but for every good poem he has inflicted on the public, he has also given us more than fifty thrashy, meaningless, nonsensical, silly ones. I feel that instead of the public owing him any praise for what he has done, he is indebted to that public for its leniency towards him in not passing him by unnoticed.

Should I be disposed to criticise his works after the manner of the California critics, I would be compelled to speak of his effusions in the following strain :

Tennyson, as a poet, is admired for his simplicity. Here are a few instances of his remarkable simplicity :

> GO NOT, HAPPY DAY.
>
> Go not, happy day,
> From the shining fields,
> Go not, happy day,
> Till the maiden yields.
> Rosy is the West,
> Rosy is the South,
> Roses are her cheeks
> And a rose her mouth.
> When the happy Yes
> Falters from her lips,
> Pass and blush the news
> O'er the blowing ships.
> Over blowing seas,
> Over seas at rest,
> Pass the happy news—
> Blush it through the West:
> Till the red man dance
> By his red cedar-tree,
> And the red man's babe
> Leap beyond the sea."

If the kind of simplicity shown in the above makes its author a poet-laureate, where ought we to place the composer of the lines :

> "Goosey, goosey gander,
> Where shall I wander?
> Up stairs, down stairs,
> In my lady's chamber.
> There was an old man
> Who wouldn't say his prayers,
> So I took him by his left leg
> And threw him down stairs."

These verses are not only simple, but are commendable, because we can readily recognize that the author is talking about a gander and an old man who suffered considerably for being irreligious. I am sorry that I cannot say so much for Tennyson's verses. They may be looked upon as very simple, true, but what on earth is he writing about? How came he to be so hard pushed for a word to rhyme with "lips," that he had to drag in such an ambiguous word as "the blowing ships?" I have heard of blowing porpoises, and of men who were "blowers," but of blowing ships, never. Perhaps, however, he was thinking at the time of blowing men, as in the line which follows that mysterious and not very clear expression, he again raises the wind in the shape of "over blowing seas," which, when straighted out, may be looked upon as a classic announcement of the fact that when a man is half-seas over he is very apt to commence blowing. Finally, observe with what masterly ambiguity he commands all the gossippers in town to "pass the happy news" until an unfortunate red man, whom he most ruthlessly drags in where he is not wanted, becomes so exasperated that he dances a fandango by "a red cedar tree," and his offspring becomes so forgetful of the duty which it owes its parent as to "leap beyond the sea," instead of taking passage in a sailing ship, as any other individual would.

Having thus exposed Tennyson's simplicity, let me show you, my friends, that he is a plagiarist of the worst stripe.

For example, let me call your attention to the first four lines in one of his best poems, "The Charge of the Light Brigade :"

> "Half a league, half a league,
> Half a league onward—
> Rode the six hundred."

Every word in this is plagiarized. The three first half leagues (making in all, if I mistake not, one league and a-half) and the six hundred in the last line are taken from the tables in *Johnson's Arithmetic.* (See page 26, chap. I.) "The Valley of Death" phrase is taken from the Bible.

For the other words, "all," and "in," and "rode," he is, most likely, indebted to Shakspeare, who, in turn, stole them from his predecessors in the field of literature.

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AS AMENDED MARCH 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

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For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part 25
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Certificates, other than specified..... 05
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For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse..... 50
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Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3: over 600 tons.....5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
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Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
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To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1 00
For any other purpose..... 50
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Protest of note, bill, acceptance check or draft, 25
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IN THE PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of WALTER S. McDONALD, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of John F. McDonald, the Administrator of the estate of Walter S. McDonald, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

IT IS ORDERED, That all persons interested in the estate of the said Walter S. McDonald, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on Tuesday, the twenty-fourth day of April, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Walter S. McDonald, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 24th day of April, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, March 21st, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and *ex-officio* Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, this 22d day of March, A. D. 1866.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 5 cts., cancelled. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

THOS. B. BISHOP, Attorney for Administrator. mh24 4w

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of HERMANN PLATH, deceased,

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix of the above named Estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice at her residence on Southwest corner of Union street and Lafayette Place, in said City and County of San Francisco.

SOPHIA PLATH, Executrix
Of the Estate of Hermann Plath, deceased.

San Francisco, March 17th, 1866. mar17-5t

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☞ All the assessable stock having been taken up by mutual subscription of stockholders, the company will have no more shares to offer after the limited number of *unassessable* shares have been placed, and shall prefer to sell these to actual settlers—a single share of which will be sufficient to entitle them to a large portion of the lands.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED shareholders in the Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having investigated and satisfied ourselves of the importance of the enterprise, recommend the same to the public. We are convinced that under the management of the present officers of the company, with their efforts to induce industrious parties to locate upon the land, that the enterprise must become very profitable to all parties interested, and most beneficial to actual settlers.

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THE GHOST AT THE FUNERAL.

THE funeral pageant fills the aisles,
Slowly they come, all robed in black,
Behind her coffined form, whose smiles
Drew my heart, tortured, to the rack,
In those sad years of mine when earth,
Beside those smiles, held little worth.

How brief the time now seems, since I
With shroud and pall was lying here;
And did they think that she could die,
And be entombed, and I not near?
I, who, despite her rank and pride,
Knelt for her love, and failed—and died!

A sunbeam from the narrow pane
Slants, and falls on the saintly face,
That seems so like a child again,
In snowy frame of flowers and lace;
And from the white hands, shapely small,
The sweet tube roses droop and fall.

How still she sleeps! ah, too much grace
To be within the grave's restraint;
How calm the look, and pure the face,
That Raphael would have loved to paint,
Had she lived in those other years
When artists were of gods the peers.

The organist now takes his seat—
The seat that I filled long ago—
And they a funeral strain repeat,
That shakes the roof with notes of woe.
The carved old saint upon the wall
Seems ready on his knees to fall.

Nay, let me touch the keys once more;
My hand can draw forth mightier tones;
For all the zeal of years before
Has gathered fire within my bones,
To give voice now to this weird gloom,
And bid her welcome to her tomb.

Beneath his hands I touch the keys;
And sobs, and sighs, and tempest tears
Wail out, that make the warm blood freeze—
The outcry of my martyred years.
Nor dream they of the ghostly form
That rocks and bows beneath the storm.

Well may they wonder what new fire
Their organist to-day hath found,
That makes the half-affrighted choir
Tremble beneath the rush of sound;
This grand, bewildering burst of song,
Imprisoned in the tomb so long.

And half I fear, and wonder, lest
She rise, and come with stately tread,
To bid me break no more her rest;
But no! they bear away their dead;
And while their sombre draperies wave,
I'll creep back to my dusky grave. [*Longfellow.*

LIMITS OF THE IMPROBABLE IN FICTION.

NOTHING is easier in the opinion of many *littérateurs* than to criticise a novel. Few things are in reality more difficult. We really believe that Grote's Plato, Mill on Hamilton, Anybody on the Steam Engine, Brillat-Savarin on the Philosophy of Grub, Science, History, Philosophy, what you will, are easier to appreciate and discuss *properly* than even a fair second-class tale or romance. The reason lies in the essential character, the *differentia*, of the novel. It is fictitious, avowedly in most cases, really in all, yet it must resemble truth. In some species there need be less of this resemblance than in others; a romance, to take an obvious case, has more license than a novel of manners: but verisimilitude cannot be altogether dispensed with. Even when the characters belong wholly or in part to an imaginary class of beings, there must be a conventional probability. A fairy tale must have a certain "keeping," if it would avoid being sheer burlesque or sheer nonsense.

Now, at the very first step we take, as soon as we ask what is natural or unnatural, probable or improbable, in a given situation of certain characters, we are involved in almost boundless field of speculation. Suppose, for instance, your friend Smith says to you *apropos* of the last novel in vogue, "I don't think the hero in his affair with So-and-so behaves exactly as a gentleman ought to." You disagree with him. Here are the materials for an immense discussion at once. What your standard of a gentleman is, whether the English, or the Continental, or the American, or neither, but some ideal compounded of them all; what the standard finally agreed on would require of a gentleman in that particular contingency; how far it is probable that a gentleman would deviate from the standard under certain provocations and temptations, and how far he would be permitted to do so without forfeiting his character as a gentleman; what has been the conduct of gentlemen in similar or analogous circumstances, etc., etc., etc., almost *ad infinitum*. Or take a purely physical matter-of-fact question. You say, "The hero rides his horse so many miles: any horse ought to have dropped long before. When the horse does break down, he proceeds a-foot, and, after a long run, climbs a wall which would puzzle a professed gymnast." Then Smith, who is well up in equestrian and pedestrian statistics, quotes *Bell's Life* or Pierce Egan to prove that horses have carried men to a greater distance in less time, and men have surmounted greater obstacles. You perhaps rejoin that the horses were regularly trained, and the men Indians or Borderers, whereas, etc., etc. To which again Smith, "But under pressure of strong excitement," etc., etc.; thus you may keep bandying the question back and forward half an hour. As to the naturalness and probability of certain representations of manners and society, the field of controversy is equally fertile. Are Balzac's novels correct pictures of French life or are they utterly extravagant and imaginary? Are such books as "Wuthering Heights" and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall" gross caricatures of Yorkshire, or slightly exaggerated sketches? The discrepancies in the accounts of countries by different travellers show that having gone over the ground is no sure criterion of accuracy in narratives professing to be veracious. When the very facts are so difficult to determine, how much more puzzled must we be with the inferences!

Some critics think they have found a very general solution in human nature, "which is the same everywhere and in all ages." But this guide will not lead us into particulars. There are broad motives at work all over the world—love, avarice, ambition, and the like—but all their details are so modified by a thousand influences of law and government, custom and tradition, that they no more help you to determine how certain persons will act under certain circumstances than the knowledge that all men require food will help you in deciding whether a particular people (say the Chinese) really eat rats. Can an American understand why an Englishman objects to another Englishman's marrying his deceased wife's sister? Can an Englishman understand how a certain kind of sensation newspaper has attained its circulation among respectable and even religious Americans? Can you make a Frenchman understand how the most frightful consequences do not result from allowing Anglo-Saxon young ladies to "wander at their own sweet will?" Human nature does not manifest itself in the same way everywhere, whatever its potentialities may be; and as to the difference of its manifestations in different ages, any historical knowledge beyond the most superficial will settle that point. Even the proposition that human nature is the same in the same age and country must be taken with qualifications, as we shall see.

There is a strong tendency in the best English journals and reviews (shared by such of our own periodicals as have any coherent ideas on the subject of criticism) to condemn the incidents of a novel as physically or morally impossible according to some very limited standard of the critic's own, standards which, if carried out rigorously, would render all fiction, except what we may call the Dutch school, impossible, and confine us to a vista bounded at one end by Miss Austen and Anthony Trollope, at the other by the "Pumplighter" and all those works which Charles Kingsley relegates to the purgatory of stupid books.

This tendency was strikingly exemplified a few years ago on the appearance of "Les Miserables," a production sufficiently open to criticism. Nothing could be weaker than its pseudo-philosophical speculation on government and society, at which Louis Napoleon must have laughed in his sleeve to see his own rule strengthened by the self-*exposé* of his brilliant and bitter enemy. But the magnificent romance, so independent of the speculative rubbish that all the latter might easily have been eliminated from it, was generally approached by its reviewers in the spirit of very small mice nibbling around a very large cheese. They saw in it all manner of improbabilities. How could Jean Valjean climb a garden-wall with a child on his back? How could he elude the vigilance of the police? Why did Fantine, who had walked from Paris, never think of walking back to look after her child instead of trusting to the reports of the Thenardiers? And so on *ad nauseam*.

Now, if these English reviewers had but looked back to the current history of their own country, they might easily have found events as abnormal and startling as any of the incidents in Hugo's book. There was the unfathomed mystery of the Waterloo Bridge murder—if murder it was—with its carpet-bag of mangled remains. There was the attempted assassination of officer Murray by usurer Roberts, a crime which moved half the newspapers and magazines to exclaim: "If this had been represented in fiction, how we should have cried out against its monstrous improbability." If hairbreadth escapes were required, there was no need to go back to Jack Sheppard's prison-breaking or the well-authenticated case of the man who had a gig-shaft run through him and lived thirty years after. The officer was then living—and for aught we know is still—who rode over a precipice more than a hundred feet high, breaking every bone in his horse's body, but escaping himself without serious or permanent injury. So much for English life. Let us look a moment nearer home. Suppose some novelist of our own had, previous to any of those occurrences, introduced to his readers a Burdell-Cunningham murder or one of those *causes célebres* which so recently scandalized—or ought to have scandalized—our public, should we not have cried *haro!* on him as a social, if not a national, libeller? In short, whether we look at physical or moral phenomena, or at combinations of both, the more we consult history and experience, the more must we be impressed with the truth of the adage, *Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*. Why, then, blame the novelist for introducing improbabilities which are so often actualities? Do we expect fiction to be more natural than nature herself? Probably the error springs from a confusion of ideas, clumsy enough, yet easily fallen into.

There is a class of novels, already referred to, of which Miss Austen used to be, and Mr. Trollope bids fair to become, the type. They are novels of manners, *romans de société*, and their whole value depends on their fidelity to the everyday life which they represent. They may have an elaborate and artistic plot; they do not exclude striking situations; but the plot and the situations are secondary matters. In such works abnormal events have no place. They represent everyday life, and not only are extraordinary accidents repugnant to their character, but the most trivial error or incongruity in petty details is fatal to their pretensions. If, for instance, in a story of American life, a young gentleman and lady not betrothed or related were represented walking down the Fifth Avenue *arm-in-arm*, this slight inaccuracy would be sufficient to condemn the book at once.

But a romancer, a writer like Hugo or Dickens or Reade, not only has liberty to make use of the abnormal and improbable, but may be said to possess this as his peculiar province. His dealings with everyday routine are only episodical, by way of relief. The romantic, in other words, the unusual, is his staple.

Is there, then, no limit to his license? Certainly there is; but only the impossible, the absurd, and the indubitably false are on the further side of it. Sue's "Juif Errant" overstepped the *certos fines* because it was a tissue of monstrous absurdities. The whole story of the treasure which furnished the motive of action was, from beginning to end, in its final destruction as well as its long preservation, not improbable but impossible. Again, it should not be allowable for the novelist to arrange the laws of his country according to his own vague ideas of them, although half the recent English writers of fiction, from Dickens down to Mrs. Wood and lower, seem to consider themselves above law, as the old German potentate was above grammar.

With such exceptions, and provided he preserves that consistency and individuality which will render his characters lifelike, we think the romancer should have full swing in his romance, and his readers should modify the old theological dogma just a little, and believe, or, at any rate, read, because it is improbable.—*The Nation.*

CHARLES LAMB used to relate with great glee that his theological investigations were exhausted in devising a scheme for equalizing punishment after death. This he proposed to do by having a special hell for Scotchmen, in which the *brimstone should be left out*, thereby consigning them in a double sense to the "old scratch." Some chap out West has, however, improved upon Lamb's conceit, and narrates the following story somewhat at the expense of Thad. Stevens, of Pennsylvania: He says he dreamed that he once made a visit to *Inferno*, and while engaged in conversation with the proprietor, an imp announced that the Pennsylvania Radical was at the door seeking admittance. Old Nick promptly and emphatically refused him entrance upon the ground that he would be continually disturbing the peace and order of the place. The imp soon returned, saying that Thad. insisted on coming in, declaring that he had no other place to go to. After considerable anxious reflection, Old Nick's face suddenly brightened as with a new idea, and he exclaimed: "I've got it! Tell the Janitor to give him six bushels of brimstone and a box of matches, and let him go and start a little institution of his own. I can't have him here."

"Is your master up?" asked an early visitor of a nobleman's valet. "Yes, sir," rejoined the valet, with great innocence; "the butler and I carried him up about 3 o'clock."

FLORAL CALENDAR.

March 25. St. Mary, Marigold, (*Calendula Officinalis.*)
March 26. St. Braulio, Lurid Henbane, (*Hyoscamus Scopolia.*)
March 27. St. John of Egypt, Scented Jonquil, (*Narcissus Odorus.*)
March 28. St. Prisus, Lesser Leopardsbane, (*Doronicum Plantagineum.*)
March 29. St. Jonas, Fumitory, (*Fumaria Officinalis.*)
March 30. St. Zozimus, Lesser Daffodil, (*Narcissus Minor.*)
March 31. St. Benjamin, Rough Caraweni, (*Cardemeni Hirsuta.*

AT MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.'S Retail Store, No. 9 Lick House, a magnificent assortment of Spring Dress Goods, Shawls, Cloaks, etc., is on exhibition. No place in the city offers superior attractions to those in want of Housekeeping or Dress Goods.

JOHN MIDDLETON & SON will sell on Monday week, April 9th, some very desirable property as Homestead Lots, located on the line of the Folsom street railroad, and possessing good soil and good title. For terms of sale and particulars, see advertisement.

WHY injure the complexion by powders? Use that delicious toilet article for the complexion and skin—Davidson's Circassian Bloom.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

To the Sick and Afflicted.—We can honestly recommend those who are suffering from diseases of long standiug, or from the use of mercury, to call at the Electric Medical Institute. The system practiced by Dr. Howard and his associates is the most sensible we have heard advocated. If there is anything that deserves the name of humbug, it is that which claims to cure every disease with one remedy or system. It would not be more ridiculous if Dr Howard's Rheumatic remedy was advertised as a cure-all. In diseases peculiar to females Dr. Howard has no superior; particularly in chronic irregularities he is unsurpassed by any other physiciau in the State. We are personally acquainted with a number of ladies who have been restored to health at the insti tute, notwitstanding their complaints being pronounced incurable by some of the best physicians in the city. To all who need the assistance of a physician, we would say, call at the Electric Medical Institute, 648 Washington street, before going elsewhere. In Dr. Howard you will find a gentleman who is worthy of your confidence.—*S. F. Irish People.*

A REMARKABLE CURE.

DR. HOWARD'S RHEUMATIC MIXTURE

Cures Rheumatism in three to ten days. Warranted, or no pay required. Howard's Medical and Surgical Institute, No. 648 Washington street, near Kearny.

Read the following letter:

San Francisco, February 12, 1866.

Dr. P. Howard—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for seven years; a great part of the time I was unable to do anything, and my ankle would swell to such an extent that I could not wear a boot. I tried every known remedy, and many Physicians who would insist on my confining myself to my room; but it was of no use: I only became worse and almost discouraged. I accidentally saw one of your bills, and although I had little confidence in your remedy, I commenced using it, and you may judge of my surprise when, after using it three days, I was able to go to work. I am now as well as ever I was in my life, and I have not lost any time while taking your remedy, except the first three days.

In order to benefit others, and to assure you of my gratitude, you may publish this if you think proper to do so. Your friend,

R. W. Mabery, 120 Natoma street.

Dr. C. W. Moore's Medical and Surgical Institute.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

Wanted—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. Shear, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

Many of the Diseases which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. Benton, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physicius of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Gotden Era.*

Buggies and Carriages.—If you want a trim neat, light, and yet durable style of buggy or carriage, go to Nos. 37 and 39 Webb street, between Sacramento and California, where you will find just such a vehicle as will suit your taste. Pollard & Carvill not only deal in these articles, but manufacture them to order, and do repairing, painting, trimming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neatness. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

Wagons.—Every species of wagons that any one can need, made of the best material, well fitted and finished, can be found at the Depot of Mills & Evans, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lead Bars, are kept constantly on hand.—*California Leader.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

For the best finished, fashionable hats, go to McGunn & Co.'s, Hatters, 634 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

On the "Qui Vive."—A large number of fashionable ladies of San Francisco, who are noted for the graceful style and elegance of their dress, as well as for the irresistible attractiveness of their fascinating smiles, which the consciousness of being fashionably and tastefully dressed spreads over their classical features, are ever on the *qui vive* to take the advantage of "circumstances" and to decorate, adorn, and embellish with every imaginable kind of ladies' dress trimmings, buttons, gloves, etc., their graceful figures, at a price so low that any and all can afford to dress fashionably, and even elegantly. The present victims of these vigilant and economical leaders of the fashion, are the members of the celebrated firm of M. Homberger & Co., 300 Kearny street, corner of Bush, who keep constantly on hand a superior and extensive assortment of ladies' dress trimmings, buttons, hosiery, gloves, woolen ware, and fancy goods, also a splendid lot of Berlin zephyr worsted, all of which they offer at greatly reduced prices. In consequence of which, the store is crowded from morning till night, no one leaving without making purchases, and all going home both suited and delighted with the style of the article as well as the price paid for it.—*Golden Era.*

Concord Wagons and Harness.—The Pacific Concord Carriage Manufactory is prepared to supply the Pacific Coast with Concord wagons and harness made to order. The members comprising this firm have long been in the employ of the celebrated manufacturing house of L. Downing & Son, Concord, New Hampshire; so that parties wishing Concord wagons or harness can obtain just the same quality of article here and save 25 per cent. on their purchase money. We have seen some of their workmanship, and can recommend it to the public Address Belduke & Co, 820 Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth.—*San Francisco Leader.*

Dainty Work.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishmeut of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

San Francisco, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, Joseph Sparrow.

Accident and Loss of Life.—With the details of the dreadful disasters of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *Yosemite* fresh in memory, it is not needful that we should urge on the public the importunce of guarding as fully as possible not only against the recurrence of such startling calamities, but also as far as they can against the consequences that arise from them. Accidents are terribly frequent in this new State of ours. Hardly a day passes but we have to record some loss of life, or terrible mangling that leaves the victim with hardly a wish to live. Stringent legislation is demanded to protect travellers from carelessness and criminal negligence of public carriers. It is with great interest that we have watched the rapid growth of Accident Insurance Companies, and we are happy to know that the New York Accidental Insurance Company, established by some of the wealthiest capitalists of the East, have placed their agency in the hands of Bigelow & Brother, Insurance Agents, of this city. We advise every one to take out a policy. The premium is very small—the price of a good cigar only per day—while the benefits are great; $25 per week, if disabled, or $5,000 in case of death. Who would not give $2 50 to be insured for a trip to Washoe, or 25 cents for a trip to Sacramento City? That's all it costs. We predict a large business for the agency in this city. The Company have complied with the State law, and are fully prepared to issue policies, or travelling tickets, at once.—*S. F. Call.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

Dr. Wm. K. Doherty's Medical and Surgica Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

Opinions of the Press.—We call the particular attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. P. Howard, in another column. It gives us pleasure to recommend to those who need the assistance of a physician, the valuable services of Dr. P. Howard and his associates. In a city like San Francisco, where there are so many disreputable concerns, it is gratifying to find one worthy of the confidence and patronage of the people. At the Electric Medical and Surgical Institute, 648 Washington street, the gentlemen conducting it are eminently qualified, and the system they practice is based on sound and philosophical principles, comprising within itself the Hydropathic and Electropathic systems, and the Electric practice of medicines. To the ladies we can recommend the Electric system as particularly adapted to their delicate constitutions. The rooms are fitted up in splendid style, and the Bathroom is large and convenient. Their Electropathic instrument is one of the best we have ever seen, having six different currents of great power, yet so well controlled and regulated that it can be applied to the most delicate. The numerous patients thronging the Institute, and their happy faces, speak volumes in its favor. The best surgical skill is also to be found at the Institute. In fact, we are satisfied that there is more scientific attainment than at any other Institute in the State. Dr. P. Howard was, in former years, the proprietor of the Electropathic Institute, and established for it a reputation second only to the Eclectic Institute. Being compelled to visit Mexico on business, the Institute passed into other hands. Dr. P Howard has been long and favorably known, and to those who are in need of the services of a physician we recommend him as in every way worthy of their confidence.—*S. F. Irish News.*

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of WALTER S. McDONALD, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of John F. McDonald, the Administrator of the estate of Walter S. McDonald, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of the said Walter S. McDonald, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on Tuesday, the twenty-fourth day of April, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Walter S. McDonald, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 24th day of April, A. D. 1866, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, March 21st, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and *ex-officio* Clerk of the Probate court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, this 22d day of March, A. D. 1866.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 5 cts., cancelled. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Thos. B. Bishop, Attorney for Administrator. mh24 4w

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of HERMANN PLATH, deceased,

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix of the above named Estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice at her residence on Southwest corner of Union street and Lafayette Place, in said City and County of San Francisco.

SOPHIA PLATH, Executrix Of the Estate of Hermann Plath, deceased.

San Francisco, March 17th, 1866. mar17-5t

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
mar24 6m H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
mar24 6m Main street, Petaluma.

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FROM LONDON,
A FINE STOCK OF
Choice English Books,
Including a full assortment of
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NEW AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS:

The Ethics of the Dust. Ten Letters to Little Housewives on the Elements of Crystallization. By John Ruskin.

The Criterion; or, the Test of Talk about Familiar Things. A Series of Essays by H. T. Tuckerman.

Wives and Daughters. A Novel, by Mrs. Gaskell.

Guy Deverell. By J. S. LeFann, author of "Uncle Silas."

Simplicity and Fascination. By Anna Beale.

Mosaics of Human Life. By Elizabeth A Thurston.

Principles of Education. By Miss Sewell.

Old New York; or, Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years. By John W. Francis, M. D.

Survey of Eagle's Nest; or, the Memoirs of a Staff Officer Serving in Virginia. By John E. Cooke.

Mr. Dunn Browne's Experiences in the Army.

The Nasby Papers. Divers Views, Opinions and Prophecies of Petroleum V. Nasby. Illustrated.

Poems relating to the American Revolution. By Philip Freneau.

Esperance. By Meta Lander. A Novel.

The Coquette; or, the Life and Letters of Eliza Wharton. A Novel, founded on Fact. By a Lady of Massachusetts.

Cora Belmont; or, the Sincere Lover. A True Story of the Heart.

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Carriage Manufactory,
372 *Broome steet, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture
THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade
WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,
The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, Broome street,
NEW YORK.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,
San Francisco, Cal.

THE OBJECT OF THIS INSTITUTION IS TO IMPART a sound practical education at the lowest possible cost, thereby placing its advantages within the reach of all. The Course of Instruction, besides the usual English Branches, comprises Mathematics, Book Keeping, Ancient and Modern Languages, so that boys, whether destined for Mechanical, Commercial or Professional Pursuits, can select such studies as will best fit them for their future avocation.

TERMS.

Board and Tuition per session, (of 10 to 11 months) $175
Washing, Mending of Linen, etc., for same period, 25

No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

In case of withdrawal, (except for sickness or parents leaving the country,) the party will forfeit a quarter session, or the remaining portion of the half term.

The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance, with a deposit for current expenses, books, etc. *No Student will be received without such deposit.*

For further information, application may be made to any of the Catholic Clergymen of the State, or to
jy1 REV. P. I. GREY, President.

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Furniture and Bedding

WAREROOMS,

Nos. 415, 417, AND 419 CALIFORNIA STREET,
NEAR MONTGOMERY.

THIS STOCK OF FURNITURE, etc., was selected with great care, and special attention given to the wants of this market, ENTIRELY AT THE EAST. It is NOT COMPOSED OF REFUSE GOODS, ODDS AND ENDS OF OTHER HOUSES that have lately closed out here, but CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF NEW GOODS, made after the latest patterns and in the most durable manner.

The present Stock is fully TWICE as large as that of any other house here. Parties having any doubts of this, or that the assortment is not superior to any in the city, can easily satisfy themselves by calling.

The stock of Case Goods is larger than ever before.

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Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,
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An Institution designed to prepare Young and Middle aged men for an active and successful BUSINESS LIFE.

This is the largest, most complete, and thorough Institution of the kind on the coast, and

THE ONLY

Commercial College which is conducted on Actual Business Principles. Its great system of Business Training is endorsed by the Most Eminent Financiers and Business Men of the Nation.

REGULAR BANKS AND BUSINESS OFFICES have been introduced, by which we are enabled to fit our Students in the best possible manner, and shortest possible time, for active Business Life.

Those in pursuit of a

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION

should examine the merits of this College. Send for the *COLLEGE REVIEW*, giving full particulars of the College, besides containing other Important and Interesting matter. Sent free to all desiring it.

Further particulars can be had by calling at the College, or addressing M. K. LAUDENSLAGER, President
fe17 3m Business College, San Francisco.

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IN
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Orders from the country promptly attended to.
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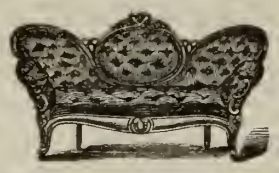

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CAPTAIN FOSTER, the Proprietor, is always ready to receive "Evening Calls." The delightful Moonlight Nights which we are now enjoying, render a

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or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

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Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

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A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF *FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.*

MR. AND MRS. COGILL
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Teachers of Dancing,

CONGRESS HALL,

On Bush-st., adjoining Russ House.

SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. fe10-3m

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G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
a28 Liedesdorff street, San Francisco.

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Medical and Surgical Institute,

COMMERCIAL STREET,

A few doors below Kearny, - - - San Francisco.

ATTENDING AND RESIDING PHYSICIAN,

C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

Late Surgeon U. S. A., Quarantine Physician at New Orleans and Boston, Lecturer on Morbid Anatomy and Diseases of Women and Children, Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc., etc.

FOR THE CURE OF DISEASES,

WHETHER ACUTE OR CHRONIC,

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A few doors below Kearny, where he can be consulted at all hours.

Especial attention paid to all Diseases of the UTERINE and SEXUAL ORGANS, SECONDARY and HEREDITARY AFFLICTIONS in their manifold form,

NERVOUS AFFICTIONS, ETC.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS, of whatever nature, performed scientifically, and the patient boarded at the Institute.

TO THE LADIES.—Private apartments, with female nurses, for those who desire them. CONSULTATIONS FREE.

Parties in the Country may consult the Doctor by letter, and receive, in return, a full description of their disease and its means of cure. All communications strictly confidential. C. W. MOORE, M. D.,
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Boot and Shoe Store.

At No. 133 *Montgomery street,*
OPPOSITE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

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3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

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In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quick silver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived by thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

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CHARLES HENRY WEBB, Editor.

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THE DISSEMINATION OF A PURE LITERATURE, DEVELOPMENT OF HOME TALENT,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

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Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
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Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
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Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
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CLOTHING.

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J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
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M. Homberger & Co., 300 Kearny street, corner Bush.
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DENTISTS.

Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

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DRY GOODS.

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Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.

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Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.

Bigelow & Bro., N.W. cor. Montgomery and Sacramento.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

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The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME IV., No 19.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 7, 1866.

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- The Story of the Faithful Soul.
- Woman's Shortcomings.
- To Keep a True Lent.

[For the Californian.]

THE WIND-HARP.

PLAY on, ye unseen minstrels! play me more
With your light fingers on the silken strings:
I cannot weary—no! the strains ye pour
Are far too like celestial whisperings.

Spirit of Melody! surpassing fair!
Thou nymph whose home is heaven's angelic bower!
Thy precious tresses woo the dancing air
In matchless luxury at this blessed hour.

Thou God of grace and souls and symphony!
When sorrow's night-wind sweeps my yielding heart,
May all its chords like these harmonious be—
From all may Faith's adoring music start.

SEDGELEY.

INIGOINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 7th, 1866.

A FRIEND of mine has just left the office, with whom I had a very angry discussion.

We were discussing a fault of a mutual friend, or acquaintance at least, and he rung in on me one of those hackneyed phrases for which I entertain a sovereign dislike: "The Infirmities of Genius."

"Don't be too hard on the poor fellow," said he, "it is one of the infirmities of genius."

If getting so tight in one day that it takes three days to attain one's normal condition—assuming that sobriety is the normal condition of Genius—and then feeling like a biled owl or an underdone lobster, for a week to come, is one of the infirmities of Genius, deliver me from it, and commend me forever to that plain level of Common Sense above which I have never yet felt any ambition to rise.

I have so much respect for Genius that I think it is rather above the weaknesses of life than otherwise. Pressing one's Cypress Juice too heavily is no more an infirmity of Genius than picking pockets is.

If it were what a Genius I'd be.

So far as my observation goes, it is more an infirmity of fools than of men of brains. Go to the station-house any morning and you will see twenty or thirty bloated, blear-eyed specimens of humanity who were snatched the night before for being howling drunk in the streets. Are they geniuses?

Each one of them is probably the evil genius of some wife whom he abuses or some family which he neglects, but to my thinking no higher rank can be claimed for any of them.

All men, under certain conditions, are liable to step over the bounds of moderation and press the rosy after a fashion that does not contribute much to the charm of their conversation or their beauty, but I really do not think that this should be counted as an infirmity of genius. Such people are very often genii-al fellows, but, no joke being meant, I don't see the proposition as an established truth.

We would have many a genius among us could this special infirmity be counted upon as one of the indications of extraordinary talent.

There is no denying that Noah, the first man on record who crooked his elbow till all the joints of his neck cracked, was a genius, for he built the ark. But there was some excuse for him. There are very few who wouldn't have gone back on fresh water, after having had as much of it for so long a time as he did.

Solomon was considerable of a genius in his way, and got off some very clever conundrums, and, if my memory serves me rightly, he advised all his friends to "look not upon the wine when it is red."

Some commentators have thought that he was in the white wine interest, while others imagine that he simply meant to inculcate the idea of shutting the eyes when drinking Burgundy, so as to get the full flavor of it, but I think nothing of the kind. He simply meant that the best way is to jerk your glass over your shoulder when you've got enough, even if you are drinking in a two-bit house.

Carlyle was a genius, and he didn't drink—though one might very well think he did, to read some of his writings. Nor does Emerson swing his stimulant to any considerable extent, though his Bramah might lead one to suppose that, by the assistance of the Red Slayer he mentions, he had managed to get pretty well "slewed." Neither Tennyson nor Longfellow are much given to dissipation, and Bryant, Bowman, Herbert C. Dorr, and several others that I could name, are equally free from such an infirmity of genius.

Some people say Sam Brannan drinks, but I do not believe it. Some say Mark Twain drinks, and I do believe that: but these are the only two geniuses in town, I can now think of, whom people have ever talked about.

On the whole, I think that Geniuses have no more right to overstep the bounds of moderation in anything than other people have, and when they do, they should be put through an exactly similar course of sprouts. If they are noisy and boisterous, snatch them off to the watch-house; and if they are disagreeable, overbearing, and insulting, trounce them well. Deliver me from all who travel on their genius, and of whom you hear people say: "Ah, if he only would!" and "Ah, if he only wouldn't!"

Perhaps it is one of the Infirmities of Genius to go out to Professor Whitney's Sanatarium Salt Water Baths, at North Beach, and flounder around in one of them for two or three hours, as I did the other Sunday.

Verily, there is one thing of which I can assure any one who is ever given to the infirmities of genius—he feels a mighty different creature on coming out of the tub from what he felt on going in.

The most prevailing infirmity of genius that I know of now-a-days is getting married, and to this amiable weakness my old friend Col. Harney has fallen a victim.

He paid the penalty of his sins on Tuesday last, at two o'clock precisely, in Grace Church, Bishop Kip officiating and performing the last sad ceremonies.

A mutual friend told me that the Colonel spent the previous evening quietly and composedly, though not in prayer. On being asked if he would take anything before retiring, he said "No," in a firm voice, but finally requested that a weak cup of tea and a tract entitled *The Whole Duty of Man* be brought him. Having swallowed both, he retired to bed, remarking that he must be up early in the morning, for a very long day was before him.

It turned out to be quite as broad as it was long.

His last moments were peculiarly impressive and edifying. He was dressed a little more nicely than usual—dressed very much, in fact, like a lamb, to be served up at two with the usual ceremonies and accompaniments. He lost his composure but once, and then was only betrayed into the slight mistake of imagining that he was in the County Court, that Bishop Kip was Judge Cowles, and that his bride was a witness whom he was swearing in:

"You do solemnly swear that in this case, buz-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-ing but the truth, (hold up your right hand) S'elpyegoud."

Corrected by the Bishop, he apologized for the mistake and the ceremony was concluded "with credit to all concerned," all present wishing and believing in their hearts as our friend walked off with his radiant bride that to Benjamina, though not the youngest of the family, the good portion had indeed fallen.

And now, just at present, the only other infirmity of genius that occurs to me is that of writing too much.

To this I plead guilty. But having a certain space to fill every Saturday, my dear public, *Que voulez vous?*

"Que voulez vous" is French for Sheep's Foot. It should be *queer wooly woo* ("woo" being short for wool,) but the French have no *w* in their language—a singular philological which caused an Irishman to exclaim, "Thin how the divil do they spell wagon?"

In another part of the paper the editor is preaching a sermon about spectacular pieces which will no doubt prove singularly edifying to all who read it. I, for my part, must confess that I delight in them, and only regret that Shakspeare didn't contrive *Hamlet* a little after the *Sheep's Foot* pattern.

Think of the effect that could be produced by having the ghost come popping up through a chest of drawers, standing on his head for a few minutes, and then disappearing in a flash of blue fire, with a strong smell of sulphur.

And what a neat little piece of business it would have been to bring the ghost of Ophelia back to daylight, in the shape of a pretty ballet girl, with nice legs.

Some persons are opposed to the sway of the present o-leg-garchy.

I am not.

When no other bail could be given, I've known leg bail to serve a most excellent turn. And it is by no means every artist upon the present stage that can give even this security for a respectable appearance before the foot-lights.

I submit, however, that under the present dispensation the name of these illuminators should be changed to leg-lights.

Ah, well! enough, perhaps, of one subject, but why have I not as much right to still harp upon grass-tanglers as the *Bulletin* upon the Legislature?

The printers and proof-readers are the main sufferers after all, for they are the only ones who are compelled to read all that is written in either paper.

And what patience printers must have! Think of the illegible manuscripts they have to spell over, the sins of omission and commission that are shouldered off upon them, but which properly belong to the writers. It is little wonder that a theory should be built up that Job knew something about printing, for, aside from his remarkable words: "Oh, that my words were now written! Oh, that they were printed in a book, that they were graven with an iron pen, with lead in a rock forever!" his trials could not be considered complete without a little turn at the composing-desk.

Even now-a-days, the sign "Job Printing" is often met with. An advertisement informing the public that ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING ARE DONE AT THIS OFFICE WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH, AT REASONABLE RATES, will be found at the head of the editorial columns.

It has stood there some time, and, to my mind, is quite as interesting as anything else on the page...

Another "stick-full," to fill out the column, cries the faithful foreman.

So I must furnish another stick, though it break my own back—that aches with being cramped over a desk, when it ought to be braced back against a pair of strong pullers, on this bright, beautiful morning.

Does it not seem hard to ask a writer, who is stuck where he stands, for another "stick?"

To my thinking, there is such a thing as running the brain dry. Even a town pump can be exhausted if the handle be too persistently worked in a dry season.

When I wore a goatee, and came to a full stop like the present one, no ideas flowing and my pen rusting with the ink upon it like a ploughshare standing still in the furrow, I used to sit and pull my goatee for an hour or two, in mild meditation. By and by the ideas would flow and I could start in again.

The process always suggested itself to me as something very analogous to milking the brain.

Alas, I now can only sit and scratch my poll, like a Poll Parrot, and as for ideas, my skull is like a desert. Tickle some soil with a hoe and it will laugh with a harvest, but not so with arid sands. Only one thing remains to fill out the column, and that is the signature of

INIGO.

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL.

FOUNDED ON AN OLD FRENCH LEGEND.

THE fettered Spirits linger
In purgatorial pain,
With penal fires effacing
Their last faint earthly stain,
Which Life's imperfect sorrow
Had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet, on each feast of Mary
Their sorrow finds release,
For the Great Archangel Michael
Comes down and bids it cease;
And the name of these brief respites
Is called "Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once—so runs the Legend—
When the Archangel came,
And all these holy spirits
Rejoiced at Mary's name,
One voice alone was wailing,
Still wailing on the same.

And though a great *Te Deum*
The happy echoes woke,
This one discordant wailing
Through the sweet voices broke;
So when St. Michael questioned,
Thus the poor spirit spoke:

"I am not cold or thankless,
Although I still complain;
I prize Our Lady's blessing,
Although it comes in vain
To still my bitter anguish,
Or quench my ceaseless pain.

"On earth a heart that loved me
Still lives and mourns me there,
And the shadow of his anguish
Is more than I can bear;
All the torment that I suffer
Is the thought of his despair.

"The evening of my bridal
Death took my Life away;
Not all Love's passionate pleading
Could gain an hour's delay.
And he I left has suffered
A whole year since that day.

"If I could only see him—
If I could only go
And speak one word of comfort
And solace—then I know
He would endure with patience,
And strive against his woe."

Thus the Archangel answered:
"Your time of pain is brief,
And soon the peace of Heaven
Will give you full relief;
Yet if his earthly comfort
So much outweigh your grief,

"Then through a special mercy
I offer you this grace—
You may seek him who mourns you,
And look upon his face,
And speak to him of comfort
For one short minute's space.

"But when that time is ended,
Return here, and remain
A thousand years in torment,
A thousand years in pain:
Thus dearly must you purchase
The comfort he will gain."

* * * * * *

The Lime-trees' shade at evening
Is spreading broad and wide;
Beneath their fragrant arches,
Pace slowly, side by side,
In low and tender converse,
A Bridegroom and his Bride.

The night is calm and stilly,
No other sound is there
Except their happy voices:
What is that cold bleak air
That passes through the Lime-trees,
And stirs the Bridegroom's hair?

While one low cry of anguish,
Like the last dying wail
Of some dumb, hunted creature,
Is borne upon the gale:
Why does the Bridegroom shudder
And turn so deathly pale?

* * *

Near Purgatory's entrance
The radiant Angels wait;
It was the great St. Michael
Who closed that gloomy gate,
When the poor wandering spirit
Came back to meet her fate.

"Pass on," thus spoke the Angel:
"Heaven's joy is deep and vast;
Pass on, pass on, poor Spirit,
For Heaven is yours at last;
In that one minute's anguish
Your thousand years have passed."

MODERN FEMALE DRESS.

A MELANCHOLY reflection suggests itself to every one who studies the history of costume. How little has been done by the progress of time, the cultivation of letters, and the advance of civilization, to elevate the habited man above the naked savage! But more melancholy still is another suggestion which a consideration of this subject supplies. How much less has been done by civilization (including tea-parties and balls, and missionary meetings) to raise the character of the dress worn by ladies of the most polished European capitals above that of garments which most please the Indian squaw or the Tahitian nymph! The Seminole chieftain perhaps never imagined anything as unpoetical as the chimney-pot hat of the present day; and the Seneca Indian, in the days of his savage innocence, would have laughed to scorn the prosaic anti-climax of the swallow-tailed coat. The facile compliance, however, which South African negroes have exhibited for confronting men and angels in a suit composed of a cocked-hat and Wellington boots is a painful evidence of the corrupting influence of the white man. Yet no white woman, so far as we know, has yet infected the primitive simplicity of pagan barbarism with the fantastic conceits of European fashion. We may be interrupted by the reminder that negro women in the Southern States of America and the British West Indies have adopted, with a zeal which almost seems intended to discredit, the most cumbrous absurdities of European attire—that they swell and swim in crinolines of the most gigantic expansion, that they hang festoons of paltry paper flowers on wool which will not develop into hair, and variegate the sombre eminence of their wrinkled heads by shabby caricatures of Parisian bonnets. This is true. But it is only since they became members of a Christian conventicle that the negresses have learnt to vie with their co-religionists in England. And, for aught we know, it may be some recondite policy of the Baptist persuasion which encourages them to travesty a mode of dress of which the absurdity cannot be appreciated till it is seen floating on the ample dimensions of a negro Venus. With this deduction, we repeat that the races which suburban lecturers complacently nickname savage exhibit a taste and simplicity of dress which put to shame the ambitious elaboration of London and Parisian milliners. We cannot, indeed, recommend an exact and literal adaptation of the fashions affected by the ladies of the African forest or the Otaheitan beach. While we hesitate to aver that they are less decent or less innocent than those which greet the eye from a drawing-room staircase, we have no hesitation in asserting that their special aptitude for a climate resembling that in which Eve first designed her light and simple garb forbids their introduction into London society. We regret this, for the juxtaposition of the two styles—that of barbarism and that of civilization—might be studied by the respective amateurs of each, to the mutual advantage of both. For instance, though the African or South Sea belle might have nothing to contrast with the hoop and the stomacher of her European compeer—except, indeed, the contrast which entire absence affords—she might offer valuable hints as to the form of a bracelet of shells or an armlet of bones. For the judgment which regulates the style and disposition of ornaments of a more splendid kind, our modern belles might be advantageously advised to study the grace with which a Hindoo girl assorts and wears her gold and silver bangles, were it not that the envy which would be inevitably inspired by the contemplation must prove fatal to the equanimity expected from every lady of quality. But, apart from the Hindoo type of fashion, there is much to be admired in the way in which every barbarian lady arranges her toilet. Her colors are, for the most part, not less pleasing or less natural in effect than those which disguise the faces of some modern votaries of fashion. Her feathers are about as gaudy and garish as those of a lady in Mayfair—neither more nor less so; her jewels may not be as costly, but they are as becoming, as significant, and as much in keeping as the heirlooms of a French or English great lady; and they have not been the ruin of any one. The drapery of the pagan is less ample than that of the Christian dame, but it is less hypocritical and less expensive. It conceals fewer blemishes, it stimulates fewer graces; it suggests less the purpose of imposture, and testifies less to a ruined husband or despairing milliner. Even if the headgear recalls to the antiquarian mind the far-fetched monstrosities which made hideous the ladies of the early Plantagenet Court, the skirt—unconscious of farthingale or hoop—gives to the eye the vision of those ample charms which, in our civilized assemblies, owe their impressiveness to the mechanician's art. The Hotteutot Venus, if she cannot boast of the amplitude of her milliner's bills or her sweeping train, has at any rate natural graces to show which no complication of steel and whalebone can emulate or supersede.

If appropriateness is the general characteristic of what we term barbarian costume, inappropriateness must be allowed to be the special characteristic of civilized dress. It is perhaps hardly possible to trace this divergence from common sense to its first causes. It may be that in the early Norman period, in the days of the Plantagenets, and again in the days of the Tudors, there lived arrogant and domineering dressmakers who looked on their fellow beings as dolls created for the express purpose of being dressed, and forced their customers to encase their bodies in garments framed, not according to the will of the wearer, but of the maker. It may be that to the continuance of this tyranny were due the "gorget" of the time of Edward II., the "horned head-dress" of Henry V., and the ruffs and farthingales of Queen Elizabeth, as likewise the hoop petticoats of the first Georgian period. This despotism seems fated to be permanent and persistent in its defiance of reason. Whatever may be the extravagance of dress on social occasions, and whatever inconvenience fine ladies and gentlemen may choose to inflict on one another when they crowd together for the purposes of social intercourse, the ordinary costumes of everyday life, at any rate, ought to be simple, easy, and convenient. It ought to be consistent with the power of locomotion and the performance of household duties. How far this can be predicated of female dress at the present day, we leave to the judgment of those who are daily jostled off the pavement by the keen steel hoops of pushing Amazons, or whose eyes are occasionally refreshed by the sight of a full-hooped housemaid kneeling on the stairs.

Indeed, putting aside all other considerations, it becomes a question of moment whether the crinoline movement be not a very partially-disguised portion of the systematic policy pursued by the champions of women's rights. While strong-minded women and feeble-minded men are twaddling on the abstract dogma of woman's equality, woman has quietly achieved for herself the prize of superiority. Whoever doubts this has only to make the helpless attempt to keep his own on a narrow pavement against the invasion of a steel-bound petticoat, or to avoid the charge of a brawny nursemaid, with expansive whalebone, piloting a suburban perambulator. A still severer trial of strength awaits the man who, nervous and unpunctual, edges his dangerous way amid the serried phalanx of evening dresses in the stalls of theatre or concert-room, or seeks to insinuate himself across the compact ranks that block access to the remotest corner of a favorite pew. In the streets, in the parks, in the theatre, and in the church—everywhere we see the outward and unmistakeable signs of female domination. And it is with but imperfect satisfaction that a man finds his devotions in church interrupted by the penitential responses of the sex which has not only impinged his ribs and half buried himself in its voluminous cloud of muslin and taffeta, but has made him responsible for the cost of the weapons which destroy his peace of body and of mind. It seems, indeed, the spirit of the most ruthless irony which extorts from a bevy of women floating in gauze or oscillating in velvet, with bonnets nodding in conscious oddity, the confession that they are withered like grass and forget to eat their bread; though perhaps a cynical observer, looking at the general appearance of a fashionable congregation, might be disposed to admit the sincerity of the penitential confession that they are become like pelicans in the wilderness and owls in the desert.

Of course it is utterly useless to inveigh against the present fashions on the score of extravagance or bad taste. The expensiveness, like every other sin, gives a peculiar piquancy to the indulgence. And how many women have the courage to countermand "*ruches*," "insertions," and flounces, and the innumerable superfluities by which a dress is made more barbarous and more costly when the milliner's forewoman simpers out the sneering comment, "That's *so* common?" And as for taste, why taste in dress has gone through every possible revolution in the course of ages, with one general effect. Whether the dresses have been high or low, whether they have expanded like ostriches' wings behind or been tightened like a sack about the neck, whether they have been surmounted by "horns," by "frizzles," by powder, or by curls—in all cases the pretty women have continued to look pretty and the plain women more or less plain. But there is another part of the question to which some women will perhaps give their attention. Is the dress quite decent? Do fine ladies ever happen to hear the criticisms of their own footmen on the exposure which the use of crinoline makes almost normal? If they did, we can hardly believe that they would persist in submitting not only themselves but their daughters to a kind of comment which was once thought to be reserved for the more *blasé* frequenters of the Opera, when expressing their admiration of the least modest of ballet-girls. And perhaps some women will not be indifferent to the reflection that the fashions which they set travel downwards with an increasing momentum of evil. If my lady wears crinoline in her drawing-room, Sally will wear crinoline in her still-room or dairy. What my lady does must be right in principle. And if my lady looks better in hoops, Sally thinks she will look better too. Besides, dress is the adjuster of female inequality. All women cannot have titles, parks, and Opera-boxes; but all women can have crinolines. My lady may vary the dimensions of hers from the narrowest propriety to the most gorgeous expansiveness of Court splendor. But this poor Sally regards as purely accidental, and not as touching the root of the matter. The big hoops are the

grandest, and the big hoops she will use, even for the commonest occasions. Unfortunately big hoops require a proportional superstructure of silks and petticoats. These, too, the housemaid or dairymaid may get. The extent to which she does get them may be seen on any Sunday evening between nine and ten o'clock. The manner in which she does get them we do not see; though, perhaps, any mistress of a family might calculate with approximate precision the adequacy of her maid's wages to purchase the contents of her clothes-box. But this subject is a delicate one, and we forbear to pursue it.—*Saturday Review.*

THE BEAU-MONDE AND DEMI-MONDE IN PARIS.

THE Paris journals lately surprised their French, and startled their foreign readers, by an announcement for which, after all, both should have been prepared. No one who is at all conversant with the ordinary course of Parisian life—we do not say familiar with its inner mysteries—ought to have been astonished at hearing that certain *grandes dames* of French society had sought for invitations to a masked ball which was to be given by a distinguished leader of the *demi-monde*. We have had, in our country, certain faint and partial indications of the same curiosity, revealed in an awkward and half-hesitating sort of way. English great ladies once made an off-night for themselves at Cremorne, in order to catch a flying and furtive glance, not of the normal idols of those gay gardens, but of the mere scenic accessories to their attractions and triumphs. But as yet we have never heard that the matrons of English society have sought an introduction to the Lais of Brompton or the Phryne of May-fair, even under the decorous concealment of mask and domino. Nor has it yet been formally advertised here that the motive of so unusual a request was a desire to learn the arts and tactics by which the gilded youth—and, it might be added, the gilded age—of the country is subjected to the thrall of venal and meretricious beauty.

That such a rumor should be circulated and believed in France is—to use the current slang—"highly suggestive." It suggests a contrast of the strongest, though it is far from pleasing, kind between the society of to-day and the society of other days. It was long the special boast of the French that with them women enjoyed an influence which in no other part of the world was accorded to their sex, and that this influence was at least as much due to their mental as to their physical charms. The women of other nations may have been more beautiful. To the Frenchwoman was specially given the power of fascination; and it was the peculiar characteristic of her fascination that its exercise involved no discredit to the sense or the sensibility of the men who yielded to it. A power which showed itself as much in the brilliance of *bon mots* and repartee as in smiles and glances, a grace of language and expression which enhanced every grace of feature and of attitude, a logic which played in the form of epigram, and a self-respect which was set off rather than concealed by the maintenance of the most uniform courtesy to others—such were the arts and insignia of the empire which the most celebrated Frenchwomen, from the days of Maintenon and De Sevigne to those of Madame Deffand and Madame Roland or those of Madame Recamier, exercised over the warriors, sages, and statesmen of France. The homage paid by the men to the brilliant women who charmed the society which they had helped to create may not always have been perfectly disinterested. The friendship of the women for their illustrious admirers may not always have been perfectly Platonic. There may have been some impropriety—or, as our more Puritan friends would say, some sin—in the intercourse of some of the most celebrated Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. Yet even this could not have been predicated of all. Madame de Sevigne's reputation comes out clear and spotless even from the foulest assault of wounded vanity and slighted love. We do not forget the comprehensive loves and deliberate inconstancy of Ninon. But Ninon, corrupt as she may have been, was not venal. She did not ruin her lovers by her covetousness, and then receive their wives and sisters in her *salons*. She was courted by elegant and virtuous women, because she was the single and solitary instance as yet known of women possessing every grace and charm save the grace and charm of virtue. Whatever may have been the relations between the sexes in those days, it was at least free from grossness. The charms which attracted men to the Maison Rambouillet were not those of sense alone, or in a special degree. They were those of conversation at once spirited, graceful, elegant, and vivacious. To an accomplished man there is perhaps no greater social treat than to hear good French spoken by an educated and clever Frenchwoman. In her hands a language of which both the excellences and the defects eminently qualify it for the purposes of conversational combat, becomes a weapon of dazzling fence. Those delicate turns of phrase which imply so much more than they express, fly like Parthian shafts, and the little commonplaces which may mean nothing do what the pawns do when manipulated by a clever chess-player—everything. And in the age when the empire of Frenchwomen rested upon their grace and power in conversation, there was ample matter to task their remarkable talents. It was an age of new ideas. Government, religion, and philosophy; the administration of the kingdom and the administration of the universe; the rights of kings to be obeyed by their people and the right of the Creator to the adoration of his creatures; the claims of privilege and the claims of prerogative; the pretensions of rank and the pretensions of the *roturier;* the conflicts of science and theology—all these furnished materials for the tongues of the clever women, materials of which the clever women availed themselves. The final result was not, indeed, wholly satisfactory. How many a short sharp sarcasm, shot from the tongue of brilliant *causeuses*, rebounded on the gilded rooms wherein it first hurtled! How many a satire, sugared with compliment, at which rival beaux chuckled in delight, came back with its uncovered venom to the hearts of those whose admiration had first provoked it! How many a gibe of reckless truth, aimed at courts and nobles, distilled through laquais and waiting-maids into the streets of Paris, to whet the after-wrath of that fierce canaille! Many of those clever women had better been silent; many of those pungent epigrams, had better been unsaid. Still while the spirited talk went on, life was illumined by no common brilliance; and vice not only decked itself, but forgot itself, in the guise of intelligence and wit.

But what a change is it now! There are drawing-rooms in Paris which are more brilliant and gorgeous than any that De Sevigne or Recamier ever sat in. But their brilliance and splendor are not of such airy impalpabilities as genius or wit. They are solid, substantial, tangible. They are the brilliance and the splendor, not of able men and clever women, but of the upholsterer, the mechanician, and the decorator. There is gold, there is marble, there is lapis lazuli; there are pictures, statues, ormolu-clocks; there are rich velvets and cloud-like lace, and a blaze of amethysts, rubies, and diamonds. There are trains of Imperial dimensions and tiaras of Imperial brightness. And in whose honor is all this grand display? To whom is the court paid by this mob of sombre-clad and neatly-gloved men of every age, from twenty to sixty? Who have taken the place of the great female leaders of society whose names have added lustre to France? Strange as it may seem, their successors are second-rate or third-rate actresses, opera-dancers, and singers at public rooms and public gardens. We do not intend to undertake the superfluous task of penning a moral diatribe, or inveighing against the immorality of the age. Sermons there are, and will be, in abundance on so prolific and provoking a theme. In every age actresses and ballet-girls have had their admirers. In every age, probably, they will continue to have admirers. But what is worthy of note is this. Formerly this admiration was of an esoteric kind. The worshippers adored their divinities in secret. The temples of the goddesses were, at any rate, not obtruded on the public eye, nor in possession of the most open, public, and splendid streets. But now all this is changed; the fanes of the divinities are splendid and in the most splendid streets. The worshippers are of every age, and are all equally indifferent to secrecy. There is no restriction and no exclusion, save on two grounds—those of poverty and intelligence. There is a kind of intellect admitted into this gorgeous coterie, but it is intellect in livery. The dramatic author and the dramatic critic are now as much appendages to the dramatic courtezan as her coachman and her *femme de chambre*. Where professional reputation depends on scenic effect, and scenic effect depends upon the *equivoques* put into the actress's mouth, and the applause with which their delivery is received, the man who concocts the *equivoques* and the man who criticizes their delivery become equally objects of attention to the actress who is looking out for a *clientele*. Saving these necessary exceptions, these assemblies are composed of rich old men anxious to dissipate the money which they have made, and rich young men as anxious to dissipate the wealth which they have inherited. And now we hear that the wives and sisters of these men seek admission to these Paphian halls.

It is, indeed, not an unnatural, though it is far from decent curiosity which prompts ladies entitled to the reputation of virtue to examine something of the life and domestic economy of those ladies whose very existence presupposes an entire repudiation of virtue. The married women naturally desire to know something of the manners and mien and language of the rivals whose arts have diverted their own husbands' treasures into alien and obnoxious channels. When a wife hears that her husband has, at one magnificent stroke on the Bourse, carried off one or two millions of francs, she is curious to ascertain the process by which no inconsiderable proportion of these winnings has been "affected" to the payment of Madlle. Theodorine's debts or to the purchase of Madlle. Valentine's brougham. And the anxious mother, who has long dreamed of the ceremony which might unite the fortunes of her dear Alcide with the *dot* of her opulent neighbor's daughter, is tortured between the misery of frustrated hopes and curiosity to understand the motives which impel Alcide to become the daily visitor of Madlle. Gabrielle in the Rue d'Arcade, and her daily companion when riding in the Bois de Boulogne. Certainly the subject is a very curious one. But does the solution of the problem quite justify the means taken to solve it? Might not enough be inferred from the antecedent history of those who are the subjects of it to dispense with the necessity of a nearer examination? Take a number of women of the lower classes from the different provinces of France—with no refinement, with a mere shred of education, and with but small claim to what an English eye would regard as beauty—but compensating for lack of knowledge, education, and refinement by a vivacity and a coquetry peculiarly French. Take these women up to Paris, tutor them as stage supernumeraries, and parade before them the example of the arts of the more successful Lorettes. The rest may be imagined. From these general premises it is not difficult to conjecture the product obtained; to conceive that manner on which *jeunes gens* dote, a manner made up of impudence and grimace; that repartee which mainly consists of a new slang hardly known two miles beyond the Madeleine; those *doubles entendres* of which perhaps memory is less the parent than instinct, and that flattery which is always coarse and always venal. It would be erroneous to say that we have here given a complete picture of the class which certain leaders of Parisian fashion wish to study. There are, in the original, traits and features which we could not describe, and which it is unnecessary for us to attempt to describe, as they are portrayed in the pages of the satirist who has immortalized the vices of the most corrupt city at its most corrupt era. Juvenal will supply what is wanting to our imperfect delineation. English ladies may read him in the vigorous paraphrases of Dryden and Gifford; while their French contemporaries may arrive at a livelier conception of what we dare not express, if only they stay till the supper crowns the festal scene of the masked ball. If they outstay this, they will have learned a lesson the value of which we leave it for themselves to compute.

It is idle to say that curiosity of this kind is harmless because it is confined to a few. Only a few, indeed, may have contemplated the extreme step of being present at the Saturnalia of the *demi-monde*. But how many others have thought of them and talked of them? To how many leaders of society are the doings of these women the subjects of daily curiosity and daily conversation? How many patrician—or, at all events, noble—dames, regular attendants at mass, arbiters of fashion, and ornaments of the Church, honor with their inquisitiveness women of whose existence, twenty years ago, no decent Frenchwoman was presumed to have any knowledge? And do these noble ladies suppose that this curiosity is disregarded by the adventuresses from Arles or Strasburg, Bordeaux or Rouen, whom successful prostitution has dowered with lace, diamonds, carriages, and opera-boxes? Do they suppose that the professed admiration of the young Sardanapali for the ex-couturieres and ballet-girls of Paris has not a more potent effect when combined with the ill concealed interest of their mothers and sisters? And what that effect is on the men in one class, and on the women in another, a very slight knowledge of human nature is sufficient to suggest. That girls of moderately good looks will contentedly continue to ply the shuttle at Lyons, or to drudge as household servants in Brittany, or to trudge home to a supperless chamber in Paris with the bare earnings of a supernumerary or a *coryphee* at a small theatre, when a mere sacrifice of chastity may enable them not only to ruin young dukes and counts, but to become the theme and admiration of duchesses and countesses, is a supposition which involves too high a belief in human virtue; and the conditions we have named are found to be fatal to the virtue of the poorer French women. And as for the men, what must be the effect on them? Debarred from the stirring conflict of politics; exiled, so to speak, from the natural arena of patriotic ambition; knowing no literature save that of novels in which courtezans are the heroines, and caring for no society but that of which courtezans are the leaders; diversifying the excitement of the hazard-tables and the betting-room with the excitement of the *coulisses;* learning from their habitual associations to lose that reverence for women and that courteous attention to them which are popularly supposed to have at one time characterized the gentlemen of France—they partially redeem the degredation which they court by showing that even a mixture of vapid frivolity, sensual indulgence, and senseless extravaganco is insufficient to corrupt a nation, unless also the female leaders of society conspire to select for their notice and admiration those creatures for whom the law of the land would better have provided the supervision of the police and the certificate of professional prostitution. When virtuous women of birth and position rub shoulders with strumpets, protests are useless and prophecies are superfluous; for the taint which goes before destruction is already poisoning the heart of the nation.

AWKWARD OMISSION.—Paris gossip lets off a rich joke on the distinguished gentleman, M. Emile de Girardin, who recently gave a dinner in Paris to Abd-el-Kader, and during the conversation said, "I shall be happy to present you with my Two Sisters," meaning his new play. In translating, the explanation that it was M. Girardin's play was left out, and the Emir politely replied that "he would be very happy to accept the ladies, although his harem was quite full."

MATRIMONIAL PROPOSALS.

OUT of all the probable marriages, actual marriages, and breaches of promise of marriage talked of, it is curious how seldom any accurate information respecting offers of marriage reaches the ears of society. Is it that in such a delicate matter each one is afraid to pass the story on to his neighbor, lest he should be supposed, however innocent, to be personally implicated? Selden tells us that of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage least concerns other people, yet of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people; perhaps mankind tacitly covenants not to meddle with the proposal by way of compensation for the eagerness with which they canvass the marriage. At any rate it is a merciful condescension on their part. We will accept it gratefully, for it is an insult to socieiy to suppose that it is not well informed on proposals as a general rule, and could make things very uncomfortable for lovers, if it chose. A proposal on this view is to the engagement what the honeymoon is to wedded life, the halting but necessary prelude which, by general consent, nobody listens to, before the full notes of the performer challenge attention.

It may be doubted, however, whether the fact that men are not so talkative on this as on other subjects may not arise from an uneasy consciousness that in their own case they rather made fools of themselves. We do not for a moment mean that they repent of their choice; if we did, it is to be hoped that no indignant wife would read a word further. But, speaking generally, proposals come snddenly. Most men have arranged their proposal long before, in their own minds, and rehearsed it often, till there shall be no chance of any blunder at the critical moment. It shall be done, they determine, at such and snch a time, in this manner rather than in that, *en grand tenue* or in a shooting-coat; there shall be no dropping on one or both knees as was usual in the last century, when our grandmothers were expected to faint as soon as their languishing "swain" (such was the term then in vogue) took out his pocket-handkerchief as a preliminary. The play-wrights have effectnally rnined this expedient; therefore a more natural occasion must be songht, which shall be, when the lady comes in from walking, say, or when she is riding. Some men even settle with themselves whether they shall take one of her hands, or whether it is better to seize both, in the transports of their declaration, and other little niceties of this kind, which those who have been in such a situation may be left to imagine for themselves. Ninety-nine times out of a hnndred this little scheme most egregiously fails. Chloris does not go out, as we expected, or bashfulness overpowered her Strephon, and the irrevocable moment slipped by. On the other hand, Ianthe sings one morning with snch exquisite taste, all by-standers being out of the way, that her enraptnred hearer proposes on the spot. A tear, an accident, a family affliction in the same way often precipitates the proposal, and the luckless planner is afterwards so disgusted at his own simplicity in devising such complicated means for so easy an end, that he is certain not to mention his experiences even to his dearest friend. Ungallant, too, though the suggestion may be, there may be added to this, in his thoughts, a spice of the feeling hinted at in the proverbs, "A burnt child dreads the fire," "*Quem Deus vult perdere prius demeutat.*" These considerations will somewhat lessen onr wonder that the world knows so little of its proposals. We trust that in divulging them we are not vexing any of our sex, or rashly giving the other uew arms to use against our unhappy selves. It may be taken as an axiom, therefore, that just as the experience of all the decpest thinkers, from Plato onwards, confirms the old notion of love being involuntary, "at first sight," as we may say, so a proposal generally comes upon both parties to it unexpectedly. Some might suppose that the nobler sex herein were in evil case, that a dread domestic power impelled them onwards to their fate, independently of their volition. And this seems true to a certain extent; but the bachelor has safeguards at hand, if he has also enemies. Thus, the first steps towards his foes, the "overtures," as they are euphemistically termed, is always in his own power. The initiative is his. He need not wade into the fair-flowing river unless he chooses; but if he does, let him not complain if all at once he finds himself out of his depth. Again, he can write his proposal, if it seems good to him. This saves a world of trouble to bashful or fainthearted men, but it has many drawbacks. A story is told of a senior wrangler who dropped into a lonely parsonage, during a walking tour, fell in love with the host's daughter, and wrote his proposal to her. He wished her "good-by," like an ordinary mortal, aud when her father bade him farewell at the little station to which they had driven, he handed him the note, and requested him to deliver it on his return. The father consented, and put it in his pocket. For a year the mathematician heard nothing from his bride elect. Then judging that this passed even the ordinary habit of women to procrastinate, he made a point, on his tour during the vacation, once more to call at the parsonage. He was received as before, and not quite so warmly by the young lady as he anticipated. Her father, on being asked, did not know that the note was of much importance, and had forgotten to deliver it. The driving-coat was examined. There was the letter still in his pocket. Then, again, servants and post-mistresses have an ugly trick of reading letters. Secresy, too, is often rendered difficult even during the necessary deliberation of the lady, if the latter arrives at breakfast-time in a family circle. Except in extreme cases, proposals in writing are not to be recommended. They savor of cowardice. Better far stand up and meet your fate like a man. If we were empowered by the Court of Love to ascertain the feelings of the ladies on this point, there is no doubt but that, to a woman, they would prefer the rough and ready wooer who dashes straight into the proposal at once, flounders about a little, but finally passes the rubicon successfully, and on the other side awaits the decision of lips that ever smile on the brave. A man who proposes by letter deserves to lose his suit. It is far better to ask by a word of month.

"Excipiet blandas comita illa preces."

Another golden rule for those about to make a proposal is, Keep your own counsel; but if you must have an adviser, never consult a woman, unless your oracle sit on a tripod far removed from every mundane influence. The mortification of a refusal has an additional sting lent it, if it has to be afterwards communicated to the Mentor. Men who feel most, take their loss in silence. The brow may be smooth while the heart is a heap of ashes (Lesbia laughs, but it is so sometimes)—and the stricken affections love to suffer and writhe in unseen agony, as an animal seeks to die in the thickest covert. Videus (to tell a case in point, which is so business-like, it could only have happened to a widower) called at Florinda's house, aud was shown into the drawing-room. An aged aunt alone was at home, and to her he revealed the object of his coming—to make an offer of marriage to her niece. Soon Florinda entered, looking more charming than usual, and Videus made his proposal. "I am very sorry," said the lady, "but Velox has been beforehand, and has just asked me the same question. You are half an hour too late." Knowing what annts generally are, this one would have been more than mortal had she been reticent. Within a week the discomfiture of Videus was known through the country.

Some grave lovers are for making the proposals, in the first instance, to the parents—parent we should say, for Paterfamilias is always too glad to pass these things over to his wife. Doubtless it is a pleasing course for her self-importance when this procedure is observed; but in a case of such delicacy, premising that we speak with diffidence, it seems to us more important first to secure the consent of the principal. And this plan is more to the taste of the young lady in question, for then she has the pleasant task of enlightening her mother on the mystery when and how she likes, and can approach her with Agag-like gait, should such, unhappily, be needed. Our plan, we must confess, has invariably been on this principle, and we have seen no reason to regret it hitherto. Win the consent of the daughter, and she may safely be left to secure that of her parents. At all events (pardon such domestic Fenianism!) marriage is feasible as a *dernier ressort* without the mother's consent, but manifestly impossible if you have not the daughter's. This consideration appears to settle the vexed question of priority of proposals.

As was hinted above, society at large is very soon as well acquainted with the fact of the proposal having been made, as if the marriage-broker of Bokhara, or his western relative, the Bazvalan of Brittany had been intrusted with the negotiation: but for all that, a reasonable reticence should be observed by the lovers as to the manner in which it is made. That is their secret. It is generally the gentleman's fault if this be divulged; which may ensne from his choosing a wrong time and place for the ceremony; from the natural impulsiveness of his kind, as distinguished from the ready tact of women; or simply from the trifling fact that he speaks too loud. Thus a friend who was leaving the drawing room one day, in great glee as being an engaged man, was met by the servant in the passage with the remark, "I suppose, sir, you will not have to ring at the bell any more now." It may be, however, that she was innocent of listening at the door, as men in such a situation are apt to show their joy. Mercator, a portly Manchester man, having secured the hand of Sophia, rushed wildly into the dining-room, where her two married sisters were discreetly sitting, and having seized and embraced them both, exclaiming, "My dear sisters! Sophy is mine!" then, and then only, perceived that he had seriously alarmed Buttons, who was putting coal on the fire.

Amongst proposals are the matter-of-fact proposal; as when an honest agriculturist says, "I doesn't like beating about the bush; Nancy, will 'ee be my owld dumman?—do 'ee now!" Or as actually happened in the case of a man who taught at a girls' school, and had had all the romance taken out of him by hard work, "You stitch very nicely; would yon like to darn my stockings?" Readers will be glad to hear that he was accepted, and, after marriage, went back quietly from church to finish his lesson! Then there is the business-like proposal, often too familiarly exemplified in royal alliances, or noble marriages, where a title is balanced against wealth. We remember an amusing instance of it in a Cumberland clergyman, who made his proposal, and then slowly added, by way of clenching it, "I would have you consider before you say no, first, whether you ever had a proposal made to you before: secondly, whether it is likely you will ever again have one made to you." The lady appreciated the argument, and married him. It is a precedent, however, only to be recommended for general adoption in the case of ladies "of a certain age." We may exemplify the jocular proposal by the story of the man who, when dancing "Pop goes the weasel," at the time when that tune was so popular, asked his partner, "Will you pop through life with me?" Indeed, a ball-room would furnish many stories of proposals, for in no place are they more commonly made; contrary to the received notion, that hollow lanes or secluded groves are the places best suited to asking the all important question. Those who choose such localities as these to propose in, are the persons who fancy that marriage means love in a cottage; and the honeymoon, to sit like babes in the wood, or Mr. Millais's damsels, hand-in-hand in an apple orchard. A jocular proposal often serves to feel the way for a real one, or to cover the discomfiture of a refusal. Occasionally it only ministers to the vanity of the proposer, as when a man who simply means flirting proposes, and, on being tremblingly accepted, says, "Ah, you saucy puss! you would not have said yes if I had been in earnest." Such fellows, however, are generally careful that their victim has no brother. It is as well to answer their overtures in a similar strain, or to give an evasive reply—such, for instance, as has actually been said, "I can't make tea!"

As for the sentimental proposal, we must beg to be excused entering upon it: that is the business of the novel-writer rather than the essayist. Take up the next three-vol. novel you find with some such title as "Hearts and Loves," or "The Maid of Rosemount," and at least two instances of it will be discovered in each volume. So little is known, as a general rule, about proposals, and sensible people are so diffident in the matter, that they gladly fly to novels to see how the thing is done, just as silly people have recourse to a letter-writer to get ideas for love-letters. In a novel as on the stage, no proposal is taken which is not dramatic, thereby showing how untrustworthy novels are, as a rule, in depicting the events of ordiuary life. In real life, nothing is so uncommon as a romantic proposal. Even those who, with the most high-flown notions of courtship, intend their proposal to be a marvel of romance, are generally egregiously disappointed at the result. The most enterprising cavalier of this kind we have known, found himself compelled, by the force of circumstances, to turn carpet-knight and propose to his lady love on the hearth-rug; so close at all times is the prosaic to the sentimental. A man of this turn of mind may be well-matched with a fashionable young lady's idea of a lover:

Miss Racket.—"I want somebody that will sit by one at an opera, and dance with one at a ball, and call for one's carriage, and hand one out, and—".

Sir Dudley Dorimant.—"Lord, child, how much yon expect of a lover! Where could you get such antiquated ideas? I trust you are less *exigeant* upon the subject of husbands!"

Perhaps, after a ball-room, the hunting-field might be termed the most usual place for proposals. In both cases there is a whirl and an *abandon* apt to carry away the sternest resolves of bachelors. A man who has made up his mind to "crane" at no fences, finds his nerves in fitting order to face even a proposal. No time is more dangerous for lovers than the evening ride home through the quiet woodland ways, after a day when they have been witched with noble horsemanship.

The Basques have a sarcastic proverb, "The marriage-day is the morrow of good times;" it is the day of proposal which admits the "palmer in love's eye" to the full enjoyment of the engaged man's rights. They have a ludicrous side (which luckily the neophyte never sees for himself,) as in the room which must be given up to the happy pair to do their love-making in; the cares bestowed that the usual worries of a household do not disturb them; the atmosphere of roses and zephyrs which is so assidnously created for their delectation. Perhaps to the over-sensitive lover, engaged life has also something that at its best estate is jarring and ominous. Thus, one of our most amusing novelists speaks of him as being a victim, with an uneasy consciousness that all the *petits soins* showered so thickly upon him during this period are but the fillets and ribbons necessary for his graceful decoration preliminary to the marriage-day—the day of the great sacrifice. The cynic or the jester may decry the pleasures of an engagement; but we should ill repay the confidence of our readers, did we not hasten to assure them, from the plenitude of our experience, that engaged life is a very blissful period. It is the May of life, all flowers and sunshine, far removed from the winter of bachelordom, but with many an intimation of the long even days of wedlock's summer. We will conclude with a last rule for those who are anxions on the subject of our paper. Doubtless a stray sentence in it may have offended the finer tastes of the fair sex; in this, our last advice to their admirers, there is no fear but what once more we shall win their smiles; all who are thinking of proposing cannot do better than propose at once! Remember the noble motto of the gallant Montrose:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all!"

WOMAN'S SHORTCOMINGS.

SHE has laughed as softly as if she sighed;
She has counted six, and over,
Of a purse well filled, and a heart well tried—
Oh, each a worthy lover!
They "give her time," for her soul must slip
Where the world has set its grooving;
She will lie to none with her fair red lip,
But love seeks truer loving.

She trembles her fan in a sweetness dumb,
As her thoughts were beyond recalling,
With a glance for one, and a glance for some,
From her eyelids rising and falling;
Speaks common words with a bashful air,
Hears bold words, unreproving;
But her silence says—what she never will swear,
And love seeks better loving.

Go, lady, lean to the light guitar,
And drop a smile to the bringer,
Then smile as sweetly, when he is far,
At the voice of an in-door singer;
Bask tenderly beneath tender eyes,
Glance lightly on their removing;
And join new words to old perjuries—
But dare not call it loving.

Unless you can think, when the song is done,
No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by one,
That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know, when upraised by his breath,
That our beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear, "For life, for death!"
Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love, as the angels may,
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you:
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through behoving and unbehoving;
Unless you can die, when the dream is past,
Oh, never call it loving! [*Mrs. Browning.*

THE GOLDEN LOAF.

THERE was a time when justice was very differently administered from the way in which it now is, and remote places were left long without the restraint or protection of the law. Although there were nominal authorities, the people were nearly free to follow their own devices; and when there was a show of bringing offenders to book and protecting the oppressed, the judge who ought to have done it was too often open to corruption, and allowed a bribe to influence him to an unrighteous decision.

During this time there was in a certain small town a baker, who had learned an important secret in the way of preparing bread. By means of it he succeeded in obtaining all the custom in the place; for his bread was so good that nobody could eat any other, having tasted it.

As his business increased he was compelled to have a foreman to help him; for the work was greater than he could manage. His wife, indeed, assisted him according to her strength, but that was not equal to his need; so he had recourse to a young man of good character, to whom he intrusted so much of his secret as fitted him to become his foreman and factotum.

He had not long made his arrangement when he became very ill and likely to die. In this state he summoned the foreman to his bedside, where his wife and children stood weeping around him.

"You know," he said, "I have done you good service for the service you have done me. I have paid you high wages, and you have fared as my own son would have done; moreover, I have taught you enough of my secret to make you an excellent baker, the first in the town, unless I sell the whole of my secret to another now, before I die, when, of course, your trade would be spoiled."

The foreman looked alarmed at the thought of this, but the baker went on:

"Now, though my trade has been so good, I am not rich, for I have always been liberal, as you know. I leave my wife with six children, whom she will find it hard to provide for; therefore I must do something to secure her enough money to put her in a way of bringing them up in credit and comfort. If you will give me fifty pieces of gold, you shall have the whole of my secret—you have the right to the first offer; but, if you will not, I must send for another man, who will be glad to do it, I know, for he has offered me that sum already."

The foreman declared his gratitude and willingness to pay the money, and entreated his dying master to believe that he would carefully watch the interests of his family, and never lose sight of what he owed to him.

"That is well," said the baker, "but pay the money, that I may tell you the secret at once, for my strength is failing."

The foreman began to deplore his fate that he did not possess five gold pieces, much less fifty; "but let me sign a paper," he said, "vowing that I will give the sum before six months are up, for I know I shall speedily gain the same, and I will live on herbs and water till I am free of the debt."

The honest baker, not suspecting that fraud and hypocrisy could lurk under such a fair face with such fine speech, consented, and a paper was drawn up promising not only the fifty pieces, but *five more*, for the six months' waiting, by the wish of the foreman, so anxious did he seem to do the right thing by his master's widow.

This paper was duly signed and sealed and delivered to the baker for his wife, before two witnesses; and then the good man told his whole secret of bread-making to his foreman.

He died very shortly afterwards, and the paper was given by him to his wife, with these words:

"I hope you will not only get this money, but that you will have secured a true and lasting friend in the foreman. If he should go from his word, however, which I cannot believe possible, God will right you; never lose your confidence in Him, nor put it too strongly in any man; only live in his fear, and He will protect you."

At first the poor widow was so distressed that she thought little of her affairs or the paper; her heart had been so much stricken by the loss of her excellent husband to entertain a thought of anything else; but as time wore on, and her children's prospects pressed upon her, she was forced to forget some of her grief, or rather to remember her duty as a mother.

When she came to bestir herself, she found that the foreman had made a false return of the goods left in the shop, and had paid her far less than they were worth. This alarmed her; and when she discovered further that the witnesses to the paper were men of bad character, who were known to be lawless and profligate, though they had passed for honest men, she was in great grief.

She waited till the six months were up, and then went to the foreman, who pretended to be quite surprised at her application; declared that it was all a fabrication about the agreement, that his signature had been forged, and that the two witnesses would swear they had never seen him put his hand to anything of the kind.

The poor widow, amazed at his wickedness, entreated him to remember the scene by her dying husband's bedside, and all the promises he had made there.

He told her she was crazy, or wanted to cheat him, and ordered his men to put her out of the shop, and shut the door.

"Nay, then," said she, "the judge will be here soon. I will lay my case before him, and God will see me righted."

The foreman laughed, for he knew the judge that was expected, and thought he could safely provide for him. As to the interference of Divine power in behalf of the widow, of course he did not fear *that;* for how should the wicked and unjust oppressor have any faith in a righteous and avenging God?

The widow went home to weep and to pray; the baker went home to triumph and to plot.

The day came for the judge's approach to the town. Every one expected the same that had given awards for some years past, the baker among the rest.

There was a great crowd by the gate through which he was to make his entrance, and among the foremost was the baker. To his vexation he heard that it was not the same that had been before; but he couldn't see him; the crowd was too great.

He was perplexed; he asked on one side and the other, "Do you know aught of the judge? what is he like? why is *he* come? what character has he?" but no one could satisfy him. The truth was, that the old judge had been taken ill on the road, and another of a different stamp had been appointed to supply his place.

The baker made his way to the judge's house, and there busied himself among the servants, to find out what kind of a man he had to deal with. While he was talking and asking, the judge passed through the hall in a plain dress, without anything to distinguish him from any ordinary person.

"Is that the judge's clerk?" asked the baker of one of the men in the hall. Before he could get an answer, the judge, who heard him stepped up and said, "Do you want anything with the judge's clerk?"

There was a keen look about the eye that rather put the baker into doubt as to how far he might trust the speaker. He hesitated a moment, but answered at last that he had a small matter to talk about.

"Come with me, then," said the judge; "I am the judge's clerk."

Now this was true; for he had left his clerk behind to manage matters in his absence, and was now his own clerk.

The baker, encouraged by his manner, followed him to a room, and then put down a loaf of bread.

"What may this be for?" asked the judge.

"It is a present for my lord the judge," replied the baker.

"Why do you make it?" asked the judge.

"Because I wish him to be as good a judge as our last was," said the baker.

"How good was he?" asked the judge.

"So good that he never suffered his friends to get into trouble," said the baker.

"And am I to give him this loaf?" asked the judge.

"*If*," said the baker—"*if it is safe* to do it; but you understand that heavy bread does not suit all stomachs?"

"Truly so," said the judge; "but his lordship has a stout stomach, and can digest heavy bread."

"That is good," said the baker; "then I warrant that my golden loaf will do good both to him and to me."

"No doubt of that," said the judge; "but will you not give me a small roll, at any rate, for presenting it?"

"That will I!" cried the baker, "if you will stand my friend against a troublesome widow that wants to get fifty-five gold pieces out of my pocket."

"Let me have the roll," said the judge, holding out his hand. The baker immediately produced it.

"Is it a golden roll? I can do as well with heavy bread as my lord," said the judge.

"It *is* a golden roll," said the baker; "and now you think I may be sure of the judge?"

"As sure as you are of me," said the judge; "but just tell your case, that I may know how to advise his lordship."

The next morning the court opened, and several cases were tried; the baker did not appear till he had finished his morning batches of bread, for he had been told that his business would not be attended to early.

When he got to the court he found the widow with her six children standing there with her paper in her hand.

The judge had a dress on, with a curious sort of cap that greatly disguised him, so that from a distance the baker didn't know him again.

He waited impatiently till his name was called, with that of the widow.

"Here, my lord!" he said, with great boldness.

"Here, my lord!" said the poor woman, feebly.

"Before I hear this case," said the judge, "I think it well to read the regulations for the court, which I am told have been somewhat neglected here of late."

Whereupon he began, and, among other things, read that if any person were convicted of bribing a judge, he should be put into the pillory, pay a heavy fine, and be imprisoned for a year.

The baker was surprised to hear this, and began to look more attentively at the judge. But the judge did not seem to notice him. He listened to the case; and when the widow had told her story and produced the paper, and the baker had sworn it was not his signature, and the two witnesses had done the same, he gave judgment in favor of the baker, saying at the same time to the widow: "There is no proof to disprove the words of these men. I am sorry for you. Can you eat heavy bread? because if you can, I will give you a loaf that may serve for a meal, which yonder honest baker brought to me last evening; and here is a roll of the same, that he was so thoughtful as to give to my clerk; you may let your children have it."

So saying, he produced the loaf and the roll.

"My conscience would not have allowed me to take a bribe more costly," he added; "for I must then have put the good man in the pillory, and fined and imprisoned him, but I could not refuse a loaf of bread."

"My lord, my lord! I would rather than a gold piece that I had my loaf and my roll back again," said the baker, much alarmed and agitated.

"Nay," said the judge, looking steadily at him, "I cannot sell my loaf for one gold piece; I will rather give it to the widow."

The baker could not bear the thought of her having it in her power to expose him to the penalty of the law, and entreated the judge to let him have back his loaf at any price.

"Any price?" said the judge; "very well, then; bring me fifty-five gold pieces for the loaf, and ten more for the roll, and then thou shalt have them back."

The baker ran back to his house and returned with all speed, bemoaning his fate that he should have been so grievously outwitted.

When he brought the money into court, the judge called the widow and paid it over to her. "There," said he, "that will do you more good than this rogue's heavy bread. I have heard of your faith and your patience, and now you see the end of them. As for *you*," he said to the baker, "it would serve you right if I made you pay dearer still for your golden loaf; but I hope you will remember that there is something that is deeper than the deepest cunning, and higher than the highest inventions of sin, and that the trust this woman put in the God of the widow was of more avail to her than all your lying dishonesty and craft have proved to you."—*Leisure Hour.*

MISTAKES will happen in the best regulated newspapers. The *Transcript*, of Boston, for which E. P. Whipple and H. T. Tuckerman are frequent writers, and of which Mr. Haskel is the learned editor, spoke, in a leader, the other day, of "the *Fortnightly Review*, one of the most ambitious and able British *quarterlies!*" A lady called at a book-store in Boston, recently, and inquired whether *Every Saturday* was published once a month.

THE QUEEN'S REVENGE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

THE name of Gustavus Adolphus, the faithful Protestant, the great general, and the good king of Sweden, has been long since rendered familiar to English readers of history. We all know how this renowned warrior and monarch was beloved by his soldiers and subjects, how successfully he fought through a long and terrible war, and how nobly he died on the field of battle. With his death, however, the interest of the English reader in Swedish affairs seems to terminate. Those who have followed the narrative of his life carefully to the end, may remember that he left behind him an only child, a daughter named Christina. But of the character of this child, and of her extraordinary adventures after she grew to womanhood, the public in England is, for the most part, entirely ignorant. In the popular historal and romantic literature of France, Queen Christina is a notorious character. In the literature of this country she has, hitherto, been allowed but little chance of making her way to the notice of the world at large.

And yet, the life of this woman was in itself a romance. At six years old she was Queen of Sweden, with the famous Oxensteirn for guardian. This great and good man governed the kingdom in her name until she had lived through her minority. Four years after her coronation she, of her own accord, abdicated her rights in favor of her cousin, Charles Gustavus. Young and beautiful, the most learned and most accomplished woman of her time, she resolutely turned her back on the throne of her inheritance, and set forth to wander through civilized Europe in the character of an independent traveller who was resolved to see all varieties of men and manners, to collect all the knowledge which the widest experience could give her, and to measure her mind boldly against the greatest minds of the age.

So far, the interest excited by her character and her adventures is of the most picturesquely-attractive kind. There is something strikingly new in the spectacle of a young queen who prefers the pursuit of knowledge to the possession of a throne, and who barters a royal birthright for the privilege of being free. Unhappily, the portrait of Christina cannot be painted throughout in bright colors only. It must be recorded to her disgrace that, when her travels brought her to Rome, she abandoned the religion for which her father fought and died. And it must be admitted in the interests of truth, that she freed herself from other restraints beside the restraint of royalty. Mentally distinguished by her capacities, she was morally degraded by her vices and her crimes.

The events in the strange life of Christina, especially those connected with her actions in the character of Queen-Errant, present ample materials for a biography, which might be regarded in England as a new contribution to our historical literature. One among the many extraordinary adventures which marked the Queen's wandering career, may be related in these pages as an episode in the history of her life which is complete in itself. The events of which the narrative is composed throw light, in many ways, on the manners, habits and opinions of a past age; and they can, moreover, be presented in the remarkable words of an eye witness who beheld them two centuries ago.

The scene is the palace of Fontainebleau, the time is the close of the year sixteen hundred and fifty-seven, the persons are the wandering Queen Christina; her grand equerry, the Marquis Monaldeschi; and Father Le Bel of the Convent of Fontainebleau, the witness whose testimony we are shortly about to cite.

Monaldeschi, as his name implies, was an Italian by birth. He was a handsome, accomplished man, refined in his manners, supple in his disposition, and possessed of the art of making himself eminently agreeable in the society of women. With these personal recommendations, he soon won his way to the favor of Queen Christina. Out of the long list of her lovers, not one of the many whom she encouraged caught so long and firm a hold of her capricious fancy as Monaldeschi. The intimacy between them probably took its rise, on her side at least, in as deep a sincerity of affection as it was in Christina's nature to feel. On the side of the Italian, the connection was prompted solely by ambition. As soon as he had reaped all the advantages of the position of chief favorite in the Queen's court, he wearied of his royal mistress, and addressed his attentions secretly to a young Roman lady, whose youth and beauty powerfully attracted him, and whose fatal influence over his actions ultimately led to his ruin and his death.

After endeavoring to ingratiate himself with the Roman lady, in various ways, Monaldeschi found that the surest means of winning her favor lay in satisfying her malicious curiosity on the subject of the secret frailties of Queen Christina. He was not a man to be troubled by any scrupulous feelings of honor when the interests of his own intrigues happened to be concerned; and he shamelessly took advantage of the position that he held towards Christina, to commit breaches of confidence of the most meanly infamous kind. Not contented with placing in the possession of the Roman lady the series of the Queen's letters to himself, containing secrets that she had revealed to him in the fullest confidence of his worthiness to be trusted, he wrote letters of his own to the new object of his addresses, in which he ridiculed Christina's fondness for him, and sarcastically described her smallest personal defects with a heartless effrontery which the most patient of women would have found it impossible to forgive. While he was thus privately betraying the confidence that had been reposed in him, he was publicly affecting the most unalterable attachment and the most sincere respect for the queen.

For some time this disgraceful deception proceeded successfully. But the hour of the discovery was at hand, and the instrument of effecting it was a certain cardinal who was desirous of supplanting Monaldeschi in the queen's favor. The priest contrived to get possession of the whole correspondence which had been privately confided to the Roman lady, including, besides Christina's letters, the letters which Monaldeschi had written in ridicule of his royal mistress. The whole collection of documents was enclosed by the cardinal in one packet, and was presented by him at a private audience, to the queen.

It is at this critical point of the story that the testimony of the eye-witness whom we propose to quote, begins. Father Le Bel was present at the terrible execution of the queen's vengeance on Monaldeschi, and was furnished with copies of the whole correspondence which had been abstracted from the Roman lady. Having been trusted with the secret he is wisely and honorably silent throughout his narrative on the subject of Monaldeschi's offence. Such particulars of the Italian's baseness and ingratitude as have been presented here, have been gathered from the contradictory reports which were current at the time, and which have been preserved by the old French collectors of historical anecdotes. The details of the extraordinary punishment of Monaldeschi's offence, which are now to follow, may be given in the words of Father Le Bel himself. The reader will understand that his narrative begins immediately after Christina's discovery of the perfidy of her favorite.

The sixth of November, sixteen hundred and fifty-seven (writes Father Le Bel,) at a quarter past nine in the morning, Queen Christina of Swedeu, being at that time lodged in the Royal Palace of Fontainebleau, sent one of her men servants to my convent, to obtain an interview with me. The messenger, on being admitted to my presence, inquired if I was the superior of the convent, and when I replied in the affirmative, informed me that I was expected to present myself immediately before the Queen of Sweden.

Fearful of keeping her majesty waiting, I followed the man at once to the palace, without waiting to take any of my brethren from the convent with me.

After a little delay in the ante-chamber, I was shown into the Queen's room.

She was alone; and I saw, by the expression of her face, as I respectfully begged to be favored with her commands, that something was wrong. She hesitated for a moment; and then told me, rather sharply, to follow her to a place where she might speak with the certainty of not being overheard. She led me into the Galerie des Cerfs, and, turning round on me suddenly, asked if we had ever met before. I informed her Majesty that I had once had the honor of presenting my respects to her; that she had received me graciously, and that there the interview had ended. She nodded her head and looked about her a little; then said, very abruptly, that I wore a dress (referring to my convent costume) which encouraged her to put perfect faith in my honor; and she desired me to promise beforehand that I would keep the secret with which she was about to entrust me as strictly as if I had heard it in the confessional. I answered, respectfully, that it was part of my sacred profession to be trusted with secrets; that I had never betrayed the private affairs of any one; and that I could answer for myself as worthy to be honored by the confidence of a queen.

Upon this, her Majesty handed me a packet of papers, sealed in three places, but having no superscription of any sort. She ordered me to keep it under lock and key, and to be prepared to give it back again before any person in whose presence she might see fit to ask me for it. She, further, charged me to remember the day, the hour, and the place in which she had given me the packet; and with that last piece of advice she dismissed me. I left her alone in the gallery, walking slowly away from me, with her head drooping on her bosom, and her mind, as well as I could presume to judge, perturbed by anxious thoughts.*

On Saturday, the tenth of November, at one o'clock in the afternoon, I was sent for to the Palace again. I took the packet out of my private cabinet, feeling that I might be asked for it; and then followed the messenger as before. This time he led me at once to the Galerie des Cerfs. The moment I entered it, he shut the door behind me with such extraordinary haste and violence, that I felt a little startled.

* Although Father Le Bel discreetly abstains from mentioning the fact, it seems clear from the context that he was permitted to read, and that he did read, the papers contained in the packet.

As soon as I recovered myself, I saw her Majesty standing in the middle of the gallery, talking to one of the gentlemen of her Court, who was generally known by the name of The Marquis, and whom I soon ascertained to be the Marquis Monaldeschi, Grand Equerry of the Queen of Sweden. I approached her Majesty and made my bow—then stood before her, waiting until she should think proper to address me.

With a stern look on her face, and with a loud, clear, steady voice, she asked me, before the Marquis and before three other men who were also in the gallery, for the packet which she had confided to my care.

As she made that demand, two of the three men moved back a few paces, while the third, the captain of her guard, advanced rather nearer to her. I handed her back the packet. She looked at it thoughtfully for a little while; then opened it, and took out the letters and written papers which it contained, handed them to the Marquis Monaldeschi, and insisted on his reading them. When he had obeyed, she asked him, with the same stern look and the same steady voice, whether he had any knowledge of the documents which he had just been reading. The Marquis turned deadly pale, and answered that he had now read the papers referred to for the first time.

"Do you deny all knowledge of them?" said the Queen. "Answer me plainly, sir. Yes or no?"

The Marquis turned paler still. "I deny all knowledge of them," he said, in faint tones, with his eyes on the ground.

"Do you deny all knowledge of these too?" said the Queen, suddenly producing a second packet of manuscript from under her dress, and thrusting it in the Marquis's face.

He started, drew back a little, and answered not a word. The packet which the Queen had given to me contained copies only. The original papers were those which she had just thrust in the Marquis's face.

"Do you deny your own seal and your own handwriting?" she asked.

He murmured a few words, acknowledging both the seal and the handwriting to be his own, and added some phrases of excuse, in which he endeavored to cast the blame that attached to the writing of the letters on the shoulders of other persons. While he was speaking, the three men in attendance on the Queen silently closed around him.

Her Majesty heard him to the end. "You are a traitor," she said, and turned her back on him.

The three men, as she spoke those words, drew their swords.

The Marquis heard the clash of the blades against the scabbards, and, looking quickly round, saw the drawn swords behind him. He caught the Queen by the arm immediately, and drew her away with him, first into one corner of the gallery, then into another, entreating her in the most moving terms to listen to him, and to believe in the sincerity of his repentance. The Queen let him go on talking without showing the least sign of anger or impatience. Her color never changed; the stern look never left her countenance. There was something awful in the clear, cold, deadly resolution which her eyes expressed while they rested on the Marquis's face.

At last she shook herself free from his grasp, still without betraying the slightest irritation. The three men with the drawn swords, who had followed the Marquis silently, as he led the Queen from corner to corner of the gallery, now closed round him again, as soon as he was left standing alone. There was perfect silence for a minute or more. Then the Queen addressed herself to me.

"Father le Bel," she said, "I charge you to bear witness that I treat this man with the strictest impartiality." She pointed, while she spoke, to the Marquis Monaldeschi with a little ebony riding-whip that she carried in her hand. "I offer that worthless traitor all the time he requires—more time than he has any right to ask for—to justify himself if he can."

The Marquis hearing these words, took some letters from a place of concealment in his dress, and gave them to the Queen, along with a small bunch of keys. He snatched these last from his pocket so quickly, that he drew out with them a few small silver coins which fell to the floor. As he addressed himself to the Queen again, she made a sign with her ebony riding-whip to the men with the drawn swords; and they retired toward one of the windows of the gallery. I, on my side, withdrew out of hearing. The conference which ensued between the Queen and the Marquis lasted nearly an hour. When it was over, her Majesty beckoned the men back again with the whip, and then approached the place where I was standing.

"Father le Bel," she said, in her clear, ringing, resolute tones, "there is no need for me to remain here any longer. I leave that man," she pointed to the Marquis again, "to your care. Do all that you can for the good of his soul. He has failed to justify himself, and I doom him to die."

If I had heard sentence pronounced against myself, I could hardly have been more terrified than I was when the Queen uttered these last words. The Marquis heard them where he was standing, and flung himself at her feet. I dropped on my knees by his side, and entreated her to pardon him, or, at least, to visit his offence with some milder punishment than the punishment of death.

"I have said the words," she answered, addressing herso

ouly to me; "and no power under Heaven shall make me unsay them. Many a man has been broken alive on the wheel for offences which were innocence itself compared with the offence which this perjured traitor has committed against me. I have trusted him as I might have trusted a brother; he has infamously betrayed that trust; and I exercise my royal rights over the life of a traitor. Say no more to me. I tell you again, he is doomed to die."

With those words the Queen quitted the gallery, and left me alone with Monaldeschi and the three executioners, who were waiting to kill him.

The unhappy man dropped on his knees at my feet, imploring me to follow the Queen, and make one more effort to obtain his pardon. Before I could answer a word, the three men surrounded him, held the points of their swords to his sides—without, however, actually touching him—and angrily recommended him to make his confession to me, without wasting any more time. I entreated them, with the tears in my eyes, to wait as long as they could, so as to give the Queen time to reflect, and, perhaps, to falter in her deadly intentions toward the Marquis. I succeeded in producing such an impression on the chief of the three men, that he left us, to obtain an interview with the Queen, and to ascertain if there was any change in her purpose. After a short absence he came back, shaking his head.

"There is no hope for you," he said, addressing Monaldeschi. "Make your peace with Heaven. Prepare yourself to die!"

"Go to the Queen!" cried the Marquis, kneeling before me with clasped hands. "Go to the Queen yourself; make one more effort to save me! Oh, Father le Bel, run one more risk—venture one last entreaty—before you leave me to die!"

"Will you wait till I come back?" I said to the three men.

"We will wait," they answered, and lowered their sword-points to the ground.

I found the Queen alone in her room, without the slightest appearance of agitation in her face or her manner. Nothing that I could say had the slightest effect on her. I adjured her by all that religion holds most sacred, to remember that the noblest privilege of any sovereign is the privilege of granting mercy; that the first of Christian duties is the duty of forgiving. She heard me unmoved. Seeing that entreaties were thrown away, I ventured, at my own proper hazard, on reminding her that she was not now living in her own kingdom of Sweden, but that she was the guest of the King of France, and lodged in one of his own palaces; and I boldly asked her if she had calculated the possible consequences of authorizing the killing of one of her attendants inside the walls of Fontainebleau, without any preliminary form of trial, or any official notification of the offence that he had committed. She answered me coldly, that it was enough that she knew the unpardonable nature of the offence of which Monaldeschi had been guilty; that she stood in a perfectly independent position toward the King of France; that she was absolute mistress of her own actions, at all times and in all places; and that she was accountable to nobody under Heaven for her conduct toward her subjects and servants, over whose lives and liberties she possessed sovereign rights, which no consideration whatever should induce her to resign.

Fearful, as I was, of irritating her, I still ventured on reiterating my remonstrances. She cut them short by hastily signing to me to leave her.

As she dismissed me, I thought I saw a slight change pass over her face; and it occurred to me that she might not have been indisposed at that moment to grant some respite, if she could have done so without appearing to falter in her resolution, and without running the risk of letting Monaldeschi escape her. Before I passed the door, I attempted to take advantage of the disposition to relent which I fancied had perceived in her; but she angrily reiterated the gesture of dismissal before I had spoken half a dozen words. With a heavy heart, I yielded to necessity, and left her.

On returning to the gallery, I found the three men standing round the Marquis, with their sword-points on the floor, exactly as I had left them.

"Is he to live or to die?" they asked when I came in.

There was no need for me to reply in words; my face answered the question. The Marquis groaned heavily, but said nothing. I sat myself down on a stool, beckoned him to come to me, and begged him as well as my terror and wretchedness would let me, to think of repentance, and to prepare for another world. He began his confession kneeling at my feet, with his head on my knees. After continuing it for some time, he suddenly started to his feet with a scream of terror. I contrived to quiet him, and to fix his thoughts again on heavenly things. He completed his confession, speaking sometimes in Latin, sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian, according as he could best explain himself in the agitation which now possessed him.

Just as he had concluded, the Queen's chaplain entered the gallery. Without waiting to receive absolution, the unhappy Marquis rushed away from me to the chaplain, and, still clinging desperately to the hope of life, besought him to intercede with the Queen. The two talked together in low tones, holding each other by the hand. When their conference was over, the chaplain left the gallery again, taking with him the chief of the three executioners who were appointed to carry out the Queen's deadly purpose. After a short absence, this man returned without the chaplain. "Get your absolution," he said briefly to the Marquis, "and make up your mind to die."

Saying these words, he seized Monaldeschi, pressed him back against the wall at the end of the gallery, just under the picture of Saint Germain; and before I could interfere, or even turn aside from the sight, struck at the Marquis' right side with his sword. Monaldeschi caught the blade with his hand, cutting three of his fingers in the act. At the same moment, the point touched his side and glanced off. Upon this, the man who had struck at him exclaimed, "He has armor under his clothes," and, at the same moment, stabbed Monaldeschi in the face. As he received the wound, he turned round toward me, and cried out loudly, "Father le Bel! Father le Bel!"

I advanced toward him immediately. As I did so, the man who had wounded him retired a little, and signed to his two companions to withdraw also. The Marquis, with one knee on the ground, asked pardon of God, and said certain last words in my ear. I immediately gave him absolution, telling him that he must atone for his sins by suffering death, and that he must pardon those who were about to kill him. Having heard my words, he flung himself forward on the floor. While he was falling, one of the three executioners who had not assailed him as yet, struck at his head, and wounded him on the surface of the skull.

The Marquis sank on his face; then raised himself a little, and signed to the men to kill him outright, by striking him on the neck. The same man who had last wounded him, obeyed by cutting two or three times at his neck, without, however, doing him any great injury. For it was indeed true that he wore armor under his clothes, which armor consisted of a shirt of mail, weighing nine or ten pounds, and rising so high round his neck, inside his collar, as to defend it successfully from any chance blow with a sword.

Seeing this, I came forward to exhort the Marquis to bear his sufferings with patience, for the remission of his sins. While I was speaking, the chief of the three executioners advanced, and asked me if I did not think it was time to give Monaldeschi the finishing stroke. I pushed the man violently away from me, saying that I had no advice to offer on the matter, and telling him that if I had any orders to give, they would be for the sparing of the Marquis's life, and not for the hastening of his death. Hearing me speak in those terms, the man asked my pardon, and confessed that he had done wrong in addressing me on the subject at all.

He had hardly finished making his excuses to me, when the door of the gallery opened. The unhappy Marquis, hearing the sound, raised himself from the floor, and, seeing that the person who entered was the Queen's chaplain, dragged himself along the gallery, holding on by the tapestry that hung from the walls, until he reached the feet of the holy man. There, he whispered a few words (as if he was confessing) to the chaplain, who, after first asking my permission, gave him absolution, and then returned to the Queen.

As the chaplain closed the door, the man who had struck the Marquis on the neck, stabbed him adroitly with a long narrow sword in the throat, just above the edge of the shirt of mail. Monaldeschi sank on his right side, and spoke no more. For a quarter of an hour longer he still breathed, during which time I prayed by him, and exhorted him as I best could. When the bleeding from this last wound ceased, his life ceased with it. It was then a quarter to four o'clock. The death agony of the miserable man had lasted, from the time of the Queen's first pronouncing sentence on him, for nearly three hours.

I said the De Profundis over his body. While I was praying, the three men sheathed their swords, and the chief of them rifled the Marquis's pockets. Finding nothing on him but a prayer-book and a small knife, the chief beckoned to his companions, and they all three marched to the door in silence, went out, and left me alone with the corpse.

A few minutes afterward I followed them, to go and report what had happened to the Queen.

I thought her color changed a little when I told her that Monaldeschi was dead; but those cold, clear eyes of hers never softened, and her voice was still as steady and firm as when I first heard its tones on entering the gallery that day. She spoke very little, only saying to herself, "He is dead, and he deserved to die!" Then, turning to me, she added, "Father, I leave the care of burying him to you; and, for my own part, I will charge myself with the expense of having masses enough said for the repose of his soul." I ordered the body to be placed in a coffin, which I instructed the bearers to remove to the churchyard on a tumbril, in consequence of the great weight of the corpse, of the misty rain that was falling, and of the bad state of the roads. On Monday, the twelfth of November, at a quarter to six in the evening, the Marquis was buried in the parish church of Avon, near the font of holy water. The next day, the Queen sent one hundred livres, by two of her servants, for masses for the repose of his soul.

Thus ends the extraordinary narrative of Father Le Bel. It is satisfactory to record, as some evidence of the progress of humanity, that this barbarous murder, which would have passed unnoticed in the feudal times, as an ordinary and legitimate exercise of a sovereign's authority over a vassal, excited, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the utmost disgust and horror throughout Paris. The prime minister at that period, Cardinal Mazarin (by no means an over-scrupulous man, as all readers of French history know,) wrote officially to Christina, informing her that "a crime so atrocious as that which had just been committed under her sanction, in the Palace of Fontainebleau, must be considered as a sufficient cause for banishing the Queen of Sweden from the court and dominions of his sovereign, who, in common with every honest man in the kingdom, felt horrified at the lawless outrage which had just been committed on the soil of France."

To this letter Queen Christina sent the following answer, which, as a specimen of spiteful effrontery, has probably never been matched:

"Monsieur Mazarin.—Those who have communicated to you the details of the death of my equerry, Monaldeschi, knew nothing at all about it. I think it highly absurd that you should have compromised so many people for the sake of informing yourself about one simple fact. Such a proceeding on your part, ridiculous as it is, does not, however, much astonish me. What I am amazed at, is, that you and the king, your master, should have dared to express disapproval of what I have done.

"Understand, all of you—servants and masters, little people and great—that it was my sovereign pleasure to act as I did. I neither owe, nor render, an account of my actions to any one—least of all, to a bully like you.

* * * * * * *

"It may be well for you to know, and to report to any one whom you can get to listen to you, that Christina cares little for your court, and less still for you. When I want to revenge myself, I have no need of your formidable power to help me. My honor obliged me to act as I did; my will is my law, and you ought to know how to respect it. Understand, if you please, that wherever I choose to live, there I am Queen; and that the men about me, rascals as they may be, are better than you and the ragamuffins whom you keep in your service.

* * * * * * *

"Take my advice, Mazarin, and behave yourself for the future so as to merit my favor; you cannot, for your own sake, be too anxious to deserve it. Heaven preserve you from venturing on any more disparaging remarks about my conduct! I shall hear of them, if I am at the other end of the world, for I have friends and followers in my service who are as unscrupulous and as vigilant as any in yours, though it is probable enough that they are not quite so heavily bribed."

After replying to the prime minister of France in these terms, Christina was wise enough to leave the kingdom immediately.

For three years more, she pursued her travels. At the expiration of that time, her cousin, the King of Sweden, in whose favor she had abdicated, died. She returned at once to her own country, with the object of possessing herself once more of the royal power. Here the punishment of the merciless crime that she had sanctioned overtook her at last. The brave and honest people of Sweden refused to be governed by the woman who had ordered the murder of Monaldeschi, and who had forsaken the national religion for which her father had died. Threatened with the loss of her revenues as well as the loss of her sovereignty, if she remained in Sweden, the proud and merciless Christina yielded for the first time in her life. She resigned once more all right and title to the royal dignity, and left her native country for the last time. The final place of her retirement was Rome. She died there in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-nine. Even in the epitaph which she ordered to be placed on her tomb, the strange and daring character of the woman breaks out. The whole record of that wild and wicked existence, was summed up with stern brevity in this one line:

Christina Lived Seventy-two Years.

A carpenter, having neglected to make a gibbet, (which had been ordered by the executioner,) on the ground that he had not been paid for the last that he had erected, gave so much offence that the next time the judge came the circuit he was sent for. "Fellow," said the judge, in a stern voice, "how came you to neglect making the gibbet that was ordered on my account?" "I humbly beg your pardon," said the carpenter; "had I known that it *had been for your lordship*, it should have been done immediately."

A Loan.—A comedian lent a brother actor two shillings, and when he made a demand for the sum, the debtor turned peevishly from him, and said. "Hang it! I'll pay you to-day in some shape or other." Petersou good-humoredly replied, "I shall be much obliged to you, Tom, to let it be as much like two shillings as you can."

Sabbath Breaking.—A little girl, four years old, was on her way home from church with her father, when they passed a boy splitting wood, and the father remarked, "Mary, do you see that boy breaking the Sabbath?" The child made no reply, but walked home very thoughtfully, and meeting her mother, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, I saw a boy breaking the Sabbath with a big axe!"

NOTICE.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 7. 1866.

THE PEACE PROCLAMATION.

As a corollary to his former action, President Johnson has issued a Proclamation declaring the rebellion at an end and peace restored through the whole length and breadth of this once more united country. This is eminently proper and just. For nearly a year the clash of arms has not been heard, and after four years of hard fighting it is time that we should begin to reap the substantial fruits of the Peace which has been conquered. If it was proper for President Lincoln to issue a proclamation declaring the existence of rebellion, it is certainly no less right that his successor in office should issue one declaring the rebellion at an end. That it is at an end even the most radical member of our most contumacious Congress will not deny. Are we to deal with a conquered foe as we might with a band of captured gorillas, chaining them in cages and displaying them to the world as a national exhibition? It is very well to talk of the Sepoy rebellion in India and instance the action of the British Government with the rebels as furnishing at once an example and a justification of the manner in which we should deal with the South. But the cases are scarcely parallel. The Southerners were never sepoys; before the war we held them dear as countrymen, and a constant interchange of courtesies was maintained. During the war they were accorded the rights of belligerents and not treated as rebels. Exchange of prisoners went on, treaties were made, and flags of truce received. Even the prisoners taken upon the high seas, waging war upon Northern commerce, were not hanged, though in the strict eye of the law they were to be esteemed as pirates. The fact was very soon made patent that it was impossible to deal with half a nation in arms as with a district or township in revolt, and even the most clamorous for extreme measures silenced their demands when reprisal was threatened, and their own relatives lay within reach of Southern scaffolds. Consistency may be a jewel, but, for all that, it must not be claimed that expediency is without value. And very often consistency may be defined as simply: The best thing that can be done under the circumstances. It being acknowledged that the South is conquered, the only question at issue is: Shall we provoke the conquered into sullenness, and perhaps lash them into fury, by ignominious treatment, or shall we conciliate them by a fair and judicious treatment, the magnanimity of which the bitterest among them cannot but acknowledge. Argument would seem unnecessary, but there are spirits on earth that could not be happy in heaven, did they see any with whom they had had a feud while in the flesh sharing in its beatitudes. President Johnson's policy is consistent—for it follows out to the letter every principle upon which the war has been conducted. It is expedient—for, what other course could be pursued with safety? And it will have the endorsement of nations and of history, however the zealots, whose vision is bounded only by the present, may howl upon his heels.

Arthur B. Stout, M. D., one of the oldest of our pioneers publishes *An Essay on Public Education in California.* We are indebted to the author for a copy. Called forth by the, Hager School Bill, it is still eminently worthy of perusal, though that famous agitation lies quietly tabled. Dr. Stout's plea for opening the fountains of a higher education than that which is bounded by the "three Rs," to those who wish to avail themselves of the waters, is direct and convincing. That the masses are in no danger of being over-educated is an unfortunate fact, patent to all. "How many mechanics," exclaims our author, "who will surprise you by their manual dexterity, can correctly write and spell the bill for their work? How many merchants know how to keep their own books? In the hour of distress they must call an expert to balance their accounts."

THE SPECTACULAR DRAMA.

When the gay and gorgeous Menken flashed across our theatrical horizon, dazzling the parquet, bewildering the dress circle, and delighting the galleries by the brilliancy and breadth of her flesh-colored tights, public opinion as to the propriety of the display was very much divided. Or, rather it was not divided at all; with singular unanimity it was decided that the exhibition was magnificently improper, and in this fact an explanation will at once be found of the immense success which attended the Pacific engagement of that eminent Advocate of Woman's Rights and Tights. For, as a natural result, when once it became fairly established, or at least generally understood, that the exhibition was improper, every one went to see it. As a natural result every one was disappointed, so far as seeing anything improper was concerned; but as a logical consequence of the pre-established conviction that something improper would eventually be developed, every one went again, so that the houses were crowded nightly, and the fortunate exponent of the spectacular and shapely reaped a harvest sufficiently rich to repay her for all the slashing criticism she had to encounter at the hands of those who assume the duty of correcting the public taste whenever it wanders into unusual channels. It is only justice to add that even in England, where overcoats and umbrellas are carried to the extreme, the Menken's costume was considered the correct thing, and even the *Times*, which has a reputation for doing the highly moral, never ventured to suggest a single addition to it. And in France, where these things are understood much better, the dress of "Mazeppa" was considered so cumbersome that the hero of the wild girdle race of that piece could no more have made a successful run in it than could one of our fire boys, "jerking" the rope of his favorite "masheen," and clad in the voluminous folds of the ancient Roman toga.

The success to which we have just alluded inaugurated the reign of the spectacular drama, and, with very brief interregnums, it has held sway upon our stage ever since. Lately our people have returned to their mutton in the shape of *The Sheep's Foot*, which, for something over two weeks past, has so successfully drawn at the Metropolitan. We by no means intend to institute a parallel between the above mentioned *piéce de mouton* and *Mazeppe*, but we apprehend that very few will contradict the assertion that the shapeliness of limb which "Don Guzman" neither denies nor disguises, has contributed, in no small degree, to nightly swelling the houses. Much as the popular fancy may be attracted by tricks and transformations, we venture to say that the best spectacular piece ever put upon the stage, without a ballet and a liberal display of extremities, would be left literally "without a leg to stand upon."

We have slightly wandered from the end at which we were aiming in the outset of this writing, but the reader will find a sufficient excuse for the digression when he remembers the extreme discursiveness of the subject.

In view of the favor which the spectacular drama finds with our public, we simply wished to show that the taste is not a depraved one, as is often claimed; that, on the contrary, it is perfectly natural and has its foundation in a condition of things peculiar to the country. That "climatic influences" have anything to do with it we do not contend, but that influences no less compelling and controlling lie at the bottom of all, we resolutely maintain. In the first place, the population runs to legs: the development of our youth in that particular being so wonderful as to attract the attention of strangers. Climbing the hills upon which our schools are located is the primal cause of a peculiarity which there is no need to point out to visitors, though the pride of parents often impels them to do so. Bowles remarked it, and devotes nearly a chapter of his book to a discussion of what seems to have been to him a physiological problem, though no traveller among us has ever noted, to our knowledge, that brain is developed in a corresponding degree. Again, there is so very little concealment of this boast of our people, especially among the ladies, that if any doubt ever existed as to whether the peculiarity to which we have so delicately alluded existed in fact or in fancy alone, it would surely have been dissipated since the introduction among us of those skilful contrivances for the looping up of dresses, born in the Quartier Breda, and at once adopted, like the latest thing in back-hair, upon our own Montgomery street. With such exhibitions of limb upon the street it is little to be wondered at that the stage follows the fashion so closely, and that audiences sit so impassively. Covered limbs would probably excite attention most unpleasantly.

Again we have slightly wandered from our subject, and again we must ask the reader to find an excuse for us in the wide range which the spectacular opens to speculation and fancy. This country of ours is eminently a workday one. Rushing, bustling, driving, from morning till night, busied with plans how to make money and how to keep it, our people need relaxation when evening comes. To sit through one of Shakspeare's tragedies or Sheridan's comedies would scarcely unbend the bow. On the contrary it would very probably string it up to a finer tension. And people must rest their brains occasionally—whether they have any or not. What better then than the spectacular piece, where there is neither plot nor moral, where the spectator has only to give himself up to the scenery, the music, the dancing, and the wonderful mutations to which everything becomes subject, enjoying an immense amount of Sardanapalism at a comparatively small expense? It is a kindred feeling of weariness of thought and a desire to get away from it which impels our people to patronize New York *Ledgers* and *Waverly Magazines*, and to visit melodeons and go out to the Willows, and do a great many other things which tax the pocket little and the mind less. Again we repeat that this thirst for the spectacular on the part of our population is a perfectly legitimate and healthy one, and one, moreover, which should be encouraged rather than repressed. Think of the overworked minds among us and the terrible consequences that would ensue had they no means of relief, "no place to go to" and cast off the burden of thought, giving themselves up to the illusions of the senses. Stockton would be filled to repletion, and Homes of the Inebriate would multiply until they stood on every corner. In view of such patent facts we call upon managers to cultivate the spectacular, to cling to the spectacular, and to shower the spectacular around us

> Till the red man dance
> By his red cedar tree,
> And the red man's babe
> Leap beyond the sea.

For we have an idea that though the old generation may remain and be joyful, the younger one, belonging to a riper civilization, will evince considerable anxiety to get away.

AMUSEMENTS.

The grand fairy romance of *The Enchanted Beauty*, or the *Fairy of the Oak*, has held possession of Maguire's Opera House during the week. The piece was excellently put upon the stage, mountain lakes, enchanted forests—where devils in red, fire-breathing dragons, and recalcitrant statues encounter the traveller at every step—vieing with each other in gorgeousness and effect. The story reminds one of Tennyson's "Enchanted Palace," and one of the tableaux is evidently borrowed from that poem. Life seems to have been suddenly arrested, the dancing girl stands with tambourine outstretched, guests sit with goblets half raised to their lips, the maiden at her tambour frame neglects to draw her needle through the tapestry—all is still. In a moment the spell is broken and busy life begins. As a natural consequence the page kisses the waiting-woman—the very thing he was about to do when the spell of enchantment fell—and the guests at once empty their glasses. The closing tableau of the play is very effective indeed. And the leading characters have been well sustained without exception, Thorne as "Adelbert" glittering in silver harness, while Courtaine crosses the "Rubicon" of fun in the character of that name. Mrs. Edwin's double personation of "The Fairy of the Oak" and "Dame Ursula" was capital—the transformation from the beautiful elve to the old wrinkled, stooping lady being so perfect as to cause the audience to doubt that it is indeed the same person. Mrs. Saunders as "Mme. Babillard"—a contraction, perhaps, of babble hard—was also excellent—but when was this actress otherwise? Miss Belle Land made a pretty and charmingly dressed "Lisette," and Barry a funny "Cupidon." But to enumerate all the characters would require too much space. Miss Emma Miles bids fair to become an excellent *danseuse*. Last evening *The Ticket-of-Leave-Man* was produced for the benefit of the Ellsworth Zouave Cadets, and this afternoon *The Enchanted Beauty* will be given for the last time. This evening Alexander M. Kenaday—an old printer and an eminent advocate of the Eight Hour System, takes a benefit, Robert Fulford, of the San Francisco Amateur Association, appearing for the occasion as "Claude Melnotte" in *The Lady of Lyons*. On Monday evening *Monte Christo* will be produced for the benefit of James Dowling, one of our oldest stage managers.

At the Metropolitan, *The Sheep's Foot* still draws like a double traction engine. Strange how accidental a thing success is! Here is a piece which everybody was afraid of having anything to do with, and, behold, it turns out a perfect mine of wealth. The crowds that rush to it continue unabated, the box-sheet being generally filled two days in advance. For two or three evenings past, the private boxes have been occupied by wealthy Chinamen, who expanded their almond eyes into round hazel nuts with wonder at the miracles which these barbarian Buislays work. This evening Senor E. Buislay—the senior of the troupe—takes a benefit, and on Monday evening Julio takes the same thing. What on earth will this family do with all their money?

Tuesday evening is set aside for the benefit of Leon R. Benenx, the stage manager, who has proven as conclusively by his leap to his present position, that "some things can be done as well as others," as did Sam Patch in his leap at Niagara Falls. Mr. Beneux' benefit is a complimentary one, tendered by the whole company, the Buislays doing their Chair Perch and Niagara Leap on the occasion for the last

time. Mr. Beneux deserves a good benefit for his painstaking management of this popular piece, and should receive one.

And then, on Wednesday evening, Don Sallie Hinckley Guzman appears as a beneficiary, preparatory to packing her trunks and branching off into another and a larger field of usefulness. If to risk one's neck for the entertainment of audiences, by being jerked through traps, shot into the air like a rocket, and playing the part of Meshech, Shadrach, and Abednego in a blazing furnace, deserve any recognition at all, Miss Hinckley's benefit will be a most substantial one. Few ladies on our stage have exhibited the improvement which this lady has, and California can fairly claim her as a home production, for, on her first appearance among us, she gave little promise of the excellence she has now attained. That her benefit will be a rousing one may be accepted as a foregone conclusion.

Last, but not least, comes Fred. Woodhull—another of our bright and shining California calcium lights. As an eccentric comedian, Mr. Woodhull is so clever as to warrant most favorable auguries for his future. In burlesque he has few equals and no superior upon this coast. A better "Don Nigodinas" than his assumption of that character in the present piece could not be asked for. He takes a farewell benefit on Thursday evening at the Metropolitan, and, if he have what he deserves, the house will be a full one.

At Platt's Hall, on Monday evening, the 16th instant, Miss Emily Thorne takes a complimentary benefit tendered her by the British Benevolent Association, but of this there is yet time to speak before the event comes off.

Lectures.—Monday evening next, Rev. Dr. Scudder will lecture at Platt's Hall, the proceeds going to the Building Fund of the Howard Presbyterian Church. The subject is, "The Physical Beauties and the Literature of India," interspersed with some account of its snake charmers, jugglers, and athletes. Dr. Scudder is one of the most eloquent of our divines, and the material of his lecture is gathered from personal observation, he having been for many years a resident missionary in India. His lecture is spoken of in critical notices at the East as being amusing as well as instructive in its character. On Tuesday evening John Quincy Adams will deliver a lecture upon "Life"—certainly a live subject—at the First Presbyterian church. The proceeds will go to assist the lecturer in the completion of his collegiate course of studies—certainly a worthy object.

Two Venetians, Messrs. Feiullet de Conches and Armand Baschet, are believed to be the authors of *Blonde Women*. They draw the following delightful picture of Parisian morals: "The Parisian courtezans, at present organized in the French capital, are like the caste of ancient Venice, now disappeared; a pernicious caste, which devours in heart, body, and estate the Adonises of every age who please this species of women; who democratize good families by degrading their sons, dissolve circles of private society, and contribute to the demoralization and destruction of the great framework of society itself. The progress of luxury and the dissolution of morals have disgusted so many men with marriage that a sort of promiscuous intercourse of limited responsibility is in favor, and becomes daily more general. 'Tis the soul which gives senses to love; but love is absent from all that commerce. Young men, with faces as worn out as an old newspaper, expire in the indolence of a useless life. Old men, who think they rejuvenate themselves, look like Father Time leading the Hours to dance."

M. Gray—who has long been a music dealer though he did not grow gray in the business—very seldom inflicts bad pieces upon the public. We have received from him "Down by the Gate," a sweet little air sung by Adelaide Phillips; Tennyson's "Song of the Brook"—music by Dolores—"Only a Withered Rose;" the original edition of "The Nightingale's Trill," as sung by Parepa; and a "Simplette" by Favarger. There is not a bad piece of music in the collection.

The New York *Saturday Press* comes to us in an enlarged form, and with a heading almost as handsome and quaint as The Californian. "Figaro" still figures with his racy *feuilleton* in its columns, but at the head of another column, as editor and proprietor, he spells his name "Henry C. Clapp Jr." Always fresh and smiling, epigrammatic and sparkling, the *Saturday Press* carries with it a prestige which cannot fail to impress the public with its presence.

The London *Queen* says: "A prettier specimen of American typography and binding than *Outcroppings: being Selections of California Verse;* a little volume of poetry, which comes to us through Messrs. Truhner & Co, from San Francisco, we have seldom seen. It is quite equal to the productions of the Riverside Press, and is worth securing as a good sample of what the press of San Francisco can achieve."

The Pacific Ocean House, at Santa Cruz, is announced as "opened" for the reception of guests. It will be long before it is closed under the management of its present proprietor, George T. Bromley. A report is current in some quarters that he is better at opening hotels than oysters.

[For the Californian.]

LOOSE LEAVES FROM A YOUNG LADY'S JOURNAL.

[*To the Editor of The Californian*—Dear Sir: As I was walking through a garden the other day, I found scattered-about pages which seemed extracts from a young lady's diary. I take the liberty to send them to you, entitled "Loose Leaves from a Young Lady's Journal." Respectfully, Dennar Steuart.]

"A man who keeps a diary pays
Due toll to many tedious days;
But life become eventful, then
His busy hand forgets the pen.
Most books, indeed, are records less
Of fulness than of emptiness."

NUMBER ONE—Introductory.

May 1st, 1862.

"Miss Nettie, do hurry down," cried little Clara, opening my door just wide enough to thrust in her curly head; "here's two of the prettiest birds, a red one and a blue one, and Charlie has seen both of their nests. They're close to the house." "And there's a splendid steamboat just coming round the head," called Charlie from the foot of the stairs. "Now you can see the Mississippi, islands, cliffs and all. And here's a wagon load of folks going out to Carr's Lake, duck-shooting."

Childhood would rise immediately upon waking. To its inexperience each new day is a fresh lease of felicity, another glimpse of Fairy-land. 'Tis a casket in which jewelled hours and resplendent moments are imbedded. Touch but the spring, and rare treasures, singing birds, and airy wreaths of flowers fly out and blossom into fragrance and delight. But we, who have gained the sad wisdom of maturity, shrink from the new comer, and dread its possibilities. Half awake, nay, more than that, we linger with thoughtful head upon our pillow. This day must be one in which the great Battle of Life is waged, and we know the night will find us partly victor or partly vanquished. We are not eager for the encounter, we hesitate ere putting on our armor. Pleasures may be in store for us, perhaps such are already promised, but we prefer imagining them upon our couch rather than reaching forth for them with the grasping fingers of the Actual.

Promises are *not* performances. So we look at the closed hand of the advancing Aurora with no impatient curiosity; too often have her white fingers dropped for our portion the serpent's tooth, or dead man's bone, when their dimpled bewitching clasp had assured us of silvery pearl, or fragrant *marina*. In this delicious doze we gaze with half-closed eyes on the beautiful sorceress, and believe that her gifts will be gracious, or, at least, we contemplate with fortitude the baffled hopes and unsatisfied desires which may cluster through the coming hours.

But, dropping the ostentatious "we," which suggests a "somebody," I resume great "I," my rightful property as one of the million nobodies. I follow Saxe's, rather than Poor Richard's advice, upon Early Rising, and I am not sure I am sorry; yet my success in life need not trouble the ghost of the latter. I am no argument against the astuteness or veracity of his proverbial assertion. I have been called many times this morning. First, the scattered chanticleers opened a sort of picket firing, to give notice of the advancing foe to sleep. Then the birds, in full concert assembled, improvised a shower of airs and sonatas in honor of the coming conqueror, until I fancied a little Patti in every tree-top, and was ready to denounce the young farmer, who remarked last evening with a pastoral air, that "the most romantic time for walking was just afore sun-up, when the birds was beginning to cackle." Cackle! indeed. Well, my ears are fairly stormed and carried, but dullness still holds the citadels of sight. And now, through closed lids, I can see the Lancers coming. Long, level rays of gleaming light are thrown with unerring precision upon my doomed eyes until I gladly capitulate, and the enemy sets up his headquarters in my room. Gay-winged messengers flit hither and thither, peeping in every corner, and sitting upon every chair.

Now, too, I hear Aunt Winnie below, moving about her work, semi-chanting in that rich tropical tone of hers, "Thine eyes shall behold the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off." How her full voice lingers upon and repeats the words "that is very *far* off," and caresses with its cadences the expression, "the king in his beauty!" What a thrilling, mystical influence that monotonous singing has upon me! The very vagueness of the description heightening its effect, and whispering to my cold imagination of "the weight of glory;" suggesting dim, dreamy fancies of "the joy unspeakable." But, to Aunt Winnie, it doubtless unfolds a bright vision of "Immanuel's land," in all its entrancing splendor and luxurious repose. The African mind, with its warmth and vividness of coloring, appreciates better than the reasoning Anglo-Saxon the gorgeous, glowing Orientalisms of the Old Testament.

But I would not be driven from my bed, and, half sitting, half reclining upon my pillows, have scribbled away, dear old Journal, all this as introductory to a record of the coming summer at our Cedar Hill cottage.

ON LINDEN, ETC.

And speaking of steamboats reminds me of an incident of my late trip to Sacramento. I want to publish it as showing how going north on the river gradually enfeebles one's mind, and accounts for the strange imbecility of legislators who leave here sensible men, and become the reverse, to the astonishment of their constituents, by the time they reach their seats in the Capitol at Sacramento. John Paul, Lieutenant Ellis, and myself went up with Captain Poole to his room on the *Antelope* at ten o'clock last Saturday night, and by way of amusement, John Paul instituted an intellectual game. He recited the first line of "Hohenlinden:"

"On Linden, when the sun was low,"

I recited the second:

"All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,"

Lieutenant Ellis the third:

"And dark as winter was the flow"

John Paul the fourth:

"Of Iser, rolling rapidly."

Lieutenant Ellis began the next verse, and we went through it regularly, as before.

Bill Stevenson was umpire. He held the watch, allowed a man ten seconds to recollect his line, and if he couldn't, called "Time!" and "passed the deal" to the next, and the delinquent had to send for the whisky. Or if a man misquoted a word, Bill checked the mistake on his memorandum, and it was good for four drinks. Well, we went clear through the whole poem, and only one mistake, of a single little word, was made. The drinks were ordered. We went through it again; result, one mistake, and the drinks. We went through it again; result, one mistake, and whisky. We repeated the operation; result, three misquotations, and three whiskies all round. We stayed with that poem all the way to Sacramento, arriving there at 3 in the morning, and here is the way the first verse of "Hohenlinden" stood the last time we recited it:

Myself—"On London when the tray was low—"

John Paul—"The curfew tolled the knell of parting day;"

Lieut. Ellis—"This world is but a fleeting show—"

Myself—("Hic!) Berrer dog 'n ole dog Tray!"

Bill Stevenson said: "Texas, bring four quarts of whisky and charge to these gentlemen—such stupidity as this must be severely punished."

Now just see the effect that travelling in a northerly direction has on a man. The further you go the more idiotic you become. I don't wonder that those legislators give such frequent evidences of decaying intellect. Most of them go north, you know. Mark Twain.

The Cause of and Cure for Sea Sickness.—Those who have ever crossed the Atlantic, and have experienced that horrible and indescribable feeling called sea-sickness, can readily appreciate anything that will cure, or in any way even alleviate it. Dr. John Chapman, of London, who has attained much celebrity for the *Functional Diseases of the Stomach*, and is well known as being a very original and deep thinker, has devoted much time to the cause of sea-sickness, as also to the remedies for it, and has found the cause of it to be an undue amount of blood in the nervous centres along the back, and especially in those segments of the spinal cord related to the stomach, and the muscles concerned in vomiting. This condition is induced by the movement of it in three ways: 1st, through the brain; 2d, through the ligaments of the spinal cord; 3d, through the abdominal and pelvic viscera. Under these circumstances, he believes the only scientific, and really effective remedy, must be one which will have the effect of lessening the amount of blood in the whole nervous centres of the back. This is done by lowering the temperature of the spinal region by the application of ice, which, though it may appear formidable, yet, when applied, is anything but so, being on the contrary decidedly agreeable. He has tried this treatment in seventeen cases, in each of which it was found entirely successful. The mode of application is, to keep along the centre of the back a bag of ice, from the top of the neck to the hollow of the back, which must be continued as long as sea sickness continues. The bag should be made of very thin gutta percha, or oil silk, so as to fit close to the back.—*N. Y. Lancet.*

Two actresses were quarreling in Paris—as even actresses will do at times—in the presence of a third; they got very violent, and finally approached the question of age. This was too much for the youngest; and she came out with language more forcible than flattering, more "pagan than parliamentary." Suddenly she paused in her *bravura* of bad words, and turning to the witness said, "Oh, *ciel! ciel!* what have I done? Abused her, called her such names! I never knew who was my mother, and she might be." Picture the feelings and expression of the injured one.

In consequence of the alarm about the pork disease, the pig dealers of Vienna have telegraphed to their agents in Servia and Hungary not to send them any more animals for the present, as most of the great hotels have suppressed all preparations of pork in their bills of fare.

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Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage.
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

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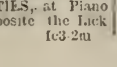

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AND THE

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Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ¼ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

THE

AWARDED THE *HIGHEST PREMIUM*

AT THE

State Fair of California,

The only Fair on the Pacific coast at which any two double-thread Machines were exhibited in competition in

1865.

If there is a FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE within one thousand miles of this office that is not working well, it will be attended to if I am informed of it, without expense to the owner. SAMUEL HILL,

General Agent,

111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

THE

FLORENCE

SEWING MACHINE

RECEIVED THE *FIRST PREMIUM*, A GOLD MEDAL, at the Great Exhibition of the

AMERICAN INSTUTE, - - - New York, 1865.

fe10-3m

THE EXCELSIOR HAT

OF

SAN FRANCISCO,

Paris, New York and London

STYLES FOR

SPRING AND SUMMER,

1866,

WAS INTRODUCED

Saturday, - - - - March 3,

AT

MEUSSDORFFER'S

HAT MANUFACTORIES,

Nos. 535 and 637 Commercial street..San Francisco
No. 125 J street.....Sacramento
Corner D and Second streets.....Marysville

Our style in MOLESKIN for this season is, we feel confident, the SUPERLATIVE OF ELEGANCE AND FINISH; our MERINO PINAUD and ST. CLOUD the most successful result of Parisian taste. Especial attention also deserve our

Chelsea, Chester, Crescent, Newport, Derby, and Clarendon Resorte.

CALL AND SEE THEM. mar3

THE ONLY LIVING ASTROLOGER,

PROF. COHEN,

530 California street, San Francisco,

THROUGH HIS NATURAL GIFT, can give correct information on the Past, Present and Future, on any subject that may be required so as to avoid trouble. As evidence of his reputation, he has received over 15,000 consultations during his residence of six years in San Francisco! Consultation fee, $2. By letter, $3. Letter box, 104. It is not necessary to give the age. Office, 530 California street. Hours from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M. mar15-3m

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MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at he last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes,

Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

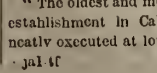
All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED,
mar10 3m SAMUEL WHITE.

GEO. P. KIMBALL & CO.,

Carriage Manufacturers,



CORNER MARKET AND FOURTH STREETS,

San Francisco.

GEORGE P. KIMBALL.....W. H. KNIGHT.

We have always on hand a large assortment of Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Thoroughbrace Wagons, Express, Grocery, Soda and Butcher Wagons and Lumber Gears.

CARRIAGES AND WAGONS

Of every description made to order and at shortest notice. Particular attention paid to the building of Wide Track Buggies and Wagons with Brakes, for mountain use. Orders from the country promptly attended to.

N. B. Kimball's Patent Goose Neck Trucks on hand.
mar2-3m

BEER AND WINE SALOON.

FAUST CELLAR,

Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets.

A. L. THIELE.....Proprietor

WESTPHALIA HAMS, RUSSIAN CAVIAR, SARDINES, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, etc.; the finest Brands of Liquors, Wines, Cigars, and Seltzer Water, Wholesale and Retail.

☞ Fishing and Hunting Parties fitted out at the shortest notice. fe24-3m

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STEAM COMMUNICATION

WITH THE

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE CALIFORNIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY will despatch their magnificent new steamship

AJAX,

Two Thousand Tons Burthen,

CHRISTOPHER GODFREY, - - - Commander,

FOR HONOLULU,

ON ———, - - - - - APRIL —, 1866,

AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.

The cabin accommodations of the Ajax are unsurpassed for comfort and elegance.

To invalids and tourists this trip offers uncqualled inducements, not only on the point of economy, but also in the superior accommodations of the ship, and the pleasure of a voyage to these Islands.

Freight taken at the lowest current rates.

Bills of Lading will be furnished to shippers, and none others signed.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office of the California Steam Navigation Company.

fe23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,

415 WASHINGTON STREET,

nearly opposite the Post Office,

SAN FRANCISCO,

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

ja1-tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLE

SILK HAT,

1866,

INTRODUCED - - - - - - - MARCH 3

BY

McGANN & CO.,

FASHIONABLE HATTERS,

No. 654 Washington street,

Two doors below Kearny.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES.—Silk, Felt, Beaver, and other HATS for sale at the lowest prices.

CAPS of every description, suitable for all ages, made to order.

McGANN & CO., being experienced and skilled in all the branches of the manufacture of Hats, feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to their patrons. Every description of Hats and Caps made to order.

Remember, McGANN & CO., Practical Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

☞ New Goods by every steamer. mar10

HEUSTON,

HASTINGS

& CO.

The Fashionable Clothiers

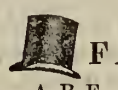
OF

SAN FRANCISCO,

Have established a TRUNK DEPOT in the basement of their Store equal to any in New York, and prices 20 per cent. lower than any other House in the city.

mar17-3m

GREAT ATTRACTION!



THE FASHIONS

ARE ALL THE GO!

Lamott, - - - Hatter,

IS NOW THE MAN! HE IS READY WITH HIS

BROADWAY STYLES FOR THE

Spring of 1866.

JUST SEE THE DIFFERENCE between his styles and the others in this city. There is style about his Hats that does not appear in others.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS!

LAMOTT, 227 Russ Block, is bound to be the LEADER of Fashion.

LAMOTT'S SPRING STYLES

show taste. It is a good thing that you have a man among you who is willing to take a stand outside of others, to introduce a style that is new, and not follow in the wake of others that are about one year behind the times.

GO TO HIS STORE FOR A HAT,

No. 220.....Montgomery street,

and get something that is new. mar22-3m

GUSTAVE A. SCOTT,

(Organist of Cavalry Church,)

TEACHER OF MUSIC.

Residence, "Miel Institute," 55 and 56 South Park.

Class Lessons every day, from 3 till 8 P. M. Terms, $6 per month.

Private Lessons at the Institute or Pupils' Residence, at the usual prices. Ja30-3m

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AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street. - - - - - Petaluma.

mar24 6m EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

OCCIDENTAL

INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary. mh25-tf

THE NORTH BRITISH AND

MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - -	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

No. 422 California street, - - - San Francisco

Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
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NATIONAL

Insurance Company,

OF

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....One Million of Dollars,

Paid Up in Full.

LOSSES PAYABLE IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

This company is prepared to insure brick, frame, and other BUILDINGS, MERCHANDISE, FURNITURE, and other insurable property, on the most favorable terms. Losses will be adjusted promptly in GOLD coin.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Albert Dibblee, Chairman,	Joseph A. Donohoe,
John G. Bray,	Richard G. Sneath,
George W. Gibbs,	Henry Pierce.

OFFICE,

408 *Montgomery street,*

Adjoining Loudon and San Francisco Bank, and opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

WILLIAM PIERCE, President.
D. W. C. THOMPSON, Vice President
W. W. WIGGINS, Secretary. fe10-3m

RELIABLE

AND LIBERAL!

THE BROOKLYN

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

HAS MADE ALL ITS POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

Dividends declared and PAID annually on the MUTUAL PLAN. Its policies are INCONTESTIBLE after five years from their date.

Thirty days grace in payment of premium.

C. W. BOUCK, President.
A. D. POLHAMUS, Vice President.

STEPH. T. KING,

General Agent for the Pacific States and Territories,

712 Montgomery street,

mar31 1m SAN FRANCISCO.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder leane,
And cleane
From fat of veales and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an houre,
Or rag'd to go,
Or show
A down-cast look and sowre?

No, 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart-grief rent,
To starve thy sin,
Not bin:
And that's to keep thy Lent. [*Herrick.*

[For the Californian.]

GARDENING AND HEALTH.

THE following account of the advantages of gardening as a means of procuring health is given in the hope that it may be of use to some one in a like situation:

Mr. W. had for many years been laboring under disease, without exactly knowing the nature of his complaint or being able to find any remedy for it. As he suffered greatly from indigestion and depression of spirits, he applied to several celebrated members of the medical profession, took their medicines and followed their directions without deriving any benefit from either. Still his nights continued sleepless and attended with so much pain that he was glad of any excuse to keep him out of bed; his nervous system was so deranged that, to use his own expression, "it would have been a relief if any one had shot him through the head." Weary of life, and compelled to relinquish his profession, he had almost given up all hope, when a person met him who had been similarly afflicted, and asked him if he had ever tried gardening. He advised him to leave the city at once and remove to the suburbs where he could have a garden; he did so, and began work by putting it in order and ready for planting. In the course of a few weeks he found that he was beginning to get better; he left off his doctors and medicine, and his family once more conceived hopes of a long and peaceful life being yet before him.

At the end of a year Mr. W. had as fine a garden as could be seen, with fruit trees, vines, vegetables and flowers; and he now enjoys better health than he ever did before in his life, eating his meals like a farmer, occupying the hours not devoted to his garden in literary pursuits, retiring and rising early, and enjoying all the pleasures of life, and never fails on all occasions to acknowledge that to gardening alone, under Providence, he is indebted for this happy change in his existence.

A celebrated clergyman, speaking on this subject, says: "I have discovered a new system of gymnastics—rather newer, I think, than that of Dio Lewis. It is a curious question, quite too abstruse, which is best, heavy dumb-bells, bladders, hooks, and infinite tumblings and contortions at infinite risks of your neck, or wooden-bells and a small pole, *a la* Lewis. Never mind! Don't puzzle your mind or break your neck to settle this question. My newer system only dates back to

——when
Adam delved and Eve span
Making it doubtful who was the gentleman.

"I discard damb-bells and sticks altogether, and go in for cow-bells and sticks with spades or hoes on the end of them. Why not?

"If you must go through all those gyrations, why not do it out of doors, and in such a way as to stir the dirt? I like Mr. Lewis' music to time the movements, but why not sing Hood's measure in the garden?

A spade, a rake, a hoe,
A pickaxe or a bell,
A hook to reap, a scythe to mow,
A flail or what you will;
And here's a ready hand
To ply the needful tool,
And skilled enough by lessons rough
In labor's rugged school.

But to the point. Ten years ago, I graduated from college a poor student, with a sickly, dead light of scholarship playing around my brain, and a body that had neither thought nor endurance. It was according to system. It was after the pattern of modern education. I had read, and studied, and crammed, and gradually woven my shroud around me to die in. But gradually I began to cultivate flowers; my time was more and more spent in the garden, laying out and planting and cultivating such of God's thoughts as he entrusted to me. The result, briefly told, is a healthy body, a mind under control, seldom clouded by dyspepsia, and capable of performing an incalculable amount of labor when required. What I wish to say to ministers particularly, and to all who are confined by indoor pursuits is, Take to your gardens, spend what time you can in them, teach your children to love them and take an interest in them; give up your highly seasoned food, live on plain diet; retire and rise early, and the pleasure and health you will thus acquire in your gardens will enable you to accomplish far more than you do now, and with far less effort. I have been acquainted for years with one of the largest operators in Wall street, whose whole leisure is spent among his plants, and he says his uniform good health and freedom from the excitement of business has been owing to his devoting his spare time in this way."

Why is it that the clergy and the press do not oftener allude to this subject, and enforce it upon their hearers and readers? In England and on the continent there is scarcely a person to be found who does not lay claim to some kind of a place for the purpose of growing flowers. Even those in the lowest walks of life have their window garden, if not more. Shall it be said in this country, with all the advantages of climate that we have, that we do not love and appreciate flowers? Will not every mother think of this, and begin to teach her children the advantages of such pursuits, and cultivate their love of the beautiful in Nature?

FLORAL CALENDAR—CONTINUED.

April 1. St. Hugh, Annual Mercury, (*Mercurialis Annua.*)
April 2. St. Francis, White Violet, (*Viola Alba.*)
April 3. St. Agape, Evergreen Alkaret, (*Anchusa Sempervirus.*)
April 4. St. Isidore, Redcrowa Imperial, (*Frittilaria Imperialis*)
April 5. St. Vincent Ferrer, Yellow Imperial, (*Frittilaria Imperialis Lutea.*)
April 6. St. Sixtus I., Starch Hyacinth, (*Hyacinthus Racemosus.*)
April 7. St. Aphrates, Wood Anemone, (*Anemone Nemorosa.*)

IRIS.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF SOCIAL POSITION ON LIFE.—It is said proverbially that poverty favors longevity, because the poor are not subjected to the bad consequences of luxury and wealth. Dr. Majer shows the folly of the poular dictum. It has been proved by the researches of Benoiston, De Chateauneuf, De Villerme, Casper, and others, that the value of life is less among the impoverished than the rich. Thus, of an equal number of infants of the same age double the number will die of the poorer than of the wealthier class. Where there is the greatest misery, there is the greatest mortality. According to Casper, the mean duration of life among the better class of Berlin if fifty years, but among the paupers thirty-two years only. The same writer compares the death rate of the princely and noble houses given in the *Almanch de Gotha* with the indigent of Berlin, and he shows that of 1000 infants among the former, fifty-seven die in the first five years; but of the same number among the latter, 345. Whilst half of the poor have attained the thirty-second year of life, half of the noble have attained the fifty-second. During epidemics the poorer classes are in a special manner decimated. That simple well-being prolongs life is demonstrated by the low mortality among persons who "assure" their lives in the assurance offices. A fifth or sixth part of negro slaves die annually. But the mortality among the *free* negroes who serve in the English colored regiments is only 3 per cent. The learned professions, followed generally by persons of easy means, have an incontestable influence upon the duration of life. Thus, the mean age of fifty-two French literary men was sixty-nine years. Physicians, according to Dr. Escherich, cannot hope for a long life. At all periods of age they succumb in larger numbers than other professions. But the greatest mortality is during the early periods. Three-fourth die before fifty years of age, and ten-elevenths before sixty. Old men are rare among them.—*Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences, etc.*

THE FEMALE EQUESTRIAN.—A lady's horse to be perfect, should be all over handsome, and well upon its haunches. If slightly hollow in the back, so much the better, for it generally tends to ease in action, and to lessen motion in the saddle. A lady should never be heard upon the saddle—that is, there should be no bumping noise, not even in a trot. She should sit so closely, and when rising to the trot possess such elastic motion from the foot to the knee and the waist, that her return to the saddle should seem as light as a feather. She should sit "square to the front," and her horse's ears—to speak as a soldier—ought to dress well with the buttons of the bosom of her habit. Nothing is so bad as to sit with a lean to one side, and when companions are following after, to let them fear that a very little would cast her off from the stirrup side of her saddle. Her hands should be down, but light, and her arm, as well as every inclination of her figure, should harmonize with the motions of her steed, as if both possessed the same volition.

GENEROSITY does not consist in giving alone, but in making some sacrifice to enable one to give.

INFLUENCE OF THE DEMI-MONDE.

IT is undeniable that much of the present unjustifiable and unreasonable outlay springs from the growing influence of the formidable phalanx of the "demi-monde," whose chiefs, in their "war to the knife" rivalry with the world around them, incessantly strive to outshine the wives and daughters of those for whom they spread their dangerous nets. The latter, furious at the insolent splendor of the syrens who are flaunting so ostentatiously at their expense, endeavor to outshine them in their turn; and the consequences of this rivalry are seen in the enormous inflation of every branch of vainglorious expenditure which forms so prominent a feature of the day and threatens to exhaust the resources, as well as to depreciate the tone, of modern society. The danger of such a rivalry in expenditure is especially great in this country, because the French, being both envious and imitative by nature, are extremely unwilling to allow themselves to be outshone by one another; and thus the example of lavish outlay being given by those who are at the top of the social ladder is at once imitated to the extent of their possibilities by all below them. Because Princess de Metternich, one of the richest women in Europe, can afford to run up a bill of 80,000 francs for dresses in a few months at a single tradesman's, and because a great banker can give his wife 30,000 francs a month for the expenses of her toilette, all the womenkind of the region rush incontinently into an outlay for dress absurdly out of proportion to the means at their command. As for the leaders of that other world which is rapidly conquering from its enemy an unwilling recognition of its existence and its power, their principle of action seems to be to get all they can and to spend all they get. Three hundred thousand francs appears, from statistics recently gleaned by an authority in such matters, to be the average yearly "domestic" outlay of the leaders in question. They have elegant hotels, sumptuously furnished, full of pictures, statues, porcelain, and objects of virtu often of great value; an array of servants, and often keep ten or dozen horses and six or eight elegant carriages. Their horses, which are generally of great value, are usually (like their diamonds, of which they generally possess about 500,000 francs worth, though one or two have diamonds worth three times that amount, to say nothing of other jewelry,) the gift of "friends." These luxurious beauties never sleep in sheets worth less than three thousand francs a pair; never put on a gown worth less than five hundred francs, exclusive of trimmings, while the lace alone on many of their dresses costs from five to twenty thousand francs; they think nothing of putting eight or ten thousand francs' worth of the most exquisite lace on a dressing-gown, spend about sixty thousand francs a year on shoes, about as much more for bonnets, ten thousand francs for washing, and about ten francs a day for perfumery. One or two of the queens of the mercenary realm in question possess stones and trinkets that might almost rival the crown jewels of the various European monarchies, with single necklaces worth a million francs, and the other ornaments on a similar scale of value, and spend, as, for instance, the well-known ex-opera-dancer, Clotilde, a million of francs yearly on their housekeeping and toilette.

ONE of the most notable of the arrivals in the House of Lords on the opening day was the lady who came into the House, escorted by the Earl of Lovelace, and who was recognized as the Lady Anne Isabella Noel King Noel, the granddaughter of Lord Byron. As she took her seat among the Peeresses' daughters, there were few who did not regard with a peculiar interest the somewhat pale face, light brown hair, and bright, intelligent look of the daughter of "Ada."

JOHN MIDDLETON & SON will sell on Wednesday next at 12 o'clock, some forty Homestead Lots, fronting on Mission, Capp, Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets. These lots are beautifully located on the line of the Folsom street railroad. These lots have good soil, good tittle, and cannot fail to be good investments, even if the purchasers should give five times the price for them which they will actually bring under the hammer. The city is growing in that direction, and future years will ripen these green lots into "valuable city property."

DRY GOODS, at less than cost of importation, are now advertised by Meagher Traffe & Co., who have recently purchased nearly fifty thousand dollars worth at a large auction sale, at greatly reduced rates. Our lady readers will find a catalogue of the goods in their advertisement in to-day's paper.

DAVIDSON'S LIFE FOR THE SKIN.—A delicious and superior wash for the complexion and skin. It removes all grossness, tan, moth, freckles, pimples, and discoloration. It gives a charming enamel alabaster purity, and warranted suitable for every skin and every toilet. Sold by all druggists.

THOSE desiring outfits of choice Tableware, Silver-plated Goods, French Porcelain, etc., can find at Haynes & Lawton's, 516 Sansome street, the most choice and extensive assortment in the city, from which to choose.

REMOVAL.—Mrs. Read, the originator of Ladies' Skirt-supporters, Chest Expanders, and other mysterious articles of ladies' costume, has removed from 109 Montgomery street to 32 Second street.

FULL volumes of *The Californian*, from the commencement, can be obtained at the office, 532 Merchant street. Price, in muslin, $4 per volume; two volumes (one year) bound together, $6. Unbound, per volume, $2 50. Volume IV. will be completed May 19, 1866.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere two bits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Barnes & Co., New York.

S—T—1860—X. DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all cases of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavins, etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. ap7-1y

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 712 Montgomery street, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

CONCORD WAGONS AND HARNESS.—The Pacific Concord Carriage Manufactory is prepared to supply the Pacific Coast with Concord wagons and harness made to order. The members comprising this firm have long been in the employ of the celebrated manufacturing house of L. Downing & Son, Concord, New Hampshire; so that parties wishing Concord wagons or harness can obtain just the same quality of article here and save 25 per cent. on their purchase money. We have seen some of their workmanship, and can recommend it to the public. Address Belduke & Co., 820 Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth.—*San Francisco Leader.*

DAINTY WORK.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

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BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.—If you want a trim neat, light, and yet durable style of buggy or carriage, go to Nos. 37 and 39 Webb street, between Sacramento and California, where you will find just such a vehicle as will suit your taste. POLLARD & CARVILL not only deal in these articles, but manufacture them to order, and do repairing, painting, trimming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neatness. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

WAGONS.—Every species of wagons that any one can need, made of the best material, well fitted and finished, can be found at the Depot of MILLS & EVANS, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lead Bars, are kept constantly on hand.—*California Leader.*

FOR the best finished, fashionable hats, go to McGann & Co.'s, Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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J. J. Knowlton & Co., removed to 120 Montgomery.

BATHS.

Dr. Bourne's, (Medical,) 10 Post, near Montgomery

APOTHECARY.

George H. Clapp, corner Sixth and Howard.

BUSINESS AND PROPERTY AGENCY.

S. P. Whitman, 313 Montgomery st.

BOWLING ALLEYS.

Cosmopolitan, basement Cosmopolitan Hotel.
Wholers & Sturke, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.

A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
I. M. Wentworth & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine st.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND TRIMMINGS.

E. Weill & Sons, removed to 616 Sacramento street.

CONFECTIONERY.

Marcus Pezold, 46 Second street.

COLLECTOR.

B. Pulverman, 526 Montgomery—Office hours, 1 to 3 P.M.

CLOTHING.

H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial,
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.

Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.

DRESS TRIMMINGS, WORSTEDS, ETC.

M. Hornberger & Co., 300 Kearny street, corner Bush.
Mrs. Norcross, 5 Montgomery street (Masonic Temple.)

DENTISTS.

Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.

Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

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YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE POTASS,
THE
Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

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ap7-3m N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial-streets.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, JOSEPH SPARROW.

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Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

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The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

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(Connecting with the *HENRY CHAUNCEY*, Capt. Gray.)

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The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

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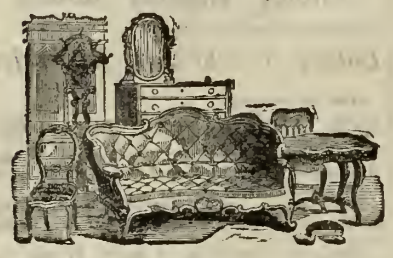

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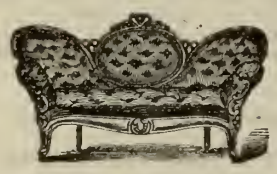

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Every HOUSEKEEPER should have a reliable SCALE in the PANTRY to use in testing the weight of ARTICLES purchased from the BUTCHER and GROCER.

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Washing, Mending of Linen, etc., for same period, 25
No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

In case of withdrawal, (except for sickness or parents leaving the country,) the party will forfeit a quarter session, or the remaining portion of the half term.

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FARRAND'S OSCILLATING
Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES
NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY
And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quick ilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived by thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

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UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

AS AMENDED MARCH 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

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Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

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Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule..... 25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons 10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50..... 10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part 25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such 25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100..... 05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y, 25
Certificates, other than specified..... 05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale..... 10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500.....1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse..... 50
Gauger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr. 25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons.....5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500..... 50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof.....1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries..... 10
To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1 00
For any other purpose..... 50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof..... 50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft, 25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property..... 02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000..... 10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs..... 25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid..... 50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record..... 50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100..... 50

BREWSTER & CO.'S

Carriage Manufactory,

372 *Broome steet, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE

WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture

THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,

and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,
The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, *Broome street,*
NEW YORK.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of WALTER S. McDONALD, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of John F. McDonald, the Administrator of the estate of Walter S. McDonald, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

IT IS ORDERED, That all persons interested in the estate of the said Walter S. McDonald, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on Tuesday, the twenty-fourth day of April, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Walter S. McDonald, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 24th day of April, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, March 21st, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and *ex-officio* Clerk of the Probate court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, this 22d day of March, A. D. 1866.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 5 cts., cancelled.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

THOS. B. BISHOP, Attorney for Administrator. mh24 4w

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of HERMANN PLATH, deceased,

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix of the above named Estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice at her residence on Southwest corner of Union street and Lafayette Place, in said City and County of San Francisco.

SOPHIA PLATH, Executrix
Of the Estate of Hermann Plath, deceased.
San Francisco, March 17th, 1866. mar17-5t

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

mar17-3m

TO FARMERS, MINERS, LABORERS

And all those wishing to secure themselves a portion of

THE MOST VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL LANDS OF MEXICO,

With an equal interest in the Profits of the Plantations of

THE MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON COMPANY.

HOMES FOR THE POOR AND COMPETENCY FOR ALL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having reserved from their final Subscription List a *Limited Number of Unassessable Shares*, (the remaining shares of the Company having been taken up by the stockholders,) hereby offer the same for sale at the original subscription price of *Sixteen Dollars* each, payable in cash. Every holder of a share will be entitled to a portion of the Company's lands, having the privilege to settle thereon and participate in all the advantages and profits of the enterprise, and special privileges granted to this Company by an Imperial Decree of Maximilian, dated 9th January, 1866, without being subjected to the conditions of regular Government emigrants, this Company settling upon their own lands, secured by private purchase, and held under indisputable Spanish titles.

Shareholders becoming actual settlers will also have the privilege of any employment upon the Company's plantation. Portions of land will be allotted to settlers, to be held by them until a final division makes it their property.

For the purpose of increasing the value of the Company's land, and to create all the comforts of a home and society, it is the intention of the company to form a regular settlement and to lay out a town adjoining their present plantation into building lots, which will likewise be fairly divided between the 8,000 shares which comprise the total number of the company.

A large number of shareholders will settle upon the company's lands after the rainy season in October next. Many of them may then be employed by the company, or by others able to plant for themselves, or in developing the mineral resources of the adjoining mountains, etc., etc.

Men of all trades and professions, desiring to emigrate to Mexico, will have great advantages as shareholders of this company. They will find the lands already purchased for them at a rate equivalent to a free gift, to be held by each shareholder as his property, protected by the best Spanish titles, and the good will of all political parties now contending for the reins of government; the climate the most salubrious, and the land rich and fertile beyond description; every kind of game abounding; the rivers full of fish and with extensive beds of large oysters; altogether, a country where it is easy to procure a livelihood and the comforts of a home with less labor and less capital than in any other part of the world.

The extensive placer diggings, veins of silver, and solid quartz ledges, which are to be found in the immediate vicinity, and acknowledged to be rich and very extensive, can, by the presence of a number of settlers, be profitably developed. Many of these mines are to be found within the limits of the company's grant. The Sierra Madre or Mother Mountain of Mexico, situated only within about twenty miles from the coast, can be reached and developed with much greater facility than the more remote mines in the interior, and will therefore make the company's lands the most desirable to locate upon.

For Maps and Survey, and further information, apply at the office of the MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON CO., Betge's Book Store, Russ House, Montgomery street, between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock.

☞ All the assessable stock having been taken up by mutual subscription of stockholders, the company will have no more shares to offer after the limited number of *unassessable* shares have been placed, and shall prefer to sell these to actual settlers—a single share of which will be sufficient to entitle them to a large portion of the lands.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED shareholders in the Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having investigated and satisfied ourselves of the importance of the enterprise, recommend the same to the public. We are convinced that under the management of the present officers of the company, with their efforts to induce industrious parties to locate upon the land, that the enterprise must become very profitable to all parties interested, and most beneficial to actual settlers.

S. R. Kettlewell, Blacksmith, 264 First street.
W. C. Mead & Son, 224 Sansome street.
M. O'Neil, Proprietor New Branch Hotel, 12 Sutter street.
Winall & Clapp, 505 Market street.
R. A. S. Repiton, M. D., 816 Montgomery street.
Wm. Rudolph, Gunsmith, 216 Pacific street.
G. Burkhardt, Jeweller, No. 209 Pacific street.
E. Keil, East India Tea Co., 631 Washington-st.
P. D. O'Regan, People's Bakery, corner Fourth and Jessie streets.
Wm. Meyer, Provision Dealer, 258 Third street.
John Duff, Painter and Paper Hanger, 642 Clay street.
A. E. Mylott, Importer and Dealer in Cigars and Tobacco, 305 Battery street
M. M. Baldwin, Jeweller, 433 Montgomery-st.
S. Baysen, Hatter, No. 346 Kearny street.
Mathew McCloskey, 644 Howard street.

San Francisco, March 20th, 1866. mar24-1m

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
mar24-6m H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor.

RHEUMATISM.

The Greatest Remedy

IN THE WORLD!

THE CALIFORNIA RHEUMATIC REMEDY.

This Splendid preparation has never been known to fail in effecting a complete and perfect cure, no matter how long the patient had been afflicted with the disease. The Remedy is used both internally and externally. Hundreds of persons have used it during the past two years, all of whom are prepared to testify to its efficacy.

THE CALIFORNIA RHEUMATIC RIIEMEDY

will be carefully packed and sent to any part of the Pacific coast, per Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express upon receipt of $10 in gold coin, or its equivalent; and in all cases where the Remedy fails to effect a perfect cure, the

MONEY WILL BE PROMPTLY REFUNDED.

For sale at Retail only, by
SAMUEL ADAMS, Druggist,
Corner of Bush and Powell streets,
fe17-3m San Francisco, Cal.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner

From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from

Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by
N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
fe11-6m San Francisco

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. fe24-3m

HAMLIN & CROSS.

GEO. HAMLIN.....F. L. CROSS.

DEALERS IN CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,

STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS,

MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS

611 Montgomery street, corner of Merchant.
fe24-tf

MAPS! MAPS! MAPS!

NEW MAPS OF MEXICO, JUST OUT;

NEW MAPS OF IRELAND;

CHART OF OUR FALLEN HEROES.

Maps of every description constantly on hand.

W. HOLT,
dec9-3m 305 Montgomery street.

SCHOOL FURNITURE.

RANKIN'S PATENT SCHOOL DESK;
Liquid Slating for Blackboard;
ARITHMETICAL FRAME;
Bahbitonian System of Writing—the Best System known.

W. HOLT,
de9-3m 305 Montgomery street, Room No. 2.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

GRAND SPECTACULAR PLAY, FOR THE MATINEE,

AT HALF PRICES, Commencing at 2 o'clock,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 7,

The Grand, Fairy, Terpsichorean, Operatic and Brilliant Scenic Extravaganza, entitled the

ENCHANTED BEAUTY;

Or, THE FAIRY OF THE OAK,

Produced with THE FULL STRENGTH OF THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 7,

COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT

TENDERED BY THE

Eight-Hour Men

TO

ALEX. M. KENADAY,

On which occasion,

MR. ROBERT FULFORD

will personate the character of

Claude Melnotte,

In Bulwer's Play of the

LADY OF LYONS.

MONDAY EVENING:

MONTE CRISTO

Will be performed, for the

Farewell Benefit of J. Dowling.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - - 50
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - - $5 and $10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

JOHN MIDDLETON & SON,

REAL ESTATE, STOCK AND GENERAL

Auctioneers.

Office and Salesroom, No. 404 Montgomery street, one door from the northeast corner of California and Montgomery.

W. W. LAWTON.....Notary Public.

LARGE AND IMPORTANT

CREDIT SALE

OF

Homestead Lots at Auction!

MONDAY, - - APRIL 9, 1866,

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, NOON,

Forty Homestead Lots.

We will sell at auction, on the above date, forty of the most beautifully located lots in the Mission Dolores, fronting on Mission, Capp, Corbet (or Seventeenth) and Falcon (or Eighteenth) streets—being Mission Block No. 60, subvided.

The location of this property commends it to the particular attention of parties desirous of purchasing cheap Lots in a convenient situation, and easy of access. The Folsom street railroad cars pass the lots every few minutes, and the Howard street cars run within 100 yards of them.

☞ Each Lot will be found numbered and staked out, thus saving purchasers the expense of surveying individual lots and designating their precise locality.

☞ Diagrams of the property, showing its location and subdivisions, are now ready at the office of the Auctioneers.

TERMS—One-half Cash, one-half in 1 or 2 years, at 1 per cent. per month interest, secured by mortgage on the premises.

JOHN MIDDLETON & SON, Auctioneers.

TABLE APPOINTMENTS.

WE HAVE JUST OPENED A LOT OF

VERY SUPERIOR

Silver-Plated Goods,

Comprising

TEA SETS,
CASTERS, CAKE BASKETS,
SALAD CASTERS,
MUFFINERS, TOAST RACKS,
ETC.,

Which are

PERFECT IMITATIONS OF SILVER,

and as good in all respects for a long term of years, as silver. Our assortment of

FRENCH PORCELAIN,

and all the articles necessary for a

First Class Table Outfit

is complete, to which we respectfully ask your inspection.

HAYNES & LAWTON,

ap7 1m 613 Sansome street, corner of Merchant.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,

Montgomery street.

LESSEE AND MANAGER, - - - SENOR E. BUISLAY
STAGE MANAGER, - - - - - L. R. BENEUX.

GRAND MATINEE AT 2 O'CLOCK, TO-DAY.

The Sheep's Foot!

LAST AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE BUT ONE, OF THE

Celebrated Buislay Family!

For Families and Children, - - - - At Half-Prices.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 7,

BENEFIT OF SENOR E. BUISLAY.

ON WHICH OCCASION,

Will be presented the most successful Fairy and Spectacular Extravaganza, entitled

THE SHEEP'S FOOT!

Translated from the French expressly for the BUISLAYS, and

NEVER PLAYED BEFORE IN THE UNITED STATES,

Which had a Wonderful Run of over

THREE HUNDRED NIGHTS IN PARIS;

Produced with all its original attractiveness of Scenery, Transformations, Tricks, and Music, by

THE CELEBRATED BUISLAY FAMILY,

(with Feats never performed before,) assisted by MLLE. ACOSTA, MESSIEURS H. WIETHOFF and MASSARTIC; MESDAMES SALLIE HINCKLEY and ALICIA M. THORNE; MESSRS. LEACH, FRED. WOODHULL, RUBY, ROUNDY, ARCHER,

THE CHORUS OF TWELVE,

A *CORPS DE BALLET*, and a Host of Auxiliaries.

Dress Circle and Orchestra seats, $1; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Private Boxes, $10 and $5.

SPRING MEDICINE.

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

AND

Constitution,

WITH

LE DOYEN'S

SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK,

IODINE ALTERATIVE.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,

mar19-1m SAN FRANCISCO.

A CARD.

M. Howard's Hair Restorative,

NO. 315 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ABOVE PREPARATION, which has been recently discovered and patented, is purely a Vegetable Extract.

The undersigned are fully aware of the many unsatisfactory and useless preparations for restoring hair that have been introduced to the public, and how little confidence is to be placed in any pretensions to restoring the hair to bald heads, but,

HAVING TRIED MR. HOWARD'S PREPARATION,

we are able to state that it not only prevents the Hair from falling out, but absolutely reproduces it, and that we now have good spits of Hair growing where we were entirely bald. Therefore, as a matter of justice to Mr. Howard, and of consolation to bald heads, we tender him this testimonial Mr H. keeps the article for sale in bottles, with directions for its use, or applies it himself, as may be desired.

San Francisco, April 6, 1866.

Frank M. Thayer,	R. A. Redman,
W. S Davis,	J. O. Rountree,
T. A. Hall,	G. W. Gamble,
A. C. Knox,	J. W. Miller,
Bradbury Sanborn,	E. C. McComb,
George Wells,	D. C. Ross,
Joseph Wells,	ap7

STYLE!

ALL OUR FINE FRENCH STATIONERY stamped to order, with initials, monograms, designs, coats of arms, crests, mottoes, chiffres, armoiries, etc. Stamping finished IN COLORS or plain, in the latest and most elegant style.

HENRY PAYOT, Foreign Book House,
640 Washington street, six doors below Kearny.
ap7-

LECTURES

BY

DR. SCUDDER.

THE FINANCE COMMITTEE OF THE HOWARD Presbyterian Church have the pleasure to announce that the

REV. DR. SCUDDER

Has devoted the remaining Lectures of his celebrated Course on India, to aid in the erection of a new church for his congregation on Mission street, between Third and Fourth.

The First Lecture—being the second of the Course—will be delivered on

Thursday Evening, April 12th,

AT

PLATT'S HALL.

SUBJECT:

The Physical Beauties and the Literature of India; together with Some Account of its Snake Charmers, Jugglers and Athletes.

Single Ticket.....$1 00
Admitting Lady and Gentleman..... 1 50

For sale at the principal Bookstores.

RESERVED SEATS can be secured *WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE*, at the Hall on the day of the Lecture.

☞ Lecture commences at 8 o'clock.

The succeeding Lectures will be delivered at the same place on Thursday Evenings, April 26th, May 10th, and May 24th.

To meet the case of Parents and Teachers who may desire to have the young folks enjoy the Lecture and who may not be able to sustain the expense of single tickets, special terms can be made on application to the Secretary, between the hours of 2 and 4 P. M., at his office, No. 734 Montgomery Street.

SAMUEL I. C. SWEZEY,
np7 Secretary of the Finance Committee.

VINCENT'S COLD PREVENTIVE.

A Sure Cure

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS

DYSPEPSIA,

CONSUMPTION,

NIGHT SWEATS, AND PULMONARY DISEASES.

Read the following:

REMARKABLE CURE.

San Francisco, September 5th, 1865.

I desire to make known the fact that I was afflicted with a very bad cough for fifteen years, and, during this time, used everything which I could hear of without getting the better of my disease, until I tried Dr. D. B. Vincent's Cold Preventative or Cough Mixture, which cured me sound and well.

NEWTON MOORE.

This is to certify that my wife has been troubled with indigestion for nearly eighteen months, and, by using one bottle of Dr. Vincent's medicine, has been completely cured.

San Francisco, April 6th, 1866.

JOHNSON J. THOMAS.

San Francisco, July 17th, 1865.

I hereby certify that, having had a Cough some five months since, which had troubled me for two years, and I was so bad that I was able to do but little labor of any kind, and could not walk fast without putting myself out of breath. I was so far gone that I had chills over me and night sweats, and had what other physicians called disease of the lungs. I had been doctoring a part of the time for the last year, when I saw Dr. D. B. Vincent, and he gave me a small vial of medicine, which relieved me of the chills and night sweats, and the cough entirely went away, and I do not take cold so easy, and my health is much better in every respect. My appetite is much better; and I heartily recommend all others who are afflicted with similar complaints to him.

JOHN O'NEILL, National Hotel.

The above named diseases nearly all originate from the same or similar causes, and

THE COLD PREVENTIVE

will cure all of them. It is a sure cure for Dyspepsia. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

D. B. VINCENT, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND OCULIST,

Treats all diseases successfully on the Electric system. Particular attention paid to treating all Diseases of the Eyes, Rheumatism, Paralysis, etc. Cures guaranteed, or all moneys refunded—in most cases even where others fail.

☞ OFFICE—No. 103 Kearny street, first floor, where he can be consulted at all hours, unless professionally engaged. All orders from the country promptly attended to. ap7

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,

Ja27-tf between California and Pine.

DRY GOODS

FROM AUCTION.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.,

IN ADDITION TO THEIR LARGE STOCK OF

NEW SPRING GOODS,

Have just added

Fifty Thousand Dollars Worth

OF

NEW GOODS,

Consisting in part of

Superior Black Dress Silks,
Foulard De Laines,
Plaid and Plain Challys,
Empress and Ottoman Cloths,
Merinos and Poil de Chevre,
Prints and Lawns,
Linen Sheetings and Shirtings,
Table Damask and Cloth,
Napkins and Towels,
Hosiery, Shawls,
Cloaks,
Laces, Embroideries,
Etc., etc., etc.,

Which they will offer at

PRICES VARYING FROM 10 TO 25 PER CT.

Less than Cost of Importation.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,

ap7 Lick House Block.

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say, *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,

Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *AJAX*, *PACIFIC*, *ORIZABA*, *CALIFORNIA*, *ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Honolulu, Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

mar23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

NOTICE.

LADIES, who want Superior

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OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 14, 1866.

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[For the Californian.]

THE SWEETEST SOUND.

JUST now a little quivering trill of sound,
A tiny, wandering sprite of melody—
By some musician's charmed touch set free
From the golden chords wherewith it erst was bound—
Stole through my chamber: just a pulse of song,
A bird-like breath, no more!—yet luring me
Through all the silvery hosts of Harmony,
In quest of that was sweetest. Whether strong
Sonorous battle-music, or the trill
Of fine, faint preludes, rippling from white keys;
Or the clear tenor of a voice when blent
With the full tones of some rich instrument,
Or those winged darlings of the forest trees,
Whose mellow warblings all the woodlands fill;
Whether the winds, that sweep the field of bloom,
Swaying its irised billows like a sea
Beneath th' o'er-leaning casement of my room,
Or river-waters flowing peacefully
Between their fair——
Just then, dear love, you came,
And bending, whispered that which like a flame
Sent the glad blood aleap from heart to cheek!
And in the blessed words I hear you speak
I find mine answer, dearest. Music wove
Not ever in her raptest mood, than this
A sweeter melody! Sweet though, I wis,
Bird voice and breeze—each tuneful sound that is—
Sweetest of all, praise from the lips we love!

INA D. COOLBRITH.

INIGOINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 14th, 1866.

PERHAPS there be some matter-of-fact persons who imagine that because my *feuilleton*—I believe that is what they call these things—is dated Saturday, it is therefore written on the last day of the week.

On the contrary, quite the reverse. I am taking Time by the forelock this time—the old thief has taken me by the top lock and snatched me nearly bald-headed—and am writing on Wednesday afternoon. Generally it is my favorite custom to never do to-day what can be put off until to-morrow, leaving these brilliant pages to be written at the very last moment.

But this week I'm making up lost time. Monday I was persuaded to attend an exhibition given by a friend of mine, recently returned from the East, and emulous of the Buislays.

The feat performed is commonly known as *l'echelle perileuse*—though I do not see why they don't change the nomenclature to *l'ehalf-chelle perileuse*, so as to carry a greater idea of danger, for a half-shell is probably the most perilous thing on earth.

The performance was given for the benefit of one of the orphan asylums and proved an immense success, so that I quite envy my friend the blessings that will be showered upon his path through life by little fellows who have neither fathers nor mothers.

Who is my friend? Ah! that is a nut for you to crack. Try your teeth on it and you may perhaps find a kernel in the shell. It is something to know that gas-fixtures can be turned into trapeze bars and a performance upon them go off with a blaze of success.

As I was saying, however, this letter is post-dated. I wish the banks would let me give notes in the same way, but they won't.

It is great fun for me to disconnt time in this way, moving myself by a single stroke of the pen from the middle to the end of the week.

Anything to get away from the Past and beyond the Present. I sometimes think that if I could move my goods and chattels into the Future and have a permanent abiding place there, I should be perfectly happy.

For my fortune, my wife, the children that climb around one's knees and all that, my cottage with vines climbing over the trellises and a cat sitting on top of the roof—everything in fact that is popularly supposed to make life pleasant, so far as I am concerned lies in the Future, always has lain there, and I suppose always will lie there.

It is curious, though, that I've never overtaken any of these blessings—the Lord knows I travel pretty fast once and a while. Occasionally, when jockeyed a little, I've contrived to crowd the better part of a year down into a day—but no use. The more I get near all the things that are said to be in store for the severely virtuous and deserving, the more I don't get them and the further off they look.

Ah, well! I'll contrive to nip them some day.

Seriously, I never saw much in the Past or the Present to please. Thinking of the good times one has had is very much like a hungry man's rocking himself to sleep over a recollection of the magnificent dinners he has eaten. As for the Present—it never performs much notwithstanding all its promises. It is a landlord, standing at its door, and directing the footsore and weary traveller on to the next inn.

Perhaps the fault all lies in not having "a contented spirit." And beyond doubt if such be the case one should endeavor to procure one at once. But perhaps you remember that he who looked the world through to possess himself of the Happy Man's shirt, discovered to his chagrin, on finding the Happy Man, that he had no shirt. And very much so, I fancy, would it be with the Contented Man—find him and you will find that he has no spirit.

A man once advertised a fine house and lot to be given to the really contented person. Thousands called on him. To each one he put the question:

Are you really contented?

All said "Yes."

"Then," said the wag—he was a rare wag—"what do you want of my house and lot?"

It is not in human nature, nor in woman nature, to be satisfied. Have you never seen an infant deriving nourishment, etc., from what Mr. Micawber delicately terms "the maternal fount?" If so, beyond doubt, you have seen the little philosopher suddenly throw back its head, turn away from its mother, look inquiringly round the room at all the other women, and then shut its eyes and cry.

Perhaps you've been puzzled to know what the matter was. Bah! plain as a pike-staff. The little fellow was wondering if there wasn't a better quality of milk around than he was getting, and was mad because he couldn't solve the problem.

Why do people travel? Why do they move from one house into another, and why are they constantly building better steamboats and railroad cars, and planning all manner of improvements in everything, from a hoop skirt to a hay press?

It is simply because they are not satisfied. We'd be paddling about the North River now in affairs that looked like a cross between a churn and a bread-trough, had Fulton been satisfied with the first steamboat he built.

To take a bright and shining example, had I been satisfied with the first few thousand dollars I ever made, what would have been my position in life? Respectable obscurity, not to say virtuous indigence. And look at me now. What is my present position?

It is a pity that all conundrums are not as easy to answer: Owing more than it is probable I shall ever be able to pay, unless the Bank of California discounts my notes with more alacrity than it has ever yet shown, and for larger amounts than it has yet exhibited a willingness to.

I don't know but that the credit of the concern stands quite as well as it would if it discounted the notes of every one that applied, though, perhaps, it has scarcely as many friends.

I have always thought that a small piece of "30-day paper," not "done" for my friend the *Flag*, accounts for the milk in the cocoanut of the editor, when he sat down to the composition of his most famous diatribe against monopolies.

For my part, I'm rather in favor of monopolies. THE CALIFORNIAN is a tremendous one, for, aside from monopolizing all the available talent on the coast, it monopolizes all the time of its proprietors, to say nothing of their money.

That is why it's the good thing it is.

The fact of the matter is that what cannot be monopolized isn't worth having. Sometimes, I've wished I could monopolize all the water in the world, and make people sweat it out on whiskey till they got tired of it. For I do believe that they'd very soon take kindly to a stiff water-cocktail, the edge of the glass just rubbed with ice.

And if I could monopolize all the women in the world, I'd make Brigham Young and his saints, as well as all outside sinners, mighty glad to get one wife, and content, when they got her, to treat her well and leave other people's alone.

Right here, while talking about wives, I should really like to know if matrimony is indeed like the measles. I mean, is it catching.

Another friend of mine went to that white covered altar from whose bourne no bachelor returns, the other day.

I, of course, devoted a little of my valuable time to the occasion, for who can refuse the last kind offices of friendship?

How easy the thing is done! Why, it's as easy as rolling off a log, or hanging, or saying "Yes" when asked to take a drink.

Not much expense about it either, for most everybody's got a claw-hammer coat; and white kids don't cost much. It is only a thought of the board-bills that need trouble you with any peculiar pertinence, and one can get rid of them easily enough by going to housekeeping.

On the whole, I think I'll get married.

To tell the truth, the idea has occurred to me before, and only two things ever prevented my putting it into instant execution. One was the difficulty of finding any one I'd have: the other the difficulty of finding any one who'd have me.

And, as the latter difficulty came first, it blocked the game in the outset, and never gave me a chance to experiment with the former one.

When I am married, "No cards" will be attached to the notice. I'm determined that there shall be no playing of Seven-Up or Draw-Poker at my wedding. And for my part, I intend thereafter to go back on all games of chance, and confine myself wholly to shaking Poker Dice, at which beautiful, though sometimes uncertain game, I do think I can beat the oldest man alive.

Some old poet says:

> Marriage is a rabble rout,
> Those who are oute would be in,
> And those who are in would fayne be oute;

And another—Ariosto, if I remember rightly—advises us to

> Go plough the furrowed waves and sow the sand,
> Seek to entrap the vagabond winds i' nets,
> But found no faith in woman's heart nor hand.

Nonsense! So far as my experience goes, women are about as true as men—and I don't know but that they are truer. And in disposition they are not so different as some persons preach and a great many affect to believe. There is a great deal of human nature in both.

As for marriage, it is probably a very good institution in its way. St. Paul says it is better to marry than to burn—and probably it is, though I know a good many fellows who'd let it get pretty warm for them first.

Irving quaintly and beautifully remarks that he who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb will also accommodate the yoke of matrimony to the submissive neck.

It is neck or nothing in most things, now-a-days, and matrimony—matter o' money, as it is sometimes pronounced—is one of the Civil Rites.

And *apropos de bottes*, how about our new-made citizens—the gay and festive Chinese? Is not their name John—Le-John, as one might say?

INIGO.

PORTRAIT OF AN AUTHOR.

PAINTED BY HIS PUBLISHER.

THE title of the singular work which forms the base of the following article is, *Portrait Intime de Balzac: sa Vie, son Humeur et son Caractére. Par Edmond Werdet, son ancien Libraire-Editeur.* Before, however, we allow Monsieur Werdet to relate his own personal experience of the celebrated writer, it will be advisable to introduce the subject by giving an outline of the struggle, the privations, and the disappointments which marked the early life of Balzac, and which, doubtless, influenced his after character for the worse. These particulars are given by Monsieur Werdet in the form of an episode, and are principally derived, on his part, from information afforded by the author's sister.

Honoré de Balzac was born in the city of Tours, on the sixteenth of May, seventeen hundred and ninety-nine. His parents were people of rank and position in the world. His father held a legal appointment in the council chamber of Louis the Sixteenth. His mother was the daughter of one of the directors of the public hospitals in Paris. She was much younger than her husband, and brought him a rich dowry. Honoré was her first-born; and he retained throughout life his first feeling of childish reverence for his mother. That mother suffered the unspeakable affliction of seeing her illustrious son taken from her by death at the age of fifty years. Balzac breathed his last in the kind arms which had first caressed him on the day of his birth.

His father, from whom he evidently inherited much of the eccentricity of his character, is described as a compound of Moutaigne, Rabelais, and Uncle Toby—a man in manners, conversation, and disposition generally, of the quaintly original sort. On the breaking out of the Revolution, he lost his court situation, and obtained a place in the commissariat department of the army of the North. This appointment he held for some years. It was of the greater importance to him, in consequence of the change for the worse produced in the pecuniary circumstances of the family by the convulsions of the Revolution.

At the age of seven years Balzac was sent to the college of Vendome; and for seven years more there he remained. This period of his life was never a pleasant one in his remembrance. The reduced circumstances of his family exposed him to much sordid persecution and ridicule from the other boys; and he got on but little better with the masters. They reported him as idle and incapable—or, in other words, as ready enough to devour all sorts of books on his own desultory plan, but hopelessly obstinate in resisting the educational discipline of the school. This time of his life he has reproduced in one of the strangest and the most mystical of all his novels, *La Vie Intellectuelle de Louis Lambert.*

On reaching the critical age of fourteen, his intellect appears to have suffered under a species of eclipse, which occurred very suddenly and mysteriously, and the cause of which neither his masters nor the medical men were able to explain. He himself always declared in after-life, with a touch of his father's quaintness, that his brain had been attacked by "a congestion of ideas." Whatever the cause might be, the effect was so serious that the progress of his education had to be stopped; and his removal from the college followed as a matter of course. Time, care, quiet, and breathing his native air, gradually restored him to himself; and he was ultimately enabled to complete his studies at two private schools. Here again, however, he did nothing to distinguish himself among his fellow-pupils. He read incessantly, and preserved the fruits of his reading with marvellous power of memory; but the school-teaching, which did well enough for ordinary boys, was exactly the species of teaching from which the essentially original mind of Balzac recoiled in disgust. All that he felt and did at this period has been carefully reproduced by his own pen in the earlier pages of *Le Lys dans le Vallée.*

Badly as he got on at school, he managed to imbibe a sufficient quantity of conventional learning to entitle him, at the age of eighteen, to his degree of Bachelor of Arts. He was destined for the law; and after attending the legal lectures in the various Institutions of Paris, he passed his examination by the time he was twenty, and then entered a notary's office in the capacity of clerk. There were two other clerks to keep him company, who hated the drudgery of the law as heartily as he hated it himself. One of them was the future author of the *Mysteries of Paris*, Eugéne Sue; the other was the famous critic, Jules Janin.

After he had been engaged in this office, and in another, for more than three years, a legal friend, who was under great obligations to Balzac the father, offered to give up his business as a notary to Balzac the son. To the great scandal of the family, Honoré resolutely refused the offer—for the one sufficient reason that he had determined to be the greatest writer in France. His relations began by laughing at him, and ended by growing angry with him. But nothing moved Honoré. His vanity was of the calm, settled sort; and his own conviction that his business in life was simply to be a famous man proved too strong to be shaken by anybody.

While he and his family were at war on this point, a change for the worse occurred in the elder Balzac's official circumstances. He was superannuated. The diminution of income thus produced was followed by a pecuniary catastrophe. He had embarked almost the whole of his own little remaining property and his wife's in two speculations; and they both failed. No resource was now left him but to retire to a small country house in the neighborhood of Paris, which he had purchased in his prosperous days, and to live there as well as might be on the wreck of his lost fortune. Honoré, sticking fast to the hopeless business of becoming a great man, was, by his own desire, left alone in a Paris garret, with an allowance of five pounds English a month, which was all the kind father could spare to feed, clothe, and lodge the wrong-headed son.

And now, without a literary friend to help him in all Paris, alone in his wretched attic, his dog's-eared books, his bescrawled papers, his wild vanity, and his ravenous hunger for fame, Balzac stripped resolutely for the fight. He was then twenty-three years old—a sturdy fellow to look at, with a big, jovial face, and a strong square forehead, topped by a very untidy and superfluous allowance of long tangled hair. His only difficulty at starting was what to begin upon. After consuming many lonely months in sketching out comedies, operas, and novels, he finally obeyed the one disastrous rule which seems to admit of no exception in the early lives of men of letters, and fixed the whole bent of his industry and his genius on the production of a tragedy. After infinite pains and long labor, the great work was completed. The subject was Cromwell; and the treatment in Balzac's hands appears to have been so inconceivably bad, that even his own family—to say nothing of other judicious friends—told him in the plainest terms, when he read it to them, that he had perpetrated a signal failure. Modest men might have been discouraged by this. Balzac took his manuscript back to his garret, standing higher in his own estimation than ever. "I will give up being a great dramatist," he told his parents at parting, "and will be a great novelist instead." The vanity of the man expressed itself with this sublime disregard of ridicule all through his life. It was a precious quality to him—and it is surely (however unquestionably offensive it may be to our friends) a precious quality to all of us. What man ever yet did anything great, without beginning with a profound belief in his own untried powers?

Confident as ever, therefore, in his own resources, Balzac now took up the pen once more—this time, in the character of a novelist. But another and a serious check awaited him at the outset. Fifteen months of solitude, privation, and reckless hard writing—months which are recorded in the pages of *La Peau de Chagrin* with a fearful and pathetic truth drawn straight from the bitterest of all experiences, the experience of studious poverty—had reduced him to a condition of bodily weakness which made all present exertion of his mental powers simply hopeless, and which obliged him to take refuge—a worn-out, wasted man, at the age of twenty three—in his father's quiet little country house. Here, under his mother's care, his exhausted energies slowly revived; and here, in the first days of his convalescence, he returned, with the grim resolution of despair, to working out the old dream in the garret, to resuming the old hopeless business of making himself a great man.

It was under his father's roof, during the time of his slow recovery, that the youthful fictions of Balzac were produced. The strength of his belief in his own resources and his own future gave him also the strength, in relation to these first efforts, to rise above his own vanity, and to see plainly that he had not yet learnt to do himself full justice. His early novels bore on their title-pages a variety of feigned names, for the starving, struggling author was too proud to acknowledge them, so long as they failed to satisfy his own conception of what his own powers could accomplish. These first efforts—now included in the Belgian editions of his collected works, and comprising among them two stories, *Jane la Pale* and *Le Vicaire des Ardennes*, which show unquestionable dawnings of the genius of a great writer—were originally published by the lower and more rapacious order of booksellers, and did as little toward increasing his means as toward establishing his reputation. Still, he forced his way slowly and resolutely through poverty, obscurity, and disappointment, nearer and nearer to the promised land which no eye saw but his own—a greater man, by far, at this hard period of his adversity than at the more trying after-time of his prosperity and his fame. One by one, the heavy years rolled on till he was a man of thirty; and then the great prize which he had so long toiled for, dropped within his reach at last. In the year eighteen hundred and twenty nine, the famous *Physiologie du Mariage* was published; and the starveling of the Paris garret became a name and a power in French literature.

In England, this book would have been universally condemned as an unpardonable exposure of the most sacred secrets of domestic life. It unveils the whole social side of Marriage in its innermost recesses, and exhibits it alternately in its bright and dark aspects, with a marvellous minuteness of observation, a profound knowledge of human nature, and a daring eccentricity of style and arrangement which amply justify the extraordinary success of the book on its first appearance in France. It may be more than questionable, judging from the English point of view, whether such a subject should ever have been selected for any other than the most serious, reverent, and forbearing treatment. Setting this objection aside, however, in consideration of the French point of view, it cannot be denied that the merits of the Physiology of Marriage, as a piece of writing, were by no means overestimated by the public to which it was addressed. In a literary sense, the book would have done credit to a man in the maturity of his powers. As the work of a man whose intellectual life was only beginning, it was such an achievement as is not often recorded in the history of modern literature.

This first triumph of the future novelist—obtained, curiously enough, by a book which was not a novel—failed to smooth the way onward and upward for Balzac as speedily and pleasantly as might have been supposed. He had another stumble on that hard road of his, before he fairly started on the career of success. Soon after the publication of the Physiology of Marriage, an unlucky idea of strengthening his resources by trading in literature, as well as by writing books, seems to have occurred to him. He tried bookselling and printing; proved himself to be, in both cases, probably the very worst man of business who ever lived and breathed in this world; failed in the most hopeless way, and with the most extraordinary rapidity; and so learnt at last, by the cruel teaching of experience, that his one fair chance of getting money lay in sticking fast to his pen for the rest of his days. In the next ten years of his life, that pen produced the noble series of fictions which influenced French literature far and wide, and which will last in public remembrance long after the miserable errors and inconsistencies of the writer's personal character are forgotten. This was the period when Balzac was in the full enjoyment of his matured intellectual powers and his enviable public celebrity; and this was also the golden time when his publisher and biographer first became acquainted with him. Now, therefore, Monsieur Werdet may be encouraged to come forward and take the post of honor as narrator of the strange story that is to be told; for now he is placed in the fit position to address himself intelligibly, as well as amusingly, to an English audience.

The story opens with the starting of Monsieur Werdet as a publisher in Paris, on his own account. The modest capital at his command amounted to just one hundred and twenty pounds English; and his leading idea, on beginning business, was to become the publisher of Balzac.

He had already entered into transactions, on a large scale, with his favorite author, in the character of agent for a publishing house of high standing. He had been very well received, on that first occasion, as a man representing undeniable capital and a great commercial position. On the second occasion, however, of his representing nobody but himself and nothing but the smallest of existing capitals, he very wisely secured the protection of an intimate friend of Balzac's to introduce him as favorably as might be, for the second time. Accompanied by this gentleman, whose name was Monsieur Barbier, and carrying his capital in his pocket-book, the embryo publisher nervously presented himself in the sanctum sanctorum of the great man.

Monsieur Barbier having carefully explained the business on which they came, Balzac addressed himself, with an indescribable suavity and grandeur of manner, to anxious Monsieur Werdet.

"Just so," said the eminent man. "You are doubtless possessed, sir, of considerable capital? You are probably aware that no man can hope to publish for ME who is not prepared to assert himself magnificently in the matter of cash? I sell high—high—very high. And not to deceive you—for I am incapable of suppressing the truth—I am a man who requires to be dealt with on the principle of considerable advances. Proceed, sir—I am prepared to listen to you."

But Monsieur Werdet was too cautious to proceed without strengthening his position before starting. He entrenched himself instantly behind his pocket-book.

One by one, the notes of the Bank of France, which formed the poor publisher's small capital, were drawn out of their snug hiding-place. Monsieur Werdet produced six of them, representing five hundred francs each (or, as before mentioned, a hundred and twenty pounds sterling,) arranged them neatly and impressively on the table, and then cast himself on the author's mercy in an agitated voice, and in these words:

"Sir! behold my capital. There lies my whole fortune. It is yours in exchange for any book you please to write for me."

And at that point, to the horror and astonishment of Monsieur Werdet, his further progress was cut short by roars of laughter—formidable roars, as he himself expressly states—bursting from the lungs of the highly diverted Balzac.

"What astonishing simplicity!" exclaimed the great man. "Do you actually believe, sir, that I—De Balzac—can so entirely forget what is due to myself as to sell you any conceivable species of fiction which is the product of MY PEN, for

the sum of three thousand francs? You have come here Monsieur Werdet, to address an offer to me, without preparing yourself by previous reflection. If I felt so disposed, I should have every right to consider your conduct as unbecoming in the highest degree. But I don't feel so disposed. On the contrary, I can even allow your honest ignorance, your innocent confidence, to excuse you in my estimation. Don't be alarmed, sir, I excuse you to a certain extent."

Between disappointment, indignation, and astonishment, Monsieur Werdet was struck dumb. His friend, Monsieur Barbier, therefore spoke for him, urging every possible consideration; and finally proposing that Balzac, if he was determined not to write a new story for three thousand francs, should at least sell one edition of an old one for that sum. Monsieur Barbier's arguments were admirably put: they lasted a long time; and when they had come to an end, they received this reply:

"Gentlemen!" cried Balzac, pushing back his long hair from his heated temples, and taking a fresh dip of ink, "you have wasted an hour of MY TIME in talking of trifles. I rate the pecuniary loss thus occasioned to me at two hundred francs. My time is my capital. I must work. Gentlemen! leave me." Having expressed himself in these hospitable terms, the great man immediately resumed the process of composition.

Monsieur Werdet, naturally and properly indignant, immediately left the room. He was overtaken, after he had proceeded a little distance in the street, by his friend Barbier, who had remained behind to remonstrate.

"You have every reason to be offended," said Barbier. "His conduct is inexcusable. But, pray, don't suppose that your negotiation is broken off." I know him better than you do; and I tell you that you have nailed Balzac. He wants money, and before three days are over your head he will return your visit."

"If he does," replied Werdet, "I'll pitch him out of the window."

"No, you won't," said Barbier. "In the first place, it is an extremely uncivil proceeding to pitch a man out of the window; and, as a naturally polite gentleman, you are incapable of committing a breach of good manners. In the second place, rude as he has been to you, Balzac is not the less a man of genius; and, as such, he is just the man of whom you, as a publisher, stand in need. Wait patiently; and in a day or two you will see him, or hear from him again."

Barbier was right. Three days afterward, the following satisfactory communication was received by Monsieur Werdet:

"My brain, sir, was so prodigiously preoccupied by work uncongenial to my fancy, when you visited me the other day, that I was incapable of comprehending otherwise than imperfectly what it is that you wanted of me.

"To-day, my brain is not preoccupied. Do me the favor to call and see me at four o'clock.

"A thousand civilities.

"DE BALZAC."

Monsieur Werdet viewed this singular note in the light of a fresh impertinence. On consideration, however, he acknowledged it, and curtly added that important business would prevent his accepting the appointment proposed to him.

In two days more, friend Barbier came with a second invitation from the great man. But Monsieur Werdet steadily refused it. "Balzac has already been playing his game with me," he said. "Now, it is my turn to play my game with Balzac. I mean to keep him waiting four days longer."

At the end of that time, Monsieur Werdet once more entered the sanctum sanctorum. On this second occasion. Balzac's graceful politeness was indescribable. He deplored the rarity of intelligent publishers. He declared his deep sense of the importance of an intelligent publisher's appearance on the literary horizon. He expressed himself as quite enchanted to be now enabled to remark that appearance, to welcome it, and even to deal with it. Polite as he was by nature, Monsieur Werdet had no chance this time against Monsieur de Balzac. In the race of civility the publisher was now nowhere, and the author made all the running.

The interview, thus happily begun, terminated in a most agreeable transaction on both sides. Balzac cheerfully locked up the six bank notes in his strong-box. Werdet, as cheerfully, retired with a written agreement in his empty pocket book, authorizing him to publish the second edition of *Le Médecin de Campagne*—hardly, it may be remarked in parenthesis, one of the best to select of the novels of Balzac.

II.

ONCE started in business as the happy proprietor and hopeful publisher of the second edition of *Le Médecin de Campagne*, Monsieur Werdet was too wise a man not to avail himself of the only certain means of success in modern times. He puffed magnificently. Every newspaper in Paris was inundated with a deluge of advertisements, announcing the forthcoming work in terms of eulogy such as the wonder-struck reader had never met with before. The result, aided by Balzac's celebrity, was a phenomenon in the commercial history of French literature. Every copy of the second edition of *Le Médicin de Campagne* was sold in eight days.

This success established Monsieur Werdet's reputation. Young authors crowded to him with their manuscripts, all declaring piteously that they wrote in the style of Balzac. But Monsieur Werdet flew at higher game. He received the imitators politely, and even published for one or two of them; but the high business aspirations which glowed within him were all concentrated on the great original. He had conceived the sublime idea of becoming Balzac's sole publisher: of buying up all his copyrights held by other houses, and of issuing all his new works that were yet to be written. Balzac himself welcomed this proposal with superb indulgence. "Walter Scott," he said, in his grandest way, "had only one publisher—Archibald Constable. Work out your idea. I authorize it; I support it. I will be Scott, and you shall be Constable!"

Fired by the prodigious future thus disclosed to him, Monsieur Werdet assumed forthwith the character of a French Constable; and opened negotiations with no less than six publishers who held among them the much-desired copyrights. His own enthusiasm did something for him; his excellent previous character in the trade, and his remarkable success at starting, did much more. The houses he dealt with took his bills in all directions, without troubling him for security. After innumerable interviews and immense exercise of diplomacy, he raised himself at last to the pinnacle of his ambition—he became sole proprietor and publisher of the works of Balzac.

The next question—a sordid, but, unhappily, a necessary question also—was how to turn this precious acquisition to the best pecuniary account. Some of the works, such as *La Physiologie du Mariage* and *La Peau de Chagrin*, had produced, and were still producing, large sums. Others, on the contrary, such as the *Contes Philosophiques* (which were a little too profound for the public) and *Louis Lambert* (which was intended to popularize the mysticisms of Swedenborg,) had not yet succeeded in paying their expenses. Estimating his speculation by what he had in hand, Monsieur Werdet had not much chance of seeing his way speedily to quick returns. Estimating it, however, by what was coming in the future, that is to say, by the promised privilege of issuing all the writer's contemplated works, he had every reason to look happily and hopefully at his commercial prospects. At this crisis of the narrative, when the publisher's credit and fortune depended wholly on the credit of one man, the history of that man's habits of literary composition assumes a special interest and importance. Monsieur Werdet's description of Balzac at his writing-desk presents by no means the least extraordinary of the many singular revelations which compose the story of the author's life.

When he had once made up his mind to produce a new book, Balzac's first proceeding was to think it out thoroughly before he put pen to paper. He was not satisfied with possessing himself of the main idea only; he followed it mentally into its minutest ramifications, devoting to the process just that amount of patient, hard labor and self-sacrifice which no inferior writer ever has the common sense or the courage to bestow on his work. With his note-book ready in his hand, Balzac studied his scenes and characters straight from life. General knowledge of what he wanted to describe was not enough for this determined realist. If he found himself in the least at fault, he would not hesitate to take a long journey merely to insure truth to nature in describing the street of a country town, or in painting some minor peculiarity of rustic character. In Paris he was perpetually about the streets, perpetually penetrating into all classes of society, to study the human nature about him in its minutest varieties. Day by day, and week by week, his note-book and his brains were hard at work together, before he thought of sitting down to his desk to begin. When he had finally amassed his materials in this laborious manner, he at last retired to his study; and from that time, till his book had gone to press, society saw him no more.

His house-door was now closed to everybody, except the publisher and the printer; and his costume was changed to a loose white robe, of the sort which is worn by the Dominican monks. This singular writing-dress was fastened round the waist by a chain of Venetian gold, to which hung little pliers and scissors of the same precious metal. White Turkish trousers, and red-morocco slippers, embroidered with gold, covered his legs and feet. On the day when he sat down to his desk, the light of heaven was shut out, and he worked by the light of candles in superb silver sconces. Even letters were not allowed to reach him. They were all thrown, as they came, into a japan vase, and not opened, no matter how important they might be, till his work was all over. He rose to begin writing at two in the morning, continued, with extraordinary rapidity, till six; then took his warm bath, and stopped in it, thinking, for an hour or more. At eight o'clock his servant brought him up a cup of coffee. Before nine his publisher was admitted to carry away what he had done. From nine till noon he wrote again, always at the top of his speed. At noon he breakfasted on eggs, with a glass of water and a second cup of coffee. From one o'clock to six he returned to work. At six he dined lightly, only allowing himself one glass of wine. From seven to eight he received his publisher again; and at eight o'clock he went to bed. This life he led, while he was writing his books, for two months together, without intermission. Its effect on his health was such that, when he appeared once more among his friends, he looked, in the popular phrase, like his own ghost. Chance acquaintances would hardly have known him again.

It must not be supposed that this life of resolute seclusion and fierce hard toil ended with the completion of the first draught of his manuscript. At the point where, in the instances of most men, the serious part of the work would have come to an end, it had only begun for Balzac.

In spite of all the preliminary studying and thinking, when his pen had scrambled its way straight through to the end of the book, the leaves were all turned back again, and the first manuscript was altered into a second with inconceivable patience and care. Innumerable corrections and interlinings, to begin with, led in the end to transpositions and expansions which metamorphosed the entire work. Happy thoughts were picked out of the beginning of the manuscript, and inserted where they might have a better effect at the end. Others at the end would be moved to the beginning, or the middle. In one place, chapters would be expanded to three or four times their original length; in another, abridged to a few paragraphs; in a third, taken out altogether, or shifted to new positions. With all this mass of alterations in every page, the manuscript was at last ready for the printer. Even to the experienced eyes in the printing office, it was now all but illegible. The deciphering it, and setting it up in a moderately correct form, cost an amount of patience and pains which wearied out all the best men in the office, one after another, before the first series of proofs could be submitted to the author's eye. When these were at last complete, they were sent in on large slips, and the indefatigable Balzac immediately set to work to rewrite the whole book for the third time!

He now covered with fresh corrections, fresh alterations, fresh expansion of this passage, and fresh abridgements of that, not only the margins of the proofs all round, but even the little intervals of white space between the paragraphs. Lines crossing each other in indescribable confusion were supposed to show the bewildered printer the various places at which the multitude of new insertions were to be slipped in. Illegible as Balzac's original manuscripts were, his corrected proofs were more hopelessly puzzling still. The picked men in the office, to whom alone they could be entrusted, shuddered at the very name of Balzac, and relieved each other at intervals of an hour, beyond which time no one printer could be got to continue the work on the universally execrated and universally unintelligible proofs. The "revises"—that is to say, the proofs embodying the new alterations—were next pulled to pieces in their turn. Two, three, and sometimes four, separate sets of them were required before the author's leave could be got to send the perpetually rewritten book to press, at last, and so have done with it. He was literally the terror of all the printers and editors; and he himself described his process of work as a misfortune, to be the more deplored, because it was, in his case, an intellectual necessity. "I toil sixteen hours out of the twenty-four," he said," "over the elaboration of my unhappy style; and I am never satisfied, myself, when all is done."

Looking back to the school-days of Balzac, when his mind suffered under the sudden and mysterious shock which has already been described in its place; remembering that his father's character was notorious for its eccentricity; observing the prodigious toil, the torture almost, of mind which the act of literary production seems to have cost him all through life, it is impossible not to arrive at the conclusion, that, in his case, there must have been a fatal incompleteness somewhere in the mysterious intellectual machine. Magnificently as it was endowed, the balance of faculties in his mind seems to have been more than ordinarily imperfect. On this theory, his unparalleled difficulties in expressing himself as a writer, and his errors, incousistencies, and meannesses of character, as a man, become, at least, not wholly unintelligible. On any other theory, all explanation both of his personal life and his literary life appears to be simply impossible.

Such was the perilous pen on which Monsieur Werdet's prospects in life all depended. If Balzac failed to perform his engagements punctually, or if his health broke down under his severe literary exertions, the commercial decease of his unfortunate publisher followed either disaster, purely as a matter of course.

At the outset, however, the posture of affairs looked encouragingly enough. On its completon in the *Revue de Paris*, *Le Lys dans la Vallée* was republished by Monsieur Werdet, who had secured his interest in the work by a timely advance of six thousand francs. Of this novel (the most highly valued in France of all the writer's fictions,) but two hundred copies of the first edition were left undisposed of two hours after its publication. This unparalleled success kept Monsieur Werdet's head above water, and encouraged

him to hope great things from the next novel *(Séraphita.)* which was also begun, periodically, in the *Revue de Paris*. Before it was finished, however, Balzac and the editor of the *Review* quarrelled. The long-suffering publisher was obliged to step in and pay the author's forfeit-money, obtaining the incomplete novel in return, and with it Balzac's promise to finish the work off hand. Months passed, however, and not a page of manuscript was produced. One morning, at eight o'clock, to Monsieur Werdet's horror and astonishment, Balzac burst in on him in a condition of sublime despair. to announce that he and his genius had to all appearance parted company forever.

"My brain is empty!" cried the great man. "My imagination is dried up! Huadreds of cups of coffee and two warm baths a day have done nothing for me. Werdet! I am a lost man!"

The publisher thought of his empty cash-box, and was petrified. The author proceeded:

"I must travel!" he exclaimed, distractedly. "My genius has run away from me—I must pursue it over mountains and valleys. Werdet! I must catch my genius up?"

Poor Monsieur Werdet faintly suggested a little tura in the immediate neighborhood of Paris—something equivalent to a nice airy ride to Hampstead on the top of an omnibus. But Balzac's runaway genius had, in the estimation of its bereaved proprietor, got as far as Vienna already; and he coolly announced his intention of travelling after it to the Austrian capital.

"And who is to finish *Séraphita?*" inquired the unhappy publisher. "My illustrious friend, you are ruining me!"

"On the contrary," remarked Balzac, persuasively, "I am making your fortune. At Vienna, I shall find my genius—at Vienna I shall finish *Séraphita*, and a new book besides—at Vienna, I shall meet with an angelic woman who admires me—she permits me to call her 'Carissima'—she has written to invite me to Vienaa—I ought, I must, I will, accept the invitation."

Here an ordinary acquaintance would have had an excellent opportunity of saying something smart. But poor Monsieur Werdet was not in a position to be witty; and, moreover, he knew but too well what was coming next. All he ventured to say was:

"But I am afraid you have no money."

"You can raise some," replied his illustrious friend. "Borrow—deposit stock in trade—get me two thousand francs. Everything else I can do for myself. Werdet, I will hire a postchaise—I will dine with my dear sister—I will set off after dinner—I will aot be later than eight o'clock—click clack!" And the great man executed an admirable imitation of the cracking of a postilion's whip.

There was no resource for Monsieur Werdet but to throw the good money after the bad. He raised the two thousand francs: and away went Balzac to catch his runaway genius, to bask in the society of a female angel, and to coin money in the form of manuscripts.

Eighteen days afterward a perfumed letter from the author reached the publisher. He had caught his genius at Vienna; he had been magnificently received by the aristocracy; he had finished *Séraphita*, and nearly completed the other book; his angelic friend, Carissima, already loved Werdet from Balzac's description of him; Balzac himself was Werdet's friend till death; Werdet was his Archibald Constable; Werdet should see him again in fifteen days; Werdet should ride in his carriage in the Bois de Boulogne, and meet Balzac riding in his carriage, and see the enemies of both parties looking on at the magnificent spectacle and bursting with spite. Finally, Werdet would have the goodness to remark (in a postscript) that Balzac had provided himself with another little advance of fifteen hundred francs, received from Rothschild in Vienna, and had given in exchange a bill at ten days' sight on his excellent publisher, on his admirable and devoted Archibald Constable.

While Monsieur Werdet was still prostrate under the effect of this audacious postscript, a clerk entered his office with the identical bill. It was drawn at one days' sight instead of ten; and the money was wanted immediately. The publisher was the most long-suffering of men; but there were limits even to his patient endurance. He took Balzac's letter with him, and went at once to the office of the Parisian Rothschild. The great financier received him kindly; admitted that there must have been some mistake; granted the ten days' grace; and dismissed his visitor with this excellent and sententious piece of advice:

"I recommend you to mind what you are about, sir, with Monsieur de Balzac. He is a highly inconsequent man."

It was too late for Monsieur Werdet to mind what he was about. He had no choice but to lose his credit, or pay at the end of the ten days. He paid; and ten days later, Balzac returned, considerately bringing with him some charming little Viennese curiosities for his esteemed publisher. Monsieur Werdet expressed his acknowledgments; and then politely inquired for the conclusion of *Séraphita*, and the manuscript of the new novel.

Not a single line of either had been committed to paper.

The farce (undoubtedly a most disgraceful performance, so far as Balzac was concerned) was not played out even yet. The publisher's reproaches seem at last to have awakened the author to something remotely resembling a sense of shame. He promised that *Séraphita*, which had been waiting at press a whole year, should be finished in one night. There were just two sheets of sixteen pages each to write. They might have been completed either at the author's house or at the publisher's, which was close to the printer's. But, no—it was not in Balzac's character to miss the smallest chance of producing a sensation anywhere. His last caprice was a determination to astonish the printers. Twenty-five compositors were called together at eleven at night, a truckle-bed and table were set up for the author—or, to speak more correctly, for the literary mountebank—in the workshop; Balzac arrived, in a high state of inspiration, to stagger the sleepy journeymen by showing them how fast he could write; and the two sheets were completed magnificently on the spot. By way of fit and proper climax to this ridiculous exhibition of literary quackery, it is only necessary to add, that, on Balzac's own confession, the two concluding sheets of *Séraphita* had been mentally composed, and carefully committed to memory, two years before he affected to write them impromptu in the printer's office. It seems impossible to deny that the man who could act in this outrageously puerile manner must have been simply mad. But what becomes of the imputation when we remember that this very madman has produced books which, for depth of thought and marvellous knowledge of human nature, are counted deservedly among the glories of French literature, and which were never more living and more lasting works than they are at this moment.

Séraphita was published three days after the author's absurd exhibition of himself at the printer's office. In this novel, as in its predecessor. *Louis Lambert*, Balzac left his own firm ground of reality, and soared, on the wings of Swedenborg, into an atmosphere of transcendental obscurity impervious to all ordinary eyes. What the book meant, the editor of the periodical in which part of it originally appeared never could explain. Monsieur Werdet, who published it, confesses that he was in the same mystified condition; and the present writer, who has vainly attempted to read it through, desires to add, in this place, his modest acknowledgments of inability to enlighten English readers in the smallest degree on the subject of *Séraphita*. Luckily for Monsieur Werdet, the author's reputation stood so high with the public, that the book sold prodigiously, merely because it was a book by Balzac. The proceeds of the sale, and the profits derived from new editions of the old novels, kept the sinking publisher from absolute submersion; and might even have brought him safely to land, but for the ever-increasing dead weight of the author's perpetual borrowings, on the security of forthcoming works which he never produced.

No commercial success, no generous self-sacrifice, could keep pace with the demands of Balzac's insatiate vanity and love of show, at this period of his life. He had two establishments, to begin with; both splendidly furnished, and one adorned with a valuable gallery of pictures. He had his box at the French Opera, and his box at the Italian Opera. He had a chariot and horses, and an establishment of men servants. The panels of the carriage were decorated with the arms, and the bodies of the footmen were adorned with the liveries, of the noble family of D'Entragues, to which Balzac persisted in declaring that he was allied, although he never could produce the smallest proof in support of the statement. When he could add no more to the sumptuous magnificence of his houses, his dinners, his carriage, and his servants; when he had filled his rooms with every species of expensive knick-knack; when he had lavished money on all the known extravagances which extravagant Paris can supply to the spendthrift's inventory, he hit on the entirely new idea of providing himself with such a walking-stick as the world had never yet beheld.

His first proceeding was to procure a splendid cane, which was sent to the jeweller's, and was grandly topped by a huge gold knob. The inside of the knob was occupied by a lock of hair presented to the author by an unknown lady admirer. The outside was studded with all the jewels he had bought, and with all the jewels he had received as presents. With this cane, nearly as big as a drum-major's staff, and all ablaze at the top with rubies, diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires, Balzac exhibited himself, in a rapture of satisfied vanity, at the theatres and in the public promenades. The cane became as celebrated in Paris as the author. Madame de Girardin wrote a sparkling little book all about the wonderful walking-stick. Balzac was in the seventh heaven of happiness; Balzac's friends were either disgusted or diverted, according to their tempers. One unfortunate man alone suffered the inevitable penalty of this insane extravagance: need it be added that his name was Werdet?

The end of the connection between the author and the publisher was now fast approaching. All entreaties or reproaches addressed to Balzac failed in producing the slightest result. Even confinement in a sponging-house, when creditors discovered, in course of time, that they could wait no longer, passed unheeded as a warning. Balzac only borrowed more money the moment the key was turned on him, gave a magnificent dinner in prison, and left the poor publisher, as usual, to pay the bill. He was extricated from the sponging-house before he had been there quite three days; and, at that time, he had spent over twenty guineas on luxuries which he had not a farthing of his own to purchase. It is useless, it is even exasperating, to go on accumulating instances of this sort of mad and cruel prodigality: let us advance rapidly to the end. One morning, Monsieur Werdet balanced accounts with his author, from the beginning, and found, in spite of the large profits produced by the majority of the works, that fifty-eight thousand francs were (to use his own expression) paralyzed in his hands by the life Balzac persisted in living; and that fifty-eight thousand more might soon be in the same condition, if he had possessed them to advance. A rich publisher might have contrived to keep his footing in such a crisis as this, and to deal, for the time to come, on purely commercial grounds. But Monsieur Werdet was a poor man; he had relied on Balzac's verbal promises when he ought to have exacted his written engagements: and he had no means of appealing to the author's love of money by dazzling prospects of bank-notes awaiting him in the future, if he chose honestly to earn his right to them. In short, there was but one alternative left, the alternative of giving up the whole purpose and ambition of the bookseller's life, and resolutely breaking off his ruinous connection with Balzac.

Reduced to this situation, driven to bay by the prospect of engagents falling due which he had no apparent means of meeting, Monsieur Werdet answered the next application for an advance by a flat refusal, and followed up that unexampled act of self-defence by speaking his mind at last, in no measured terms, to his illustrious friend. Balzac turned crimson with suppressed anger, and left the room. A series of business formalities followed, iniated by Balzac, with the view of breaking off the connection between his publisher and himself, now that he found there was no more money to be had; Monsieur Werdet being, on his side, perfectly ready to "sign, seal, and deliver," as soon as his claims were properly satisfied in due form of law.

Balzac had now but one means of meeting his liabilities. His personal reputation was gone; but his literary reputation remained as high as ever, and he soon found a publisher, with large capital at command, who was ready to treat for his copyright. Monsieur Werdet had no resource but to sell, or be bankrupt. He parted with all the valuable copyrights for a sum of sixty thousand and odd francs, which sufficed to meet his most pressing engagements. Some of the less popular and less valuable books he kept, to help him, if possible, through his daily and personal liabilities. As for gaining any absolute profit, or even holding his position as a publisher, the bare idea of securing either advantage was dismissed as an idle dream. The purpose for which he had toiled so hard and suffered so patiently was sacrificed forever, and he was reduced to beginning life again as a country traveller for a prosperous publishing house. So far as his main object in existence was concerned, Balzac had plainly and literally ruined him. It is impossible to part with Monsieur Werdet, imprudent and credulous as he appears to have been, without a strong feeling of sympathy, which becomes strengthened to something like positive admiration when we discover that he cherished, in after life, no unfriendly sentiments toward the man who had treated him so shamefully; and when we find him, in the Memoir now under notice, still trying hard to make the best of Balzac's conduct, and still writing of him in terms of affection and esteem in the very end of the book.

The remainder of Balzac's life was, in substance, merely the lamentable repetition of the personal faults and follies, and the literary merits and triumphs, which have already found their record on these pages. The extremes of idle vanity and unprincipled extravagance still alternated, to the last, with the extremes of hard mental labor and amazing mental productiveness. Though he found new victims among new men, he never again met with so generous and forbearing a friend as the poor publisher whose fortunes he had destroyed. The women, whose impulses in his favor were kept alive by their admiration of his books, clung to their spoilt darling to the last—one of their number even stepping forward to save him from a debtors' prison, at the heavy sacrifice of paying the whole demand against him out of her own purse. In all cases of this sort, even where men were concerned as well as women, his personal means of attraction, when he chose to exert them, strengthened immensely his literary claims on the sympathy and good-will of others. He appears to have possessed in the highest degree those powers of fascination which are quite independent of mere beauty of face and form, and which are perversely and inexplicably bestowed in the most lavish abundance on the most unprincipled of mankind. Poor Monsieur Werdet can only account for half his own acts of indiscretion by declaring that his eminent friend wheedled him into committing them. Other and wiser men kept out of Balzac's way, through sheer distrust of themselves. Virtuous friends who tried hard to reform him,

retreated from his presence, declaring that the reprobate whom they had gone to convert had all but upset their moral balance in a morning's conversation. An eminent literary gentleman, who went to spend the day with him to talk over a proposed work, rushed out of the house after a two hours' interview, exclaiming piteously: "The man's imagination is in a state of delirium—his talk has set my brain in a whirl—he would have driven me mad if I had spent the day with him!" If men were influenced in this way, it is not wonderful that woman (whose self-esteem was delicately flattered by the prominent and fascinating position which they hold in all his books) should have worshipped a man who publicly and privately worshipped them.

His personal appearance would have recalled to English minds the popular idea of Friar Tuck—he was the very model of the conventional fat, sturdy, red faced, jolly monk. But he had the eye of a man of genius, and the tongue of a certain infernal personage, who may be broadly hinted at, but who must on no account be plainly named. The Balzac candlestick might be clumsy enough; but when once the Balzac candle was lit, the moths flew into it, only too readily, from all points of the compass.

The last important act of his life was, in a worldly point of view, one of the wisest things he ever did. The lady who invited him to Vienna, and whom he called Carissima, was the wife of a wealthy Russian nobleman. On the death of her husband, she practically asserted her admiration of her favorite author, by offering him her hand and fortune. Balzac accepted both; and returned to Paris (from which respect for his creditors had latterly kept him absent) a married man, and an enviable member of the wealthy class of society. A splendid future now opened before him—but it opened too late. Arrived at the end of his old course, he just saw the new career beyond him, and dropped on the threshold of it. The strong constitution which he had remorselessly wasted for more than twenty years past gave way at length, at the very time when his social chances looked most brightly. Three months after his marriage, Honoré de Balzac died, after unspeakable suffering, of disease of the heart. He was then but fifty years of age. His fond, proud, heart-broken old mother held him in her arms. On that loving bosom he had drawn his first breath. On that loving bosom the weary head sank to rest again, when the wild, wayward, miserable, glorious life was over.—*Wilkie Collins.*

[For the Californian.]

REGARDING RESTAURANTS.

CALIFORNIA being a country where so many people live at restaurants, the readers of THE CALIFORNIAN would doubtlessly like to know the derivation of the word "restaurateur."

Strange though it may appear, the French pre-eminence in cookery is comparatively modern, and may be traced to England; but it is nevertheless true. The comfort of the English taverns and coffee-houses, which came into vogue towards the end of Queen Anne's reign and reached their apogee during the days of the second George, was so extolled by every traveller who had partaken of their solid hospitality, that at last a great gastronomic mind burst through the shackles of prejudice and routine, and gave to Paris what it had long wanted, a public dining establishment, where a good dinner could be enjoyed in the midst of good society, without the diner being compelled to shake hands with any one, nor eat anything which was not quite agreeable to his palate; in short, a place where a man could choose his dinner, and be always sure, whether it was a moderate or an expensive one, of having it well cooked and well served. The name of this national benefactor, for such he deserves to be called, was Lamy, and he opened his modest *salon* in one of the dark and narrow passages leading to the Palais Royal, towards the end of the year 1774. Over his door he had the following inscription in kitchen Latin:

"O vos qui stomacho laboratis, accurite,
Et ego vos restauraho."

(O you, whose empty stomachs moan in pain,
Come to me, and I'll restore you again.)

Thence was originated the name "Restaurateur." Two years however, before this time, in 1772, *tables-d'hote* were provided by the *traiteurs-rotisseurs*, who then only kept public kitchens for cooking and sending out dinners, which were composed of meat, game, poultry, fish, etc., sent in to them from private houses to be cooked, both of which customs by the way, exist in Paris up to the present time. The establishment of these *tables-d'hote* was also the result of a happy idea. One of the *traiteurs* having a commodious room attached to his kitchen, thought he might turn it to advantage by giving a public dinner at a fixed hour, for a small price, to those of his customers who, from a press of business, or any other cause, could not conveniently go to their own homes to dine. The idea was a good one and it prospered; it was adopted by his brother *traiteurs*, and in a very short time *tables-d'hote* of every grade became popular; but it was reserved for Lamy to make the great leap to fortune by introducing dinners, *(á l'Anglaise á la carte)* which at once, as the French phrase it, put every man "*dans son assiette*," or proper position, by enabling him to choose the dishes which pleased him, and enjoy in the midst of a lively crowd the privacy of his own house. As in everything else, perfection is only arrived at by slow degrees and great patience and exertion; Lamy at the commencement of his enterprise, had a hard battle to fight; the whole body of the *traiteurs* conspired against him and compelled him to confine himself to the strict letter of the municipal law, which, besides obliging him to open and shut his doors at particularly inconvenient hours, and keep a register of the names and addresses of every one frequenting the house, levying heavy duties on the wines and provisions consumed on the premises, prohibited the use of silver spoons and linen cloths, and exacted that every article he served in his "eating shop" should be upon tables covered with green or jasper-colored oil-cloth. Still he struggled on bravely, and finally triumphed; the municipal restrictions were removed, the "eating shop" was called a restaurant, he made a princely fortune and retired to make way for Robert (the inventor of the famous sauce,) Beauvilliers Béchamel, (another great "*saucier*,") and at a later time Careme, the fame of whose genius spreading far and near, made the establishments they presided over the resort of the choicest company. To improve the various dishes, many of which were even now imperfectly produced, more gastronomic minds went to work, and their labors meeting on all sides with liberal encouragement from wealthy gourmets of both sexes, a gastronomic college was established, which effectually revolutionized the dinners of Europe, and elevated cookery to a science.

Monsieur Henrion de Pensey, late President of the Court of Cessation, says: "I regard the discovery of a dish as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star, for we have always stars enough, but we can never have too many dishes; and I shall not regard the sciences as sufficiently honored amongst us until I see a cook in the first class of the Institute."

The establishment of Restaurateurs was a great social fact: before their fortunate advent the enjoyment of delicate cookery was confined solely to the opulent; the Restaurateurs placed it within the reach of almost every one. He who could spend twenty or five-and-twenty francs for his dinner, and knew how to choose his dishes, could dine in one of the first-class salons better than in the palace of a prince; while he who could not afford to launch out so far had for his five, or even three francs, in less pretending establishments, a repast which the resources of his domestic kitchen could not in any way compete with. In fact, the Restaurateurs were the missionaries of civilization, and their efforts did for French cookery what the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries did for literature—they rendered it universal. And this happy, useful reformation, tending to social equality, really had its birth in England, its first nurseries having been the Mitres, Turks' Heads, Cocoa Trees, Will's, Grecians, White's, Buttons, etc., whose glories are so graphically recorded in the pages of the *Tattler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*, and at a later date in Boswell's *Gossipping Life of Doctor Johnson*, which latter *weighty* authority emphatically gave it as his opinion that "a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity."

UNEASY SHAVING. — Johnny Milne's Saturday duty was "duly weekly" to divest his cheeks and chin of the rough stubble which the previous seven days had produced. Another Saturday duty was to provide Sabbath provender for his live stock. And so seriously did Johnny regard the business of shaving generally, that when Saturday came he was wont to declare, in view of the tasks before him, that he would rather "thrash his Sunday strae" than take off his beard. But the thing was not always alike distressing, because the razor was not always the same in point of edge; and so, when a neighbor on one occasion found Johnny lathered to the tip of the nose, and toiling away in his shirt sleeves, the worthy man, with distorted features and tears streaming down his cheeks, poured out the sorrows of his heart in the words: "Oh, mon, *aliss;* I wudna gie a feg for the loons fitein sticks wi' 'er (with Johnny the razor was feminine,) but fan Janet taks 'er to cut the bread on the griddle, it would play the verra sorra wi' the best razor that ever cam' out o' Willy Coots'. This is awfu'."

John G. Quigley dropped suddenly, in Norwalk, Ohio, the other day, and was supposed to be dead. While being shaved in preparation for the grave, the razor cut his face, setting the blood flowing, whereupon Mr. Quigley arose, put on his clothes, and went about his business. Perhaps the barber used a razor like Johnny Milne's, and that brought the dead man to life. A man must be very dead to be indifferent to it.

THE Empress of Austria has recently introduced a new fashion. It is to have a diamond, representing a dewdrop, fixed to a real flower. A few evenings ago her Majesty had in her hand a bouquet of white camelias, and on each, in the centre, was a large diamond.

[For the Californian.]

LINES TO A PICTURE.

SWEET pledge of woman's trust reposed in me,
Type of a form 'twas never mine to see:
Robed in thy maiden beauty, modest, mute,
List, shadow of the loved one, to my lute.
Methinks thou wond'rest what odd freak of chance
Exposed thy beauties to an unknown glance;
But peace be with thee; nothing may'st thou fear!
Pray do not weep!—Ah, *canst* thou shed a tear?
Hast thou a heart whence fond emotions flow?
That thrills with gladness and that throbs with woe?
Whence, too, betimes, thy life-drops freely gush,
To heighten charms unequalled with a blush,
Just as the rosy tints of Summer even
Add tenfold spleudor to the Vault of Heaven?
No; thou art void, beyond all mortals blest—
What though Love's arrows never pierced thy breast?
So to thy heart woe never winged its way
Where hope and joy had nestled yesterday.
I've kissed those lips: they quivered not; a breath
Ne'er lifts that bosom, motionless as death.
Thou canst not speak; thou canst not sigh nor smile,
Man ne'er deceived thee; sin cannot beguile.
We pass away, while Nature must endure;
How sad her work's perverted—Man's is pure.
Despite my gloom, my love of life's the same,
Glows in my heart and prompts me to exclaim,
Beautiful shadow, thy lot I deplore,
Sweet nurse of fond remembrance—nothing more.

W. L. C.

DICKENS IN HIS YOUTH.—A reporter, competent to tell the anecdote from experience, says: "The most famous shorthandman I remember, 'a long time ago,' was Sandie Fraser, a stanch Scot, since numbered with the dead; but he was a great creature in his way. The fidelity of his notes was perfectly remarkable. Gurney and his men had everything—from a divorce case in Parliament to a House of Commons Committee. Gurney—'Dionysius Ear' of Professor Wilson—made all write the same character; indeed, his workmen had been apprenticed to him, each with a good fee: for if they turned out apt pupils, they were sure of making £500 per annum. This went on a long while, and other shorthand writers arose, 'who knew not Joseph.' Among these first and foremost was Charles Dickens, who was as good as Gurney at twelve years of age. Wonderful aptitude! Charles Dickens was a better-dressed man years afterwards, though still one of the best-dressed men about town, with his Parisian waistcoat, and 'the last rose of summer,' it may be, in his coat when he lectures. Dickens, when he came into the gallery of the House of Commons, had D'Orsay wristbands, fine linen, part and parcel of the inner garment—not 'Piccadilly weepers'—with bullion buttons. Wonder it was to me full many a morning at three o'clock—young Phœbus gilding everything but the faces of those within the House—to see 'Boz' take notes of Palmerston or Peel, or, most difficult of all, Disraeli or Shiel, the fastest speaker the world ever heard of—to see, I say, Dickens take notes of these statesmen at such an hour, with notebook in one hand, sapphire-headed pencil in the other, was one of the most astonishing sights, and he would leave the House the neatest and best man still, while the rest were all showing the signs of the wear and tear of the night."

AMONG the American ladies whom we find chronicled as figuring promineutly at recent distinguished balls in Paris, says the *Boudoir*, is Miss Adelsdorfer, of California.

FACTS VS. THEORIES.—"Give me a place to rest my lever on," says Archimedes, "and I will move the world." "Give me pure and unadulterated drugs," says Medicus, of the olden time, "and I will cure disease."

In one sense, both of these learned pundits were the veriest charlatans. They knew there was no place to rest their lever on, either to move the world or cure disease. Mechanism was in a backward state, and the medical profession was but another name for sorcery, and all the adjuncts of magic filters and charms of the "evil eye," etc.

But these latter days have borne unto us something more than even superstition and its crew ever dreamt of in their maddest philosophy. In these days of practical science, what was theory of yesterday is fact to-day, and all the old time notions become as bubbles in the sun, and burst and break with every breath we draw.

Let Archimedes shoulder his lever and we will find a resting place for it to move the world. Let mine ancient Medicus pant and toil no more for the drugs be so sorely needs, for we have them at our hand, ever ready to serve them at his beck.

Refined in the laboratory of Dr. Maggiel, the finest materials known in the medical profession are obtainable by any one. His Bilious, Dyspeptic, and Diarrhea Pills stand unrivalled, and his Salve operates with magical effect upon burns, scalds, and all sores and ulcers of the skin.

In fact, we think MAGGIEL'S Pills and Salve are the wonder of this century, and we are happy in the thought that many others of our brethren of the craft agree with us. We would earnestly counsel that all families provide themselves with Dr. Maggiel's Preparations at once, and keep them ready at hand, so as to use them at the most opportune time and as occasion serves.—*Valley Sentinel.* *

THE PERSIAN LADIES, celebrated for their voluptuous beauty and power of attraction, adorn the complexion and skin with delicate washes—such as Davidson's Circassian Bloom. *

HUSH.

"I CAN scarcely hear," she murmured,
"For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance,
I can hear a sound at last."
"It is only the reapers singing,
As they carry home their sheaves;
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talking,"
Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek.
"It is only the children playing
Below, now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,
As with anxious eyes she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts,
I can hear a horseman ride."
"It was only the deer that were feeding
In a herd on the clover-grass,
They were startled, and fled to the thicket,
As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest,
And the children were at rest:
There was only a sound of weeping
From watchers around a bed,
But Rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet Dead!

[*Adelaide Anne Proctor.*

A LIFE SAVED.

A SUNDAY SCENE IN HANGTOWN.

ON the road leading from Sutter's Mill, or Coloma, to the historic town of Placerville, formerly Hangtown, a party of four men were tramping somewhat wearily towards the latter place. It was a bright February morning in 185—, such as is only seen in California during the dry intervals in the rainy season. The month of January had been very wet, but during the two weeks preceding this particular morning no rain had fallen. Consequently the roads were dry. The air was soft and full of fragrance; grass, flowers, and foliage were seen in the most lavish abundance and of the brightest hues. Nature beamed upon the wayfarers in her gayest and most attractive aspect. The names of the four men were John Bloomer, Aleck Jones, Edward Pym, and Joseph Ricks. They were afoot and some of them were footsore.

Two mules were suddenly espied, quietly grazing on the banks of the South Fork of the Rio Americano. Two of the party determined to rest themselves by a ride. Against the remonstrance of the other two they advanced and secured the hybrids. The nose-ropes served them as bridle reins, and some pieces of rope, which were "lying around loose," were quickly fashioned into stirrups. The improvised equestrians then mounted and jogged along rejoicing. Soon afterwards the party was joined by a solitary pedestrian on his way to the Georgetown mines from Sacramento City. The newcomer was unknown to the others and knew them not. His name was Harry Norton and he hailed from Cincinnati. As he also intended to stop at Hangtown, and was socially inclined, Norton gladly joined the other party and trudged with them cheerfully along the dusty road, full of pleasant anticipations. Harry knew nothing of the affair of the mules, but supposed the animals to be the legal property of the occupying parties. The outstretching suburbs of the town with the ominous name were reached, and the party halted for rest in the midst of a beautiful little grove of live oaks, through which the dusty, rust-colored road meandered. The mules were turned loose and started back in the direction of the place whence they were taken.

Before they were out of sight the clattering sound of galloping hoofs was heard and soon some new characters appeared upon the scene. A score of mounted men came noisily into view from the thick dust-clouds kicked up by their impatiently spurred mustangs. "We've got 'em! Hurrah! The thieves are caught!" These were the exclamations uttered by the leaders of the troop. In a twinkling Bloomer, Jones, Pym, Ricks, and Norton were surrounded, secured, and pinioned. They were all—mules and men included—then driven with much profanity and many threats, into the centre of the town. A mass meeting of the citizens of Hangtown was at once called. The call was immediately responded to. The meeting was held on Preachers' Hill. I was there.

Preachers' Hill was a commanding eminence from which occasional itinerants delivered Sunday sermons to such as would lend them their ears. The hill was truly a romantic spot. It was beautiful with umbrageous oaks that studded the long slope. It was majestic with stately pines that crowned the rounded summit. It was picturesque with clustering masses of intervening mansanitas. A grassy carpet richly variegated with the multitudinous hues of countless varieties of flowers, swept softly over the undulating slope. A sparkling rivulet, not yet contaminated by the washings from cradles, long-toms, and sluices, meandered musically over a bed of pebbly quartz adown the hill. Birds sung joyfully upon the tree-boughs and zephyrs murmured soothingly through the tree-tops. The bright sunlight shone out gloriously from the clear blue sky. It filtered through the foliage and fell aslant upon the flower-covered openings and vistas, and lay all tangled up with the quivering shadows of leaves and twigs, in checkered, ever-changing pictures of green and gold. The snow-capped, glittering cones of the Sierra Nevada Mountains ambitiously pierced the azure arch in the distant east. Over the South Fork and beyond the Rio Americano, the Sacramento river gleamed like a thread of silver through the low-land of level verdure that stretched away to the hazy limits of the western tide water. The whole formed a picture of natural beauty long to be remembered.

It was peaceful, eye-delighting and spirit-soothing. The arching sky seemed to bend down and enclose the scene in an embrace of love and mercy. "Peace on earth and good will to men" breathed in every bird-note, in the hum of insects, in the rustling leaves and the tinkle of the streamlets. Peace reigned everywhere save in the hearts of men. There was no good will in the excited multitude assembled that beautiful Sabbath afternoon on the romantic slope of Preachers' Hill. The mass meeting was called to order and organized. A jury of twelve "honest miners" was picked out, counsel selected and judge appointed. The five travelers were placed beneath a spreading oak and accused of the capital crime of theft. Two miners from Coloma were the accusers. The prosecuting attorney, or "people's lawyer," a florid young man with an eye to the office of County Judge, then opened the case for the people. "Are those your mules, gentlemen?" he said to the claimants. They proved their legal ownership of the animals. "Were they stolen from you?" "Yes." "By the prisoners?" "Yes; we missed the mules, reckoned they had been stolen, collected the neighbors, found the right trail, overtook the thieves, captured them and recovered the property. There were no witnesses for the defense. The people's attorney then addressed the jury. "Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence. It is overwhelming. There is no doubt of their guilt. There is but one penalty for the crime of horse, or mule stealing. You all know what that is. The voice of the people has already pronounced sentence upon all such criminals. It is death. It is the duty of the jury to reiterate that verdict in this case. Gentlemen of the jury, I *demand* of you that you do your duty." The counsel for the defense had nothing to say. He was a shrewd store-keeper and saw that the current of popular opinion had set fatally against the accused. He did not dare to say a word in defense. Some of the prisoners had made several attempts to speak but had been peremptorily silenced. The judge now turned to them and asked if they had anything to say before the jury rendered their verdict. The innocent stranger stated the facts in regard to himself in a manner that convinced me, at least, that his story was true. The other four corroborated his statement. The two men who had taken the mules, declared that they had merely done so temporarily; that they had afterwards turned them loose and started them homewards; that the idea of stealing never occurred to them, as they thought the mules were stray animals and there would be no harm, they imagined, in riding them a little. The other two testified that the mules were taken against their urgent remonstrances and without their consent. This the mule-takers admitted to be true. The judge, upon the conclusion of the prisoners' statements, made his charge to the jury. It was all on one side of course, against the prisoners, and in favor of hanging them all forthwith. As for him, he did not believe anything in the statement of the accused except the fact of taking the animals. He was satisfied that they were all equally guilty and he instructed the jury to bring in a verdict accordingly. They did so without stirring from their seats upon a prostrate pine tree; their verdict rung out loud and clear, as with one voice: "Guilty." "Against all of the accused?" queried the judge. "Against *all*," chorused the jury. "Gentlemen of the jury and you my fellow citizens," to the crowd, "what shall be the penalty for the crime of which these fellows stand convicted!" "Death." "Hang them"' "Hang them." Hang them," yelled the excited mob. "Up with them at once!" "Ropes, ropes!"

In an instant a dozen ropes, already noosed, came whirling, lasso-fashion, over the heads of the crowd and fell at the feet of the doomed men. They were not hoodwinked, their hands were bound at the wrists, their feet were left free. Scores of dexterous hands adjusted the halters around their necks and flung the other ends of the lariats over two sturdy horizontal branches of old oak, that stretched out at right angles with each other. John Bloomer, Aleck Jones, and Joseph Ricks were placed beneath the largest limb, Edward Pym and Harry Norton, the stranger, were stationed under the other, which extended over the southwestern slope. Hundreds grasped the hauling ends of the ropes. "Five minutes are allowed you in which to say your prayers," said the "Lynching" Judge to the prisoners, taking out a ponderous old silver time piece. The minutes flew rapidly. "Time's up," cried the judge. "Haul taut," shouted a sailor-like voice, and quick as thought Bloomer, Jones, and Ricks were pulled up from the ground until their necks were jammed tightly against the oaken branches twenty feet above. Four or five feet of "fall" was then given to each by an artistic slacking up followed immediately by a sudden jerk. The ropes were then fastened to a convenient tree and the poor fellows hanging at the other ends were left to strangle at leisure.

Let us now return to Edward Pym and Harry Norton. I had stood during the proceedings of the mock trial whittling a piece of pine wood with a small sharp knife, in the immediate vicinity of the latter, had watched him narrowly and was thoroughly convinced of his innocence. When the noosed lariats came whirling to the foot of the gallows-tree I managed to busy myself with the one intended for Norton's neck. No lyncher more officious than I was near the tree. I helped to adjust his noose, and when I finally took my hands from it there was a deep cut on the inner side, close to the knot. This cut could not be seen, although so deep that a small strain would serve to break the remaining strand. At the same time my knife passed with keen rapidity across the under part of the lashings that bound his hands together. As I stepped aside I whispered softly, yet loud enough for him to hear: "I've cut your noose and lashings; free your hands and neck and '*git*' if you can." He understood me. At that moment the order to "haul taut" was given. Norton, by a vigorous effort, burst the half-cut cords around his wrist, tore the noose from his neck, struck out like a pugilist right and left, levelled two of the self-elected executioners to the earth, seized a rifle from a third, knocked down half a dozen more with a sweep of the clubbed end of the weapon, dropped it and darted down the hill with the speed of a "quarter horse!"

Pym, who was to be hung with Norton, went up from the ground at the word. He was a heavy man. When about six feet from the earth the rope broke. Down he came. He staggered a little but quickly recovered and rushed off close in the rear of Norton. A score of rifles were instantly brought to a score of shoulders. A score of eyes ranged along as many rifle-sights. Twenty explosions blended in one ringing report. Twenty death-dealing tubes flashed out their missiles. Ten bullets pierced poor Pym through and through. He sprung wildly up six feet in air and without a word fell to the ground—dead before he struck it. The mob raised a fierce, exulting shout. Nine of the bullets missed their mark. The twentieth passed through the upper muscles of Norton's left arm. Heedless of the stinging pain he maintained his headlong flight. A deep, narrow ravine, about a rod in width, run along the foot of the hill. The further bank was a little lower than its opposite. Towards this chasm Norton ran. Reaching the edge he bounded into the air, cleared the yawning space beautifully and landed in the midst of a clump of mansanita bushes, at least a yard beyond the brink. A saddled and bridled mustang, the property of the people's lawyer on the hill, was hitched close by to a stake in the road. To unhitch, mount and dash off at full speed was the work of a moment. Away he went down the Coloma road, with the greater portion of the mob in full chase, yelling, cursing, and shooting in the direction in horrible chorus. Luckily a good many minutes slipped away before any of his pursuers could find and mount their horses.

The fugitive and his pursuers passed over the ground trodden by the former previous to the capture. On he went like the wind, with forty or fifty would-be lynchers thundering after him with the ferocity of bloodhounds. Ten miles of ground were quickly dashed over. This brought Norton to the junction of the main road with a bridle-path along which he had passed in the morning. A log cabin stood here. At this cabin he had asked and obtained a cup of water from a very pretty "Buckeye" girl, the daughter of old man Phillips, one of the pioneers of that section. Just as he reached the junction the fugitive's horse stumbled, and Norton, weak from the bleeding of his wound, was thrown off. The fair occupant of the cabin was standing in the door. Norton fell right at her feet. She helped him to rise. He was weak from the loss of blood, but unhurt by the fall. Norton had not strength enough left to mount again, and the reeking mustang took a roll in the dust which slightly damaged his saddle, and then proceeded quietly to nibble the tender grass by the roadside. "What is the trouble, sir?" asked the girl. He told her briefly. "I reckon there's somebody else knows a little about this matter," she said in reply. "I know you are not guilty of stealing the animals: I think we can satisfy these bloodthirsty gentlemen in regard to *your* case, at least." Miss Phillips then seized an old fashioned tin dinner-horn, and sent out a long, loud, waveriug blast that reverberated among the adjacent hills as though the combined trumpeters of an army corps were sounding an alarm. "That will call father and my brothers," she said. The maiden then applied a hasty dressing to the wounded arm, her soft blue eyes beaming with sympathy, and her bright red lips uttering words of condolence.

By the time she had finished, the pursuing horsemen came up one side and her father and brothers on the other. The former had dwindled away in the chase to half a score. The Phillips party consisted of the stalwart old man and his six sturdy sons, all of them six feet high and powerful in proportion. The leader of the pursuing party, also the chief officiator in the tragedy on the hill, a big ruffianly fellow who had never owned a horse or mule in his life, dismounted and strode up to the porch, within which Norton was sitting, sick, pale, and weak. "Come out of that, you dog-goned thief; I allow ou'll ornament yon tree in less than three shakes of a coon's tail," said he, and stepped in to grasp his victim. "Staud back, you big cowardly brute," exclaimed Miss Phillips, rushing between them; "back with you, you've no business here. This man is no mule stealer, as I can prove, and that's what you can't do for yourself, Tim. Stevens!" Tim. persisted with much profanity, when the courageous girl raised the ponderous dinner-horn and brought it down on his head with a force that made him stagger. "Hold on," shouted the old man Phillips; "what's all this about? Mary, explain. Gentlemen, stand back," he said to the pursuers, who were rushing in. "Boys," to his sons, "keep the peace here! Mary, go on."

Mary briefly recounted the proceedings of the day as told her by Norton. "And now, father, look at this poor man and see if you recognize him." "Why, I'm blessed if he isn't the young fellow who passed here this morning and got a drink of water from you, Mary," said the father. "Boys, you all saw him?" The Phillips boys all answered in the affirmative. "Now, gentlemen," said Phillips, "listen to me a minute. We were all at dinner when this young man came up the path, which leads from the Sacramento to the Coloma road, you know. We saw him when he came over yonder knoll about a mile away. He halted here and asked for some water, which Mary gave him. He declined our invitation to stop and take a bite with us, saying that he was in a hurry to reach Hangtown. Some time before he came in sight we noticed four men and two mules coming down the mountain there," —about four miles distant, in a directly opposite direction. "It was impossible for this man and the others to have met to-day before the mules were taken." Mary and her brothers confirmed their father's statement.

"Gentlemen," said the old man, "I think there has been blood enough spilt for one day and two mules. You had better go home and leave us to take care of this young man." "That's exactly my opinion," said Mary, "go home and see if there is no innocent blood upon your hands. Some of you 'gentlemen' live in very brittle glass houses and had better be careful how you pitch rocks about!" The "gentlemen" all acquiesed in the evidence and advice of Phillips except Tim. Stevens, who swore that he would have Norton hung for running away upon the "people's" lawyer's mustang! "Git," said young George Phillips to Timothy, "git up and *git!*" The disappointed ruffian strode sullenly towards his borrowed horse. As he passed Mary he applied an insulting epithet to her, and she struck him smartly with the tin horn. The fellow stopped, doubled his bony fist, and deliberately knocked her down! All present saw the deed, but Norton was the first to act. He siezed a revolver and in spite of his weakness rushed to the spot. Stevens saw him coming, drew *his* pistol and fired three shots—all of which missed—before Norton had time to adjust his weapon. Tim. fired a fourth shot which clipped off a lock of Harry's hair. Norton advanced as rapidly as weakness would permit, aimed and fired just as Stevens was turning to run. Tim. saved his life at the cost of his sight. Norton's shot scraped across both eyeballs, tearing away the greater portion of the nose, and the wretch tumbled yelling to the dust, in total blindness. The impromptu duel was pronounced a "fair transaction" by its witnesses, especially on the part of Norton. The blind and bleeding Timothy was placed upon his horse and sustained there by two of his comrades, and the "gentlemen" returned to Haugtown wiser if not better men.

Norton fainted from weakness as soon as his quondam Lynch-law expounders had departed. Mary caught him in her strong but shapely arms as he fell, and he was conveyed to a comfortable couch in the cabin. He was nursed by the sympathizing maiden and cared for by her father and brothers with all the tenderness that his condition demanded.

When the Lynchers reached Hangtown Tim. was examined by Dr. Smith, who found that both eyes were entirely destroyed and the nose nearly all blown off.

One of the returned "gentlemen" made a speech and gave an account of the pursuit, the overtaking, the unexpected evidence, the insult, and the duel. The citizens received it as satisfactory and dispersed. Their craving for excitement was appeased. Three men had been hung, one shot to death, a fifth badly wounded, and another made blind for life. Enough for one day surely; sufficient to last them until the next Sunday, at least!

The next day I rode out to the cabin, and took with me, as trophies, Norton's wrist lashings and noose, which I had secured immediately after his down hill dash. He received them with pleasure, thanked me heartily for my aid, for the life I had saved, and vowed he would keep the articles through life in memory of me and as mementos of the most terrible episode of his existence.

Norton was a handsome man and he soon found favor in the eyes of Mary Phillips. He had loved her from the moment she had interposed in his behalf. It turned out, too, that old man Phillips and Norton's father were old friends. Harry obtained the consent of Mary's father to wed his daughter whenever she was ready. She was ready and willing, too, about six months afterwards. I "stood up" at the wedding, as groomsman, with the only young lady to be found within a circuit of several miles. A happier pair than Harry Norton and Mary his wife were never matched, never, at least, within the scope of my observation. Four years afterwards the whole family retired from the mines, with moderate fortunes, to San Francisco, where they still live, holding positions in society among the most honored and prosperous of the residents of that beautiful "Bay City."—"*The Doctor's Club*," *in the New York Atlas.*

THE EARTH AS SEEN FROM THE MOON.

THE inhabitants of the moon perceive in their sky a gigantic star, constantly immovable at the same height. To their eyes this globe is twelve times as large as the sun, but it differs from all the stars in being always suspended in the same place over their heads. It presents phases to them as the moon does to us, passing through all the gradations of *new* and *full* earth. This star, as we have just said, is the earth we inhabit.

Those who dwell in the centre of the lunar disk behold our globe suspended from their zenith, hovering eternally in the midst of the starry skies. Others see it at 70 degrees of elevation, others at 45 degrees, as they inhabit spots more or less removed from the centre of the visible hemisphere. Those who live near the border of this hemisphere, see our globe on their horizon resting on the mountains. A little further on only half the earth is discernible, and in passing to another hemisphere the view vanishes forever.

If we except the determination of longitudes, the earth is more beautiful and useful to the moon than the moon is to the earth; and if the Selinites, or inhabitants of the moon, rolling underneath us, interpret the law of final causes with as much partiality as we do, they will have a right apparently superior to our own for regarding creation, the earth included, as especially made for the Selenian race.

The earth is a gigantic globe, sending them thirteen times more light than the full moon transmits to us. It revolves on its axis in twenty-four hours, and during this period exhibits all portions of its surface, being thus more generous than the moon, which always conceals one hemisphere from our view. In consequence of this motion, the Selenite finds himself in an observatory magnificently situated for viewing the terrestrial disk, and his position is preferable to that of the inhabitants of the first 4 moons of Saturn, who can never see the whole of that planet; and they can see the earth better than we see any planet.

The earth generally presents to them a greenish hue, in consequence of the immense quantity of water by which its surface is covered, of the forests of the new world, and of its plains, and also on account of the tint of its atmosphere. From time to time, however, large grey or yellow spots divide the sphere. To the east of the terrestrial disk appear the lofty Cordilleras, marked by a long indented line just as we see in the lunar Carpathians, to the west of the Sea of Storms. Opposite this ridge, a shady green spot of great extent unfolds itself for many hours; this is the great ocean. Next comes two grey patches, which look like one elongated; these are the two isles of New Zealand. Then appears the fine continent of Australia, tinted with a thousand colors, and accompanied by New Guinea, Borneo, Java, and the Philippines. At the same time the grey country of Asia is unrolled, and extends to the white steppes of the pole. Africa then comes in view, divided by its milky way of sand. To the north of the great Sahara, appears a little green spot torn in all directions and full of ramifications; this is the Mediterranean; above which those who have good eyesight will discern little, and almost invisible, France (!). Then the dry land will disappear, and the great dark spot of the Atlantic will follow the same revolving course. The Selinites who carelessly contemplate in tranquil nights the green and grey divisions of the earth, will have no idea of the contests in which the distant nationalities are involved.

The earth is a permanent clock to the inhabitants of the moon, and this is not its least utility. By reason of its invariable movements, the fixed points which mark the different longitudes will be the hours on the meridian of the moon. Each country of the globe has its peculiar aspect, and may serve for point of departure.

The phases the earth presents to the moon will, in the same manner, serve as an almanac, and we may believe they form its chief foundation. These phases are complementary to those which the moon presents to us; when it is in *full* moon to us it is *new* earth for the Selenites; and when they give us a new moon, we offer them a full earth. No reciprocity can be more perfect and constant.

But the phases of the earth differ essentially from those of the moon, inasmuch as their intensity, not their magnitude, changes perpetually. This phenomenon is very terrestrial, and we may be sure the Selenites have judged us by it long ago. Whilst with them all is calm, identical, constant; with us everything changes. Besides the different lustre of different parts of the terrestrial spheres—green continents, blue seas, yellow deserts, white poles, and grey lands—our atmosphere is in perpetual commotion. One day it is covered with clouds, and transmits to the moon a uniform white light; the day after it is of limpid transparency, and allows the solar light to fall upon absorbent green surfaces. All of a sudden it will be varied with floeculent mountains and varied mosaics. Thus the light the Selenites receive from the earth—the light which we call "ashy," and which we only perceive in the moon's early days—varies continually in intensity.

This mobility, this perpetual variation in the aspect of the earth, will have made the Selenites believe that the earth is uninhabited. But on what grounds would they form opinions unfavorable to its habitability? They live on a solid and stable sphere, and can see nothing like it on earth. Can any rational creature live upon that permanent atmospheric layer which covers all the earth? A Seleuite who fell into it would be drowned. Can it be on that sheet of green that washes the greater portion of the earth? Can it be on those clouds that appear and disappear a hundred times a day? And then the earth turns with such velocity, it is subject to so much elemental instability! Moreover, can we believe that its inhabitants are people without weight, preserving, no one knows how, a mean position between the fixed and mobile elements? How can such existence be believed?—*Cosmos.*

FRAMING PRINTS.—Having observed in your colums some time ago a correspondence relative to the best mode of framing prints, may I beg your insertion of the following hints, which may prove useful. I have just removed a number of prints from their frames, in which they have been for at least sixty years, but probably for a longer period. None of them have suffered damage, owing to the following precautions having been taken. The glass of each frame is laid in with a composition like plaster, blackened to suit the dark frames; and, besides this, glass is pasted all round inside to the frame with a narrow strip of paper. Within the glass is the gilt moulding, which thus serves to keep the print and the glass a quarter of an inch apart. The print, being attached by its edges, or its corners, to the backboard, is put in over the gilt moulding, and the whole of the back securely pasted over with strong paper. The only prints I found to have turned yellow were those which were pasted on to canvas stretchers. This was probably caused by the paste.

I may add the following hints from my own experience. Prints (unlike oil-paintings,) if they are to be hung up, must have a glass over them, and be secured against the entrance of dust, flies, and damp. The paste to be used for all prints and drawings should be shoemakers' paste, which has, I believe, alum in it; and besides, not breeding insects, will attach paper to wood thoroughly. The putty, paste, etc., used must be quite dried after each part of the process of framing, before proceeding to paste up the back. The print itself must be also thoroughly dried. I believe that the spotty mildew often seen on mezzotints and dark etchings is as liable to come in portfolios as in glazed frames, and may have something to do with the ink; at the same time I do not think it would appear except where it is aided by damp.—*Correspondent of the Athenæum.*

THE THIEVING PASSION.—The wife of a celebrated physician at Leyden, never went into a shop to buy anything without stealing; and a countess at Frankfort had the same propensity. Another lady, notwithstanding all the care with which she had been brought up, had the same desire to pilfer. You will find it related of a physician, that his wife was always obliged to examine his pockets in the evening, and restore to his patients the things she found there. He always took something as well as his fee. Meritz speaks of a criminal who, at the moment he was about to be executed, stole the confessor's snuff-box. Dr. Burner, who was one of the physicians to the King of Bavaria, speaks of a person who had enjoyed abundance, and had been well educated, but who, notwithstanding, was always stealing; and was made a soldier by his father, and at last got hanged.

AFTER a successful attack on the royal party, in 1745, a Highlander had gained a watch as his share of the spoils of the vanquished. Unacquainted with its use, he listened with equal surprise and pleasure to the ticking sound; after a few hours, however, the watch ran down, the noise ceased, and the dispirited owner determined to conceal the misfortune which had befallen it, and to dispose of it to the first person who offered him a trifle in exchange. He soon met with a customer; but, at parting, he could not conceal his triumph, and exultingly exclaimed, "Why, she died last night!"

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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A. A. STICKNEY,
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THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, - EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 14. 1866.

FULL volumes of *The Californian*, from the commencement, can be obtained at the office, 532 Merchant street. Price, in muslin, $4 per volume; two volumes (one year) bound together, $6. Unbound, per volume, $2 50. Volume IV. will be completed May 19, 1866.

"FELLOW CITIZENS!"

HENCEFORTH, when the orator mounts the stump upon the glorious Fourth, and with swinging arms saws the air in spasmodic gesticulation, as he opens his address to the assembled intelligence and beauty of the burgh with the endearing, though scarcely original phrase which forms the heading of this article, he will address a larger audience than ever before. The exact number of negroes and Chinamen that have been gathered into the national fold by the passage of the Civil Rights Bill we do not know, for the census returns are not at hand, and we have no volume of statistics before us, but, as Toots says, "it's of no consequence." The more the merrier, of course, but a million or two more or less makes no material difference. The *aux armes citoyens*, of the French Marseillaise, can be construed liberally in the American adaptation into "come to our arms, citizens," for the edict has gone forth, and we are all equal in the eye of the law.

Two hundred guns on Wednesday evening shook the environing hills with their thunder, and with the treble bass of their deep reverberations woke the echoes until every cellar found a voice and answered back. And was there not cause that pæans should go up and that the city should be loud with rejoicing? Think of the accession which the ranks of our citizens have received. Are not the moon-eyed plunged into our arms, fragrant as summer and twice as bland? Should there not be joy in the land, when a golden age is at hand surpassing in the full effulgence of its splendor any millennium that the mind of man, kindled by enthusiasm, has ever ventured to portray? For what is the lying down together of the lamb and the lion, compared to the sweet repose, side by side, of the Caucasian and the Mongolian, to say nothing of the Ethiopian? Who for the future will venture to speak disrespectfully of that "ancient and fishlike smell" which pervades Sacramento street, and floats up like the smoke of a swung censer from those portions of Jackson and Dupont streets where Chinamen most do congregate? Who henceforth will advocate the removal of the bazaars and lazars of the *Quartier Chinois* to the suburbs along with the slaughter-houses for which a site is so earnestly sought? Shall we move citizens out of the city? Far from it! We do not mean that they should be moved from it, but that the thought should be a distant one from the mind of any advocate of equal rights and an opening of the elective franchise to all.

The difference between civil rights and civil wrongs is not always very broadly traced nor very clearly defined, but in the matter of the bill which Congress has just seen fit to pass over the President's veto, no question can arise. The idea that Chinamen are barred out from the privileges guaranteed by it to every other race and color is absurd in the extreme It was once decided that the little phrase in the Declaration of Independence, about all men being born free and equal, was not intended to apply to negroes. But we do not see why a document which declares that "INHABITANTS, *of every race and color*, etc., shall have the same right, etc.," should be construed as barring out Chinamen. Certainly they are our fellow citizens, and if we do not appreciate the blessing of having them with us and of us now, the probabilities are that we shall when the cholera comes—an epidemic which they are specially entitled to share with us, since to them belongs the credit of inviting and introducing it here.

The selfish regrets of the up country papers, which were accustomed to remark, when a Chinaman shuffled off his mortal cue and coil, "By this unfortunate affair the county loses four dollars a month," are ended. Foreigners no longer, no miners' tax can be levied on them, for they have equal rights with us in everything, including mineral lands and the Fourth of July. And that they have a right to vote who can deny, for clearly enough, if a man has a right to slip into a Senator's seat or the Presidential chair, he has a right to slip a ballot into a box. It were unfair to shut our fellow citizens out from any rights which we ourselves have, and we insist upon swinging the doors widely open to them—even to the extent of a place in our municipal councils, if any ambitious one among them is desirous of becoming Supervisor or Mayor. For, otherwise, they will consider us their *mean* fellow citizens, in spite of the Civil Rights Bill.

A QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE.

PARIS, at the present time, if the reports of correspondents and the assertions of its own journals may be believed, claims for itself the bad pre-eminence of being the most corrupt city upon the face of the globe. The *demi-monde* has extended its lines so broadly and boldly within the domain of the *beau-monde* that it is now extremely difficult to say where the one ends and the other begins. Never celebrated for its virtue, Paris formerly had some reputation for discretion and propriety, all of which seems now to have been blown to the winds. In the new era that has been inaugurated all former land-marks and distinctions of society are set aside, and the boundary of dress is alone recognized. The carriage of Aspasia rolls along the Bois de Boulogne, attended by all the *jeunesse-dorée* of the day, and the envy of the French matron is excited to such a degree that her own equipage is ordered out, and she takes the field, not content to outshine in the pure lustre of virtue but determined to outblaze in diamonds, dress, and all the lurid lights which now go to make up the full, flaming fire of success. Nor is it deemed enough to pattern from afar off, studying manners and morals from a distance: a closer intimacy is desired, and matrons actually rest uneasily until they have an opportunity of rubbing shoulders with these successful strumpets, as though, by so doing, they could become possessed of that loadstone power of attraction which they can scarcely understand but are so eager to acquire. The *bals-masqués* of the *demi-monde* are attended, if report may be believed, not only by the young men of Paris, but by their mothers and sisters as well.

The stage, always a reflector of the morals of the age, tells the story plainly enough. The success of an actress is in direct ratio to the shapeliness of her figure and the freedom with which she exhibits it; histrionic ability, under the present *régime*, contributing about as many elements to fame and fortune as the reputation of being a virtuous wife and mother would. Indeed, it is actresses, opera dancers, and singers who have usurped the throne which ladies of position, if not of birth, once occupied, giving tone to society, making the slang of the *coulisses* the language of drawing-rooms, and exciting the envy of women as well as the admiration of men.

The picture is not so pleasant in detail that we design to dwell upon it at length. It is simply with the intention of pointing a moral for the contemplation of our own community that we have ventured to allude to it at all. It might be remarked that with the aptitude which we possess for borrowing from Paris, importing habits of thought and expression as well as of dress, our own society is travelling in a like direction. But no such reflection was intended, though it is one which naturally suggests itself. On the contrary, we intended to ask what Parisians might not think of our own city, and to query whether there is not a possibility that in the matter of downright vileness they may not insist upon stripping their own city of the palm and conceding it to ours. About all the demoralization of the French capital there is a splendor and glitter which goes far to rob it of its more repulsive features. The pill at least is a gilded one. But about the vice of our own city there is a boldness of brutality, an entire absence of æsthetics and a wantonness of shame which, to the foreigner, might well make the reality of its existence a matter of doubt. Setting aside the Chinese pest that has so long been permitted—an anomaly in the heart of civilization which strangers will only believe upon seeing—the records of our Police Court furnish pictures which, however little they seem to surprise natives, certainly cannot be contemplated by foreigners without astonishment. Scarcely a day passes that the local columns of our daily press do not narrate the particulars of some crime almost too revolting for belief. Now it is a case of incest, again it is the compulsion of a white child by its own mother to submit to the lecherous embraces of a negro, outrages upon children, in fact, forming the staple of Police Court news. And so familiar have our public become with these outrages that they are read without horror and digested without disgust. At the breakfast-table the father of the family picks up his paper and between mouthfulls of muffin, swallows an account of a girl, the age perhaps of his youngest daughter, having been infected with an unmeutionable disease, and the arrest of some man in consequence upon a charge of assault. Very likely the paragraph which chronicles the occurrence has some humorous heading, suggestive of the last story that is being retailed in saloons and printed in the columns of journals that never lose an opportuuity of publishing a "good thing," even at the expense of decency. While we wonder at the pictures of the costumes of scenic pieces given in *Le Journal Amusant*, and contemplate with horror the portraits of Parisian society painted with such lavishness of color by the pens of special correspondents of cis-Atlantic newspapers, is it not possible that such pictures as our city is given of late to sending out in its journals, of these monstrous crimes, may overwhelm the Parisian so unfortunate as to be familiar enough with our language to enable him to spell down the columns, with disgust, and cause him to cry as he shrugs his shoulders above his ears, *Que! pays? Quel peuple!*

THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW.

IT has been the cherished wish of the literary men of this country and of England, for years, that their peculiar rights as authors might be effectually maintained by the passage of an international copyright law. Although the subject has been discussed and initiative steps have been taken by both governments for the accomplishment of this object for many successive years, the unreasonable prejudices of the *mis*-representatives of the people have been in the way of perfecting the object desired. Fourteen years ago Charles Sumner presented to the Congress of the United States a petition from the leading authors of this country, among whom were Washington Irving, Fennimore Cooper and William H. Prescott, praying for some responsive action from Government to protect the interests of American and English authors. The prayer of the petition was not answered, and many of those petitioners have died, having sought justice and protection from their country and failed to find it. The very reasonable desires of those men have been more and more fully appreciated by those who lived with them, and these have united again and have tried at the present session to awaken Congress to a sense of their rights. Mr. Sumner, representing more peculiarly than any other the literary interests of the country, has again offered to Congress a petition, among whose subscribers are Robert C. Winthrop, Henry W. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Theodore D. Woolsey, John G. Whittier, Frederick Law Olmstead and others—leading writers—and most of the leading publishers of our country.

It is hard to believe that the body of men composing the Congress of the United States, chosen from among the most intelligent citizens of the Republic and supposed to be representatives of the best interests of the country, moral and literary as well as political, would omit to do exact justice to a class of citizens who have prayed again and again and still are not regarded. But that they may cease to be supplicants it is necessary that all good men and true join this grand army of authors, and march in unbroken column against the stronghold of inexplicable prejudices. The present Congress, passing most of its time in impracticable legislation and in demonstrating most unusual legislative inability, would accomplish something which good men could praise, if the prayer of this petition might reach their ears. If they who love the interests of literature will but unite in their efforts, perhaps they may find ultimate cause of congratulation for their union. There can be, throughout the land, no well-founded opposition to a national copyright law. Opposition to it does not come from reasonable, manly, generous souls, and they from whom it emanates should not be recognized as good citizens of the Republic of Letters. They would not yield true men their rights, but would "take the bread, even, from these childrens' mouths."

If the passage of the law be finally procured, much credit will be due to the *Round Table;* for aside from an able and active advocacy of the measure in their columns, the conductors of that most excellent journal were foremost in preparing the late petition memorializing Congress.

AMUSEMENTS.

MONTE CHRISTO, very handsomely produced and well played, has filled the bill and kept the stage of the Opera House during the week. Last evening, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, for the benefit of C. L. Graves, the stage manager, was announced. If Mr. Graves did not put the piece on well, on such an occasion, it would argue very little for his shrewdness. *The Silver Cord*, a dramatization of Shirley Brooks' novel of that name, by W. A. Kendall of this city, is announced for production on Monday or Tuesday evening, next week. This afternoon and evening *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

At the Metropolitan, the week has been one of benefits, Beneux, the efficient stage manager; Miss Hinckley, the charming "Don Guzman;" and Woodhull, the popular "Don Nigodinas," being the benefitted. The entire Buislay troupe leave on the 19th. On Monday evening next, Mr. Alexander, the well known agent, takes his benefit—the occasion being the last night of the *Sheep's Foot*. A good house for him.

From the East, we learn that Frank Mayo, refusing to play a part assigned him in *Leah*, has been discharged from the Boston Museum. Louis Aldrich, in the same piece, has made a favorable impression. Chas. R. Thorne, Sr., purposes a trip to England, to take a Loudon theatre, and then a trip to Australia. Of our Sears-Hayne drama of *The Irish Mother*, the N. Y. *Clipper* says: "We have discovered, after having read the plot in a San Francisco paper, that it is no other than *Atonement, or the Child Stealer*, produced in this city by Lucille Western, and claimed as Charles Gaylor's production. The plot is exactly the same."

GENERAL GRANT has been arrested and fined before a Justice of the Peace for fast driving, says the telegraph. Strange! It was never complained that he drove things too fast during the war. The practice of a habit acquired then should be pardoned him in time of peace.

NEW BOOKS FROM ROMAN'S.

AFRICA is no longer a *terra incognita*, for there are few of its forests which have not been threaded by the adventurous foot of exploration. In *Livingstone's Expedition to the Zambesi* we have an addition to the many books that have been written upon that country. After Du Chaillu's wonderful tales of gorillas and cannibal Fans, the present volume seems somewhat tame, but its hues commend themselves as the sober ones of truth. Six years of travel are recounted, the journey, as the title indicates, covering a visit to the Zambesi and its tributaries, and the discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa. Some very interesting facts connected with the slave-trade are told in the progress of the story.

The reign of Henry V., King of England, Lord of Ireland and King of France, was, in many respects, a remarkable one, and a history of that reign, by George Makepeace Towle, is correspondingly interesting. From the life of Henry many military commanders of the present age might well learn a lesson, for he was humane and civilized in the conduct of war; success failed to intoxicate him, and he accepted defeat with serene equanimity. As a chevalier he was without fear, and, as a king, he was well nigh without reproach.

The works of George Sand are too well known to require critical comment. *Jealousy* is a less powerful novel than either *Consuelo* or *Indiana*, but it is stamped throughout as the work of the same hand. The influence of Mme. Dudevant's works we do not now propose to discuss, but they have provoked most voluminous criticism, and even her most constant readers are by no means her very ardent defenders. She herself complains that her critics have mistaken "bladders for lanterns, that is, passions for reasoning, eloquent laments for systems, and the cries of the heart for conclusions." A brief and interesting biography of Mme. Dudevant prefaces the work.

Carlyle's History of Frederick the Great has completion in the sixth volume, fresh from the reproductive presses of the Harpers. Reading Carlyle always reminds us much of riding a bucking horse—after you think you have got accustomed to his gait, he suddenly stops stiff legged and you find yourself landed on his neck if not beyond his ears. So spasmodic are some of his sentences that they always suggest machinery that needs greasing, to prevent its running by jerks. The wealth of thought that underlies all, and the wonderful suggestiveness with which every line of this great advocate of the Unpolished abounds, reconciles one in great measure to his *outré style*, but still, walking over ploughed ground is sometimes vexatious when one is in a hurry to get on, no matter how rich the soil may be. The picture of the king's last moments is graphic and confused, exhibiting at once the historian at his worst and his best. Following is the summing up of his idea of King Frederick:

"I define him to myself as hitherto the Last of Kings;—when the Next will be, is a very long question! But it seems to me as if Nations, probably all Nations, by and by, in their despair—blinded, swallowed like Jonah, in such a whale's-belly of things brutish, waste, abominable (for is it not Anarchy, or the Rule of what is Baser over what is Nobler, the one life's-misery worth complaining of, and, in fact, the abomination of abominations, springing from and producing all others whatsoever?) as if the Nations universally, and England too if it hold on, may more and more bethink themselves of such a Man and his Function and Performance, with feelings far other than are possible at present. Meanwhile, all I had to say of him is finished: that too, it seems, was a bit of work appointed to be done. Adieu, good readers; bad also, adieu.

A MEMBER of the Wharton street Methodist Church, says a Philadelphia exchange, "rose in his seat last Sunday morning, and said that in a dream on the previous night he had seen the debts of the church entirely discharged, and he believed that the dream would that day be fulfilled. Collections were taken up. The result was that by the contributions of that morning and evening the sum of $6,552 was raised—more than enough to give the church a receipt in full for their entire liabilities." This is indeed dreaming to some purpose, and it is gratifying to know that the "change" which came over the spirit of the vision was of that peculiarly gratifying kind to which no well bred contribution-box ever objects. A friend, who is troubled by duns, has already filed his intention of dreaming some night that his debts are paid—simply to see what the result will be.

FACILITIES are now offered for those who wish to change their names, which were never offered before. We do not now allude to lady citizens, for they have always had a remedy at hand—provided "Barkis" was "willin'". But by a law of the last Legislature, candidates for a change have but to file a petition in the County Court, showing the why and wherefore, pay a small fee, and the thing is done. *Apropos* of this dispensation is the arrival, by a late steamer, of a gentleman named "Sheepshanks." His acquaintances might have joked him, had it not been for the beneficial act of the Legislature, about coming out here to look after the Sheep's Foot, but now he can place himself beyond the reach of the cloud of small wits in a very few days.

HISTORICAL CONTRADICTIONS are not to be wondered at when the conflicting character of the records upon which History is built are considered. Of this we had an eminent illlustration in the morning journals of yesterday. A man was found floundering in the water at the foot of Washington street, and rescued, his watch, pocket-book, etc., missing—on this fact all agree. The *Alta* heads its item "Mysterious Affair," and "narrates" how the man, after attending a concert at Platt's Hall, took a drink at the corner of Clay and Montgomery with a friend, walked down Montgomery street to the corner of Washington, and beyond that has no recollection whatever until he found himself in the bay. The *Flag* heads its item "Robbed," and says: "he went on a little spree with some friends or pretended friends at least, he became intoxicated, and the last knowledge he has of himself was his leaving a saloon on the corner of Clay and Montgomery." But it was reserved for the *Call* to do the sensational with "A Bold and Successful Robbery," telling with the utmost minuteness how the victim was approached at a quarter past ten by two men, on the corner of Washington and Montgomery streets, who clapped chloroform over his mouth and him into a carriage, drove rapidly down to the wharf, and after despoiling the victim of his personal property, threw him into the water. All this, it says, "was done within a half a block of the headquarters of the Police, within less than a block of two theatres which were in full blast, within sixty feet of the Bank Exchange and four other saloons, all of which were open; within two rods of several persons selling apples and candies on the street, and, singular as it may appear, did not attract the attention of any one." "Singular as it may appear" indeed! Oh *Call, Call!* is it worth while to sacrifice the reputation of our city in that style, when a much simpler and more rational explanation of the affair suggests itself?

THE Springfield *Republican* says: "There is no so conspicuous American weakness, natural enough, however, as sensitiveness to English criticism; eagerness to know what our old brothers say of us and our doings, and anger if they don't say the sweet words our conceit thinks we have earned. The London *Athenæum* gives cordial greeting to Mr. T. B. Aldrich's new volume of poems, thus: 'It is some years since we have met with an American poet so rich in achievement and promise. We do not, as yet, find in him the sustained moral beauty of Longfellow; but he has, without imitation, as much force and minuteness of description as his predecessor, and almost as much music. The author of this volume is an addition to that small band of American poets which is so slowly reinforced.' Of *Outcroppings, or Specimens of California Verse*, the same journal says: 'Judging from the evidence here offered, it can scarcely be said that California has produced a remarkable poet. Though some of the lays before us have a good deal of sweetness and fancy, they belong, without exception, to minor minstrelsy.' And then it quotes as most worthy, perhaps, Mr. C. H. Webb's "The Going of My Bride.'"

GIRARD'S SECRET.—Stephen Girard, than whom no shrewder business man ever lived, used to say in his old age: "I have always considered advertising liberally and long to be the great medium of success in business, and the prelude to wealth. And I have made it an invariable rule, too, to advertise in the dullest of times as well as the busiest, long experience having taught me that money thus spent is well laid out; as, by keeping my business continually before the public, it has secured me many sales that I would otherwise have lost."

GOTTSCHALK writes from Chili to Paris this memorandum on his sudden departure from Frisco: "I had organized a farewell concert in San Francisco, at which I expected to execute my last symphony and a march for ten pianos and orchestra, when I was obliged to leave the city precipitately, from fear of being assassinated. I will, perhaps, relate to you in my next letter this singular story, which so well paints the customs of the modern El Dorado."

THE country papers have all learned that ex-Collector James left for the East on the *Golden City*. Lest visitors to our city may think it is his gigantic ghost that still perambulates the streets, we will explain that he was detained by the illness of his son, but will probably leave on the steamer of the 19th inst.

IN its column of "literary gossip," the *Bulletin* informs us that a handsome edition of Freneau's *Poems Relating to the American Revolution*, edited by Evert A. Duyckinck, will soon be published in New York city. As the volume was published and in this market two or three steamers ago, we cannot compliment our contemporary on the freshness of its news.

THE public will learn with regret that the popular actress, Mrs. Judah, met with an accident at Grass Valley lately, which prevented her from appearing at the theatre on the evening of the 5th. While returning from rehearsal, she sprained her ankle by a mis-step, the result being to confine her to her room. The public were losers by the lady's misfortune.

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

THE DAHLIA.

THERE are but few plants which have excited the attention among florists that the Dahlia has. Its tenacity of life, the facility with which its various kinds are raised, the diversity of form and color, the great rapidity and certainty with which all or any particular variety may be increased by the division of the stems and roots, its comparative indifference to soil, make it the plant for the people. The first intimation which we have of the introduction of the Dahlia in England is from Spain in 1789, by the Marchioness of Bute, but it is supposed to have been soon afterwards lost. In 1814, there is an authentic account of Dahlia roots having been imported into England, having previous to that period been successfully cultivated in the Royal Gardens in Spain, France and Germany, from whence several varieties found their way into England.

Long before this time—indeed, so early as 1804—we are informed that Lady Holland transmitted seeds of this plant from the Royal Gardens of Madrid to Mr. Buonaiuti, then residing in England.

The native country of the Dahlia is Mexico, where it was first discovered by Humboldt, about 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. The name Dahlia was first given to this genus in honor of Dahl, a Swedish botanist. It has already attained great beauty and regularity of form and color, but there remains much yet to be accomplished, and its cultivators should not rest satisfied until they rival those exquisitely beautiful colors so remarkable in the Tulip and Carnation. M. de Candolle, in his essay on the genus, states that there is no probability of ever producing a *blue Dahlia*, since the variation of color is from purple to yellow, and, therefore, as he considers blue and yellow to be the fundamental types of the colors of flowers, one naturally excludes the other: yellows pass readily into red or white, but never into blue. In like manner, blue flowers pass into red and white, but never into yellow. To grow the Dahlia with success, it is first necessary that the situation should be sheltered; unless this be the case, the lateral branches, on which the flowers are produced, will always be more or less injured and broken by the wind, and no staking, however carefully performed, will effectually overcome this difficulty. The soil in which they are planted should be loose, and made rich by the addition of well rotted or old stable manure. When fairly started growing, they should have plenty of water, and, if a mulch, or covering of leaves or straw or grass, is placed on the earth above the roots, it will prevent the rapid evaporation. In planting the ground should be thoroughly loosened, and the manure well worked in; then place the stake (to which they are to be tied for support) in the hole, putting the plant or root alongside; this prevents breaking the roots, which after-staking is apt to do. To those who have a Dahlia root, and wish to increase the number, the best way is to place it in a warm place to start, and then with a knife carefully separate the shoots, and each one will form a handsome plant.

As the plants increase in size and reach the flowering period, they require an increased amount of water; as soon as the buds form, select the finest on the ends of the shoots for blooming, taking off those from the sides, in this way the flowers will be much finer, and remain in bloom for a longer period. Those who wish some particularly fine blooms, can improve them greatly by shading them from the sun, placing a small screen or cap over each bloom, supported by a stake. This allows the flower to open gradually and develop all its beauties, and those who have not seen it treated in this way, would scarcely recognize it as the common dahlia. At some of the exhibitions of the Royal Horticultural Society of England, blooms were shown surpassingly beautiful in form and color, produced in this way. There are but few plants which have received the care and attention towards improvement that has been bestowed upon the dahlia; and for city and suburban gardens it has no superior where quantities of flowers are desired.

Some of the new varieties lately produced by hybridizing are exquisitely beautiful, the size of the flowers being no larger than the daisy, and as perfect in form and color as the larger varieties.

If some of the plant lovers who read this article could visit any of the amateur or professional dahlia-growers' grounds about England, they would certainly say there are no flowers equal to it. The great length of time they are in bloom, and the ease with which they are grown, entitle them to a prominent place in our gardens.

FLORAL CALENDAR—CONTINUED.

April 8th. St. Dionysus, Ground Ivy, (*Glechoma hederaced.*)
April 9th. St. Mary, Red Polyanthus, (*Primula polyanthus rubra.*)
April 10th. St. Mechtildes, Pale violet, (*Viola Taubrigens.*)
April 11th. St. Leo, Dandelion, (*Taraxacum Dens Leonis.*)
April 12th. St. Zeno, Great Saxifraga, (*Saxifraga crassifolia.*)
April 13th. St. Herminigild, Green Narcissus, (*Narcissus viridiflora.*)
April 14th. St. Lidwina, Borage, (*Borage Officinalis.*)

IRIS.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

As Amended March 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisoument to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper..$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right..... 05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand..... 02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100..... 05
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S. 02
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place..... 10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500..... 50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels..... 05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less..... 50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office..... 1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule..... 25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons.....10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50..... 10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part 25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such 25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100..... 05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y, 25
Certificates, other than specified..... 05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale..... 10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500.....1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse..... 50
Gauger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr. 25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons.....5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500..... 50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof.....1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries..... 10
To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1 00
For any other purpose..... 50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof..... 50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft, 25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property..... 02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000..... 10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs..... 25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid..... 50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record..... 50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100..... 50

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

fe2 SAN FRANCISCO.

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,
Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS.CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *AJAX*, *PACIFIC*, *ORIZABA*, *CALIFORNIA*, *ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Honolulu, Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

mar23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

NOTICE.

LADIES, who want Superior

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CALICOES,
New and Choice

SPRING DRESS GOODS,
The Best Makes of

IRISH TABLE LINEN AND LINEN SHEETINGS, SCOTCH GINGHAMS,

Or anything in *FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS*, should call at the store of

S. MOSGROVE,
222 Third street, Colton's Building.
mar23 tf

STYLE!

ALL OUR FINE FRENCH STATIONERY stamped to order, with initials, monograms, designs, coats of arms, crests, mottoes, chiffres, armoiries, etc. Stamping finished IN COLORS or plain, in the latest and most elegant style.

HENRY PAYOT, Foreign Book House,
610 Washington street, six doors below Kearny.
ap7

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
mar24 6m Main street, Petaluma

TO FARMERS, MINERS, LABORERS

And all those wishing to secure themselves a portion of

THE MOST VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL LANDS OF MEXICO,

With an equal interest in the Profits of the Plantations of

THE MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON COMPANY.

HOMES FOR THE POOR AND COMPETENCY FOR ALL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having reserved from their final Subscription List a *Limited Number of Unassessable Shares*, (the remaining shares of the Company having been taken up by the stockholders,) hereby offer the same for sale at the original subscription price of *Sixteen Dollars* each, payable in cash. Every holder of a share will be entitled to a portion of the Company's lands, having the privilege to settle thereon and participate in all the advantages and profits of the enterprise, and special privileges granted to this Company by an Imperial Decree of Maximilian, dated 9th January, 1866, without being subjected to the conditions of regular Government emigrants, this Company settling upon their own lands, secured by private purchase, and held under indisputable Spanish titles.

Shareholders becoming actual settlers will also have the privilege of any employment upon the Company's plantation. Portions of land will be allotted to settlers, to be held by them until a final division makes it their property.

For the purpose of increasing the value of the Company's land, and to create all the comforts of a home and society, it is the intention of the company to form a regular settlement and to lay out a town adjoining their present plantation into building lots, which will likewise be fairly divided between the 8,000 shares which comprise the total number of the company.

A large number of shareholders will settle upon the company's lands after the rainy season in October next. Many of them may then be employed by the company, or by others able to plant for themselves, or in developing the mineral resources of the adjoining mountains, etc., etc.

Men of all trades and professions, desiring to emigrate to Mexico, will have great advantages as shareholders of this company. They will find the lands already purchased for them at a rate equivalent to a free gift, to be held by each shareholder as his property, protected by the best Spanish titles, and the good will of all political parties now contending for the reins of government; the climate the most salubrious, and the land rich and fertile beyond description; every kind of game abounding; the rivers full of fish and with extensive beds of large oysters; altogether, a country where it is easy to procure a livelihood and the comforts of a home with less labor and less capital than in any other part of the world.

The extensive placer diggings, veins of silver, and solid quartz ledges, which are to be found in the immediate vicinity, and acknowledged to be rich and very extensive, can, by the presence of a number of settlers, be profitably developed. Many of these mines are to be found within the limits of the company's grant. The Sierra Madre or Mother Mountain of Mexico, situated only within about twenty miles from the coast, can be reached and developed with much greater facility than the more remote mines in the interior, and will therefore make the company's lands the most desirable to locate upon.

For Maps and Survey, and further information, apply at the office of the MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON CO., Betge's Book Store, Russ House, Montgomery street, between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock.

☞ All the assessable stock having been taken up by mutual subscription of stockholders, the company will have no more shares to offer after the limited number of *unassessable* shares have been placed, and shall prefer to sell these to actual settlers—a single share of which will be sufficient to entitle them to a large portion of the lands.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED shareholders in the Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having investigated and satisfied ourselves of the importance of the enterprise, recommend the same to the public. We are convinced that under the management of the present officers of the company, with their efforts to induce industrious parties to locate upon the land, that the enterprise must become very profitable to all parties interested, and most beneficial to actual settlers.

S. R. Kettlewell, Blacksmith, 264 First st eet.
W. C. Mead & Son, 224 Sansome street.
M. O'Neil, Proprietor New Branch Hotel, 12 Sutter street.
Winall & Clapp, 505 Market street.
R. A. S. Repiton, M. D., 816 Montgomery street.
Wm. Rudolph, Gunsmith, 216 Pacific street.
G. Burkhardt, Jeweller, No. 209 Pacific street.
E. Keil, East India Tea Co., 631 Washington-st.
P. D. O'Regan, People's Bakery, corner Fourth and Jessie streets.
Wm. Meyer, Provision Dealer, 258 Third street.
John Daly, Painter and Paper Hanger, 642 Clay street.
A. E. Mylott, Importer and Dealer in Cigars and Tobacco, 305 Battery street.
M. M. Baldwin, Jeweller, 433 Montgomery-st.
S. Baysen, Hatter, No. 346 Kearny street.
Matthew McCloskey, 641 Howard street.

San Francisco, March 20th, 1866. mar24 1m

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

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517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
mar24 6m H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor.

RHEUMATISM.

The Greatest Remedy
IN THE WORLD!

THE CALIFORNIA RHEUMATIC REMEDY.

This Splendid preparation has never been known to fail in effecting a complete and perfect cure, no matter how long the patient had been afflicted with the disease. The Remedy is used both internally and externally. Hundreds of persons have used it during the past two years, all of whom are prepared to testify to its efficacy.

THE CALIFORNIA RHEUMATIC RHEMEDY will be carefully packed and sent to any part of the Pacific coast, per Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express upon receipt of $10 in gold coin, or its equivalent; and in all cases where the Remedy fails to effect a perfect cure, the MONEY WILL BE PROMPTLY REFUNDED.

For sale at Retail only, by
SAMUEL ADAMS, Druggist,
Corner of Bush and Powell streets,
fe17-3m San Francisco, Cal.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the
BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner
From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from
Roots and Herbs
Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers, or by
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(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Confectioners,
111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. fe24-3m

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GEO. HAMLIN.....F. L. CROSS.

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STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS,
MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS
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NEW MAPS OF MEXICO, JUST OUT;
NEW MAPS OF IRELAND;
CHART OF OUR FALLEN HEROES.

Maps of every description constantly on hand.
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RANKIN'S PATENT SCHOOL DESK;
Liquid Slating for Blackboard;
ARITHMETICAL FRAME;
Babbitonian System of Writing—the Best System known.

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FARRAND'S OSCILLATING Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby prodneing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important considerationparticularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived by thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

WHO WANTS Profitable Employment OR PAYING INVESTMENTS?

PARTIES desirous of getting into OLD-ESTABLISHED BUSINESS CONCERNS, either as Partners or Sole Proprietors in Mercantile, Manufacturing, Trading, or any kind of business in city or country, can do so by applying at my office.

Men desiring profitable situations in business houses, with MONEY TO LOAN on satisfactory security, can secure such appointments.

Partnerships negotiated, where large or small capital is required.

Business Interests sold quickly for cash.

Real Estate bought and sold.

Help furnished for all kinds of employment.

Situations obtained for parties desiring employment.

S. P. WHITMAN,

Property, General Agency, and Business House, 313 Montgomery street, San Francisco. mar17-3m

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GIVES LESSONS IN ASSAYING—ALSO IN MINERalogy and Chemistry, as far as required to become a Practical Assayer.

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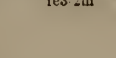
WALTER S. PIERCE, Pianist, AND PROMPTER OF DANCING,



Can be engaged for PRIVATE PARTIES, at Piano Rooms, No. 25 Montgomery street, opposite the Lick House. fe3-2m

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TABLE APPOINTMENTS.

WE HAVE JUST OPENED A LOT OF

VERY SUPERIOR

Silver-Plated Goods,

Comprising

TEA SETS,
CASTERS, CAKE BASKETS,
SALAD CASTERS,
MUFFINERS, TOAST RACKS,
ETC.,

Which are *PERFECT IMITATIONS OF SILVER,* and as good in all respects for a long term of years, as silver. Our assortment of

FRENCH PORCELAIN,

and all the articles necessary for a

First Class Table Outfit

is complete, to which we respectfully ask your inspection.

HAYNES & LAWTON,

ap7-1m 516 Sansome street, corner of Merchant.

A CARD.

M. Howard's Hair Restorative,

NO. 315 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ABOVE PREPARATION, which has been recently discovered and patented, is purely a Vegetable Extract

The undersigned are fully aware of the many unsatisfactory and useless preparations for restoring hair that have been introduced to the public, and how little confidence is to be placed in any pretensions to restoring the hair to bald heads, but,

HAVING TRIED MR. HOWARD'S PREPARATION, we are able to state that it not only prevents the Hair from falling out, but absolutely reproduces it, and that we now have good suits of Hair growing where we were entirely bald. Therefore, as a matter of justice to Mr. Howard, and of consolation to bald heads, we tender him this testimonial Mr H. keeps the article for sale in bottles, with directions for its use, or applies it himself, as may be desired.

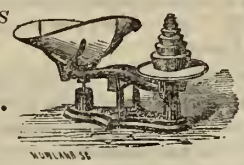
San Francisco, April 6, 1866.

Frank M. Thayer,	R. A. Redman,
W. S Davis,	J. O. Rountree,
T. A. Hall,	G. W. Gamble,
A. C. Knox,	J. W. Miller,
Bradbury Sanborn,	E. C. McComb,
George Wells,	D. C. Ross,
Joseph Wells,	

ap7

NOTICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

FAIRBANK'S STANDARD SCALES.



Every HOUSEKEEPER should have a reliable SCALE in the PANTRY to use in testing the weight of ARTICLES purchased from the BUTCHER and GROCER.

See samples of all sizes at Salesroom.

FAIRBANKS & HUTCHINSON,

mnr4 1m 334 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

JOS. WINTERBURN & CO.

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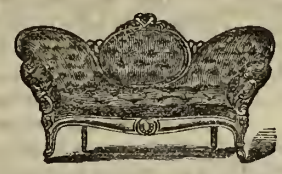

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IN THE PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of WALTER S. McDONALD, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of John F. McDonald, the Administrator of the estate of Walter S. McDonald, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

IT IS ORDERED, That all persons interested in the estate of the said Walter S. McDonald, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on Tuesday, the twenty-fourth day of April, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Walter S. McDonald, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 24th day of April, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, March 21st, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and *ex-officio* Clerk of the Probate court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, this 22d day of March, A. D. 1866.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 5 cts., cancelled. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Thos. B. BISHOP, Attorney for Administrator. mn24 4w

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, state of California.

In the matter of the Estate of HERMANN PLATH, deceased,

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix of the above named Estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice at her residence on Southwest corner of Union street and Lafayette Place, in said City and County of San Francisco.

SOPHIA PLATH, Executrix

Of the Estate of Hermann Plath, deceased.

San Francisco, March 17th, 1866. mar17-5t

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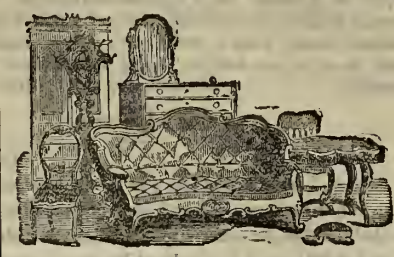

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de30-3m

[For the Californian.]

LOOSE LEAVES FROM A YOUNG LADY'S JOURNAL.

[*To the Editor of The Californian*—Dear Sir: As I was walking throngh a garden the other day, I found scattered-about pages which seemed extracts from a yonng lady's diary. I take the liberty to send them to you, entitled "Loose Leaves from a Yonng Lady's Journal." Respectfully, DENNAR STEUART.]

NUMBER TWO.

MAY 8TH, 1862.

And so I have neglected you a whole week, and that the first in our cottage. I say "our" not that I have possessions, landed, funded, or otherwise. I am not so rich even as "Mary with her little lamb," of "First Reader" memory. My "onr" is a merely nominal partnership in the goods and chattels of my frieads, a pleasant figment—a "play" property-holding, as Clara would term it. And as I deceive no one, not even you, trusty Journal, what harm in my assnming the pronoun possessive? I am staying with a friend, a female friend, and I too am a female. My friend's husband is in the army, and there, too, for anything I know, is mine. As the neighbors say, "I make my home with Mrs. Norwood for the present." But the neighbors are wrong in one thing. 'Tis Sarah, bless her dear heart, that makes my home with her.

Being "made at home" is the most disagreeable process one can undergo as conducted by some people. Their "Don't stand npon ceremony" means just this, no standing place at all, and "Feel perfectly at liberty," is, in plain English, freedom in nothing—while, "We treat you as one of the family" leads yon to revert with peculiar fervor in your petition "for all men" to the unfortunate permanents in the domestic circle which temporarily adopts you. Sarah is the antipodes of these people, and you know, Journal, that I am not one of that terrible tribe who make endless visits. Mine is a positive engagement until September only. Where I shall find local habitation after that time I know not. "Poor Joe" doubtless "moved on" and so, likely, shall I.

Charley has been here at school for a year or two, and this brings his mother to this locality for the hot season. Clara, and little Ben. Russell—about her own age—compose our family. This cottage is sitnated in one of these Jonah's Gourd villages which springs np in a day from the faintest promise of a railroad. The railroad came, but a mile or two west, and there is the town—of which this is a border adjunct, a compromise between town and conntry, whose distingnishing glory is "The Young Gentlemen's Institute," over which Dr. Cadmus presides.

JUNE 12TH.

WE have a fine orchard, nice garden, and two respectable cows, attached to this cottage, with troops of contrahands in the vicinity, from whom to procure assistance. Yet, with all these advantages, we daily scold at Miss Muloch for the bewitching advice which led us to set up "Ladies' Hall," with the anticipation of being happy as Eve in Eden. Ah! most convincing Dinah, it has already occurred to ns that Eve's gardener went before her, and wisely enough.

"Such boys! Did you ever see the like?" sighed Sarah over her coffee-cup, yesterday morning.

"They bear no great external resemblance to the trim lads with pointed jackets, bright buttons and tasteful caps," I replied.

"And they're as dissimilar in disposition, Nettie, as a bear and a kitten, a crocodile and a canary bird."

"And then such names, Sarah. One might punish a common Tom, Dick or Harry, provided he were caught; but when Wesley, Clarkson, Kossuth, and Horace Greeley are the offenders, what can poor hero-worshipping women do?"

"Oh, nothing, but to let the little scape-graces go on—filching grapes, picking currants, eating strawberries, and plundering peach trees, the summer through, unwhipped 'by Justice or any other critter,' as Father Harris would say. Suppose we reckon up our chief annoyances. It will really relieve me to set our grievances in array."

"I think we will be puzzled where to award precedence; but I'll venture to head the list, contrahands and cows, and yon may state the merits of the case."

"In the first place, it is ascertained beyond doubt that the African intellect cannot comprehend the capacities and requirements of the bovine stomach. They subject the kine to an alternate rule of Feast and Famine."

"Really, yon are becoming quite a farmer, Sarah."

"Had I been a slave-holder, I should have become as crazy as the South Carolinians, if our domestic establishment is a fair sample of the 'peculiar institution.'"

"You surely won't include Annt Winnie and Clay in this sweeping denunciation."

"No, Aunt Winnie is an ebony angel. She says she's 'an old nigger who ain't got much sense—only nuff to be kind, it 'pears like.' And Clay is quite a treasure. You have observed his tender, passionate fondness for roses. This morning I gave him some, and, as soon as he thought himself beyond my sight, he went along smiling upon them in an inexpressibly caressing and affectionate manner."

"Clay's jest made wid dem roses, mistus," remarked Aunt Winnie. "He's done got the last in a teacup yet. He nusses 'em ever so long, and calls 'em his dear mother."

"Why, what does he mean?"

"Don' 'no, mistus, he's thoughted like. I reckon it's something he's rode in de little book Miss Nett teached him. Specs he seed dear mother dar."

"Clay, you know, is one of Aunt Winnie's three adopted boys, her 'fellow servants' in a sugar plantation in Alabama. She says he was brought from Missouri to their place, three years ago, when about seven years old. His mother was left. Aunt Winnie has never seen her."

When my little rose-fancier returned, I quietly asked: "Did you have roses in Alabama, Clay?"

"No, Missis."

"Did you have them in Missouri?"

"O yes, Missis."

"And did your mother give them to you there?"

"Yes, Missis."

"And so you call them 'dear mother' to remember her by, do you?"

"That's it, Missis," with a surprised look as if I were a witch or diviner. Isn't that a beautiful regard, even in a black boy, to so cherish the memory of his mother—in a rose?

Sarah's grievances were not wholly reached when I dropped my pen for another implement yesterday. You must hear them out, Journal, mine.

"Now put down my garden experience—although any hope of a vegetable is blighted now, yet you know what a host of little worries it has been—which, fly-like, are much in the many, though nothing in the one. You know what a Diogenia I was, exploring the whole country for a man to plough and plant it?"

"Yes; and I know what came next. No sooner were the seeds fairly up than a deputation of peripatetic hogs entered and held high carnival."

"Yes; I really think the devil who entered the swine still remains in the animal of his selection. And then add that the calf followed the swine, laying out the beds in every direction, and that after him came the chickens—"

"Look, Sarah, isn't that Bennie's father at the gate?"

"Why do you never call him Mr. Russell?"

And no sooner was the gentleman fairly within than "Cousin Fred, Nettie thinks you dependent upon Bennie for a name. She invariably terms you Bennie's father."

"I can exchange the compliment with Miss Stephens. She is known throughout the neighborhood as 'Mrs. Norwood's friend.' But I must win a name for myself or be content with the paternal apellation, I see. Have you become acquainted in the vicinity, Mrs. Norwood?"

"But slightly. Few visitors have, as yet, honored our arrival, and we have returned only part of these calls, a ceremony I quite dread with strangers. I am no adept in current conventionalities, and, ignorant of all the personalities of the new acquaintance, feel upon unknown ground."

"Perhaps we can steal a peep at two or three of our neighbors through Mr. Russell, Sarah."

"Yes; that will be an admirable arrangement. Now, Mr. Russell, turn artist, like the good cousin you are, and give us side-views, full-lengths or outlines at your discretion. You're an old resident, I, a stranger; it's simply right that you should be cicerone among tenements human."

"But there are different ways of looking at persons, and yon should use your own optical apparatus. I may give you unjust pictures, caricatures, possibly; for, as Charles Lamb says of himself: 'I am a very bundle of prejudices, and cannot *like* all people alike.'"

"We'll judge of your fidelity when we know the subjects of your sketches ourselves. Commence with Mrs. Hall, who called this morning, if yon please. Mrs. Hall, of Hill-top, I think I heard her place called."

"I cannot portray her, cousin Sarah, if I would, and can but feebly describe to you how she impresses me. I have sometimes observed, in passing along a crowded thoroughfare, grave-stones thrust upon the very pavement, leaning against and around the marble-cutter's shop. I have paused and read the inscription, 'Sacred to the memory of A—— R——,' one, perhaps, who died ten, fifteen or twenty years agone. The effect is startling, spectral. What have these recorded on the white marble to do with the busy throbbing street, the eager anxious crowd who press and jostle by? Away with them to their places. To the city of the Dead, not that of the living. On some green grave they shall seem fittingly placed. Here they are cold, unwelcome intruders. Just such an influence emanates from this forbidding woman. Even her virtues you like the less, because they are her's. I take her passive hand with an inward shudder. I speak to her of the events of the day, the little interests of our circle and village, just as you would say to that tomb-stone whose foot rests upon the pavement, 'Come, Betsey Jane, beloved daughter of such an one, let us go to Madam Greehy's and see her spring opening, or to Pierson's for one of his beautiful new silks.' 'I did thus and so in my life-time,' said an insane man, whom I used to know, when referring to events which occurred previous to his mental aberration. I sometimes think if Mrs. Hall ever *felt* warmly and vividly, 'twas in some by-gone 'life-time,' like Uncle Richards."

"She is wealthy and a widow, is she not?" queried Sarah.

"Yes; her husband died many years since. I think his name who dared to wed that Polar dignity should be placed among those bold adventurers into arctic seas, who feared not icebergs for companions. I am convinced their fate was identical—frozen."

"Warmer colors in the next sketch, Mr. Russell, I beseech you. My teeth begin to 'chatter, chatter,' like those of poor Harry Gill."

"Draw us that dear Major Steinberg across the way, cousin Fred. We're half in love with him already and his charming old Frau. Aren't they a model Joe Anderson and Tibbie, if, indeed, that was the name of Mrs. My Joe John?"

"I'll label the outline, 'Hints according to Mrs. Norwood.' Years have imparted dignity to the old soldier without adding infirmity. The manly figure is still erect, the smile warm and the manner cordial and vigorous. It is evident that the veteran of Waterloo still bears a glowing young heart. The white hair and beard lend an imposing venerableness of aspect, while they do not detract from the almost juvenile sympathy and enthusiasm of the man. He is like a tall and thrifty evergreen on which the snow has fallen lightly. Time has called at his earthly tabernacle again and again, but the owner never was within. He was away with birds and flowers; on the grass watching the butterflies, or scenting fresh breezes from a neighboring hill. And so, though the hair is bleached and the cheek furrowed, the gay, good heart remains untouched. Old Time cannot lay a finger upon it."

"Life like, graphic. Now, Sir Crayon, for the gentleman above; a secessionist, I hear."

"O no, a patriot; one to whom each feather in our bird of freedom is a matter of vital interest. He counts the plumelets o'er and o'er, thinking where he can safest pluck for that eagle's-down bed of his. And the Goddess of Liberty he fairly adores, especially when wearing the dress with a pocket. His motto is that of the Woodstock man:

> 'Of all my father's children
> I love myself the best,
> And so the Lord provides for me,
> The devil may take the rest.'

He must be allowed to pass with this profile."

"But his melancholy niece, Miss Irene, with her sweet brown eyes, that always seem to me shadowed by unseen tears. And I fancy her soft musical voice is but the echo of a sigh unheard."

"The Painter can hardly rival the Poet, Miss Nettie. Your sentence holds my entire picture. I will represent her as floating down the River of Life, ever gazing backward, her eyes fixed upon one object, which is within sight, but beyond reach. It is a corpse pallid and pure as marble. Decay and corruption breathe not on the still face so marvellously beautiful. The damp locks have not lost their sunny curl, and the red lips are still blossoming into kisses. The white hands reach towards Irene with entreating clasp; each dainty chiseled finger, in mute gesture, bids her not forget. This body cannot be buried; it cannot sink. Slowly, distinctly, it drifts after her, yet far behind. With longing fondness she ever looks backward and weeps, for this immortal dead is the lovely Past."

"But there comes Sam with my horse and the paper. Can you believe, ladies, that such a carpet-knight as I have just proved myself, really takes an interest in 'Latest Despatches from the Seat of War?'"

"How differently we are situated from our Revolutionary ancestors," I remarked. "Intelligence reached them so slowly, while, thanks to the telegraph, we hear the same day from a distant battle-field just what—"

"Isn't going on there," interposed the practical Sarah.

Mr. Russell smiled as he took his hat and gloves. "My cousin is still the 'Auld Lang Syne' Sallie, Miss Stephens. She would always sacrifice Imagination to Truth, and is a very Gradgrind, in her handling of Fancy, an embodied ejaculation of 'Facts, Facts' to all such dreamers as you and I."

A LONDON paper truly says: "It is curious that the most questionable novels of the day should be written by women. To judge from their books, the ideas of women on points of morals and ethics seem in a state of transition, and consequently, of confusion. With the heroes and heroines of women's stories 'circumstances alter cases,' until it would seem impossible to obtain an absolute rule of life and conduct. As regards the heroines, who have to utter the choice thoughts and do all the best actions of the tale, and to set forth their author's ideas of excellence, they are generally lax in the performance of obvious duties and exaggerated in the observance of superfluous obligations; they generally contrive to do wrong from having entangled themselves in some knot of difficulty, which they will not unite, though they alone know the easy secret."

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," nnd the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicaey to the skin; is n delightful perfume; ullays headache and inflaumation, and is a necessary compauion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can he obtained everywhere at oue dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the inseet species. It is one of the few articles that ean be relied upon, and for a mere wo hits we ean save the *bites* and hills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed hy E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Darnes & Co., New York.

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They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They ereate a healthy appetite.
They are au antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
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They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nuture's greut restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Burk, roots and herhs, and are takeu with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly rec ommended to delieate persons requiriug a gentle stimulant. Sold hy all Groeers, Druggists, Hotels aud Saloons. Only genuine wheu Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of eouuterfeits aud refilled bottles.

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"In liftiug the kettle from the fire I sealded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediutely. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

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ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turniug gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a eheap and reliable article for culiuary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. ap7-1y

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Poliey hecame unfortunate, and eould not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his poliey was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unahle to eontinue his payments of preminms. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in eash. This plan is far more aeeeptahle to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days graee iu the payment of premiums. Its policies nre *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 712 Montgomery street, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medieal and Surgieal Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may exeite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effeet of such a eause. We are personally aequainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under ehronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, hut without suceess, until they ealled upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short spaee of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to annonnee this fact, heeause the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not hy defamation of others, to estahlish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor eonducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without eharge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, ean accept or rejeet at pleasure. In no ease does the Doctor make a charge unless he effeets a eure. This he is ahle to do, hecause he feels the confidence whieh long experienee has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either aeute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it ean do no harm, as for consultatiou he asks uo fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the putieut places himself under his care. His offiees aro on Saeramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steumship office.—*San Francisco News.*

CONCORD WAGONS AND HARNESS.—The Pacific Concord Carriage Manufaetory is prepared to supply the Pueifie Coast with Coneord wagous and harness made to order. The members comprising this firm have long heen in the employ of the eelebrated manufaeturing house of L. Downing & Son, Concord, New Hampshire; so that parties wishing Coneord wagons or harness can ohtain just the same quality of article here aud save 25 per eent. on their purchuse mouey. We havo seen some of their workmanship, and ean recommend it to the puhlie Address Belduke & Co., 820 Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth.—*San Francisco Leader.*

DAINTY WORK.—Ahout the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, hetween Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—wateh-chains, earrings, finger rings, hreastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from humau hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and iugenious iu the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

WANTED—Agents to sell, hy subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, anthor of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleahle work they ever took hold of. The people want Heudley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

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Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
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Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
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Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
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Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
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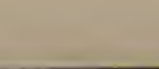

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For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle-aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, tha Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever

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Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

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- To Stockton and Newport. — By "Emstaht"
- The Late Calamity.
- Editorial Paragraphs.

AMUSEMENTS:
- Theatrical Events of the Week.

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SELECTED:
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- "Mark Twain" at Sea.
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- The Reduction of Ores.
- Meet Me by Moonlight.
- A Characteristic Speech—(by E. J Chase, of San Francisco.)
- A New Volcanic Island.

POETRY:
- Uncrowned Kings.
- Filio Desideratissimo.

[For the Californian.]

HEART QUESTIONS.

THIS life seems a life *in the dark* at best,
A problem unsolved, a riddle unguessed—
Ah! *has* it some *secret of love?*
This blundering tangle of hopes and fears,
This striving for smiles, this hiding of tears,
This muffling of sighs through slow-draggiug years;
Say, has it some solace above?

Oh, *is* there some land where they see in light
The bane and blessing, the wrong and the right?
Where Love is not twin to Sorrow?
Where warm-throbbing hearts are all understood?
Where they trust each other, the pure and good?
Where Truth is ne'er hidden in Error's hood?
And Right waits not for To-Morrow?

Some beautiful clime where the strife shall cease,
Whose air blows sweet with the lilies of peace?
Whose sun is unshaded by night?
Where *words* can never *play false* to the *thought?*
Where Good entwines not with Evil unsought?
And sorrows of earth with gladness are fraught
In a land where they *know aright?*

A home where they *live* whom we here call "*dead?*"
Where a crown encircles the bright young head
Which, for God and the Fatherland,
Laid lowly down in the Wilderness grim,
To a nameless grave 'mid the forests dim;
When Angels are chanting the morning hymn
Will *he reach out the greeting hand?*

DENNAR STEUART.

"MARK TWAIN" AT SEA.

THE "OLD NOR'WEST SWELL."

ON the Sunday following our departure we had a fine day. and no wind scarcely, yet the sea ran high and the ship rolled a good deal. Upon inquiry, I learned that this was caused by the "old nor'west swell," which resembles any Broadway "swell" in that it puts on a good many airs and conducts itself pretentiously even when it is not able to "raise the wind." The old nor'west swell, produced by the prevailing wind from that quarter, is always present in these seas, ever drifting on its eternal journey across the waters of the Pacific, year after year, and century after century as well, no doubt, and piling its billows aloft careless whether it be storm or calm. The wind and the swell both die out just above the equator. Another wind and another swell come up around Cape Horn from the opposite direction, and these die out just below the equator—so that a windless, waveless belt is left at the centre of the earth, which marks the equator as distinctly as does the little black line on the map. Ships drifts idly on that glassy sea, under the flaming sun of the tropics, for weeks together, without a breath of wind to flutter the drooping sails or fan the sweltering and blasphemous sailors.

PASSING AWAY THE WEARY TIME.

In writing about sea voyages it is customary to state, with the blandest air of conveying information of rare freshness and originality, that anything, however trivial, that promises to spice the weary monotony of the voyage with a new sensation, is eagerly seized upon and the most made of it by the passengers. I decline to insult your intelligence by making this threadbare statement, preferring to believe you would easily divine the existence of the fact without having to be told it.

We had a bullock tied up on the forecastle, and a box near by with two sheep and a pig in it. These animals afforded a trifling amusement for us on our fair days, and when the opportunity offered we used to go forward and worry them. The bullock was always down on his beam-ends. If he ever dared to get up on his feet for a second in stormy weather, the next lurch of the ship would "snatch him bald-headed," as Mr. Brown expressed it, and flop him flat on the deck; and in fair weather he was seldom able to get up, on account of his sore bones, acquired through the bangs and bruises of his foul weather experiences. So the bullock lay down pretty much all the time from San Francisco to Honolulu—and ever as his wandering gaze rested upon reeling men, and plunging ship and towering billow, his eloquent eye damned the weather.

Said Mr. Brown, once: "Let's go forward and twist the Captain's tail."

"Who? Captain Godfrey?"

"Thunder! no; Captain Gordon."

"Who?"

"Why, the bullock—Captain Gordon. We call him Captain Gordon because he lays down so much."

I recognized the point of Mr. Brown's facetiousness then. Captain Gordon, a not undistinguished officer of the Eastern armies, had kept his room all the way, but as he was unwell enough to prefer that course to staggering about the tossing decks, and had a right to do as he pleased anyhow, I reprimanded Brown on the spot for his inconsiderate levity.

The pig was pulled and hauled and cuffed for the amusement of the idle passengers, but unknown to himself he had his revenge; for he imparted such a villainous odor of the sty to the hands and clothing of any man who meddled with him, that that man could never drift to windward of a lady passenger without suffering disgrace and humiliation under the rebuke of her offended upturned nose. The pig had no name. This was a source of ceaseless regret to Mr. Brown, and he often spoke of it. At last one of the sailors named it, and Brown happened to be passing by and overhead him. The sailor was feeding the animals, and the pig kept crowding the sheep away and monopolizing the slop pail. The sailor rapped him on the nose and said:

"Oh, go way wid you, Dinnis."

To have heard the passengers go into explosions of laughter when Brown rushed in, in a state of wild excitement, and related this circumstance, one might have supposed that this ship had been sailing round and round the world for dreary ages, and that this was the first funny circumstance that had ever blessed with a gleam of cheerfulness the dismal voyage. But, as other writers have said before, even so diluted a thing as this can send a thrill of delight through minds and bodies growing torpid under the dull sameness of a long sea voyage.

From that day forward it was Dennis here, and Dennis there, and Dennis everywhere. Dennis was in everybody's mouth; Dennis was mentioned twice where the everlasting wonder, "how many miles we made yesterday," was expressed once. A stranger's curiosity would have been excited to the last degree to know who this rival to General Grant in notoriety was, that had so suddenly sprung up—this so thoroughly canvassed, discussed, and popular "Dennis." But on the 16th of March Dennis was secretly executed by order of the steward, and Brown said that when the fact became generally known, there was not a dry eye in the ship. He fully believed what he said, too. He has a generous heart and a fervent imagination, and a capacity for creating impossible facts and then implicitly believing them himself, which is perfectly marvellous.

Dennis was served up on the 17th for our St. Patrick's dinner, and gave me a stomach-ache that lasted twenty-four hours. In life he was lovely, and behold, he was powerful in death. Peace to his ashes!—*"Mark Twain," in the Sacramento Union.*

A NEW VOLCANIC ISLAND.

THE Athens correspondent of the London *Times* furnishes the subjoined description of a new Greek island: "A new island began to rise above the level of the sea in the Bay of Thera (Santorin) on the 4th of February, and in five days it attained the height of from 130 to 150 feet, with a length of upwards of 350 feet, and a breadth of 100 feet. It continues to increase, and consists of a rusty black metallic lava, very heavy and resembling half-smelted scoria which has boiled up from a furnace. It contains many small whitish semi-transparent particles disseminated through the mass like quartz or feldspar. The shape of Santorin on the map gives an idea of its volcanic formation. It appears to be the eastern half of an immense crater, stretching in a semi-circle round a bay in which the sea now covers the seat of volcanic action. The destruction of the southwestern rim of the crater let in the water. The northwestern portion is the island of Therasia. The bay is about six geographical miles long, and upwards of four broad. Near the centre there are three islands which have risen from the sea during eruptions recorded in history—Palaia, Nea, and Mikre Kaimene, or Old, New, and Little Burnt (Island,) naming them in their order from west to east. The present eruption commenced on the 31st of January. A noise like volleys of artillery was heard, but without any earthquake. On the following day flames issued from the sea, in a part of the bay called Vulkanos, where the water is always discolored and impregnated with sulphur from abundant springs at the bottom. The flames rose at intervals to the height of fifteen feet, and were seen at times to issue from the southwestern part of Nea Kaimene. That island was soon rent by a deep fissure, and the southern part sank considerably.

"On the 4th of February the eruptions became more violent and the sea more disturbed. Gas forced itself up from the depths with terrific noise, resembling the bursting of a steam-boiler; flames arose at intervals, and white smoke, rising steadily, formed an immense column, crowned with a curled capital of dark heavy clouds. The new island was visible next morning, increasing sensibly to the eye as it rose out of the sea at no great distance to the south of Nea Kaimene. The new island has been visited by Dr. Dekigalla, a man of science and an able observer, who will record accurately all the phenomena of the present eruption as it proceeds. The heat of the sea rose from 62 Fabrenheit to 122 as near the vicinity of volcanic action as it was safe to approach. The bottom of the sea all round Nea Kaimene appears to have risen greatly In one place, where the depth is marked on the Admiralty chart one hundred fathoms, it was found to be now only thirty, and at another where it was seventeen, it is now only three fathoms. The new island, as it increases, will probably form a junction with Nea Kaimene. It grows, as it were, out of the sea, the mass below pushing upwards that which is already above water. The lower part is hot, its fissures, where they are deep, being 170 Fahrenheit, and the upper part, after four days' exposure, was found to be still 80.

"At present the centre of the volcanic force lies evidently far below the bottom of the sea, and only gases and smoke work their way through the incumbent earth to the water, and escape in noise, flames, and smoke to the surface. But should a fissure at the bottom of the sea allow the water to penetrate to the fires that throw up the melted metal of the new island to the surface, an eruption may take place of a kind similar to that which destroyed Pompeii, but far more terrible. The eruption that formed the present island of Nea Kaimene began in the year 1707, and the volcanic action continued, without doing any serious injury to the inhabitants of Thera, until 1713. It is possible the present eruption may continue as long, and be as mild in its operation. But as late as 1650 a terrible eruption laid waste a great part of the island, and raised an island on its northeastern coast, which soon sank again into the sea, leaving a shoal. The island of Old Kaimene made its first appearance in the year 198 before the Christian era. Its size was increased by several eruptions mentioned in history."

UNCROWNED KINGS.

OH ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Made royal by the brain and heart;
Of all Earth's wealth the noblest part.
Yet reckoned nothing in the mart
Where men know naught but sordid things;
All hail to ye, most kingly kings!

Oh ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose breath and words of living flame
Have waked slaved nations from their shame,
And bid them rise in manhood's name;
Swift as the curved bow backward springs
To follow ye, most kingly kings!

Oh ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose strong right arm hath oft been bared;
Where fires of righteous battles glared:
To think on ye the heart upsprings:
Oh ye uncrowned but kingly kings!

Oh ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose burning songs, like lava poured,
Have smitten like a two-edged sword,
Sent forth by Heaven's avenging Lord
To purge the earth, where serfdom clings
To all but ye, oh kingly kings!

Oh ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
To whose ecstatic gaze alone
The beautiful by heaven is shown,
And who have made it all your own;
Your lavish hand around us flings
Earth's richest wreath, oh noble kings!

Oh ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
The heart leaps wildly at your thought,
And the brain fires as if it caught
Shreds of your mantle; ye have fought
Not vainly, if your glory brings
A lingering light to earth, oh kings!

Oh ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose souls on Marah's fruit did sup
And went in fiery chariots up,
Where each had drained his hemlock cup:
Ye friends of God, but tyrants' stings,
Uncrowned, but still the kingliest kings!

[*Berkeley Aiken.*

MRS. BULLWINKLE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

LADIES and gentlemen. Give me five minutes' sympathy and attention. I have something serious to say to you.

I am a married man, with an income which is too miserably limited to be worth mentioning. About a month since, my wife advanced me one step nearer to the Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors, by presenting me with another child. On five previous occasions, her name had appeared in the List of British Mothers which adorns the daily Supplement of the *Times* newspaper. At each of these trying periods (I speak entirely of myself when I use the word "trying") she was attended by the same Monthly Nurse. On this last, and sixth, occasion, we were not so fortunate as to secure the services of our regular functionary. She was already engaged; and a new Nurse, with excellent recommendations, was, therefore, employed in her stead. When I first heard of her, and was told that her name was Mrs. Bullwinkle, I laughed. It was then the beginning of the month. It is now the end of it, and I write down that once comical name with a settled gravity which nothing can disturb.

We all know Mrs. Gamp. My late Monthly Nurse is the exact antipodes of her. Mrs. Bullwinkle is tall and dignified; her complexion is fair: her Grecian nose is innocent of all convivial coloring; her figure is not more than agreeably plump; her manners are icily composed; her dress is quiet and neat; her age cannot be more than five-and-thirty; her style of conversation, when she talks, is flowing and grammatical—upon the whole, she appears to be a woman who is much too ladylike for her station in life. When I first met Mrs. Bullwinkle on the stairs, I felt inclined to apologize for my wife's presumption in engaging her services. Though I checked this absurd impulse, I could not resist answering the new nurse's magnificent curtsy by expressing a polite hope that she would find her situation everything that she could wish, under my roof.

"I am not accustomed to exact much, sir," said Mrs. Bullwinkle. "The cook seems, I am rejoiced to say, to be an intelligent and attentive person. I have been giving her some little hints on the subject of my meals. I have ventured to tell her, that I eat little and often; and I think she thoroughly understands me."

I am ashamed to say I was not so sharp as the cook. I did not thoroughly understand Mrs. Bullwinkle, until it became my duty, through my wife's inability to manage our domestic business, to settle the weekly bills. I then became sensible of an alarming increase in our household expenditure. If I had given two dinner-parties in the course of the week, the bills could not have been more exorbitant: the butcher, the baker, and the grocer could not have taken me at a heavier pecuniary disadvantage. My heart sank as I thought of my miserable income. I looked up piteously from the bills to the cook for an explanation.

The cook looked back at me compassionately, shook her head, and said:

"Mrs. Bullwinkle."

I reckoned up additional joints, additional chops, additional steaks, fillets, kidneys, gravy beef. I told off a terrible supplement to the usual family consumption of bread, flour, tea, sugar, and alcoholic liquids. I appealed to the cook again; and again the cook shook her head, and said, "Mrs. Bullwinkle."

My miserable income obliges me to look after sixpences, as other men look after five-pound notes. Ruin sat immovable on the pile of weekly bills, and stared me sternly in the face. I went up into my wife's room. The new nurse was not there. The unhappy partner of my pecuniary embarrassments was reading a novel. My innocent infant was smiling in his sleep. I had taken the bills with me. Ruin followed them up-stairs, and sat spectral on one side of the bed, while I sat on the other.

"Don't be alarmed, love," I said, "if you hear the police in the house. Mrs. Bullwinkle has a large family, and feeds them all out of our provisions. A search shall be instituted, and slumbering Justice shall be aroused. Look at these joints, these chops, these steaks, these fillets, these kidneys, these gravy beefs!"

My wife shook her head, exactly as the cook had shaken hers; and answered precisely as the cook had answered, "Mrs. Bullwinkle."

"But where does she hide it all?" I exclaimed.

My wife shut her eyes, and shuddered.

"John!" she said, "I have privately consulted the doctor; and the doctor says Mrs. Bullwinkle is a Cow."

"If the doctor had to pay these bills," I retorted savagely, "he would not be quite so free with his jokes."

"He is in earnest, dear. He explained to me, what I never knew before, that a Cow is an animal with many stomachs——"

"What!" I cried out, in amazement; "do you mean to tell me that all these joints, these chops, these steaks, these fillets, these kidneys, these gravy beefs—these loaves, these muffins, these mixed biscuits—these teas, these sugars, these brandies, gins, sherries, and beers, have disappeared in one week, down Mrs. Bullwinkle's throat?"

"All, John," said my wife, sinking back on the pillow with a groan.

It was impossible to look at the bills and believe it. I questioned and cross questioned my wife, and still elicited nothing but the one bewildering answer, "All, John." Determined—for I am a man of a logical and judicial mind—to have this extraordinary and alarming case properly investigated, I took out my pocket-book and pencil, and asked my wife if she felt strong enough to make a few private entries for my satisfaction. Finding that she willingly accepted the responsibility, I directed her to take down, from her own personal investigation, a statement of Mrs. Bullwinkle's meals, and of the time at which she partook of each of them, for twenty-four hours, beginning with one morning and ending with another. After making this arrangement, I descended to the parlor, and took the necessary business measures for using the cook as a check upon her mistress. Having carefully instructed her to enter, on the kitchen slate, everything that was sent up to Mrs. Bullwinkle, for twenty-four hours, I felt that my machinery for investigating the truth was now complete. If the statement of the mistress, in bed on the second floor, agreed with the statement of the cook, in the distant sphere of the kitchen, there could then be no doubt that I had obtained a perfectly correct statement on the mysterious subject of Mrs. Bullwinkle's meals.

In due time the two reports were sent in, and I had an opportunity of understanding at last, what "eating little and often" really meant, in the case of my wife's monthly nurse. Except in one particular, to be hereafter adverted to, both statements agreed exactly. Here is the list, accompanied by a correct time-table, of Mrs. Bullwinkle's meals, beginning with the morning of Monday and ending with the morning of Tuesday. I certify on my word of honor, as a British husband and housekeeper, that the copy is correctly taken from my wife's entries in my pocket-book, checked impartially by the cook's slate:

A. M. 7.	Breakfast.—Tea, Toast, Half-quartern Loaf, Butter, Eggs, Bacon.
9:30.	First Morning Snack.—A glass of pale Sherry, and a plate of Mixed Biscuits.
11.	Second Morning Snack.—A Basin of Beef Tea, and a tumbler of Brandy and Water.
P. M. 12:45	Dinner.—A Roast Loin of Mutton and Mashed Potatoes. With Dinner, Ale, spiced and warmed. After Dinner, a tumbler of Hot Gin and Water.
P. M. 3.	Afternoon Snack.—A glass of pale Sherry, and a plate of Mixed Biscuits.
4:30	Tea and Muffins.
7.	Evening Snack.—Stewed Cheese, Toast, and a tumbler of Brandy and Water.
9.	Supper.—Nice juicy Steak, and two glasses of Beer. Second Course.—Stewed Cheese, and a Tumbler of Gin and Water.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.—(Not vouched for by the cook's slate.)—During the night of Monday Mrs. Bullwinkle partook, at intervals, of Caudle. At 3.40 A. M., on the morning of Tuesday, my wife was awakened by hearing the nurse walking up and down the room, and sighing bitterly. The following conversation then took place between them:

My Wife.—Are you ill?

Mrs. Bullwinkle.—No. Hungry.

I can certify that the above list correctly, and even moderately represents Mrs. Bullwinkle's daily bill of fare, for one month. I can assert, from my own observation, that every dish, at every hour of the day, which went up to her full, invariably came down from her empty. Mrs. Bullwinkle was not a wasteful eater. She could fully appreciate, in roast meat, for example, the great value of "lean;" but she was not, on that account, insensible to the humbler merits of fat, skin, and "ontside." All—emphatically, all—was fish that came to her net; and the net itself, as I can personally testify, was never once over-weighted and never out of order. I have watched, in the case of this perfectly unparalleled human cormorant, for symptoms of apoplexy, or at least of visible repletion, with a dreadful and absorbing interest: and have, on no occasion, been rewarded by making the smallest discovery.

Mrs. Bullwinkle was never, while in my service, even so much as partially intoxicated. Her face was never flushed; her articulation was never thickened; her brain was never confused; her movements were never uncertain. After the breakfast, the two morning snacks, and the dinner—all occurring within the space of six hours—she could move about the room with unimpeded freedom of action; could keep my wife and the baby in a state of the strictest discipline; could curtsy magnificently, when the unoffending master, whom she was eating out of house and home, entered the room; preserving her color, her equilibrium, and her staylaces, when she sank down and when she swelled up again, without the vestige of an apparent effort. During the month of her devastating residence under my roof, she had two hundred and forty-eight meals, including the snacks; and she went out of the house no larger and no redder than she came in. After the statement of one such fact as that, further comment is superfluous.

I leave the case in the hands of the medical and married public. I present it, as a problem, to physiological science. I offer it, as a warning, to British husbands with limited incomes. While I write these lines, while I give my married countrymen this friendly caution, my wife is weeping over the tradesmen's bills; my children are on half-allowance of food; my cook is worked off her legs; my purse is empty. Young husbands, and persons about to marry, commit to memory the description here given of my late monthly nurse! Avoid a tall and dignified woman, with a flowing style of conversation and impressively lady-like manners! Beware, my struggling friends, my fellow-toilers along the heavily-taxed highways of domestic happiness—beware of Mrs. Bullwinkle!

ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE.—"At the Alcazar Theatre, in Rio Janeiro," says the correspondent of the Providence *Journal*, "I saw one Russian officer bring in at times during the evening all the flowers that he could carry, and shower them upon an actress. The next day he sent presents to the amount of two thousand dollars. This gentleman, when his floral offerings had given out, and no more were to be obtained, finished his gifts by scaling his cap at her. This was the signal for a scene to commence, and instantly hats of beaver, silk, and velvet, were showered upon the stage, and rings, gloves, handkerchiefs, canes, and umbrellas. Every one seemed to be trying to outvie his neighbor in shouting 'bravo' and 'viva;' the din was terrific. One man in the gallery, in his excitement, seized a large glass globe from the chandelier, and hurled it toward the stage, but missed his mark, and shattered it upon your correspondent's shoulder. At this point I thought it time to leave, which I did, and, with the fear of glass globes and a lame arm for monitors, have not patronized the Alcazar since."

THE London *Athenæum* says: "*Outcroppings; or Selections from California Verse*, has made a longer and deeper excitement on the Pacific coast than the loudest earthquake Those who were chosen for inside seats are not satisfied with their places or the room they occupy; and those who were left out altogether are in a terrible state of indignation; and so between "out-croppers" and non-"out-croppers," the poets of the coast and their friends keep the newspapers and the community in a real tea-pot tempest. Already another volume of poems by California writers is announced, wherein wrongs will be righted and out-croppers will be cropped. When it appears, and not before, peace will be restored and Californians will be allowed to resume their regular business of drinking champagne and speculating in Washoe stocks. The fall of Gould & Curry and other Comstock lode mines is doubtless owing to this counter excitement."

THE REDUCTION OF ORES.

THE essential condition of a thoroughly successful treatment of an average ore of a precious metal, whether by fire or by chemical solvents, is the complete reduction of the ore to an impalpable powder. Gold, for example, is often diffused in microscopic particles through the hard quartz or pyrite, in which it habitually occurs, and in a ton of the quartz or pyrites only a few ounces of metallic gold may be contained. It is perfectly obvious that we can never be sure of getting all the gold out of the enveloping quartz or pyrites unless the whole mass of ore be completely reduced to an impalpable powder as fine as the minutest particles of gold which it contains. The machinery now chiefly relied on for the reduction of ore to a powder consists of heavy stamps, which are raised by steam or water-power and allowed to fall upon the ore to be crushed. The action of stamps may be compared to that of a pestle and mortar. They produce a large proportion of fine sand and a little real dust; but the principal product of the best stamps is never an impalpable powder of microscopic fineness, but a sand, very many of whose particles will not pass through a sieve of fifty threads to the linear inch. Just here is an obstacle to the perfect working of the ores of the precious metals which has never yet been practically overcome, although almost every week for years some new process has been brought before those interested, theoretically so admirable that the utmost confidence in its success has been felt, and large amounts of money have been freely expended to put it to the test of practical operation. The back-yards of hundreds of houses in San Francisco are encumbered with the wrecks of machines, on each of which men have embarked their fortunes. Yet the fact that the present processes often fail to yield even one-half of the amount of metal which the accurate methods of chemical analysis reveal in the quartz, while thousands of mining enterprises are abandoned every year after their owners have been beggared, which would be most valuable properties if but a small degree of this loss could be overcome, constantly stimulates energetic enterprise as well as feverish speculation in the trial of new appliances, and the renewed trial of old methods under new circumstances. Until the frightful waste which attends the present processes of extracting the precious metals is overcome, they can be mined with profit only where a deposit is found which is not only comparatively rich, but the richness of which can be depended upon to extend far into the darkness of the earth—a case which does not occur one time in ten thousand where specimens of high promise are found at the outcrop. As long as mining is pursued with this uncertainty it must have, in most cases, more the character of gambling than of regular business capable of yielding sure returns to industry and intelligence, and must be a curse to those who engage in it and to the communities whose prosperity is dependent in any great degree upon them.

It is obvious that the subject is one of vast importance to our country, and though little confidence can reasonably be felt that any invention will prove of great value for general application until it has been for some time in actual use under the management of persons who have no interest in it, except that which is common to all owners of gold mines, the progress of experiments should have studious attention.

Machinery has been in operation during the last year in Boston, which seems to justify more than usual consideration. Two separate machines combine their different operations for the reduction of ore, previously broken into pieces of not more than three or four inches in diameter, to a fine flour or dust, which is at least a million times finer than average stamped ore. These two machines are, the "crusher," which converts the ore into a gravel mixed with sand, and the "pulverizer," which reduces the sand and gravel to the condition of a floating dust. The crusher may be described as follows: A circular iron table, three feet and a half in diameter, and weighing eight hundred pounds, revolves on an upright shaft at the rate of one thousand and twenty-five turns a minute. This whirling table forms the bottom of a cast-iron tub, eighteen inches deep, whose thick sides are perforated with numerous holes about half an inch in diameter. Upon the upper surface of the whirling table, and near its circumference, are bolted six, or sometimes eight blocks, made, like the lower sections of the perforated tub, of the hardest possible iron—Franklinite iron. When the velocity of the whirling table is between one thousand and one thousand and fifty revolutions a minute, the extreme ends of these cutting blocks move with a velocity of about two miles a minute. When there is no stone in the tub the table revolves freely with but little friction, and acts as a fly-wheel to regulate the other machinery, but the instant that material to be crushed is thrown into the tub, the consumption of steam-power begins, the lumps of stone are splintered into small fragments by concussion with each other and with the edges of the cutting blocks, and the gravel so produced is swept out through the holes in the grated sides of the tub.

The quantity of steam-power necessary to drive the table is to be approximately one and a half horse-power per hour for each ton of quartz crushed, five tons of quartz per hour requiring seven and a half horse-power, ten tons fifteen horse-power, and so on. It is recommended not to feed more material to the crusher than will exhaust ten to fifteen horse-power. So vague and uncertain, however, are all existing rules for the measurement of steam-power that too much weight should not be attached to these estimates of the power consumed. Of course, if a softer material than quartz be supplied to the crusher, less power will be consumed, or more material can be crushed in an hour.

It is evident that a machine thus constructed and driven at such an enormous velocity is abundantly capable of reducing even the hardest ores to a fine gravel at a very rapid rate; but the doubt naturally suggests itself, will not the machine be itself destroyed in the operation? This is a point upon which only extended practical experience in the use of the table can be decisive. It appears at present that the wear of the machine is confined to the exposed faces and edges of the splintering blocks and to the lower portion of the perforated sides of the tub. These wearing parts are so made as to be readily replaceable in sections. In general, the higher the velocity of the whirling table, the less it wears in proportion to the amount of work done. It is asserted that one set of cutting blocks will reduce one hundred and fifty to two hundred tons of ordinary quartz, and a much larger quantity of marble, sandstone, pyrites, or ordinary silver ores. The crusher yields incidentally a small proportion of fine dust, but it will not work economically as a pulverizer. The reduction of the gravel delivered by the whirling table to the condition of fine dust is accomplished by a distinct machine, the pulverizer. This pulverizer consists of four distinct parts or elements: a feeding mill, which furnishes a constant supply of the gravel to be reduced; an iron drum or cylinder containing an air wheel of peculiar construction; a fan-blower which draws air, and with it the dust formed, out of the cylinder just mentioned; and, lastly, dust chambers in which the product is collected. Beyond the dust chambers an auxiliary fan-blower draws air out of these chambers, and so relieves the pressure upon them and prevents leakage. This fan-blower is furnished with a set of arms or dashers, which dip into water and create a spray which wets down any dust fine enough to escape deposition in the dust chambers. The essential and peculiar part of this combination of machinery is the second element, the cylindrical drum with its air wheel. This cylinder is eighteen inches in breadth and forty-two in internal diameter. Within the drum, on the shaft or axis, are three sets of strong iron arms, eight arms in a set, which carry at their extremities "paddles" six inches long by three and a half in breadth, made of the hardest possible iron cast upon a wrought-iron skeleton of wire. The diameter of the "paddle-wheel" is forty inches, so that a space of one inch remains between the outer edge of each paddle and the cylinder. This wheel, with its twenty-four paddles, is driven at the rate of one thousand twenty-five revolutions a minute, so that the extreme edge of each paddle has a velocity of more than two miles a minute. A strong current of air is drawn through this pulverizing cylinder by the action of the fan-blower, and no air can enter or leave the cylinder except by the aid of this blower. The dust escapes from the mill through an opening at the centre, about the shaft; but no dust leaves the drum except as it is drawn out on the current of air induced by the fan-blower.

The question is: What is the action which goes on within the mill, converting gravel into an impalpable flour. The paddle-wheel is not sufficiently strong, and the steam-power consumed, per ton of dust, is not sufficiently great, for any process of hammering, crushing, or grinding. The most plausible answer to the question is, that the paddles act like fans, producing whirls or vortices of air which put the particles of gravel into very rapid motion, and that it is the mutual clashing and friction of the particles which produces the dust. The wake of each paddle is a dust-mill. The dust atoms are found under the microscope to be rounded; the gold in the dust is found rolled into pellets, the best form for the amalgamator; nails or other bits of metal which fall by accident into the mill, come out rounded as they had been rolled on a beach. The quality and quantity of the yield of the mill are determined by the velocity of the paddles, and by the velocity and volume of the current of air which passes through the cylinder. A low velocity of the paddles causes the yield to be coarse and abundant; at a high velocity, with too small a current of air, the mill becomes heated, and the yield is small but exceedingly fine; a freer current of air will give a larger but coarser product. The art of using the machine consists in a judicious regulation of the quantity and velocity of the current of air which is drawn through the drum. The management of both crusher and pulverizer, particularly of the latter, obviously requires an engineer of unusual intelligence and capacity. The velocities used are very high, belts may break or shafts spring, the breakers in the crusher and the paddles in the pulverizer require timely renewal, and the proper regulation of the air-current in the pulverizer requires acute observation and constant watchfulness. The wear of the inside of the case, or external cylinder, of the pulverizer is not very rapid, and as the interior is lined with boiler-plate iron, which can be cheaply and easily renewed, the only wear which occasions much inconvenience and expense is that of the paddles. The cost of this wear of the paddles is said to be about twenty cents for each ton of quartz pulverized. It is asserted that a pulverizer in perfect operation will reduce hard quartz from the size of gravel to fine dust at the rate of thirty-one hundred pounds an hour, and that of this quantity one-third will be as fine as bolted wheat flour, another third will all pass through a sieve of ten thousand meshes to the square inch, and the remaining one-third will all be greatly finer than the best products of stamps. The whirling-table will break the same quartz into gravel at the rate of eighteen tons per hour. One crusher will ordinarily feed ten or a dozen pulverizers. It is confidently stated that a single pulverizer, applied to the reduction of gold ores, delivers, with a small consumption of steam or water-power, as much powder as twenty ordinary stamps, and that the quality of the whole product will be beyond comparison finer than the best stamp work. For the better part of two years both the crusher and the pulverizer have been in actual operation at Boston, and have been tested upon a large variety of substances. Quartz, granite, feldspar, bones, copper ores, barytes, ochre, manganese, corn, and sundry paints and drugs, have all been successfully reduced in these omnivorous mills. Considering the quantity and quality of the work done by them, they compare favorably with other machines, now used for like purposes, both in respect to first cost and to expense of running. They are also comparatively light for transportation. Not to dwell upon the application to the service of the druggist, agriculturist, or manufacturer, these inventions seem to promise some real advance towards a better dealing with the most difficult problems of metallurgy.—*The Nation.*

"MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT."—An amusing adventure befel a poor young man yesterday, says the Indianola *Times*, who is employed as a delivery clerk in one of the express companies. The argument may be summed up as a love at first sight, and sore disappointment at the second. His name is probably George DeBarnwell. He is not in very prosperous circumstances, his coat is shabby and considerably out at the elbows, but in his soul there is an appreciation of the true and beautiful, a spark of divinity which enables him to rise above his humble station and aspire to nobler things than the delivery of boxes.

Yesterday George became enamored. It came to pass in this wise: While he was engaged in his customary avocation, a beautiful damsel, who chanced to pass by, requested him to perform some menial service for her. DeBarnwell was only too happy to comply, and after having rendered her the desired assistance, she thanked him with a smile so sweet that George felt emboldened to enter into conversation. He even went so far as to request the pleasure of an interview in the evening, to which proposition the fair lady assented. The hour and place of meeting was agreed upon, and George DeBarnwell felt that he had achieved a victory. He cast his eyes, however, upon his shabby garments, and for the first time in his life he perceived the disadvantages of poverty. He could not present himself before her in such a guise. Accordingly he borrowed a coat from a friend, a hat from another, a pair of pantaloons from a third, and, after undergoing a course of treatment at the hands of Tony Delight, and an infinite deal of preparation otherwise, he presented himself at the appointed time near the house of his maiden on Illinois street. The evening was bitter cold, and no maiden appeared, and after enduring it for an hour and a half the lover was about to depart in despair when a quiet-looking individual, who had been regarding him for some time, walked up and politely inquired if he was Mr. DeBarnwell.

"That is my name," said the youth, somewhat surprised.

"Ah! I'm glad I have met you," quoth the stranger; "my daughter regrets that she cannot meet you this evening, and requested me to come instead. Where shall we go?"

The lover was already blue with cold, but he turned considerably bluer at the unexpected denouement. We shall not record his reply to the parent. It was a very natural one under the circumstances, but it implied an invitation, or rather a command, which few reasonable mortals, who entertain prospects of salvation, would care to obey.

"GRANDMOTHER," said Ike, seriously, to Mrs. Partington, "have you heard the report that the Prince of Wales's baby has not got all his fingers on one hand, and that both his legs are not right?" "Lor' bless me!" exclaimed the old lady. "Then how could he ever wield the sceptre of the realm, or walk as he ought to?" Ike, however, pretended not to hear the remark, but began clipping the cat's whiskers, and grinning to think that his grandmother did not see that nobody has all the fingers on one hand, nor anybody two right legs.

VERY SEVERE.—"Ah!" said a conceited young parson, "I have this afternoon been preaching to a congregation of asses." "Then that was the reason why you called them beloved brethren," replied a strong-minded lady.

THE LOVE OF A SHORT-HAND WRITER.

OF all the short-hand writers in the precincts of Lincoln's Inn, Cornelius Bubb stood the highest in matter of inches. He was six feet six, and very thin from constant lack of sleep in term time. He was known in the Lane as the Man in Black—he had black clothes, black hair, and black looks. He was very sharp: his walk was sharp, his tongue was sharp, and his pen was sharp. The more business he got, the worse his temper grew; but it was all bark—there was no bite in it. If he scolded a poor wandering short-hand clerk one night, he was none the less ready to give him another job the next, should he happen to call. The most deadly offence in his eye was correctness. He could be spiteful to clerks who were clever enough to give no occasion for criticism. He gave the preference over such to clerks who were human, and who erred. These gave a nightly feast to his irony and sarcasm. Disappoint him of his meal, be as sharp and immaculate in copying from your short-hand notes as himself, and you forfeited his friendship forever. You were a conceited fellow—an unpleasant companion from four P. M. to perhaps the small hours of the morning.

One Thursday night in November, when Michaelmas Term was a week old, Mr. Bubb strode along from his modest dining-place through the cold fog in the Lane towards his office. He stepped quickly up the dark, unlighted staircase, and stooped into his rooms. There were only some thirty or forty folios to write out, and then he was free to use a ticket for the Opera given him by a friend. In the outer or clerks' office, was his established clerk—a boy of ten years, who lived in the regions below with his mother. There was also a stranger waiting—a young man with a notebook in his hand.

"Nothing to night," said Bubb, who could not yet afford to pay others for doing what he could do himself. The stranger turned to go.

"If you please, sir," said the Boy, "Hume and Smollett have sent round to say they want the evidence in Jones and Perkins by nine o'clock to-morrow."

"What!" cried the disappointed playgoer.

The boy repeated his message.

"Why, there's three hundred folios of it, and I've told everybody I shouldn't want them. Run down the Lane, and if you don't find some of them, never show your useless face here again. Run!" The boy disappeared on his errand. "And now," said Bubb, turning to the stranger, who had lingered, "you are in for it. There's three hundred folios to do before you leave this office."

"Very well, sir."

This philosophic reply caused Bubb to scrutinize the stranger more narrowly. He was dressed in an Inverness cape; he held his round hat respectfully in one hand, and a brand new reporter's notebook in the other. He looked very young; his voice was not broken; his cheeks were smooth, and free, as yet, from whiskers; his dark hair was short and curly; his black eyes had a merry look in them; in fine, he was a very good-looking boy.

"I have never seen you before," remarked Bubb. "Where did you learn short-hand?"

"At home, sir."

"Have you ever done such work as mine before?"

"No, sir."

"Good gracious! Then perhaps you can't do it? I am sure you can't. You don't look as if you could. And what's to become of me? Do you know what three hundred folios mean?"

"No, sir."

"I thought not," said Bubb, contemptuously. "Well, then, I'll tell you; its more than twelve hours' hard work. And what will become of me? If that boy doesn't find some help, I'll hang him."

"It is true, sir, that I have never done this work before," persisted the short-hand novice, "but you can't tell whether I can do it or not till I have tried."

"An Irishman said something like that when he was asked if he could play the violin," remarked Bubb, severely.

Here his boy-clerk returned. "I can see nothing but the fog, sir, if you please."

Under the pressure of business, his master deigned no reply but a look. "What is your name?" he demanded of his would-be assistant.

"John Smith, sir."

"A very remarkable one. Sit down opposite me there, and tell me if I read too fast." He opened the notebook in which he had taken down the evidence in Jones *vs.* Perkins, and began to read aloud. John Smith wrote it down in his own short-hand in the note-book he had brought with him, beginning, the questions at the extreme left, and the answers in the middle of the page. He had nearly filled a couple of slips, when Bubb stopped suddenly and watched how far he was behind. Only four or five words.

"Read!" said Bubb.

John Smith read it unhesitatingly. Bubb tried hard not to feel pleased, and failed.

"Write it out on this paper. Begin six lines from the bottom—I will put the heading in afterwards—and mind, put the 'Qs' and 'As' in the margin."

Without a word, John Smith did as directed, and that in a swift, clear handwriting.

"Don't leave blanks," said Bubb, "and don't puzzle over a word you can't make out at once; ask me."

But Smith had nothing to ask.

"You'll do," remarked Bubb, pithily. A bright thought struck him. "You can't expect, Mr. Smith, the same pay as an experienced hand. Twopence per folio is what such a man gets, and we reckon eight folios in a sheet of evidence. I'll give you three-half-pence; will that do?"

"Yes, sir," replied Smith, humbly. So at their work they went—Bubb dictating about fifty folios at a time to Smith, with directions to fit it on the right side of a sheet, and then copying out himself the continuation from his own note-book. They worked on thus without interruption, save a cup of tea and a hastily swallowed crust, till between three and four the next morning, when all the evidence was written fairly out.

"Come as soon after three this afternoon as you can," said Bubb, as he parted with his new assistant at the door of the office; "I have a case in Kindersley's court." Bubb returned to read over, page, and stitch in a neat cover his many sheets of manuscript. Then he made himself a bed on the couch in his own office, and slept soundly till eight o'clock, when his boy-clerk came up from the kitchen with his breakfast.

That night the offices of Mr. Bubb presented a noisy and busy scene. The outer one was crowded with assistants, who smoked, and wrote, and talked, and sent out the boy for beer, which they passed to each other under the table—who were constantly asking questions, and making mistakes, and occasionally swearing, *sotto voce*. The door of Mr. Bubb's private office was ajar, and from thence his snarl and sneer came to them in rapid sequence. All the evening, they had been taking turns to be dictated to at Mr. Bubb's desk, and the wrangling between him and his slow dictatees—his erring favorites—was ever in the ears of all. The law-stationer's boy had worried Bubb into a state of fury. But he never became confused; his clear head revelled in the general distraction. Not so his new assistant, John Smith; he had asked leave early in the evening to work in Mr. Bubb's room.

"As you like—on the stairs, if you please, so long as you get it done," said his master.

It was eleven o'clock; Bubb had given out the last of his notes, and the law-stationer's boy was snoring in a corner, ready to be shaken up for the last sheets. Near them was seated young Smith, straining hard to keep his eyes open, and forcing sore, reluctant fingers to finish his task. An assistant brought in the last of his work, and then made a speedy exit. But his master's tongue followed him. Running his eye maliciously over the sheets, Bubb cried out: "I say, Dixon, do you mean to say you did this yourself?"

"Yes, sir," responded the assistant from the outer room.

"I can't believe you, Dixon," replied Mr. Bubb; "there are only sixteen words missplelt." A loud laugh from his comrades. At this moment the new assistant gave in—his head dropping helplessly on to the desk. Bubb jumped up, and raised him gently, and was about to unfasten his necktie and waistcoat, when, with an exclamation of dismay, he drew back as if he had burnt his fingers. Smith opened his eyes, and revived wearily.

"I thought you had fallen asleep, Mr. Smith," said Bubb, in a strangely tender tone. "Have you much to do?"

"No, sir." And poor Smith went at it again, while Bubb watched him curiously.

"Dixon," he called out, "have you gone yet?" "No, sir."

"Then, come here; I want you." Dixon entered the sanctum. "Here's our new friend very tired; perhaps you don't mind seeing him home. He has nearly finished."

Smith was too fatigued to object, if he had any objections: indeed, he had to lean very heavily on the arm of the good-natured Dixon."

"Come to-morrow with your bill," said Bubb, as they left. "The fresh air will revive you. You will take care of the boy, Dixon."

In the outer office, among the seasoned oldsters, the boy excited much sympathy. Ignoring in their kindness the eye of Bubb, they openly offered him their pewter pots to drink from. Smith faintly thanked them, and declined.

On Saturday morning, Smith presented his first account to Mr. Bubb in that gentleman's private office. He paid it at once, cutting off an odd ninepence for luck, as he said. Bubb always contrived to pay first accounts when due; it made people's minds easier under any delays that might take place with other accounts. Smith was retiring with his well-earned money, when Bubb, clearing his throat, detained him with these words: "Mr. Smith, I have nothing to do with your private affairs; you do what I pay you to do; still—still I think you ought to give me a reference."

Smith blushed like a girl, and stammered out: "I can give you a note to Dr. P—— of Bloomsbury; he knows me."

Mr. Bubb eagerly assented. "How will he word it?" thought he. His curiosity was pictured so plainly in his face, that Smith, with a smile, politely handed it to him to read. "Dr. P—— is earnestly begged to say a word of recommendation in favor of his young friends the Smiths." Bubb felt disappointed. He took some interest in this chesp and able short-hand writer, and the clever vagueness of the note still kept him in the dark. He watched Smith from the office window till he was out of sight, and then started for Dr. P——'s. The doctor was very busy; could spare Mr. Bubb only two minutes.

"Seeking work from you, sir, I presume? Well, the Smiths are highly respectable and trustworthy: poor from a misfortune. Take my guarantee for any materials however costly you may trust them with, whatever your business may be. Good morning, sir."

"Excuse me; I am a cautious man," said Mr. Bubb. "What misfortune?"

"The father—wealthy man—turned his son out of doors. The daughter left with him, and will not return till he is forgiven. The son is consumptive—won't live long. Good morning, sir. You have my guarantee."

On his way back, the sharp-tongued short-hand writer composed a beautiful romance, with himself for the hero, and his new assistant for heroine. The plot ran thus: The discarded son of a wealthy father is ill, and Mr. Bubb finds employment for his faithful sister at a reduction only of a halfpenny a folio. She is grateful; she is also not insensible to his personal charms—she loves him. The discarded and consumptive son dies. The wealthy father calls back his daughter to his penitent bosom; and at the expiration of the fashionable term of mourning, Mr. Bubb marries his late charming assistant, now heiress at law to her father's wealth.

For the remaining weeks of the term, however other assistants fared, there was always something for young Smith. For him Mr. Bubb suspended his economical habit; he sat idle himself rather than turn young Smith away. But as business chanced to be very brisk, this was very seldom the case. Dixon always accompanied Smith home, waiting for his younger comrade, if it were necessary. Mr. Bubb had always to read over and correct when his assistants were done. But he was not jealous of a man who was only five feet four, and made mistakes in spelling; besides, the fellow did not know Smith's secret, and was luckily too stupid to find it out. Meanwhile, Mr. Bubb set about displaying himself in the eyes of John Smith as an unparalleled short-hand writer and a magnanimous man. As luck would have it, he had a heavy case nearly every day, and the usual lot of cheap incapables to help him to get it out. These he made a good foil for his own sharpness, and he did not spare them in that capacity. He dictated from his notes twice as fast as he had had to write himself; and when the slow short-hand writer timidly asked him for a word three sentences back from where he was reading, he would look towards Smith for sympathy, and assume the air of a contemptuous martyr. He did not bully his men so much as of wont, nor did he so frequently make them copy their work over on account of a blot or an erasure. His voice, too, lost much of its acrimonious tone: towards Smith, indeed, it was sickly sweet. In an easy chair, with nothing to do, young Smith might have had leisure to admire his master towering morally as well as physically above his subordinates; but bending all the night over ill-written, short-hand characters, and puzzling over the mysteries of "fitting in," he noted little of the change which was a common topic among his fellows. They, you may be sure, did not neglect to take advantage of the governor's unaccountable softness. They smoked more, wrangled more, and had more beer in. They turned saucy to him.

"I can't make this word out," remarked Mr. Bubb, coming to a sudden stop in his dictation; "it is strange I can't make it out, for it is written as plainly—so very plain."

"Then," said the assistant, "don't write it so plain the next time."

But Mr. Bubb bore all for the sake of the future—for the sake of the third volume of his romance. However, the cloud over the hot sun of his temper passed suddenly away, and his unhappy assistants were scorched again worse than ever. This was on the last day of Michaelmas Term. On that night, for the first time, Smith did not appear at his accustomed desk. It was a busy night, and his other assistants, so far as erring went, were more human than ever. Bubb missed the quiet, accurate, and ready pen of Smith. He was also tormented by other feelings. These were confirmed when, on the next day, Saturday, Smith did not present his weekly bill as usual. Had he lost him forever? Would his grand romance turn out an illusion, after all the fine opportunities of temper he had given up?

That evening, he called again upon his reference, Dr. P——. He was as busy as ever, and it was not till Bubb had waited half an hour that he popped his head into the room where Bubb was pacing about impatiently, and said, "Oh, it is you. Well, a reconciliation has been effected. Want no more work. Good evening, sir."

Bubb caught him in the passage, as he was stepping back to his surgery. "Will you give me the address? There is money due, sir."

"Ah," said the doctor, "honest man! Send the money here; I will forward it."

"And a letter?"

"Yes, anything. Good evening."

Bubb went back to his office revolving a love-letter in his mind. "If," thought he, "her short-hand had been the same system as mine, what a lot I could have said!"

The letter was very characteristic. It ran thus:

"My Dear Miss Smith: I send you with this one pound eighteen and eightpence halfpenny, per favor of Dr. P——, for which please forward receipt. Why should you be afraid of letting me know your address? You were not afraid of working beside me night after night in an illegal disguise. Was I ever harsh to *you?* Did I ever make you write a single sheet over again? Did I ever find fault with your spelling or punctuation? Did I not allow you to estimate the number of folios yourself, and did I ever cut you down, as I do the other fellows? Did I not always read slowly to you, not that you require it, for you are a beautiful short hand writer, as well as a beautiful woman!"

"That's capitally turned," said Bubb to himself, proudly. "I wonder what her Christian name is? She called herself John Smith—perhap's it's Jane. He wrote on:

"My darling Jane, I love you. I think I can even now see your ready, pretty little fingers taking down the words from my lips. Oh, do let me see you again! Let me see you in the dress proper to you, in which I am sure, my dearest Jane, you must be irresistible. Once your kind master, now your imploring lover, Cornelius Bubb.

"P. S.—Don't forget to send a receipt."

But no answer ever came to this moving epistle, and the cruel silence brought Bubb to such a desponding state, that probably the advent of Hilary Term alone saved his life. Indeed, so disgusted was he with human life, that on Christmas Day he made his landlady, notwithstanding her many protestations, provide a plate of cold boiled beef for his dinner. Hilary Term brought healthful work, his gang of incompetents, and the exhilarating use of his bitter tongue.

One night he was in one of his customary fixes, out of which, somehow, he always contrived to get, without loss of professional reputation. He had received unexpected orders to write out some old notes by the next day, and he had nobody to help him. For reasons of his own he would trust solely to wandering clerks. One of these came in—it was Dixon. He had not seen him since Smith's disappearance.

"Good evening, Mr. Bubb; you owe me fifteen and six," said Dixon, flinging down his bill.

"Certainly, my dear boy; why did you not bring it before?" and Mr. Bubb, pulling a handful of silver out of his pocket, and paying the claim without even a grumble. He felt as a sergeant might feel slipping the shilling into the hand of a recruit. "You are in luck, my boy, to-night," he said to Dixon; "there are two hundred folios for us to get through."

"Are there?" said Dixon, drily, as he receipted his bill.

"Yes, come; look sharp, and get to your desk."

"I am going to the theatre, Mr. Bubb, with a friend," replied Dixon, with a grin.

Bubb tried hard, but he could not speak—it was a kind of gasp.

Dixon went on: "The fact is, I have come into—that is, I am now independent of short-hand."

"Then what did you want with my fifteen shillings?" asked Bubb, who felt himself robbed on false pretences.

"Here, my lad," said Dixon to the boy, "here is five shillings for you." This act of munificence confirmed Dixon's story. He must have fallen into some good thing.

"I wish I had that young Smith here," said Bubb, regretfully, for he was again in a fix.

"I can tell you," said Dixon, "what has become of him. He has been sent by his father to Paris to study medicine—at least, so his sister told me."

"What! you know his sister?" asked Bubb, eagerly.

"Yes. The fact is, I am—I am engaged to be married to her."

"To her that used to come here?"

"What the devil do you mean by that, Mr. Bubb?" demanded Dixon, in rather fierce tones.

Bubb rose and twisted his chair between them, so that Dixon might not be tempted to any foolishness. He temporized: "I meant to say, Dixon, how did you become acquainted with the family?"

"Oh, I don't mind telling you that. Although my father was a poor barrister, and died before he got much practice, I have a few friends left, and it was at the house of one of these that I met the sister of the young gentleman who used to come here when he was under a cloud. She was so like her brother I was accustomed to walk home with, that I was confounded at first, and I suspected—that is, she told me they were twins, and that accounted for the resemblance. She is now waiting for me to take her to Drury Lane. Good by, Mr. Bubb."

From that day, no short-hand writer without a beard durst present himself at Bubb's office, and those with beards deplore their ill-luck in having to go.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following new books from A. Roman & Co., which will be noticed hereafter: *Unto this Last, Lucy Arlyn, Stonewall Jackson, The Cecilias,* and *Frederick the Great.*

LOOSE LEAVES FROM A YOUNG LADY'S JOURNAL.

[*To the Editor of The Californian*—Dear Sir: As I was walking through a garden the other day, I found scattered about pages which seemed extracts from a young lady's diary. I take the liberty to send them to you, entitled "Loose Leaves from a Young Lady's Journal." Respectfully, Dexnar Steuart.]

NUMBER THREE.

August 8th, 1862.

"DID your ever suffer from apprehensions of physical destitution, Sarah?" I asked to-day. "Do you know I am haunted by an impression that I shall yet be very, *very* poor."

"Only one type of the megrins, Nett. But, if you really see the 'wolf coming,' why not let your friend, Mr. Smith take you under his protection? He stands ready to enact Putnam for you at any day."

"Because I would rather be a wife when I marry than a mere 'help-*eat*-meat,' as Mrs. Jencks terms her daughter-in-law. I do wish, Sarah, that you would let Mr. Smith be 'nameless now and evermore.'"

"But I won't limit you to that gentleman. Some one else, then?"

"It is really a pity that all of us poor women cannot be placed as was Eve, with our Adam right before our eyes—no election to make, no results to risk, in accepting John or refusing Harry; but take the one present, and never have any 'might have been' to cry over. But marriage, now-a-days, is too often like coasting—a smooth slide down the long hill during the brief courtship, and then a steep and weary ascent, dragging the heavy sled upwards for the rest of life."

"And that is worse than Poverty?"

"Yes, Nettie. Never be starved into the belief that material wealth can supply all wants, or that bodily hunger is Famine's self. 'Tis but her youngest, weakest child—a mere pigwidgeon beside the mother. A happy, trusting girl often 'marries well,' as the phrase goes, and finds Life not a dream, but a *waking* from a dream, bright, warm and vivid, to a cold, dreary reality. Many a tombstone might truthfully be inscribed:

Here lies a woman's *hungry heart*,
Perished for want of bread."

"Then, practical as you pride yourself upon being, you yet believe in Love and a cottage, Sarah?"

"Yes, with specified accompaniments. Love alone will not furnish the cottage, but it will go far towards it. Life is not dependent upon Luxury, and one can glorify God by a simple, rush-light, even without silver lamp or golden candlestick. Never lose faith in old-fashioned Love, yet remember for consolation the maxim of Pythagoras, 'Many things, especially Love, are best learned late.' Enjoy your blissful ignorance, and 'let to-morrow take care of itself.' Be sound asleep when Poverty passes—he'll not think it worth his while to wake you." And Sarah laughed cheerily at the conclusion of her sage advice.

But I'm nearer realizing my poverty-stricken fancies than she imagines—nearer than I would confess to any but you, trusty old Journal. The dim spectre so long haunting me has embodied itself and taken me by the hand. Here it is—My last dollar! Nor can I guess whence its successors, if any it shall have, will glisten. My monetary horizon is not relieved even by a lone 'greenback.' 'Spizzerinktum,' as these Mississippi boatmen term both coin and currency, is for me among those objects 'lost to sight, to memory dear.'"

Yet, wonder of psychology, I am placid and content if not so songful as the little bird "fornenst" my window, whose good night to the setting sun betrays no fear that to-morrow it will find him supperless. Once I would have pictured myself bending over a pan of charcoal at this crisis. Now I laugh at the bygone "I." It surely *is* my last dollar, yet I lack a realizing sense of its solitariness. In vain I search each nook and corner. No hidden treasure has laid itself up for "a rainy day." Ah, that rainy day, whose drops have pattered over my shoulders in many a fit of gloomy foreboding, drops thicker than thistles, heavy as bullets. Well that day is here, and I am skipping about in the shower, skin-wet but heart-dry. Not because conscious of a hope hung on earth or air, though we all live on rainbows more than we think, even those of us who see but the wrong side of them Poverty has exemptions, compensations, and no trifling ones. To buy or not to buy is no longer a perplexity. Lovely bonnets and charming mantles are regarded with an indifference edifying to Diogenes. And though I mentally remark upon the display which I occasionally see, "Heaven sends almonds to those who have no teeth," yet which would you rather have, Journal, teeth or almonds? Do the destitute always experience this strange independence of to-morrow? Does Imagination invest Want with more than legitimate terror, or is it that the wind and the shorn lamb are both so tempered that it frolics and frisks in spite of its fleecelessness? I am sometimes tempted to envy my friends of ample means and elegant surroundings: yet after all I believe the chief difference between poor and rich to be this: to one our Father gives daily bread by the piece, to the other by the pantryful, and enough is enough. I can almost suppose the beatitude applies to the poor in specie as well as "the poor in spirit" from this lightheartedness, this sense of repose in the All Love. There's actually something pleasant in this shifting to a bountiful Providence the responsibility of one's sustenance. And odd feeling of "I've done what I can, and yet here's my last dollar. If I starve or freeze 'tis not my fault." And conscious of personal innocence in any untimely end awaiting me, I proceed to Sarah's assistance, gaily whistling "Rally Round the Flag" in the style of young Horace Greeley—the potter's pestering, pilfering son—whose name alone saves him from a whipping every day.

Saturday, September, 1862.

Something has turned up for Mr. Micawber, or rather, He who sent ravens to Elijah has remembered my needs. Miss Meldrum, who has a select school for young ladies here, wishes to be absent for a time, and engages me to fill her place, giving a liberal advance payment for my services. So, since Monday morning I have been at my post. The pupils I find lovable, pretty girls, but strangely illiterate, many of them. Miss Meldrum prepared me for surprises, and so my risible propensities have been quite controlled.

I was amused, Wednesday morning, in the reception of two new scholars. A clever, manly appearing farmer, living some twenty miles distant, accompanied by two daughters, applied for their admission, and, when the business was concluded, remarked, "Wall, mistress, I was raised in an old-fashioned way, and I've raised my gals old-fashioned; but I reckon it don't do now-a-days. I haint no occasion to complain on 'em, but, if you'd mind 'em close and make 'em do like the rest, I'd take it mighty kind of you. They're a little unthoughted onst in a while." And with a rustic politeness he took his leave.

During this conversation, one of the misses had been dancing about the room, examining with curious scrutiny all its belongings. She is really lively and pretty—one of those girls whose ear-rings you remember. I opened acquaintance with the standard interrogative, "How are you this morning?" "Jest tolerable," replied the skipping fairy, in a drawl which would have done credit to a rheumatic Methuselah. She was evidently "on her manners," in Aunt Winnie's phrase.

"Will you give me your name to enter on the list?" "Roanoke Rogers—Rono for short." "And your sister's?" "Tennessee Rogers." I was wondering how I could entertain the new-comers until the arrival of the other pupils, when Miss Rono assumed the initiative. "Long till books is in, mistress?" I looked an interrogation point, I suppose, for she repeated, "Long till books is in?" With a Yankee guess I replied, "About half an hour. You may be arranging your desk." "Where's it at?" "That next the window." "I've been studying, miss, if you won't let Tennie sit along of me. She could help me in rethmetic, and I ain't good at figurin'. 'Twould be sociable, too, for we've hearn that town girls is stuck up and choosy, and we'd a heap rather be together." "Oh, yes; you may have that double desk, if you prefer. I hope you will enjoy being here after a little." "I allow to, right smart, after I'm acquainted like."

After a long silence, I addressed Tennie, who had scarcely spoken. "You're a good Union girl and for the war, I suppose?" "Not much I ain't. I'd ruther kiss Jeff. Davis' great toe seven times a year that have my brother Will hurt." And her eyes filled with tears at mentioning her soldier-brother. She had touched a responsive chord in my own heart, and with becoming patriotism, I yet am no stronger in spirit than little Tennie.

I have been teaching the pupils a morning prayer in which they all unite. Tennie came to me at recess yesterday, and whispered confidentially: "Mistress, I don't know nothin' about them kind of prayers, but I like 'em lots. Won't you learn me a whole heap of 'em?" I see teaching will be no tedious task, for a few weeks at least, with all these diverse characters to study.

The following is a list of persons killed by the nitro glycerine explosion at Wells & Fargo's express office in San Francisco, on the 16th inst., at 1:20 P. M.: Samuel Knight, superintendent of the express; G. W. Bell, assayer and member the Board of Supervisors; F. E. Webster, clerk in the New York Department of the express; William H. Haven, freight book-keeper of the Pacific Mail steamship company; Wm. D. Jester, express office porter; John Gallagher, hostler for express company; Felix Duriveaux, first cook at the Union Club; Dennis O. Donnell, waiter at the Union Club: Wm. H. Cox, steward Union Club; Joseph Elliott, laborer at the express office.

FLORAL CALENDAR—CONTINUED.

April 15th. St. Peter Gonzales, Stickwort, (*Stellaria holostea.*)
April 16th. St. Joachim, Yellow tulip, (*Tulipa Sylvestris.*)
April 17th. St. Stephen, Fnarie Cowi, (*Arum Arisarium.*)
April 18th. St. Appollonius, Musk Narcisse. (*Narcissus Moschatus.*)
April 19th. St. Leo IX., Garlick, (*Allium Ursimum.*)
April 20th. St. Agnes of Palciano, Snowflake, (*Leucojum vernum.*)
April 21st. St. Anslem, Cypress Narcisse, (*Narcissus Orientalis.*)

FILIO DESIDERATISSIMO.

WHEN I paint thee what thou mightest be,
When I think on what thou art,
Trace thine image in my memory,
Search that memory through mine heart—
Then I feel how widely parted
Is that other side from this:
What a gulf divides our fancy
From that unimagined bliss.

Sometimes by my side thou walkest,
Grown a stripling tall and fair,
Godlike in thine youthful beauty,
But oh, not as thou art there!
All thine interests springing in thee,
Gushing toward me fresh and clear,
Fancy-drawn from things around me,
Speak not of that nobler sphere.

Day by day, and every moment,
Always present, never sought,
Standing, looking, speaking, loving,
Gliding through the realms of thought,
O my child, my spirit's presence,
Dearest comfort, nearest joy,
All these nine long years where art thou,
Where, and what, mine angel boy!

[*Dean Alford.*

[For the Californian.]

TO STOCKTON AND NEWPORT.

SAN FRANCISCO, SUNDAY, April 15, 1866.

OF course I might just as easily have said, MONDAY, April 16th, and saved some good Christian a twinge—but what's the use of living a lie? there's too much of that sort of thing, you know. I have lately been to Stockton, and people who come away from there are expected to be reasonable. Don't be alarmed: I'm not going to tell you what hotel I honored with presence, nor whether the landlord was affable, etc. Little details of that sort—though tourists generally appear to derive much satisfaction from their rehearsal—give one, after seven or eight hundred perusals, a faint suspicion of sameness.

Neither would I mention the name of Capt. Bromley, of the *Cornelia*, with whom I voyaged, only that, besides being a good fellow, and a competent, the captain has the honor of being a namesake of that unswerving patriot and genial advertiser, Major-General George T. Bromley, who not only knows how to keep a hotel but gives his talents practical application at the newly-opened Pacific Ocean House, Santa Cruz. A cruise with the Captain—who possesses much of that urbanity and considerateness which so eminently distinguishes the General—could not be other than pleasant.

In regard to Stockton: it is a high old place—which original observation does not have reference to its elevation above the level of the sea, nor to the absence of "life-giving, pure cold water" from the list of beverages approved by its inhabitants. No indeed, it is flat and sober. But it is deservedly high in the estimation of Meador & Co., (the copper-fastened firm.) and all others who can make money by stopping there. (As the roads leading thence to the mines are well provided with "Stand and deliver!"-ers, many could at least *save* money by remaining.)

They had a little fire while I was there. The scene of the conflagration was not laid in a clothing-store, so I cannot claim that it was gotten up in honor of my visit. An old distillery, so dilapidated that it scarcely could keep up a weak-spirited struggle for existence, made an expiring effort, and, recalling some of its wonted fire, carried with it to destruction the adjoining buildings. The Agricultural Hall was partly destroyed. In regard to the flames communicating with the interior of this useful and ornamental edifice, I intended to say that they gained entrance by way of the balcony in front, and that had the "machine" been in good order the honest farmers of San Joaquin might have been spared the pain, now in store, of seeing the merchants and other interested parties in Stockton "come down" and rebuild the Pavilion; but as I unwittingly passed the point where I intend to ring in a quotation about the flames of the

'Still, so gently o'er it stealing,

I refrain from any particular account. In fact, as the affair will be nearly two weeks old when this sees the light of print, I don't feel bound to treat it as a startling news item.

The last performance given by that old distillery reminded me of a "battle-royal," in a cock-pit to which a friend of mine was "inveigled" a few years ago: There were twenty or thirty cocks in the ring, and the last one able to walk was to take the purse. The battle went on famously for a while, until but one rooster—known as the "Gray Champion," and which had been the favorite from the start—was able to stand erect. Gallantly he stepped around the ring, spurning with his foot this wounded enemy, and crowing in triumph over the dead body of that one, until, just as the money was about to be given up and the "Gray Champion" conveyed with all the honors to his coop, the said G. C. committed the error of stepping upon a little blueish, mean-looking chicken which had been the first to succumb to the influence of an unpleasantly inserted spur. The little fellow was heeled, and not lifeless by a long jump; up went his gaff, and down came the "Champion," to get-up-and-git no more for ever. The insignificant bird which had thus quietly bided its time and struck the right rooster in the right place, strutted about as proudly as if he'd done all the killing, and of course was declared winner.

This little anecdote may be thought by the hypercritical somewhat foreign to the distillery matter. If it is, just apply it to something else, and save me the expense of striking it out. (THE CALIFORNIAN pays me by the column, and its columns are fearfully broad.)

To return to Stockton—excuse me, I don't mean that exactly, but to resume my remarks in regard to it: There seem to be three thriving businesses going on at this time—videlicit: getting copper, getting married, and getting divorced. Of the three, the last is probably not the least—at all events, it is not the least talked-of.

Well, they tell me they havn't had a theatrical entertainment for a long time, and *something* must be done to relieve the monotony. "Going a gal-ing" is the chief source of amusement to the young men—and Laird's "Liquid Pearl" is the gainer to a considerable extent in consequence of this proclivity.

Wine-making is also a leading interest, more with a view to export than home consumption. One of the principal vine-growers told me that his wine was sold mainly in New York and Boston; very little was required in Stockton. Not willing that all the credit of sustaining so useful a branch of industry should accrue to Eastern cities, I purchased a bottle; handed the vintner a gold-piece of modest dimensions, and was requested to take a seat, as it would be necessary to send out for "change." "Just over to the next house," said the proprietor. One peculiarity about Stockton is that the "next house" is, in not a few instances, about an hour's travel distant. So it proved to be in this case, and the merchant went to his dinner, leaving me to reflect upon all the advantages arising from a trade with New York and Boston, until the return of the clerk dissipated a gentle apprehension that the latter had been sent to one of the Eastern cities for the change.

The Insane Asylum is also quite a "feature." Patients who are mildly insane when received, and those who have nearly recovered under treatment, are permitted to enjoy the open air and to amuse themselves in making garden, chopping wood, washing clothes, and other forms of light and innocent recreation. The grounds are beautifully laid out, the fair is said to be excellent, and the institution is so well-liked that many patients do not care to be pronounced "cured." Had not business of exceedingly urgent and profitable nature demanded my presence in San Francisco, I do not know but that I should have been tempted to go upon the "mildly insane" list.

I was, at all events, so far influenced by the "surroundings," that upon hearing a prediction that the Civil Rights Bill would be passed over the President's veto, I blundered into the remark that such a measure was in keeping with the progress of liberal sentiments; even now we had Ah Coon for Mayor of San Francisco—why should we not make way for a Ty-coon in Washington?

I was impelled to leave immediately after this rash effort, and did not feel perfectly safe until we had passed the "up" boat.

On my way down, I heard considerable about Antioch and the coal mines. Aside from the prosperity incident to the development of the best coal deposits in the world, it is worthy of note that the village of Antioch is within half a day's journey of the City of Newport. Benicia enjoys a like happiness. I own one of the finest lots in Newport; Newport has some of the best laid out streets I ever saw on a map—and since I bought my lot I learn that its water-privileges are unequalled. Nobody need come foolishing round trying to by my property. It's not for sale. I have been there, and although the curtain of night had been rung down before my arrival, I am satisfied it's the veritable "place for the gold where they fin(d) it." [I can't see why old Job said "fine" it—Fine what? This question don't appear to have bothered anybody lately. I remember that that "little typographical error," as it was frequently pronounced was a source of considerable uneasiness to those readers of THE CALIFORNIAN who didn't meet very regularly with their Bible-classes, a couple of years ago.] I intend visiting my place again some time next year — probably during the fishing season. A friend assures me that any port is better than *No*port. I pause to consider whether the remark should be taken as the offspring of envy or as the liquid truth.

EMSTAHT.

THACKERAY tells of an Irish woman begging alms from him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pockets, cried, "May the blessings of God follow you all your life," but when he only pulled out his snuff-box, immediately added, "and never overtake ye."

IN a multitude of counsellors there may be much wisdom, but there is confusion, too.

THE GOLDEN LILY.

THERE are various traditions as to the origin of the Golden Lily upon the shield of France. Among these, is the following incident, said to have occurred in the latter part of the eleventh century, during the reign of Philip Augustus.

The Prince was only fifteen when he ascended the throne; but the strong hand with which he seized the reigns of government, awing the turbulent nobles and protecting the common people against their aggressions, soon convinced them that he was not to be despised for his youth.

Though by this course he greatly endeared himself to the mass of his subjects, his life was more than once threatened, and even attempted; but these plots invariably originated among the haughty nobles, who were restive under the restraints imposed upon them by the king's strong arm, and his just and kindly heart.

In the summer of the eleventh year of his reign, weary of the cares of state, Philip retired with his Court to his royal residence at Chaumont which was a favorite resort to him.

Among his train was Geoffrey, Count de Neville, the natural son of Louis VII., the king's half-brother. He was a mild and inoffensive man, apparently well-contented with the title and estate conferred by the late king upon his mother, and which he had inherited upon her death; but, unfortunately, he married a haughty, ambitious woman, who was but illy-inclined to forego her claims to royalty.

At the death of Louis, she openly asserted that there had been a secret marriage between him and the late Countess de Neville, and upon the head of her son should rest the crown of France, he being the eldest-born; she urged her husband to assert his claims. But this the Count refused to do, being ill-fitted by nature to act a part requiring more than usual energy and ability, besides entertaining too strong an affection for the young king, who had treated him with unusual kindness, to seek to deprive him of his rightful inheritance.

If Philip heard of the pretensions which the Countess set forth, he manifested no outward token of displeasure or distrust. On the contrary, he gave his brother many evidences of regard, appointing him to honorary offices near his person, although he took care that they were such that they conferred but little power.

This was a new source of grievance to the haughty Countess, who never relinquished the idea of becoming a queen, and had fondly imagined that, on account of Philip's youth, his brother would obtain such a strong ascendency over his mind as would make him king in reality, if not in name.

This disappointment was felt with increased bitterness when she became the mother of a son, in whom she centred all her ambitious hopes and all the love she was capable of feeling for any one.

Unlike our modern fine ladies, the dames of high degree of that remote period, were early risers; and the Countess de Neville often took long rides on horseback before the dew was off the grass, unattended, except by her groom, who kept at a respectful distance, just near enough to be within call, should his lady require assistance.

One morning, she paused in front of a little cottage, situated in a perfect wilderness of bloom. As an involuntary ejaculation of surprise and admiration escaped her lips, a pretty, intelligent-looking girl raised her bright eyes from the rose-bush she was pruning.

"I have some handsomer within, arranged in bouquets," she said, smiling, "if Madame would like to examine them."

Throwing the reins of her horse to her attendant, the Countess alighted, much to the surprise of the servitor, who had never known his haughty mistress to be guilty of so much condescension before.

As the Countess entered the little low room, the pretty flower-girl displayed her beautiful collection of bouquets with pardonable pride.

"All or any of them are at your service, with the exception of this," she said, pointing to one composed of golden lilies and white roses, and relieved by a few leaves of green; "it is for the King."

"So King Philip buys the flowers, pretty maiden?"

"Yes. Madame; I have orders to bring them to the palace daily. The golden lily is his favorite flower; and there are only those in bloom to-day."

"I will take this," said the Countess, selecting one of the bouquets, and taking from her purse a gold piece of more than double the value, "but first bring me a cool draught of water from the spring yonder."

With a light step the young girl took a pitcher and passed out to the spring that was but a short distance from the door. As she glided by the window on returning, she glanced in and saw, much to her surprise, her visitor bending over the stand of flowers, and apparently sprinkling something from her hand upon those she laid aside for the King. When she took it away, her eye caught a gleam of a small golden flask, such as the ladies of that period used for their cosmetics and perfumery. But when she entered the room, she found her in the position in which she had left her.

She could not forbear an exclamation of surprise as she observed how deadly pale was her countenance.

"'Tis but the odor of the flowers," said the Countess, as, drawing her robes around her, she turned to the door. "Take my advice, my good girl; place the stand nearer the window, and be not much over them: their perfume is quite too strong for so small a room."

There was something about these words, carelessly spoken though they were, that deepened the undefined suspicious in the young girl's heart; and, following her suggestion, she placed the stand of flowers directly in front of the open window. Then, by a close examination of the bouquet destined for the King, she detected the presence of a fine white powder, impalpable to the eye, upon the white petals of the rose, but clearly visible upon the lilies, whose peculiar shape, by exposing the leaves to the full rays of the sun, as well as their vivid coloring, threw it into strong relief; and as she bent over them, the faint but penetrating odor that arose made her so giddy that she would have fallen, had it not been for the tall, shapely youth who had just entered, and whose livery showed him to be in the service of the King.

It was her lover, Francois, King Philip's body-servant, and who, passing by the house, called to have a chat with his betrothed.

"How now, Marie?" he said, looking into her face. "What has frightened the roses from your cheek, and given you a strange look?"

The honest-hearted fellow was sincerely attached to his royal master, and he listened gravely to Marie's account of the strange conduct of her visitor, and the suspicions to which it gave rise.

"It is a bad look," he said, thoughtfully; "though I believe there is nothing in it. By good luck, I have orders to attend his Majesty in his private apartments an hour hence. I will put him on his guard; then surely no harm can come of it."

Somewhat to the surprise of Francois, the King manifested no disquietude at this disclosure, though the grave look and attentive manner with which he listened, showed that he considered it of no light import. He bade him charge Marie to tell no one what she had discovered, but to come to the palace with her flowers an hour earlier than was her wont, by no means forgetting her golden lilies.

King Philip sat in his audience-hall, surrounded by his retinue. A number of the royal family stood near him—among them the Counte de Neville. his wife, and the little son, a sweet boy of three, whose winning and sprightly ways made him a favorite with the King.

"And please your Majesty, Marie, the flower girl, is awaiting without," said one of the guard.

"Admit her," said the King.

Marie had never seen King Philip in his robes of state, and the royal pomp that surrounded him impressed her with a feeling of awe as she entered. But this was quickly dissipated by the King's gracious manner, as he bade her approach.

"I see you have not forgotten my favorite flower," he said, taking the basket from her hand. "Just admire these queenly lilies, fair Countess, and inhale the fragrance from the roses."

"But why do you start and turn pale?" he added, as with an involuntary shudder she drew back from the flowers he would have placed in her hand.

"I—I crave your Majesty's pardon," she stammered, "but the odor of the roses affects me thus."

The King's eyes followed the Countess as she retreated to the window, at the further end of the hall, under the pretext of obtaining air. He then fixed them searchingly on her husband's face, whose mind seemed to be entirely occupied by the laughing boy he held in his arms.

Attracted by the bright color of the lilies, the child stretched out its hands for them. A sudden thought struck the King as he observed this.

"See how eagerly Louis is regarding them!" he said, turning to the Count. "Let him have them."

With a fond smile the father took the flowers and held them before the boy, who, catching them with both his dimpled hands, raised them with a gleeful shout to his lips.

Instantly, a deadly pallor overspread his face, and with a faint gasp he fell dead in his father's arms!

The Countess had kept a furtive watch on the King's movements from her retreat, and forgetting everything in her terror, sprang forward to arrest her husband's arm.

"Monster!" she exclaimed, glaring upon him like a tigress robbed of her young; "you have destroyed your own child!"

"And you," said Philip, pointing significantly to the flowers, still clasped in the child's rigid fingers, "you would have murdered your King!"

"Is this the woman that called at your cottage this morning?" he inquired, turning to Marie.

"The same, your Majesty."

As soon as the Count comprehended the full meaning of these words, he cast a look of horror and detestation upon his wife, then taking his dead boy, he laid him on the pile of cushions at the King's feet.

"I can lay before you no stronger proof, Sire," he faltered, "that I was ignorant of the existence of this base plot against your life."

As Philip looked upon the still, sweet features of the child, and then upon his father, his eyes softened.

"You are right. God knows that I would fain have spared your loyalty such a severe test."

"I wish you all to bear witness," he said, addressing those around him, "that I fully exonerate Count de Neville from all complicity with his wife in this attempt upon the life of your King."

"As to you," he added, turning to the guilty woman, "I give you twenty days to leave the kingdom. If after that time you are found in my dominions, you shall suffer the full penalty of your crime."

King Philip did not forget the debt of gratitude he owed to Marie and his faithful attendant. He was present at the marriage, which occurred a few days after, bestowing a dowry on the bride, and other substantial marks of favor; and ever afterward, in commemoration of his providential deliverance, he bore upon his shield the "Golden Lily."

On a cold, stormy night lately, two representatives of the press were struggling homeward through the storm with close-buttoned coats and "hearts of controversy," discussing things wise and otherwise, when their steps were arrested by a feeble cry from their side of—"Please, sir, only a few cents." Looking down at his side the man of ink saw a little wretch, whose ragged garments afforded but little protection from the pitiless storm, shivering along the pavement, and looking up to him with woe-begone countenance. The whole story was photographed in an instant on the quick imagination of the "member of the press." The drunken father; the sick mother, and the little starving child endeavoring to beg a few pennies to carry to his miserable home. Hastily putting his hand into his pocket—scantily lined, as usual with the profession—he thrust something into the little palm, which closed eagerly on it and disappeared with its owner into the darkness. With a warmer heart he turned to his companion and commenced—

"Count that day lost whose low declining sun—"

when he was interrupted by a sharp, childish treble, which pierced the fog and night like a knife: "S-a-a-y! *Jimmee!* Derned if I ain't stuck a flat; less go'n get er stew."

Romance of the Last Cold Snap.—The Chicago *Tribune* tells a story of the recent cold snap that has a tinge of romance. A pair of youthful lovers from Indiana ran away from home during the absence of the girl's father, and went to Chicago to get married. The father happened to be in Chicago at the time, and got on the track of the fugitives, they escaping by one door of a hotel while he came in at the other. The pair got a sleigh and started off on the prairie toward Downer's Grove, where they intended to find shelter and a clergyman before the "old man" could reach them. On the way the intense cold froze the pair into insensibility. They were rescued by the inmate of a house by the wayside, and a doctor summoned. From an expression dropped by the young man while in a state of semi-consciousness, the rescuers concluded the pair were man and wife, and placed them in one bed, the doctor enjoining strict quiet and a total abstinence from conversation. Next morning the enraged father of the girl tracked the fugitives to the house, and a "scene" ensued, in which rage, horror, and confusion were blended. The result was, however, that a clergyman was sent for, and that a marriage took place immediately.

Ladies are still exercised about an efficient style of skirt looping. They seem not to realize that a very wide skirt can not be looped gracefully over a narrow one, the points formed by the looping being necessarily long and abrupt. Neither can it be festooned with good effect over a wide skirt, as the folds would then fall together and look clumsy and heavy. Indeed, no width of bottom skirt will relieve the difficulty, and sooner or later the ladies here, like their cousins across the water, will have to resort to dresses of fewer breadths, looped permanently over a rather short petticoat. And this must be devoted to promenading, and the costly silks, with their magnificent trains, kept exclusively for drawing-room wear, not for the crowded drawing-room, where they are as *mal apropos*, almost, as on the street.—*Boudoir*.

Among the most charming of the new suits that appeared on the streets this spring, was one in bright blue silk. There was nothing new in the basque, which was cut in the "Marie" form, with *revers* breasts, coat sleeves, and deep pockets; but the *tout ensemble* was recherché and fresh as possible. The dress was cut in Princesse form, with a very slight train; the bottom of the skirt was trimmed with two-inch wide gray plush, as were the edges of the jacket; the pockets were trimmed with inch-wide plush; the cuffs and epaulettes consisted of bands of plush two inches wide. The bonnet worn with this was of white drawn silk with white plume, loops of blue ribbon behind, blue silk bandeau in front, ornamented with gold stars and forget-me-nots.—*Boudoir*.

A CHARACTERISTIC SPEECH.

The following is reported as the speech of E. J. Chase, of San Francisco, delivered upon taking the chair of Speaker of the California Assembly on Monday evening, April 2, 1866. Picking up the Speaker's mallet in one hand and the presentation watch in the other, Chase spoke as follows:

Feller Members: This elegant present reminds us, as the hour draws nigh when this band of thieves must disperse, that we must *watch* and *pray*. You have *watched* the Speaker and *preyed* on the public treasury. I am no orator like Bill Hunt of Sacramento, nor have I the musical voice of Hunt of Santa Clara. The Third House will keep quiet, or I'll order Sergeant-at-arms Ben Dore to show you the door and inject you from the portals [A Voice—"Port-holes, Mr. Speaker"] of the Capitol. In exercising the functions of Speaker, I will strictly adhere to Jefferson's Emanuel. [Here a shower of books—Adjutant General's, agricultural, and Swett's school reports, with Horace Hawes' Registry and Hager's School bills, rained down upon the Speaker.] Order, gentlemen, or I will declare this ere Assembly adjourned *sine diney*.

A Voice—Mr. Speaker, does that last remark apply to the member from ——, who dines at lunch tables and washes his own socks? [Before a reply could be made, a porter came staggering up the aisle with some two hundred weight of documents, which was announced as the report of the Committee on Federal Relations.]

The Speaker—To conclude, gentlemen, I have not bored you with long or loud speeches—I have left that to my coadjutor, Wiggins of San Francisco, author of the Seduction bill. [Here the member from Mariposa poised a bulky Assembly Journal, aiming it at the Speaker's head.] John Wilcox, take your seat; I will allow no member to assume as ballo jiggerent an attitude. You have clubbed together and *caned* old Holden and Judge Brown with some fine silverware, and I would advise the Judge to keep his eyes on the spoons, but he'd orter know the crowd he's in. [Here came a big book by the side of the Speaker's head, from the direction of Alameda.] You, Tom Eager, do that again and I'll send this ere *gravel* [A Voice—Gavel, Mr. Speaker] at your head. [Here came another shower of documentary missiles, which the Speaker returned with vollies from the Federal Relations reports until exhausted, when the Honorable Jake closed with these remarks:] Speaker Yule will please to take this ere chair, for I'd rather be a clam butcher in h—ll than to preside over this ere Assembly. After the adjournment I will go back to my constituents—a decent and orderly crowd—and once more preside in Washington Market. Gentlemen, in the language of a Western poet, I will abskize.—*Union*.

Aphorisms.—Men of genius are like eagles, tha live on what tha kill, while men of talent are like crows, tha live on what has been killed for them.

"Ignorance iz bliss"—ignorance of sawing wood, for instance.

Ther iz 2 things in this life for which we are never fully prepared—and that iz twins.

Most men lern experience from the futur.

They don't bore for ile in the suthern kuntry, they bore for whiskee.

The burden ov many of the songs that iz writ, iz the songs themselves.

All kind ov bores are a nusance, but it is better to be bored with a 2-inch orger than with a gimlet.

Stickin' up your nose don't prove ennything, for a soap boiler when he iz away from home, smells everything.

The road to Ruin is always kept in good repare, and the travellers pa the expenses of it.

If you kan't mak a man think az you du, try to make him du az you think.

I wud sa tu awl yung men, "Go in," and to old fellers, "Git out."

"Millitara Necessita"—Ten officers and a galon of whiskee to every 3 privates.

Young men, be more anxyus about the peddygree yure going tu leeve, than you are about the 1 sumbody left yoo.

There is only 1 advantage that I can see in going tew the Devil, and that iz, the rode is easy, and you are sure to find the way.

The munth of May, with her lambs at pla, iz sum; but the munth of July, with her burning eye, is summer.

When a man's dog deserts him on akount of his poverti, he kant get enny lower down in this world—not bi land.

Two common "Yankee Noshuns" are the noshun that skeuel houses are cheaper than Staits Prisons, and the noshun that the United States iz liable at enny time tew be doubled, but ain't liable at enny time to be divided.

The tax on "undressed poultry" haz bin dubled—the morals of the kuntry seems to require it.—*Josh Billings*.

A bit of criticism—the London *Athenæum* on a volume of poetry: "As Mr. Moore candidly confesses that he is no poet, and as we quite agree with him, it would be useless to criticize or quote his effusions."

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1866.

THE LATE CALAMITY.

THE moral effect of the calamity of the 16th inst., seems fair to outlast the physical evidences of its awful power. The grave has closed over the bodies of its victims; its ruins on the corner of Montgomery and California streets are almost cleared away, and yet it is still the theme of sorrowful wonder. It would seem that this sudden and instantaneous catastrophe occurring in the heart of a business community, and in the apparent security which invests the counting-house, had left a peculiar impression on a mercurial people who have been too easily forgetful of earthquake shock, flood, and conflagration.

The extent of the disaster was slight in comparison with what might have been the result of carelessness or unconscious trifling with that terrible compound during its transmission to San Francisco, or with the aggravated and complicated evil which might have followed its explosion in more confined limits. Had the explosion taken place on ship-board, the saving of a single life would have been miraculous; we should have been spared the sickening details of the accident, for the reason that none would have been left to tell this story of criminal negligence or cowardly scheming. Had the examination taken place in the principal office or on steamer day, when the building is crowded with people, imagination shrinks from speculating the extent of the devastation.

Humanity and justice demand the fullest investigation of the facts. Until the inquest is over, when it is expected that complete exposition of the cause will be given, we can only look at the effect. We can only point the general moral of the uncertainty of human life, and bear witness to the tremendous and inexplicable forces which lie dormant in our midst, and which the single blow of a careless hand may rouse into terrible activity.

The excitement and bewilderment which follow such shocks are often productive of illogical reasoning and reckless legislation. Our Board of Supervisors have given a notable instance of the correctness of this remark. The famous mandate to Chief Burke, to enter the dwellings and destroy the private property of citizens, and the resolution to telegraph to New York to request shippers not to send any more nitro-glycerine to San Francisco, are fair specimens of the legislation born of such a crisis, and will go into history with the solemnly-ridiculous order of the frightened Flemish burgomaster of ancient chronicle. No less ludicrous, though equally natural, is the personal animosity which people of good intentions, but defective logic, have exhibited towards this new compound—nitro-glycerine. If we mistake not, much of this argument is familiar, and has already been used against gunpowder, steam, electricity, and most of the inventions and discoveries of present and past ages. That the qualities of nitro-glycerine are not yet fully understood, or that this compound has already been baptized in the blood of the brother of its inventor, is no proof that man is not superior to his chemistry, or that science cannot eventually conquer, restrain, and utilize even this powerful combination. Electricity is more powerful than nitro-glycerine. To tamper with the lightning of heaven was but a few years ago considered reckless and impious, and yet, as man's willing and tireless slave, it last week carried across the continent the terrible proofs of the power of this newly-discovered explosive agent.

Our readers will welcome the reappearance in these columns of "Dennar Steuart"—one of The Californian's first contributors. From far Illinois these messages come. The tender and touching lines in the present number are commemorative of a dear and only brother, who, in the terrible fight in the Wilderness, fell bravely at the head of his company, having snatched a musket from the hand of a soldier who was killed, himself leading the charge in the double capacity of officer and private.

Among the victims of the late catastrophe was Garret W. Bell. The city mourns, in the loss of this gentleman, an upright and honest municipal counsellor; Society an affable and courteous gentleman; Literature and the Arts a discriminating and generous patron; Benevolence an open hand and kindly heart; and his family that domestic example and devotion which cannot be replaced.

"Myth," whose trip to Mount Diablo is reported in a style of vigor and originality which cannot fail to create a desire that he will "come again and often," has pushed aside a number of editorials which were in head if not in hand when he made his appearance.

Mr. Charles Henry Webb left this city, by the steamer of the 18th instant, on a brief visit to the East.

[For the Californian.]

TO THE SUMMIT OF MONTE DEL DIABLO.

PREFATORY.

EVER since Mr. and Mrs. Adam first took their meagre lunch of apples, when picnicing in the Garden of Eden, a love of the supernatural, a desire to inquire into the mysteries beyond our mundane sphere, to ferret out the secrets of both Heaven and Hell, has possessed man, as well as woman kind.

As I am a chronicler of truth, I am forced, with regret, to express my conviction that, to the world at large, Hell is a more popular study than Heaven. I arrive at this conclusion when I observe the great number who daily secure through tickets by the "broad" route. Passage by the "narrow" gauge, although sure in the end, is sought by but few.

A very slight smell of brimstone and a peep at the cloven foot, if unaccompanied by danger, is not undesirable to most of us.

Perhaps it was a desire somewhat akin to this, added to a love of the beautiful in nature, and a wish to escape from the glaring walls and dusty streets of San Francisco, that prompted a party, consisting of a gentleman connected with the daily press of San Francisco; a city official, not so low in rank as his name would imply, and your correspondent, who is —— well; no matter what: to you he may be known as ..myth, to start on an excursion to the peak of the Devil's Mount, one day last week.

Monte del Diablo, being daily visible to all San Franciscans, it is needless for me to go on, like the geographers, and give its location; but enough to say, that its significant name naturally led us to expect a sniff of sulphur, if nothing more, from his Satanic Majesty's Domains.

WE START.

Taking the Sacramento boat, *Capital*, whose name expresses her qualities—I am sure no one ever thought of that *double entendre* before—we were landed safely at Benicia, known as Francisca until the sage inhabitants, fearing their city might be confounded with the village at the Golden Gate, wisely changed the name.

A PERILOUS SEA VOYAGE.

Without loss of time, we boarded the model craft known as the Martinez Ferry, and, as the shades of night were falling fast, crossed the dark and stormy waters of the Straits of Carquinez. As we approached the town of Martinez, the Captain of the gallant ship, who officiated at the wheel, commanded all hands aloft to look out for the landing.

SKILFUL NAVIGATORS.

"All hands"—consisting solely and entirely of the man who collected the fare—by means of a dry goods box, conveniently arranged, fearlessly mounted the poop deck, and, without the aid of sextant, took the bearings so accurately, that in three minutes we collided with the town of Martinez, with only such gentle force as to cause the inhabitants of that burgh to rush forth into the streets, expecting to see the walls of their mansions fall from the effects of the terrible earthquake.

The Captain was so elated with this little piece of pleasantry on his part, that he would not permit us to land, but instructed "all hands," who was rushing about promiscuously, wild with delight, to "heave off!"

"All hands" "heaved" in masterly style; the elegant piece of naval architecture gracefully withdrew from astonished Martinez: but only to return. "All hands" was again sent aloft; another observation was taken, and again, with impetuous speed, our noble ship rushed down upon the seemingly doomed city: but by the dextrous skill of the helmsman, we avoided running down the Temple of Justice that rears its proud columns from the foundation rocks of Martinez: the Captain remarking that he didn't wish to "do it brown"—another piece of pleasantry: Brown being the name of the high judicial functionary at that moment presiding at a breach of promise trial: promises being more honored in the breach than in the observance in Martinez as well as in the Bay City.

MARTINEZ FINDS A CURTIUS.

The Captain, still unsatisfied with this extraordinary display of nautical skill, again forbade our landing; again "all hands" nobly heaved; again our brave ship withdrew from the doomed (mem. to printer: Be exceedingly careful not to spell that last word with an "a") place; again, like a swift courser, did we charge down on the ill-fortuned city; when lo! her savior appeared upon the wharf in the person of the enraged Jehu of the Pacheco coach, who, exasperated by this delay, recklessly snatched a line with which a small boy was at that moment catching crabs, and regardless of the danger to himself, cast the hook aboard, and with the assistance of the small boy before referred to, drew us in and secured us to the wharf, notwithstanding the fumings of the Captain and the "heavings" and "blarsting his tarry toplights" of "all hands."

I must, however, do the Captain the justice to say that he did not so far lose his temper as to charge a cent extra for this magnificent display of seamanship.

ON TO PACHECO.

Fearful that the anger of the outraged citizens of Martinez might be visited upon us, we immediately mounted the coach in waiting, and whipping up, arrived at Pacheco, a distance of nearly six miles, in less than forty-five minutes.

Although it was now nine o'clock and dark, we concluded to take saddle-horses and push on immediately to Clayton, eight miles beyond, and at the foot of the mountain.

DE TROP.

While our horses were being saddled, I was the unintentional listener to a side conversation between Mr. Johnson, the proprietor of the stable, and Jehu.

Johnson *(loquitor)*—"Who are these fellows? Can we trust them with the horses?"

Jehu—"Don't know! They're coves from the city. Guess they're after coal or copper. That fellow with the specs (the editor) *may* be a clock pedlar; but I guess he's safe. The others look honest enough; the big one especially." (Meaning "yours truly." I hope the Bank of California will make a memorandum of this and give me credit accordingly.)

OUR HORSES.

Mr. Johnson seemed satisfied, for the horses were brought out in a moment; Mr. Johnson remarking that the largest man would have to take the roughest horse.

I, being the proprietor of 200 avoirdupois—to say nothing of small responsibilities at home—immediately assumed, as much as possible, an air of fairy proportions. But 'twas of no avail; for Mr. Johnson, turning to me, said: "I guess you'll have to take the bay!"

The bay, however, turned out to be the best nag of the three, and Mr. Johnson is hereby notified to reserve "Billy" for me on future excursions.

A NIGHT GALLOP.

Mounting, out we dashed into the darkness, giving our horses their heads and trusting entirely to them to find the way.

After going what we supposed to be about eight miles, we saw a light in the distance, which we took to be Clayton, and in our endeavor to reach it nearly rode over the town, which we found enshrouded in darkness and silence—so much so, in fact, that we were in doubt as to whether it really was Clayton.

On our left was the ghostly outline of a building, and beside it stood a post fashioned like a gibbet, from which swung an old style country-inn sign. Not a light was visible, except a smouldering log in the distance, and not a sound was heard except the gurgling of a little rivulet not far off, and the croaking of the frogs.

MINE HOST.

The editor, dismounting, gave several lusty raps on the door with his riding-whip, and, after what to us seemed an interminable period, a light appeared, and with it mine host "Mauvais" of the "Fire Proof Hotel," who by the way, is not such a bad hotel-keeper as his name would lead one to infer. He seemed somewhat surprised at seeing us at that hour of the night; but informed us that the place *was* Clayton, and that he could take us in for the night.

"JUDGE MORRIS."

Seeing that we were mounted, he told us to go across the street, and sing out "Judge Morris!" and said the "Judge" would come out and put up our horses.

As directed, we hallooed for the Judge; but he didn't come: so the editor jumped over the fence and plunged through the Judge's cabbage-garden to his house, and after some delay persuaded him that we were not burglars and did not intend to commit murder.

When he got to the stables, where we had preceded him, guardedly grasping the arm of the city official, and standing at a respectful distance, he asked:

"My friends! Who are you and where are you from at this hour?"

"We are belated travellers from the city and wish to put up our horses for the night."

To which the Judge, with a confidential and encouraging pat on the back of the official, replied:

"Ah, yes! I know you now!"

Although I verily believe the Judge was fibbing—for none of us had ever seen him before—it was very encouraging to find one who said he knew us and would go our sponsor.

So the Judge called up one of his men, and, requesting that our horses be ready for us at six in the morning, we bade him good night and in a few minutes were comfortably lodged: my official friend complaining in the morning, however, that he had nothing but a chair to put his lamp on. This was peculiarly "rough" (excuse the phrase) on him, as he is not accustomed to hide his light under a basket.

CLAYTON.

In the morning, we found Clayton to be lovely little village nestled in among the hills, with the purple peaks of Mount Diablo looming up on the south. Grand old oaks, with other forest trees, are scattered around unsparingly; and, not a stone's throw from the hotel, runs, over its pebbly bed, a little brook of deliciously clear, cool water. In the village are stores, blacksmith's and carpenter's shops, express and post office, and an extensive brewery.

After breakfast and a surreptitious *reconnoissance* of Judge Morris' cabbage-patch, to ascertain the amount of damage done by our editorial friend, we mounted and cantered off for the Summit, distant about six miles.

UP THE VALLEY.

Winding up through the valley, between lovely hills that increased in height as we advanced; following the course of the babbling brook before referred to; with overhanging foliage of every tint brushing against us on either side; dashing through the bed of the stream an infinitude of times; in the fresh morning air; the birds making music all around—all was bright and beautiful. Exclamations of delight burst from us at every moment. Each step presented new beauties. As we advanced, we found the hillsides perforated in every direction with tunnels, excavated by parties in search of copper or coal.

Along this beautiful avenue our horses sped at an exhilara-

ting pace, occasionally snatching a tempting mouthful from the luxuriant foliage, and evidently enjoying the beauties around, as much as their riders.

And thus we continued on, up through the valley, ascending very gradually, for about four miles, when we came to a little house by the roadside, built of logs; the crevices filled in with clay, reminding one of the log cabins of Kentucky and Tennessee.

A WET BLANKET.

The proprietor, a somewhat elderly man, with a full, long beard, and frame for an Hercules, stood near the door, attempting to whittle out something with a dull table knife, which he held awkwardly in his left hand, on account of which I immediately set him down as from outside of Yankee-land.

We asked him if we would have any difficulty in keeping the right trail to the summit. He gave us the not eucouraging reply, that not one out of ten ever found the way to the top without a guide, and commiserated us on not having taken one with us. We concluded from his manner that he was not unwilling to earn a fee as our guide, and therefore was not disinterested. So, asking a few more questions as to the route, we bade him good morning and spurred on.

The trail, which until this time had been wide enough for a carriage, and had ascended so gradually as to be scarcely perceptible, now narrowed down into a simple foothpath, with scarcely room for a horse to turn, running along the steep hillside and rising rapidly: our horses settling down into a walk, and stopping every few rods to take breath.

ALMOST A TURN OVER.

At one of these rests, my horse suddenly took it into his head that we were going in the wrong direction, and, quicker than a flash, turned down hill. How he turned without precipitating himself and rider down the declivity, I cannot imagine. Fortunately, I was in the rear, and thus nothing prevented me from riding some distance back to a wide place in the path, and facing up hill again.

THE SCENERY

now began to assume an aspect of grandeur. Looking back through the gorge, up which we had been climbing, we had, through the opening, a distant view of Sui-sun bay, and the hills beyond Benicia bathed in Spring verdure. The path now became steeper at every step. We did not become conscious of the labor to which our horses were subjected until, dismounting, we attempted to walk a short distance, but were glad to stop, puffing and blowing, after advancing a few rods.

LOVELY SITE FOR A HOMESTEAD.

About a mile from the house last mentioned, we came to a plateau in the mountain side, called Deer Flat, at which spot, beside a glorious spring of cool, clear water, that would put to shame the mixture we drink in San Francisco, stands the house of a Mexican, surmounted by fields of waving grain, and beautiful flowers of every hue and tint, and sending forth delicious fragrance.

OFF THE TRAIL.

Here the trail suddenly stopped. The Mexican, on whom we had relied to direct us from this point, was not at home. We were in a dilemma, and immediately formed ourselves into a committee of the whole, to inquire into the prospect of reaching the summit.

After taking the bearings of the different peaks in view, with but one dissenting vote we concluded which was the highest, and immediately started off in the direction that we thought would lead us to it. Fortunately, we soon

STRUCK THE TRAIL,

which was very distinct and clear after that to the very top. As we advanced to what we considered the highest peak, another would appear beyond still higher. We were thus deceived several times, but, by winding arouud, we were not compelled to descend much into the valleys.

We had left the woods far behind. The trail now led through a dense growth of chaparral, about the height of a man.

At last, at ten o'clock, after a ride of two and a half hours, we found ourselves

AT THE SUMMIT,

the very peak, from which the high mountains we had just climbed looked like mere mole-hills.

THE VIEW

that now burst upon us was grand in the extreme. Securing our horses in the chaparral, and seating ourselves on the pile of rocks that crown the peak, with greedy eyes we drank in the glorious picture spread out beneath our feet.

Valleys, more beautiful than the Happy Valley of Rasselas, are scattered here and there, with meandering streams and picturesque villages. Far off into the distance stretched the winding waters of the Sacramento and San Joaquin with their flat tule lands. Away to the north loomed up the bleak head of Mount Shasta, with the Marysville Buttes for a foreground. On the southwest rose up the purple sides of the Santa Cruz range; while on the east, merging into earth and air, the Sierra Nevada lifted their proud heads.

Goat Island, bathed in our beautiful bay, seemed at our feet, and the blue waters of the broad Pacific reached forth into space, hardly distinguishable from the clear sky above. Sacramento, Stockton, and the unromantic streets of San Francisco, were discernable to the naked eye.

Here and there, far below us in the valleys, floated pure white clouds. We were so fortunate as to witness the formation of some of them. As the warm air, laden with moisture, arose from the valleys, it met the cool west wind which now began to blow, and the moisture was immediately condensed into fine white mist. The change was as if by magic. Between us and the landscape at which we might be gazing, would suddenly form dense white clouds, cutting off our view until the wind had wafted them away. Some, driven by the wind towards us, would be dissipated by the cold sides of the mountain and entirely disappear; the moisture being still further condensed and bathing the mountain in gentle dew.

TAKING OBSERVATIONS.

The editor, who had been elected unanimously commissary to the expedition, at this juncture produced a mysterious-looking instrument composed of glass, silver, and leather; which he called a "spirit level," and as he seemed familiar with its use, I believed him. Turning to my official friend, he commissioned him to compose a couplet suitable to the occasion. After forty-three minutes and seventeen seconds severe brain work, he triumphantly produced the following:

"May such nectar often flow
On this Monte Diablo!"

which was received with tumultuous applause, amid which we severally and individually manipulated the instrument referred to; which immediately became quite popular—especially with my editorial companion, who seemed best to understand and appreciate its use and benefits.

SINGULAR FREAK OF NATURE.

Wishing to leave some memento of our visit, we went to work and in a few minutes piled up a pyramidal heap of stones to the height of four or five feet. I have since learned that a distinguished professor, now publishing a work on the Geology of California, who happened at that moment to be looking through a powerful telescope at the mountain—watching for earthquakes—made this astounding entry in his diary:

"April 14th 1866.—While observing Mount Diablo this morning, at exactly 10:45 A.M., the entire body of the mountain rose gradually, for ten or twelve minutes, until the altitude was increased several feet; subsequent measurement by instruments made it five feet three and a half inches. No satisfactory explanation is as yet given for this remarkable phenomenon. It was probably caused by one of the great upheavals of nature at work on this planet; but it is somewhat singular that no accompanying shock was felt in this city."

I hope that when this meets the eye of that Professor, he will expunge so much of the entry quoted, as refers to the cause of the "phenomenon."

A WAIF.

Roaming around the rocks—which on one side form a precipice several hundred feet down—I espied a lady's glove. The poet of the party addressed all manner of sweet and touching apostrophes to it, and attempted to insinuate that I had "got a mitten"—which I emphatically denied. The fair owner is hereby informed that she can have the glove "on proving property and" without "paying for this advertisement." I shall claim the right, however, to make such sundry little charges as I may find convenient, provided she is young and pretty—as no doubt she is.

The rhyming official had invited some of his lady friends to be on Mission-street wharf, to behold us in our perilous ascent. As I love to tell the truth, I am compelled to say that we did not see them. I hope they saw us—otherwise many graceful attitudes were lost.

Two lovely little lakelets, on a plateau five or six hundred feet below the summit, invited us to a bath—but time forbade.

Just as we had mounted and began to descend the mountain, a party of two gentlemen and two ladies rode up—seemingly in excellent spirits. We regretted that we had no plausible excuse for returning; so we rapidly descended, stopping at the spring near the Mexican's hut to partake of a lunch; and retracing our steps arrived in San Francisco without accident that same night, having been absent but thirty hours.

And now a few words as to the best

WAY OF GETTING TO THE SUMMIT

of Mount Diablo. By taking the Suisun boat, which leaves three mornings every week, and connects at Martinez with the coach for Clayton, one can reach the latter place, which is at the foot of the mountain, the same afternoon, and then go to the summit next morning. But to one who does not mind a night gallop, the route we took consumes the least time. Another route is by stage, which leaves Oakland daily for Antioch, *via* Clayton and the lovely Alamo valley and the romantic Contra Costa hills. As to the

EXPENSES.

The fare from San Francisco to Benicia, including dinner, is $3.00; ferriage across to Martinez, 25 cents; coach fare to Pacheco, five and a-half miles, 50 cents; horse from Pacheco to summit and return, $3.00; lodging, breakfast and lunch at Clayton, $1.75; stabling over night, $1.00. The round trip, say $13.00—and as much more as one is pleased to spend.

Although there are parties on the mountain nearly every day, from different parts of the State, still I am surprised that greater numbers do not make the trip. And I think, too, that when Clayton is found out, it will become a popular place of resort to those who love quiet and beautiful scenery. It is the nearest point to the mountain, and within a few miles of the copper, coal and cinnabar mines. Good fishing and shooting abound in the immediate vicinity, and the accommodations at the hotel, although not cosmopolitan, are very good.

Hoping these notes may induce you to make the trip, and wishing you may enjoy it as much as I did, I desire to be remembered by you as— MYTH.

WE are pleased to learn that Mr. P. H. Canavan, long and favorably known in the importing trade, will for the future carry on the business in his own name—location of office, 716 Montgomery street. Mr. Canavan has already made himself well and favorably known in our community, and being one of the best of fellows, and selling the best of wines, certainly ought to do one of the best businesses in town. He has our best wishes for his success.

[For the Californian.]

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

THE first published account of this beautiful flowering plant was in 1678, describing a kind with flowers of a greenish ash color which was grown in very sandy places. Rumphius, in his *Herbarium Amboinense*, gives a long and interesting account of this plant. He says that the Chinese value the plant highly and bestow great pains on its culture, and that they grow it in pots and jars, which they set upon their tables when they give entertainments. He adds that it is esteemed a mark of respect to present the finest flower to the most honored guest, and as the extent and value of the compliment is estimated by the size of the flower, he tells us that in order to produce these large flowers, the Chinese gardeners are obliged to check the growth of the plant; for if it is left to itself, it grows tall and rude, and produces little else but leaves—but when its growth is restrained it produces an abundance of flowers. He also tells us that each branch usually produces three blossoms, but that the Chinese pinch off two of these in the bud, which occasions the remaining flowers to increase so much that it is often broader than a man's hand; and that if a plant be suffered to remain more than two years in the same ground it degenerates; for which reason, he continues, the Chinese raise new plants every year.

This description is very curious on account of the details respecting culture, which agree so well with the practice and experience of modern days as to afford another proof of what has been so often observed, that many of what we consider modern improvements are in fact only revivals of the knowledge of our ancestors. The lovers of flowers are unanimous in their admiration of this Chinese exotic. Its claims upon our regard are such that none who desire to prolong the duration of the floral year to the utmost extent will neglect to cultivate some of its varieties. It was originally named chrysanthemum by the Greeks, to whom it would seem the yellow varieties were first known, as it is mentioned by Dioscorides under its present name, or Gold Flower, which can only in strictness he applied to that variety, though all the species are now so denominated, whatever the color of the bloom. Its adaptability to circumstances and situations in which other plants would scarcely survive, renders its cultivation most desirable.

We have seen it occupy positions in yards in the centre of large towns either in large tubs or in the open ground where it has attained a handsome appearance, being completely covered with blooms. As a house-plant it has also many recommendations. Amateurs having small gardens and wishing to keep a succession of flowers will find a few Chrysanthemums very acceptable.

The following hints will be useful to those who wish to grow a specimen plant: Take off a cutting at as early a stage as possible, it should he short-jointed, remove the leaves and eyes or buds from the lower portion, and insert firmly in the soil either in a pot or the open ground; keep the soil moist, and, when fairly rooted and growing, increase the quantity of water to which occasionally a little manure-water will be of great service. The plant should then be re-potted in rich soil and frequently watered; the main shoots should be checked by pinching out the ends; this will induce the growth of lateral shoots. They should be re-potted from time to time as the roots fill the pots, and more frequently watered with manure water. After the plants have attained the desired size and form by pinching out the ends and bending the shoots, it may then be allowed to form the flower-buds. When the buds are forming, all superfluous buds should be removed and all the rigor of the plant directed to forming the flowers. The plant is of a succulent nature and requires a great quantity of fluid nourishment. Manure-water should be used at least twice a week until the flowers are nearly perfected.

If the flowers are shaded they will be much finer in form and color, and last much longer. They are now to he had of all shades of color, size and form, and the catalogues of some of the Chrysanthemum exhibitions embrace hundreds of kinds, any one of which is beautiful and well worth cultivating.

If it were necessary to prove the advantages of a fixed standard for floral subjects, we need only instance the fact "that no real or decided improvements were effected in the science of floriculture until a correct standard of perfection was decided upon, and the properties necessary to constitute that perfection defined upon principles that could easily be understood and reduced to practice." Since this method has been adopted, the improvement in most kinds of flowers have been very marked, the amateur and the florist have endeavored to attain the standard of perfection, and in this way have been made conversant with the requirements of a good flower. Among all the plants on which the hand of improvement has been experimenting, and in which success has crowned the efforts, none have given more striking evidences than the Chrysanthemum. The requisites of a good chrysanthemum are as follows: round in outline and half-round looking at it sideways, in other words, half a ball, double, symmetrical, centre well up and perfect, petals broad, blunt, and thick, color decided, and every petal free from notch. IRIS.

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Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House 8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
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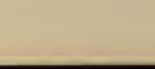

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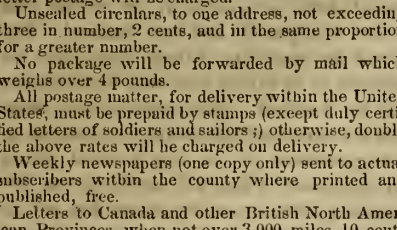

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JOHNSON J. THOMAS.

San Francisco, July 17th, 1865.

I hereby certify that, having had a Cough some five months since, which had troubled me for two years, and I was so bad that I was able to do but little labor of any kind, and could not walk fast without putting myself out of breath. I was so far gone that I had chills over me and night sweats, and had what other physicians called disease of the lungs. I had been doctoring a part of the time for the last year, when I saw Dr. D. B. Vincent, and he gave me a small vial of medicine, which relieved me of the chills and night sweats, and the cough entirely went away, and I do not take cold so easy, and my health is much better in every respect. My appetite is much better; and I heartily recommend all others who are afflicted with similar complaints to him.

JOHN O'NEILL, National Hotel.

The above named diseases nearly all originate from the same or similar causes, and

THE COLD PREVENTIVE

will cure all of them. It is a sure cure for Dyspepsia. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

D. B. VINCENT, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND OCULIST,

Treats all diseases successfully on the Electric system. Particular attention paid to treating all Diseases of the Eyes, Rheumatism, Paralysis, etc. Cures guaranteed, or all moneys refunded—in most cases even where others fail.

☞ OFFICE—No. 103 Kearny street, first floor, where he can be consulted at all hours, unless professionally engaged. All orders from the country promptly attended to. ap7

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

From Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the company.

Steamers of this line will be despatched on the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month. When these dates fall on Sunday, the steamer will leave on Saturday preceding.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

STEAMERS FOR APRIL:

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

APRIL 30th, - - - - GOLDEN AGE,

Captain E. S. Farnsworth.

(Connecting with *ARIZONA*, Captain Maury.)

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED,
mar10 3m SAMUEL WHITE.

MARRIAGE IN FRANCE.

FRENCH marriage ought to interest us from its novelty; it is so entirely different from evnrything with which we are familiar. The interested marriages in America are accompanied with love at least on one side. The heiress loves the fortune-hunter to whom she gives her hand; the maiden is loved by the rich man who purchases her consent. In America it never is a cold commercial bargain; it is always leavened with love.

It is absolntely different here. People contribnte lace, cashmere shawls, horses, houses, carriages, public securities, railway bonds, promissory notes — everything bnt love, to marriage. Nobody ever thinks of inqniring on the subject of love. The investigations made begin and end with the real and personal estate. Acqnaintance itself is disregarded if the real and personal estate are satisfactory. They think here the parties have all their life before them to become acquainted. As notaries occupy in business very much the same position that priests do in religion, being the business confessors of everybody, most marriages are negotiated by the notaries. You have a marriageable daughter. Yon go to him and tell him you wish a husband. You say what you will give her on her marriage, what linen she has, (a wife is commonly expected to bring her husband linen enough to last a lifetime) and what money she will receive on your death. You further inform him what money you require from her husband, and the form of contract you wish: shall the wife's whole estate be secnred to her, or shall the husband's and wife's estate go the snrvivor, or shall they hold both estates in common? The notary examines his clients to see if any of them have a son likely to suit yonr conditions. If he has none, he makes inqniries of other notaries until at last Cœlebs is discovered. He is introduced to the father-in-law *in futoro*—if he suits, he is soon introduced to the daughter; in a fortnight they are married. You see it is entirely a matter of dollars and cents. The heart has no vote in the debate. Can you wonder that so many husbands and wives are separated, and that conjugal infidelity is so common here?

This abominable system and the passion for display which now fevers all classes in France are ruining the women of this country. I detect a sensible change in the women here during my residence. They are colder, more heartless, physically weaker than they were twenty years ago. I thought it might be mere fancy on my part, but the investigations on the subject which I have made show that the medical profession are unanimously agreed on this subject. They declare the French women are degenerating. They are losing the feminine character entirely. They are becoming nervous creatnres to whom excitement is indispensable, and who consequently loathe everything like domestic life and quiet.

Women in this country take a much more active part in the husband's affairs than they do with you. This is one reason why French trade is so inferior. A woman cannot be taught business. Their superficial minds are arrested by the trifles of trade and cannot penetrate its essence. Observe widows who manage their departed husbands' estate; is it possible to introduce greater stupidity and obstinacy into transactions? This active part in the husband's business still further nnsexes French women. Were these various causes not at work how could you explain the conduct of the woman of twenty-one years old—quite a girl yet in age—I am about to place before you. She is not an exception. Do you remember the story of Mlle. Caillard, of Mlle. Ruffin, who caused the suicide of poor Mons. F. Tandou, and of twenty other young girls which I have related here? And I am far from telling all I know. I attempt to give as much variety as possible to these letters. I shrink from particulars which are unsuited with the columns of a family paper. These reasons lead me to forbear exhibiting to you French feminine depravity at full length, although the subject is interesting and profitable. It is interesting to see the changes of manners and customs of a nation; it is profitable to observe how a nation falls into a decline.

The son of poor peasants in one of the southwestern counties of France contrived by his merits and good fortune to rise to the position of a clerk of the Bank of France, with a salary of five hundred dollars, which would increase annually until he was entitled to a snug retiring pension. It was a fortune to a man of his humble origin. Of course he could not let well enough alone—wasn't he a descendant of Eve? He must needs marry. Lord Chesterfield's wise observation had never reached his ears: "It is better to be in no company at all than to be in bad company." The opinion of most men and all women is quite the contrary. They are persuaded that it is better to be in bad company than no company at all.

The bank clerk sought for a wife. As he had no acqnaintances in Paris, he applied to a matrimonial agency to secure the desired companion. The agent introduced him to a pleasing young lady, the daughter of the wife of a provincial notary, who had quitted her husband some fifteen years before bringing up her daughter to Paris with her. It seems to me when I read the legal advertisements published here, that French men and women marry only to separate. In ten legal advertisements seven of them style the wife as separated from her husband. The marriage was agreed. At this moment the agent claimed payment of the three hundred dollars fee. The clerk hesitated or refused to pay the fee; at all events he angered the agent and the latter tried to break off the match. Leave vengeance to Heaven! 'T will right us better than we can possibly do! The married life of the clerk avenged the wrongs of the agent, for the latter tried in vain to prevent the marriage. They were married. The bride had an income of four hundred dollars a year; he had five hundred dollars. A month had scarcely passed away before the wife felt an nnconqnerable aversion from her husband. She complained they had not money enough. He obtained employment from petty shopkeepers, and from seven to eleven o'clock he labored in their back-shops, writing up their books, in order to increase the household income. Aversion became hatred. He was called miser, brute, who refused his wife everything. She had her girl's bed brought from her mother's house, and refused to sleep with him. Many a day his wife kept away entirely from his house. The first New Year's Day after their marriage she quitted him before he woke, and she did not return until eleven o'clock at night—and New Year's Day is devoted to family gatherings! One night he returned home and found no signs of his wife. He hastened to his mother-in-law's; she told him:

"Your wife has quitted you for ever. When yon married her you did not know all! She loved another man before she married you, and is with him now!"

This statement seems to have been untrne, although what became of the wife dnring the month which elapsed between her flight and her appearance at her father's provincial residence does not clearly appear. Her father at once came to Paris to see the husband. A sort of family council was held which decided that, though the husband was willing to receive her back, his dignity required she should make some penance for her misconduct. She agreed with her family and voluntarily went to St. Michael's Convent, where the sisters exhorted her daily and led her to frequent prayers and other religious exercises. She remained thirty days in the retreat, during which time she continnally wrote her husband such letters as this:

"I cannot help loving you, for I have wronged you most grievonsly. As Mother St. Ignace says, I am capable of feeling love. The time passed here, though short, has been extremely beneficial to me—more beneficial than you may snppose, for when I leave here I shall leave behind these iron bars my horrible past life, my old folly; and I have recovered my reason, thanks in the first place to Heaven, to the gentleness and goodness of my confessor, and to the zeal of good Mother St. Ignace, who has poured oil upon my wounded soul. I comprehend your hatred for a creature like me, and I think you are right to demand reparation. To-day I give you my heart for life; I bring it to you purer than on our wedding-day; criminal love is no longer there. I am ready to follow you. Something whispers to me that maybe to-morrow you will come to carry me to your home. If you had this generous idea I would accept it with a kiss which of a truth would come from my heart.

"Your lamb, repentant as Magdalen, MARIE."

A fortnight after she sent this letter, the husband took her home. Ten days afterwards she fled his house, leaving on the mantel-piece these lines:

"I lied when I said I loved you, because I was under duress when I wrote; I wanted to recover my liberty, and I lied to secure it again. I throw off the mask now."

She at once brought suit to recover her liberty and her dowry.

I am told by lawyers here that the hope of all women who sue for separation (the French statutes do not allow divorce) is that the husband will allow her suit to be decided against him without a struggle. It is a strange, but very common, phenomenon that women care less than men for scandal. To be the snbject of town talk, the target of all eyes, is indifferent to them, if indeed they do not find their vanity gratified by being the heroine of the scandalous chronicle. Lawyers tell me it is an every day occurrence here for husbands to accept in silence condemnation in cases of this sort. It has not been six months since a young man of estate and family married a woman of great beauty. Her family, though respectable, were poor. She brought nothing bnt her person in dowry, for he purchased everything, and gave her besides $20,000 as dowry, that it might appear as if she brought him so much money. She never loved him. Marriage was to her an escape from the thraldom in which the nnmarried of the other sex are kept in this land of vice. Six months after marriage she sued for divorce and forced him to return to her the $20,000 he had given her! She, with this money, set up a young and handsome dry goods shopman she had long fancied, and with whom she now lives as if they were married. There is a woman in Paris who has been married three times. She made all her husbands give her a good deal of money in dowry. She sued for separation from them a year or eighteen months after marriage, contriving during this period of time to make them so wretched as to break life's springs. They respectively died three years after marriage. She is now the widow of three husbands, and, although she commenced life with nothing bnt a pretty face, the mistress of $75,000.

To return to my mutton—if yon will let me call by so tender a name the Fury whose marriage I have related. She made the strangest allegation to sustain her snit. She nrged that her husband had by surprise and fraud thrown her into the convent, where she was treated with the utmost rigor, with the severity of the penitentiaries where the most abandoned women are confined. Stripped of fashionable attire and habited in the coarsest sack cloth, fed on bread and water, locked np at night, obliged to toil all day, and to humiliate herself in the most abject manner to her husband, denied all commerce with the world except with her confessor, her mother (the nnn in whose care she was placed) and her husband. The court soon discovered the mendacity of these allegations, for they were demonstrated to be utterly false, and sentenced the woman to live with her husband. This judgment may seem lenient; bnt if you will remember this creature's desire is to be free, to recover possession of the four hundred dollars revenne she received in dowry, which will enable her to live nntil she wins something better—a pretty woman has not to wish money in Paris to get it—you will see she is loaded with the most chafing fetters.—"*Spiridion*," *in the Boston Gazette*.

AMUSEMENTS.

AN original dramatic version of Shirley Brooks' novel, the *Silver Cord*, was produced at Maguire's Opera House on Monday night, which did not produce a cord of silver for either author or manager—or both combined. The dramatist fell into the general error of endeavoring to follow too closely the lights and shades of the characters and plot of the novel; and thereby made the play too long for the nsual period of performance. The stage manager attacked it ruthlessly with the pruning knife; and, in curtailing, necessarily cut off some of the connecting links of the piece. A series of benefits were announced to commence on the third night after its production, for which each recipient had chosen some favorite play. So that *The Silver Cord* was born in misfortnne and lived but a span. Mrs. Sophie Edwin as "Mrs. Arthur Lygon," and Mrs. Saunders as "Mrs. Berry"—a character quite out of her line—displayed an ability in their parts and an earnest desire to further the success of the piece, deserving an especial recognition. Thorne, Leman, and Jackson were good.

The Silver Cord was withdrawn on Wednesday night to give place to Buckstone's *Flowers of the Forest*, on the occasion of Sophie Edwin's benefit. The house was crammed. And we know of no member of the profession more worthy of the substantial compliment thus tendered. Mr. F. B. White presented *The Octoroon* on Thursday for his benefit—and as an old stager and an invalid he deserved a better one. Last night Mrs. Harry Jackson made her first appearance since her convalescence, as "Julia," in *The Hunchback*, for the benefit of the "California Tigers."

Monte Christo will be the attraction for the *matinée* this afternoon, and in the evening Mr. Alfred Saxon will make his first appearance, as "Charles de Moor," in *The Robbers*. The friends of this gentleman claim that he possesses many of the requisites of an actor, and we hear it is his intention to become a member of the profession. His friends have rallied well to his support, and a good house will await his *début*.

Manager Maguire announces the positive engagement and coming of Edwin Forrest, and, next week, the Opera House company will remove to the Academy of Music for a temporary season, while the Opera House is undergoing an entire remodelling and rennovating, both before and behind the scenes, in order to be placed in the most favorable condition for the reception of the great star of the American stage. Though California long since gave to the East her favorite Wood, and but yesterday shipped her two Thorns, yet the bounteous East far outstrips her in generosity, and sends in return her towering Forrest. The Opera House company will open at the Academy on Monday night; and on Tuesday evening will produce Watts Phillipps' play, *Lost in London*, which has had a great run in the English capital, and affords a fine field for both dramatic and scenic effect. Two of the scenes—a snow storm, and the interior of a tin mine in Cornwall—are said to be very effective.

At the Metropolitan, the *Sheep's Foot* having been trotted off, this theatre has been temporarily closed, and great preparations are being made for the production of De Voe's Irish drama, *Ireland Shall Be Free;* or, *The Patriots of '48*. This drama will be produced with the old *Arrah-na-Pogue* company—Arrah-na-Pogue Brown, Michael Feeney Thompson, Col. O'Grady Pauncefort, etc., and will be brought out on Wednesday night next, if it can be got ready by that time. It is scarcely necessary to add that the piece will be placed on the stage in the most thorough manner, as regards scenery, effects, and costumes.

REMOVAL.—Kennedy & Bell, having removed to the large new store lately occupied by the Franco-American Commercial Company, adjoining the Cosmopolitan Hotel, have made extensive additions to their stock of Carpets, Oil Cloths, etc, which they are now just opening.

DECAY'S EFFACING FINGER.—Davidson's Circassion Bloom gives a floral fragrance to the complexion and skin, as well as protects the skin from the winds and dust, which mar the beauty of our ladies. Sold by all druggists.

WARD, of 323 Montgomery street, keeps the choicest articles of gents' toilet and furnishing goods, and an appreciative public have long since justly awarded Ward's shirt unlimited patronage.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo hits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Darnes & Co., New York.

S—T—1860—X. DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all cases of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavins, etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. ap7-1y

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 712 Montgomery street, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

CONCORD WAGONS AND HARNESS.—The Pacific Concord Carriage Manufactory is prepared to supply the Pacific Coast with Concord wagons and harness made to order. The members comprising this firm have long been in the employ of the celebrated manufacturing house of L. Downing & Son, Concord, New Hampshire; so that parties wishing Concord wagons or harness can obtain just the same quality of article here and save 25 per cent. on their purchase money. We have seen some of their workmanship, and can recommend it to the public Address Belduke & Co., 820 Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth.—*San Francisco Leader.*

DAINTY WORK.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals*, *Sacred Mountains*, *etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California.

BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.—If you want a trim neat, light, and yet durable style of buggy or carriage, go to Nos. 37 and 39 Webb street, between Sacramento and California, where you will find just such a vehicle as will suit your taste. POLLARD & CARVILL not only deal in these articles, but manufacture them to order, and do repairing, painting, trimming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neatness. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

WAGONS.—Every species of wagons that any one can need, made of the best material, well fitted and finished, can be found at the Depot of MILLS & EVANS, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lead Bars, are kept constantly on hand.—*California Leader.*

FOR the best finished, fashionable hats, go to McGann & Co.'s, Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend. JOSEPH SPARROW.

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's

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FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

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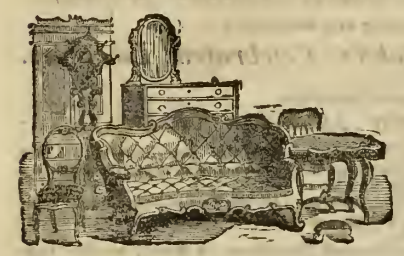

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Teachers of Dancing,
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SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. e10-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of WALTER S. McDONALD, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of John F. McDonald, the Administrator of the estate of Walter S. McDonald, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased; and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled;

IT IS ORDERED, That all persons interested in the estate of the said Walter S. McDonald, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on Tuesday, the twenty-fourth day of April, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Walter S. McDonald, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 24th day of April, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, March 21st, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and *ex-officio* Clerk of the Probate court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, this 22d day of March, A. D. 1866.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 5 cts., cancelled. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

THOS. B. BISHOP, Attorney for Administrator. mh24 4w

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of HERMANN PLATH, deceased,

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix of the above named Estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice at her residence on Southwest corner of Union street and Lafayette Place, in said City and County of San Francisco.

SOPHIA PLATH, Executrix
Of the Estate of Hermann Plath, deceased.
San Francisco, March 17th, 1866. mar17-5t

NATHANIEL GRAY,
UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.
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WE HAVE JUST OPENED A LOT OF
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CASTERS, CAKE BASKETS,
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MUFFINERS, TOAST RACKS,
ETC.,
Which are
PERFECT IMITATIONS OF SILVER,
and as good in all respects for a long term of years, as silver. Our assortment of
FRENCH PORCELAIN,
and all the articles necessary for a
First Class Table Outfit
is complete, to which we respectfully ask your inspection.
HAYNES & LAWTON,
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A CARD.

M. Howard's Hair Restorative,
NO. 315 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ABOVE PREPARATION, which has been recently discovered and patented, is purely a Vegetable Extract

The undersigned are fully aware of the many unsatisfactory and useless preparations for restoring hair that have been introduced to the public, and how little confidence is to be placed in any pretensions to restoring the hair to bald heads, but,

HAVING TRIED MR. HOWARD'S PREPARATION,

we are able to state that it not only prevents the Hair from falling out, but absolutely reproduces it, and that we now have good suits of Hair growing where we were entirely bald. Therefore, as a matter of justice to Mr. Howard, and of consolation to bald heads, we tender him this testimonial. Mr H. keeps the article for sale in bottles, with directions for its use, or applies it himself, as may be desired.

San Francisco, April 6, 1866.

Frank M. Thayer,	R. A. Redman,
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T. A. Hall,	G. W. Gamble,
A. C. Knox,	J. W. Miller,
Bradbury Sanborn,	E. C. McComb,
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ap7

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Washing, Mending of Linen, etc., for same period, 25

No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

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LIFE-GIVING PILLS!

Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, but to cure. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be

A VERY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,

For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle-aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever

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It was left for this day and hour to realize the dream, and show in one glorious fact, the magic that made it fair.

THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES

Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

FOR BILLIOUS DISORDERS

Nothing can be more productive of cure than these Pills. Their almost magic influence is felt at once; and the usual concomitants of this most distressing disease are removed. These remedies are made from the purest

VEGETABLE COMPOUNDS.

They will not harm the most delicate female, and can be given with good effect in prescribed doses to the youngest babe.

FOR CUTANEOUS DISORDERS

And all eruptions of the skin, the SALVE is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil!

Dr. Maggiel's Pills

Invariably cure the following diseases:

Asthma,
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Diarrhœa,
Dropsy,
Debility,
Female Complaints, Fever and Ague
Headache,
Indigestion,
Influenza,
Inflammation,
Inward Weakness,
Liver Complaint,
Lowness of Spirits,
Ringworm,
Rheumatism,
Salt Rheum,
Scalds,
Skin Diseases.

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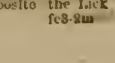

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UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

As Amended March 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper..$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right..... 05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand..... 02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100..... 05
Every additional $100, or fractional part.. 05.
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable ont of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S. 02
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place..... 10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500..... 50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels..... 05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less..... 50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office..... 1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule..... 25
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Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50..... 10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part 25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such 25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100..... 05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y, 25
Certificates, other than specified..... 05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale..... 10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
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For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse..... 50
Ganger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross; 10c.; over 500 galls. gr. 25
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Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
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For any other purpose..... 50
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For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
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Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid..... 50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record..... 50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100..... 50

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To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

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Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

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" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
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And all those wishing to secure themselves a portion of THE MOST VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL LANDS OF MEXICO,

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THE MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON COMPANY.

HOMES FOR THE POOR AND COMPETENCY FOR ALL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having reserved from their final Subscription List a *Limited Number of Unassessable Shares*, (the remaining shares of the Company having been taken up by the stockholders,) hereby offer the same for sale at the original subscription price of *Sixteen Dollars* each, payable in cash. Every holder of a share will be entitled to a portion of the Company's lands, having the privilege to settle thereon and participate in all the advantages and profits of the enterprise, and special privileges granted to this Company by an Imperial Decree of Maximilian, dated 9th January, 1866, without being subjected to the conditions of regular Government emigrants, this Company settling upon their own lands, secured by private purchase, and held under indisputable Spanish titles.

Shareholders becoming actual settlers will also have the privilege of any employment upon the Company's plantation. Portions of land will be allotted to settlers, to be held by them until a final division makes it their property.

For the purpose of increasing the value of the Company's land, and to create all the comforts of a home and society, it is the intention of the company to form a regular settlement and to lay out a town adjoining their present plantation into building lots, which will likewise be fairly divided between the 8,000 shares which comprise the total number of the company.

A large number of shareholders will settle upon the company's lands after the rainy season in October next. Many of them may then be employed by the company, or by others able to plant for themselves, or in developing the mineral resources of the adjoining mountains, etc., etc.

Men of all trades and professions, desiring to emigrate to Mexico, will have great advantages as shareholders of this company. They will find the lands already purchased for them at a rate equivalent to a free gift, to be held by each shareholder as his property, protected by the best Spanish titles, and the good will of all political parties now contending for the reins of government; the climate the most salubrious, and the land rich and fertile beyond description; every kind of game abounding; the rivers full of fish and with extensive beds of large oysters; altogether, a country where it is easy to procure a livelihood and the comforts of a home with less labor and less capital than in any other part of the world.

The extensive placer diggings, veins of silver, and solid quartz ledges, which are to be found in the immediate vicinity, and acknowledged to be rich and very extensive, can, by the presence of a number of settlers, be profitably developed. Many of these mines are to be found within the limits of the company's grant. The Sierra Madre or Mother Mountain of Mexico, situated only within about twenty miles from the coast, can be reached and developed with much greater facility than the more remote mines in the interior, and will therefore make the company's lands the most desirable to locate upon.

For Maps and Survey, and further information, apply at the office of the MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON CO., Betge's Book Store, Russ House, Montgomery street, between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock.

☞ All the assessable stock having been taken up by mutual subscription of stockholders, the company will have no more shares to offer after the limited number of *unassessable* shares have been placed, and shall prefer to sell these to actual settlers—a single share of which will be sufficient to entitle them to a large portion of the lands.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED shareholders in the Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having investigated and satisfied ourselves of the importance of the enterprise, recommend the same to the public. We are convinced that under the management of the present officers of the company, with their efforts to induce industrious parties to locate upon the land, that the enterprise must become very profitable to all parties interested, and most beneficial to actual settlers.

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Winall & Clapp, 505 Market street.
R. A. S. Repiton, M. D., 816 Montgomery street.
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G. Burkhardt, Jeweller, No. 209 Pacific street.
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P. D. O'Regan, People's Bakery, corner Fourth and Jessie streets.
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M. M. Baldwin, Jeweller, 433 Montgomery-st.
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San Francisco, March 20th, 1866. mar24 1m

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the most perfect sensation play ever written, entitled

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Grand Reopening!

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On which occasion will he produced an

IRISH ROMANTIC DRAMA,

From the pen of

THOMAS J. DEVOE,

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IRELAND SHALL BE FREE!

Or,

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It will he produced with

GRAND EFFECTS

AND

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BATHS.

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APOTHECARY.

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W. M. Nohle & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.

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Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
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Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

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Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
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HOLY BIBLE.

The English edition of the Bible with Gustave Dure's Illustrations has arrived, and subscriptions to it are now received. The work will be published in monthly parts, at One Dollar and a Quarter, each part containing

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The California.

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[For the Californian.]

THE LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

BEETLING walls with ivy grown;
Frowning heights of mossy stone;
Turret, with its flaunting flag
Flung from battlemented crag;
Dungeon-keep and fortalice,
Looking down a precipice
O'er the darkly-glancing wave
By the Lorlei haunted cave;
Robber-hold and maiden-bower—
Haunt of Love, and Crime, and Power:
That's the scenery, in fine,
Of the Legends of the Rhine.

One bold Baron, double-dyed—
Bigamist and fratricide—
And, as most the stories run,
Partner of the Evil One;
Injured innocence in white—
Fair but idiotic quite—
Wringing of her lily hands;
Valor fresh from Paynim lands;
Abbot ruddy; hermit pale;
Minstrel, fraught with many a tale—
Are the actors that combine
In the Legends of the Rhine.

Bell-mouthed flagons, round a board;
Suits of armor, shield and sword;
Kerchief with its bloody stain,
Ghost of the untimely slain;
Thunder-clap and clanking chain;
Headman's block and shining axe;
Thumbscrews, crucifixes, racks;
Midnight-tolling chapel bell,
Heard across the gloomy fell—
Are the "properties" that shine
In the Legends of the Rhine.

Maledictions, whispered vows
Underneath the arching boughs;
Murder, Bigamy, and Theft;
Travellers of goods bereft;
Rapine, Pillage, Arson, Spoil—
Everything but honest toil—
Are the deeds that best define
Every legend of the Rhine.

That virtue always meets reward—
But sooner when it wears a sword;
That Providence has special care
Of gallant knight and ladye fair;
That villains, as a thing of course,
Are always haunted by Remorse—
Is the moral, I opine,
Of the Legends of the Rhine. BRET.

Two gallant "sons of Erin," being just discharged from service, were rejoicing over the event, with a "wee taste of the cratur," when one, who felt all the glory of his own noble race, suddenly raised his pot above his head, and said: "Arrah, Mike, here's to the gallant old 69th—the last in the field, and the first to leave it." "Tut, tut, man," said Mike; "ye don't mane that." "Don't mane it, is it? Then what do I mane?" "You mane," said Mike, and he raised his glass high and looked lovingly at it, "Here's to the gallant 69th, equal to none!" And so they drank.

"MARK TWAIN" ON HIS TRAVELS.

AT HONOLULU: NEW SCENES AND STRONG CONTRASTS.

THE further I travelled through the town the better I liked it. Every step revealed a new contrast—disclosed something I was unaccustomed to. In place of the grand mud-colored brown stone fronts of San Francisco, I saw neat white cottages, with green window-shutters; in place of front yards like billiard-tables with iron fences around them, I saw those cottages surrounded by ample yards, about like Portsmouth Square (as to size,) thickly clad with green grass, and shaded by tall trees, through whose dense foliage the sun could scarcely penetrate; in place of the customary infernal geranium languishing in dust and general debility on tin-roofed rear additions or in bedroom windows, I saw luxurious banks and thickets of flowers, fresh as a meadow after a rain, and glowing with the richest dyes; in place of the dingy horrors of the "Willows," and the painful sharp-pointed shrubbery of that funny caricature of nature which they call "South Park," I saw huge bodied, wide-spreading forest trees, with strange names and stranger appearance—trees that cast a shadow like a thunder-cloud, and were able to stand alone without being tied to green poles; in place of those vile, tiresome, stupid, everlasting gold-fish, wiggling around in glass globes and assuming all shades and degrees of distortion through the magnifying and diminishing qualities of their transparent prison houses, I saw cats—Tom-cats, Mary Ann cats, long-tailed cats, bob-tail cats, blind cats, one-eyed cats, wall-eyed cats, cross-eyed cats, gray cats, black cats, white cats, yellow cats, striped cats, spotted cats, tame cats, wild cats, singed cats, individual cats, groups of cats, platoons of cats, companies of cats, regiments of cats, armies of cats, multitudes of cats, millions of cats, and all of them sleek, fat, lazy, and sound asleep; in place of roughs and rowdies staring and blackguarding on the corners, I saw long-haired, saddle-colored Sandwich Island maidens sitting on the ground in the shade of corner houses, gazing indolently at whatever or whoever happened along; instead of that wretched cobble-stone pavement nuisance, I walked on a firm foundation of coral, built up from the bottom of the sea by the absurd but persevering insect of that name, with a light layer of lava and cinders overlying the coral, belched up out of fathomless hell long ago through the seared and blackened crater that stands dead and cold and harmless yonder in the distance now; instead of cramped and crowded street-cars, I met dusky native women sweeping by, free as the wind, on fleet horses, and astraddle, with gaudy riding-sashes streaming like banners behind them; instead of the combined stenches of Sacramento street, Chinadom and Brannan street slaughter-houses, I breathed the balmy fragrance of jessamine, oleander, and the Pride of India; in place of the hurry and bustle and noisy confusion of San Francisco, I moved in the midst of a Summer calm and tranquil as dawn in the Garden of Eden; in place of our familiar skirting sand hills and the placid bay, I saw on the one side a frame-work of tall, precipitous mountains close at hand, clad in refreshing green, and cleft by deep, cool, chasm-like valleys—and in front the grand sweep of the ocean; a brilliant, transparent green near the shore, bound and bordered by a long white line of foamy spray dashing against the reef, and further out the dead, blue water of the deep sea, flecked with "white caps," and in the far horizon a single, lonely sail——

At this moment, this man Brown, who has no better manners than to read over one's shoulder, observes:

"Yes, and hot. Oh, I reckon not! (only 82 in the shade.) Go on, now, and put it all down, now that you've begun; just say, 'And more 'santipedes,' and cockroaches, and fleas, and lizards, and red ants, and scorpions, and spiders, and mosquitoes and missionaries'—oh, blame my cats if I'd live here two months, not if I was High-You-Muck-a-Muck and King of Wawhoo, and had a harem full of hyenas!" [Wahine—most generally pronounced wyheeny—seems to answer for wife, woman and female of questionable character, indifferently. I never can get this man Brown to understand that "hyena" is not the proper pronunciation. He says "It ain't any odds; it describes some of 'em, anyway."]

I remarked: "But, Mr. Brown, these are trifles."

"Trifles be blowed! You get nipped by one of them scorpions once, and see how you like it! There was Mrs. Jones, swabbing her face with a sponge; she felt something grab her cheek; she dropped the sponge and out popped a scorpion an inch and a half long! Well, she just got up and danced the Highland fling for two hours and a half—and yell! why, you could have heard her from Lu-wow to Hoolahoola, with the wind lair! and for three days she soaked her cheek in brandy and salt, and it swelled up as big as your two fists. And you want to know what made me light out of bed so sudden last night? Only a 'santipede'—nothing only a 'santipede,' with forty-two legs on a side, and every foot hot enough to burn a hole through a rawhide. Don't you know one of them things grabbed Miss Boone's foot when she was riding one day? He was hid in the stirrip, and just clamped himself around her foot and sunk his fangs plum through her shoe; and she just throwed her whole soul into one war-whoop and then fainted. And she didn't get out of bed nor set that foot on the floor again for three weeks. And how did Captain Godfrey always get off so easy? Why, because he always carried a bottle full of scorpions and santipedes soaked in alcohol, and whenever he got bit he always bathed the place with that devilish mixture or took a drink out of it, I don't recollect which. And how did he have to do once, when he hadn't this bottle along? He had to cut out the bite with his knife and fill up the hole with arnica, and then prop his mouth open with the boot-jack to keep from getting the lockjaw. Oh, fill me up about this lovely country! You can go on writing that slop about balmy breezes and fragrant flowers, and all that sort of truck, but you're not going to leave out them santipedes and things for want of being reminded of it, you know.

I said, mildly: "But, Mr. rown, these are the mere—"

"Mere—your grandmother! they ain't the mere anything! What's the use of you telling me they're the mere—mere—whatever it was you was going to call it? You look at them raw splotches all over my face—all over my arms—all over my body! Mosquito bites! Don't tell me about mere—mere things! You can't get around them mosquito bites. I took and brushed out my bar good night before last, and tucked it in all around, and before morning I was eternally chawed up, anyhow. And the night before I fastened her up all right, and got in bed and smoked that old strong pipe until I got strangled and smothered and couldn't get out, and then they swarmed in there and jammed their bills through my shirt and sucked me as dry as a life-preserver before I got my breath again. And how did that dead-fall work? I was two days making it, and sweated two buckets full of brine, and blame the mosquito ever went under it; and sloshing around in my sleep I ketched my foot in it and got it flattened out so that it wouldn't go into a green turtle shell forty four inches across the back. Jim Ayres grinding out seven double verses of poetry about Waw-*hoo!* and crying about leaving the blasted place in the two last verses; and you slobbering here about—there you are! Now—*now*, what do you say? That yellow spider could straddle over a saucer just like nothing—and if I hadn't been here to set that spittoon on him, he would have been between your sheets in a minute—he was travelling straight for your bed—he had his eye on it. Just pull at that webb he's been stringing after him—pretty near as hard to break as sewing silk; and look at his feet sticking out all round the spittoon. Oh, confound Waw-*hoo!*"

I am glad Brown has got disgusted at that murdered spider and gone; I don't like to be interrupted when I am writing—especially by Brown, who is is one of those men who always looks at the unpleasant side of everything, and I seldom do.

THE STEED "OAHU."

["Mark" in a subsequent letter thus recounts his experience with an eccentric steed which had been furnished him by the

andl ord of the Americau Hotel, Honolulu. The party of which "Mark" *was* to have made one had started considerably in advance, on an excursion to Diamond's Head :]

The landlord of the Americau said the party had been gone nearly an hour. but that he could give me my choice of several horses that conld easily overtake them. I said, never mind—I preferred a safe horse to a fast one—I would like to have an excessively gentle horse—a horse with no spirit whatever—a lame one, if he had such a thing. Inside of five minutes I was mounted, and perfeetly satisfied with my ontfit. I had no time to label him "This is a horse," and so if the public took him for a sheep I cannot help it. I was satisfied, aud that was the main thiug. I could see that he had as many fine points as any man's horse, and I just hung my hat on one of them, behind the saddle, and swabbed the perspiration from my fuce and started. I named him after this island, "Oahu" (pronounced O-waw-hoo.) The first gate he came to he started in ; I had neither whip nor spur, and so I simply argued the case with him. He firmly resisted argumeut, but ultimately yielded to insult and abnse. He baeked out of that gate and steered for another one on the other side of the street. I trinmphed by my former process. Within the next six hundred yards he crossed the street fourteen times and attempted thirteen gates, and in the meantime the tropical sun was beating down and threatening to cave the top of my head in, and I was literally dripping with perspiration and profanity. (I am only human and I was sorely aggravated, I shall behave better next time.) He quit the gate bnsiness after that and went along peaceably enough, but absorbed in meditation. I noticed this latter circumstance, and it soon began to fill me with the gravest apprehension. I said to myself, this malignant brute is planning some new outrage, some fresh deviltry or other—no horse ever thought over a subject so profoundly as this one is doing just for nothing. The more this thing preyed upon my miud the more uneasy I became, until at last the suspense became unbearable and I dismounted to see if there was anything wild in his eye—for I had heard that the eye of this noblest of our domestic animals is very expressive. I cannot describe what a load of anxiety was lifted from my mind when I found that he was only asleep. I woke him up and started him into a faster walk, and theu the inborn villainy of his nature came out again. He tried to climb over a stone wall, five or six feet high. I saw that I must apply force to this horse, and that I might as well begin first as last. I plucked a stout switch from a tamarind tree, and the momeut he saw it, he gave in. He broke into a convulsive sort of a canter, which had three short steps in it and one long one, and reminded me alternately of the clattering shake of the great earthquake, and the sweeping plunging of the *Ajax* in a storm.

ETIQUETTE.

If yon get into conversation with a stranger in Honolulu, and experience that natural desire to know what sort of grouud you are treading on by finding out what manuer of man your stranger is, strike out boldly and address him as "Captain." Watch him narrowly, and if you see by his countenance that yon are on the wrong track, ask him where he preaches. It is a safe bet that he is either a missiouary or captain of a whaler. I am now personally acquainted with seventy-two captains and ninety-six missionaries. The captains and ministers form one-half of the population ; the third fourth is composed of common Kanakas and mercantile foreigners and their families, and the final fonrth is made up of high officers of the Hawaiian Government. And there are just about cats enough for three apiece all aronnd.

A solemn stranger met me in the suburbs yesterday, and said :

"Good morniug, your reverence. Preach in the stone church yonder, no doubt ?"

"No, I don't. I'm not a preacher."

"Really, I beg your pardou, Captain. I trnst yon had a good season. How much oil——"

"Oil ? Why, what do you take me for ? I'm not a whaler."

"Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, your Excellency. Major General in the household troops, no doubt ? Minister of the Interior, likely ? Secretary of War ? First Gentleman of the Bed-chamber ? Commissioner of the Royal——"

"Stnff ! man. I'm no official. I'm not connected in any way with the Government."

"Bless my life ! Then, who the mischief are you ? what the mischief are you ? and how the mischief did you get here, and where in thunder did you come from ?"

"I'm only a private personage—an unassuming stranger—lately arrived from America."

"No ? Not a missionary ! not a whaler ! not a member of his Majesty's Government ! not even Secretary of the Navy ! Ah, Heaven ! it is too blissful to be trne ; alas, I do but dream. And yet that noble, honest countenance—those oblique, ingenuons eyes—that massive head, incapable of—of—anything ; your hand ; give me your hand, bright waif. Excuse these tears. For sixteen weary years I have yearned for a moment like this, and——"

Here his feelings were too much for him, and he swooned away. I pitied this poor creature from the bottom of my heart. I was deeply moved. I shed a few tears on him and kissed him for his mother. I then took what small change he had and "shoved."—"*Mark Twain*," *in the Sacramento Union.*

HOW SUCCESSFUL AUTHORS ARE MADE.

THE *Nation* says : That there is a tide in the affairs of men in authorship as well as other mundane affairs, the writer of "A Night in the Workhonse" has every reason to aeknowledge. A few months ago he was nnknown, exeept, perhaps, among his circle of immediate friends, yet he had written for years, as a judicious reader of his famous article might have perceived from its excellence and finish, and on just snch subjects as he handled therein.

The golden opportunity came, or rather he went to it, one rainy night in a brougham, and like the young Dickens who discovered Mr. Pickwick for us, or my Lord Byron before him, who created that *ennuyed* debauchee, Childe Harold, he "woke up one morniug and fonnd himself famous." Who can it be ? asked his wonderiug countrymen, who have the good sense to relish the exposure of abuses, eveu at their own expense, and A answered, Mr. Tom Hughes, and B, Mr. Charles Dickens, und C, whatever writer happened to be uppermost iu his mind. There beiug no reason why the "Casual" should wear his anonymous mask, it was dropped, and Mr. James Greenwood came forward and made his bow to the pnblic for acknowledging his talents, and a mental vow to trespass again on their indulgence. This he has since done in a series of "Starlight Readings," in the *Evening Star*, and still further in a serial story, entitled "The Trne History of a Little Ragamuffin," to be completed iu twelve monthly parts at one shilling each, the first of which was issued on the 1st of March, with a wrapper by Hablot K. Browne *(Phiz)* and a frontispiece and vignette by J. Gordon Thomson. The ragged little hero whose fortunes Mr. Greenwood relates has a brutal father and a drunken stepmother, from whom he escapes to wander through the streets of Londou by day and to sleep under the Adelphi arches by night, consorting the while with outcasts and thieves, mudlurks and ruffiuus, experiencing the tender mercies of a Loudon workhouse through a fever, from which he recovers to continue, in other sceues und among more dangerous characters, his ragamuffiuly career to the end. If we may judge of Mr. Greenwood by what is written of his serial, he sees with "equal eye" the tragic and comic aspects of the lower stratum of London life, relieving the general sternness and gloom of his subject with flashes of bright und merry humor, aud showing throughout a deal of artistic eleverness.

"Since Defoe told the story of Colonel Jack's early experiences," says one of Mr. Greenwood's critics, "there has appeared no snch minutely graphic and terribly truthfnl picture of a London beggar-boy ; and thongh the work of the older novelist is to be preferred for the realism of its most pathetic touches, we are inclined to think that Mr. Greenwood's tale is no less essentially truthful, and no less calculated to maintain u pluce amongst the literary illustrutions of London poverty." The obscurity which hangs over Mr. Greenwood's previons literary career has not been lifted for us, further than that his last work, the oue we mean which immediately preceded *A Night in the Workhouse*, was *The Hatchet-Throwers*, a volume of grotesque humor, published last fall, with illnstratious by Ernest Griset, and not very well spoken of at the time.

THE subject of increased tariff on foreign books imported to this country continues to attract attentiou on the part of the booksellers. The bill which promineut publishers and printers have beeu urging npon the consideration of the congressional Ways and Means Committee calls for an advance of tweuty-five per cent. in the tariff on all books imported, and further proposes to levy the duties by weight instead of *ad valorem*, which we consider a decided mixing of matters. We are somewhat surprised that American publishers should be led to udvocate the passage of auy such bill as this. If they consider that their interests demand an iucrease of duties, they shonld at least insist npon some discrimiuation in the character of the books imported. There are certain rare and valuable publications which would never be repriuted in this couutry, and which can only be called for by scholars and professional men. These shonld not suffer from duties the same as the cheup editions which are sold here for less than our printers and bookbinders can afford to make them, and which may temporarily injure our own publishing interest. There should be some recognized difference between the two, or else the measure may do more harm than good. For ourselves we do not believe in the expediency of any increase of duties on foreign books. We would prefer that there shonld be a decrease rather than an advance, and in this way we believe the best interests of all would be subserved. This, however, does not seem to be the impression of the publishers, and it is more than likely that in the present state of feeling towards England their wishes will be complied with. If they thus succeed, and duties are imposed according to weight, we shall feel that an unjust and impolitic thing has been accomplished.—*Round Table.*

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE 39TH CONGRESS.

WE will begin with the clergymen. There are seven ex-ministers—Green C. Smith, Kentucky ; J. B. Grinnell, Iowa ; J. W. Patterson, New Hampshire ; J. A. Garfield, Ohio ; Aaron Harding, Kentucky ; J. H. D. Henderson, Oregon, and General Washburn, Indiana. Of Generals who have served in the late war, there are fifteen : Schenck, Ohio ; Paine, Wisconsin, (who lost a leg before Vicksburg ;) Garfield, Ohio ; Roussean, Kentucky ; Smith, Kentucky ; Harding, Illinois ; Deming, Connecticnt ; Farnsworth, Illinois ; Banks, Massachusetts ; Ketchum, New York ; Erkly, Ohio ; Cobb, Wisconsiu ; Washburn, Indiana. The largest lumberman and sawyer is Mr. Sawyer, of Wisconsin. The agricultural writer and wool grower is J. B. Grinnell, of Iowa. The biggest farmer is John Bidwell, of California, who cultivates a small estate of twenty thousand acres. The wealthiest man is Oakes Ames, of Massachusetts, the largest shovel and spade manufactnrer in the world. The most extensive boot and shoe manufacturer is John B. Alley, of Massachusetts. The heaviest pork-packer is Benjamin Eggleston, of Ohio.

The most extensive iron manufacturer, and of whom 'tis always said, "he has a mind of his own, and can always be relied on," J. A. Griswold, of New York. The richest merchant is Samuel Hooper, of Massachusetts. The best orator on the Democratic side is the ex-member, D. W. Voorhees, of Indiana. The best speaker on the Union side, for the galleries, is W. D. Kelly, of Pennsylvania. The most effective speaker for the House—a difficnlt thing to decide—is G. S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts. The readiest and most finished speaker is the Speaker, Hon. Schuyler Colfax. The best voice for declamation is that of N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts. The best cultivated head—of hair, is that of Andrew Jackson Rogers, of New Jersey, the leader of the Democrutic party. Two members wear wigs—Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, and J. W. Moulton, of Illinois. The most conservative man on the Union side is Henry J. Raymond, of New York ; on the Democratic side, L. S. Trimble, of Kentucky. The most radical man from the border States is Samuel M'Kee, of Kentucky. The oldest abolitionist is J. B. Grinnell, of Iowa. The first man who proposed universal suffrage on the floor of the House was W. D. Kelly, of Pennsylvania. The number of bald heads is twenty-five. The nnmber of moustaches is fifteen. The member with the baldest head is R. S Hale, of New York, but it is a head filled with cultivated brains. The most modest man, with a large stock of judgment and ability, is C. T. Hulburd, of New York. The most productive man is General Ebenezer Dumont, of Indiana, the father of twenty children. The most venerable and quiet man is ex-Governor Francis Thomas, of Maryland. The wittiest man is Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania. The most economical man is Hiram Price, of Iowa. The most patient man is I. A. Kasson, of Iowa. The largest man is J. D. Baldwin, of Massachusetts. The smallest man is J. F. Starr, of New Jersey. The tallest man is long John Wentworth, of Illinois. The shortest man is J. Brandagee, of Connecticut. The man with the most exteusive obesity is Wm. Radford, of New York. The surgeon who served three years in the war is Henry Van Arnam, of New York. Hon. W. D. McIndoe, of Wisconsin, has but one arm, and General Paine, from the same State, has a cork leg. Aaron Harding, of Kentucky, is lame. The two most scholurly men are H. C. Deming, of Connecticut, and Thomas Williams, of Pennsylvania. The handsomest Union man is William Windom, of Minnesota ; Democrat, S. J. Randall, of Pennsylvania. The two best read men are H. J. Raymond and James Brooks, of New York. The best parliamentary man on the Union side is General Banks, of Massachusetts ; Democrat, James Brooks, of New York. The oldest man is Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania—seventy-three. The youngest man is Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota—thirty-four. The most dignified Union member is Roscoe Conkling, of New York ; Democrat, I can't tell. The sternest man is Philip Johnson, of Pennsylvania. The poorest is an honor divided between Mr. P. M. Broomall and Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, E. B. Washburn, of Illinois, and S. W. Julian, Indiana. The oldest consecutive member is E. B. Washburn, of Illinois. The member who writes the neatest frank is Roscoe Conkling of New York. The most chivalrous man is L. H. Rosseau, of Kentucky. The man with the largest head is J. M. Ashley, of Ohio. The man who represents the largest district is L. Donnelly, of Minnesota ; the smallest, J. W. Chanler, two wards in the city of New York. The man to offer resolutions—the resolutionizer—L. W. Ross, of Illinois. The number who wear spectacles, thirty. The new member who made a most successful *début* is A. H. Laflin, of New York. The most industrious man is J. S. Morrill, of Vermont. The man who gets the most mileage, the delegate from Idaho—E. D. Holbrook, who receives $6,497. The Baltimore members, J. L. Thomas, Jr., and C. E. Phelps, get the least—$32. The greatest gallant is K. V. Whaley, of West Virginia. The best lawyer is John A. Bingham, of Ohio. The cleverest man is J. M. Marvin, of New York. The member who lives farthest North, A. D. Denny, of Washington Territory ; South, D. C. McRuer, of Californuia ; East, F. A. Pike, of Maine West, J. H. D. Henderson, of Oregon.

THE ART OF EMBROIDERY.

THE ancient art of embroidery has been gradually reviving for some years past, and is now all of a sudden coming rapidly into fashion. We regard this revival as being a subject of considerable importance. Embroidery will afford to our ladies an occupation for their leisure which is worthy of them, inasmuch as it demands taste and skill in the execution, and the products are of permanent value—in proportion, of course, to the amount of taste and skill bestowed upon them. It has been an annoyance and grief to us to see how the intelligence and taste, and skill and industry of our ladies have been employed upon a series of fashionable follies which were quite unworthy of them, and whose products were often of little use, and still more frequently of no artistic value whatever. Patchwork had its merits; it required some taste in the matching of colors, and it was capital practice in plain sewing. Berlin work had a great run, and a great many useful things could be made of it—screens and ottomans, chair and sofa covers, and what not besides; but filling up squares of canvas to match a pattern colored in squares was a wretched mechanical employment; a machine does it better and cheaper. And as for the products of the weary hours spent over the frames, where are they? They have long since been banished from every well-appointed drawing room, and drag out their coarse existence in the nursery or the bedrooms. And what shall we say of Poonah painting, with which the girls used to smear their fingers; and of Potichomanie, with which they gummed their morning frocks all over; and of bead work, whose *disjecta membra* we were continually crushing underfoot, to the detriment of the carpets and our own patience? Leather-work had its turn, and we must confess that we have seen some pretty things done in it; but they say it is very apt to harbor the dust and tumble to pieces; and certainly most of the things we saw done in leather-work were not pretty, for it required a good deal more skill in modelling than young ladies could be expected to possess. Very much the same words might be used in speaking of the wax-flower mania, except that they were not allowed to get dusty; but then it cost a good deal of money in glass shades to make the advantageous difference.

Embroidery is not, indeed, cheaper than these other occupations, for silk and gold thread are not cheap materials; but it certainly excels them in all other respects. It is a feminine occupation, for the tool with which it is wrought is the needle alone. It is one adapted to the drawing room, for it does not smear fingers or clothes, or make dust or chips; and it is really what the others are not—an elegant accomplishment, requiring some taste and skill, even in its simpler productions, and giving scope for any amount of artistic talent. Its results are not coarse, and mechanical, and unsatisfactory, but rich and elegant, and of permanent value, and may be applied to an endless variety of uses in wearing apparel, household furniture, and elegancies, and church furniture.—*Boudoir.*

MARRIAGES IN PHILADELPHIA.—The annual report of the Register of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in Philadelphia, furnishes some very interesting hymenial statistics. During the past year 6,864 couples have launched into matrimony, and, we hope, a blissful state. Among these votaries of Hymen the Methodist appears to have been the most, and the New-Jerusalem the least popular ceremony. Of the whole number of persons married, 8,168 were natives of the United States, and 5,072 foreigners. The ages of the men married were as follows: "Under 20 years, 24; between 20 and 25 years, 2,325; between 25 and 30 years, 2,133; over 30 years, 2,008. The ages of the women married were as follows: Under 20 years, 1,266; between 20 and 30 years, 2,930; over 30 years, 1008.

By the above statistics it will be seen that men over thirty years of age stood twice as good a chance last year of marriage as women of the same age. But it is peculiarly true of marriage, that, "while there's life there's hope," and this hope especially favors the female portion of the community, for the Register informs us that, while five women married between the ages of sixty and seventy years, only two men of that age succeeded in securing wives. This exhibit of the frightful uncertainty of matrimony in the late stages of life should prove a valuable warning to the members of this community, especially to those who are daily throwing away "good chances." *Saturday Night.*

DR. HENRY ALFORD, author of *A Plea for the Queen's English*, tells the following: A student at one of our military academies had copied a drawing of a scene in Venice, and in copying the title, he had spelt the name of the city *Vennice.* The drawing-master put his pen through the superfluous letter, observing, "Don't you know, sir, there is but one *hen* in Venice?" On which the youth burst out laughing. Being asked what he was laughing about, he replied he was thinking *how uncommonly scarce eggs must be there.* The master, in wrath, reported him to the colonel in command, a Scotchman. He, on hearing the disrespectful reply without in the least perceiving the point of the joke, observed: "An' a varra naatural observaation, too.

PHARAOH'S SERPENTS.

FROM the little cone of silver foil
That fizzes and fumes with a fretful fire,
There oozes a serpent, all yellow and ribbed,
That rolls and thickens, and curls still higher.

The magic thing, as if by a spell,
Suddenly ceases its sluggish crawl;
Its fiery breath has quite burnt out,
And leaves a coil of dust—that's all.

The wise man's toy is a type of life;
And all our struggles for paltry things—
Our diplomatic treaties and talk,
Tangled and bound with red-tape strings;

Our spiders' webs, and our subtle plans;
Our love and joy, and our brittle dreams;
Our poor ambitions, that fleet away
Fast as the winter-torrent's streams;

Alexander's conquests, Cæsar's spoils;
All that we hate, and all that we trust;
The beggar's fears, and the rich man's hopes—
All end at last in the pinch of dust.

BOHEMIA AND THE BOHEMIANS.

IN a century like that in which we live, it is natural that many men and women of the highest culture should be unhappy and poor, because they have no tastes, no sympathies in common with the crowd of practical, money-making men, and are thrown back upon themselves. They are generally people of talent, sometimes even possessed of genius of a high order. They are, as a class, well worthy of study, and although the emigration westward has not been large, yet it includes several fine specimens of the people we mean, and will have many more with every passing year.

Your Bohemian is usually a writer, artist, musician, vocalist, engraver, or sometimes an old actor, incapacitated from playing. We do not assert no other professions are represented in the community, but these are the chief and the many—the scattering few usually following some odd or whimsical occupation.

These people betake themselves to cities as naturally as gipsies to the woods and highways. They have a disposition to sleep in the top stories of houses, and to eat and drink under ground. They know that an oyster loses its succulence and flavor if swallowed up stairs, as many ignorant respectable people will persist in doing, and that wines are impaired by being brought on a first floor. They are very fond of certain kinds of food, and eat with great relish, as no saints have ever done more fasting. This is to be attributed to the fact that they were over-working and forgot hunger, for "*by fits and starts*" they are as industrious as bees; that they were engrossed by some passion, pleasure or passing fancy, or really in want and too proud to let their distresses be known even to a friend in the outside world.

They brook constraint as little as any Romanny girl in Spain, and although writing much for magazines and journals are rarely regularly employed by anybody or engaged at anything, and one of their productions is readily distinguished from the stereotyped, mannered, labored productions of the editorial staff of "our own reporters." And yet, their MS. needs the services of this very class of men ere it goes into type, for a good Bohemian usually has some idiosyncracy that requires to be kept in the background, some bitterness that were better omitted, some fancy that is all the more airy and beautiful when pruned of its luxuriance by sharp scissors and a skillful hand. There are editors in the land who understand human nature and Bohemian nature (which is quite different) and render such people useful. Like children they must be petted, checked, corrected, but not crushed, and results generally prove the value of the care, for the Bohemian at his best is brilliant, and your "Able Editor" is always heavy and occasionally stupid.

There are no clocks and few watches in Bohemia, as the modern Israelites you meet lolling out in sunny days in their doorways with three golden balls overhead usually have them in safe keeping; and few time-pieces, as your real Bohemian is generally annoyed by the striking or tic-tac of a clock, and as the movements of society are usually regulated with some regard to time, the want of punctuality on the part of the Bohemian seriously militates against his success in a worldly point of view. He has a love of procrastination, and often will smoke and stare at children who are playing, when he should be in search of work. He is very fond of an occasional sunning, and you seldom meet him out on other than pleasant days. But by gaslight he is ubiquitous, and luxuriates on oysters, lobsters, and beer. Why, it is an inexplicable mystery, but certes, the author of *Pickwick* struck a profound truth when he stated the proposition that oysters and poverty are near neighbors, and that men involved in pecuniary difficulties rush out to consume their bivalves in sheer desperation, at a loss what else to do.

The ladies of Bohemia are not without their fascinations, and are usually women of any age between twenty-five and thirty. They have usually passed through more than one love episode, and are valuable contributors to the story-writing departments of papers of the New York *Mercury* or *Ledger* type. They are neither unprotected females, strong-minded women or lorettes, but women who have learned to take life as they find it; and living out their existence in their own free way, they are careless of what the world says—about which, to tell the truth, Bohemia cares very little.

Your Bohemian knows ten thousand makeshifts to get along, the outer world is ignorant of, and though he breakfasted on a crust is as merry at dinner as if he knew where the morrow's meal was to come from.

He is either a bachelor or a widower, sometimes a "grass" one—but once an inhabitant of Bohemia, his matrimonial prospects are sealed, for there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage among these people. Married, they would cease to be Bohemians, for how could the father of a family sleep occasionally on the table of a newspaper office, or have that careless laugh with his coat out at elbows? Matrimony and making money are not Bohemian characteristics.

FRENCH SYSTEM OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

THE French decimal system of weights and measures gains favor speedily among the nations of Europe. It is the legal system of France, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland, and though the German nations still adhere to other measures of length and to their old names of weights, their actual weights have been made easily comparable with the French by the enactment that the pound shall be equal to one-half of a French kilogramme. A government commission has just recommended the introduction of the French system into the Austrian dominions. The metre and the gramme have become universal in books and memoirs upon the experimental sciences written in any European language. For scientific purposes the centigrade thermometer also is almost always employed. In England and in this country an excessively cumbrous and difficult system of weights and measures is still adhered to. In the French system there is a very simple relation between the unit of measure and the unit of weight. A cube of pure water of which the side measures one-hundredth of a metre weighs one gramme, the French unit of weight. The English weights and measures are compared together by the following rules: 277,274 cubic inches constitute an imperial gallon, and the gallon of pure water weighs ten avoirdupois pounds. The troy pound is to the avoirdupois pound as 144 to 175. Under the French system all substances and commodities are sold by the same weights and measures, viz: the gramme and litre and their decimal multiples. Under our system every different trade seems to have its peculiar weights and measures. Grocers, apothecaries, coal-dealers, liquor-dealers, grain-merchants, and tailors, have all their separate units of weight and measure, and the confusion which results is tolerated only because long usage has accustomed the community to inconveniences which they believe to be inevitable. We copied our weights and measures directly from England; our system is, therefore, not in any sense a national one. In fact, we first demonstrated the convenience of a decimal system when, in establishing our coinage, we took the old Spanish dollar for our unit and divided it into dimes and cents. Later, the French applied the decimal system to weights and measures. The English Parliament has taken one step toward the introduction of the metrical system; a very short one to be sure, after the English fashion of making haste slowly, but still a step worthy of attention and perhaps of imitation. Parliament has sanctioned the legal use of the metrical system; contracts may be made in the terms of this system. The enactment is merely permissive. To second this action of Parliament, the British Association for the Advancement of Science made an appropriation for erecting, in conspicuous places, mural tablets, bearing the metre and in subdivisions, with the double object of familiarizing the public with the difference between the yard and the metre, and of presenting accessible standards for purposes of ready comparison. At a recent meeting of the Chemical Society of London, a discussion took place on the best material for mural standards of length. Platinum, gilded brass, aluminium bronze, common bronze, gun-metal, cast-iron, and porcelain were all considered, the weight of opinion inclining to the cheaper substances, on the ground that extreme accuracy was not at all essential, and hardly attainable under such circumstances.

The subject has been repeatedly brought to the notice of our own Government and people in years past, and a proposition looking to the general introduction of the French system has been made in Congress during the present session. It is greatly to be wished that a hearty effort might now be made to carry this great measure. In these revolutionary times one more change in the habits of the people will not be hard to make. The metrical system was born of revolution in 1790.

When the chief nations of the world have but a single, uniform system of weights, measures, and coinage, what a simplification will be effected in commerce, travelling, and the affairs of common life! One large part of the curse which fell upon us at Babel will be removed, the arithmetic will have to be re-written, at least a year of life will be saved to every child, and the occupation of countless clerks all the world over will be forever gone.—*The Nation.*

[For the Californiau.]

AT A POET'S GRAVE.

One seared leaf quivering down
From the green choir that wails thy brief renown:
This is the poet's crown!

Where is thy skilful lnte,
That could provoke the birds to sweet dispnte?
Alas! for ever mute!

The hand that drew the balm
Of ravishing music from tuned strings, is calm;
The worm feeds on thy palm.

Not the majestic sweep
Of subtle melodies thy nerve could keep
From out the dusty heap.

The eager sun-rays dart
Through silken grasses, reaching for thy heart—
Of perfect gold a part.

The frail vine mantling
Thy undeservèd nakedness, doth cling
About thee, perishing.

Though no cut altar-stone
Is set to tell these ashes are thine own,
Thou art not all unknown.

Nor dost thon, voiceless, wait;
A thousand whispering tongues shall penetrate
The Heaven's pearly gate;

Siuging thine unsnng songs,
Chanting thy praises out of tuneful throngs,
And righting all thy wrongs.

I would some song dispense,
Bnt falter in my homely nterance,
For mnsic is flown hence.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

IS SHE A HEROINE?

BY M. A. E.

THAT is the question I wish to put before the public. I have puzzled over it from morning till night, have dreamed about it, and grown thin upon it, and can find no solution thereof.

Her name was Mina Blake, and she lived among the hills. No matter what hills. There are a great many in this country unknown to fame, and she lived among some of them. She dwelt in a rough frame house, and there were plenty more like it among these hills. The situation was bleak, and the soil so poor that the old men and small boys did all the farm-work, while the rest of the people worked in the mines under the hills, or in the factories of the dingy smoky town that lay near them. These last were the aristocracy, and they looked down npon the miners who were "foreign" and "low."

These people never "carried their lives about them like clogs;" hard labor was not a "dull pain" to them (unless they were rheumatic;) they did uot look at strangers with "pitiful, dumb, animal eyes;" they did not stalk about with hands upon their brows and hearts, "pressing down their miseries to keep them silent." Nothing of the kind. For relief to their physical miseries they resorted to Drake's Plantation Bitters, and as a soother of mental miseries opinions were pretty equally divided, between the Bible and the tavern. They did not "strive to work out the problems of their lives," for they had extremely vague ideas in regard to problems, and life to them was a simple thing enough.

They got pretty fair wages, and ate, and drank, and slept, and talked polities, and some said their prayers, and some did not, and they all expected to go to heaven when they died. They shuffled along through life, half educated, and happy, and sooty, and conceited, got married, and died, and that was the end of them. Let them go; for it is clear that such unnatural specimens of the laboring class can be of no manner of use in a story.

Mina Blake worked in a factory. She was not in the habit of standing by the looms, and thinking how they were eru ing the beauty and sweetness out of her life (she did not know that they were, she was so stupid) nor did she wonder if they were "weaving the web of her destiny;" nor did she walk among the whirling wheels with great thoughts whirling through her dizzy brain. If she had done these things, her wages would have been docked, and she knew it.

Neither did she live on fruit and cream in the summer, and in the winter on "corn cakes tinted a delicate brown, and spread with golden butter." The fruit that grew on the hills was scraggy and sonr, and the grass thin and poor, and half the year Mina saw no butter. Mnsh and molasses, bacon and brown bread constituted her ordinary food.

When the war broke out, she did not urge her only brother to go, and pack his knapsack with smiling lips and tearful eyes. Not she. For when at last he was dratted, she hid him under the hay in a neighbor's barn, and when he was dragged out and marched off, she nearly cried her eyes out. And, after his first battle, when he was reported "missing," she did not go into a state of musing melancholy, and fancy him lying in a lonely spot in a far-off forest, with his musket rusting at his side, and the waters of a brook rippling gently over his still feet. The picture that filled her mental vision was a room in a Canada taveru with the "missing" one seated at a table, with other choice spirits, playing the instructive game of poker, and with still other choice spirits in junk bottles on the tables. And so she dried her eyes aud was content.

It is plain enough, so far, that Mina was no heroine, and so different was she from any other factory girl who ever lived and breathed—in books—that if I had not seen her last week, I should be disposed to believe that she never did exist at all, but that I dreamed all that I am going to tell you

One pleasant Sunday morning, some two or three summers ago, Mina went to church arrayed in her best. She wore a blue dress; not because it was "the color of truth and heaven," nor because it was "the ontward symbol of the deep, liquid purity of which factory girls always have for wearing blue; her soul," nor for any other reasons of this kind, but simply because it cost ten cents less in the yard than any other of the nice goods at Poole's store. She also wore a straw bonnet trimmed with green rosettes, a black silk shawl, und pink kid gloves. This was Mina's idea of elegance. I know that working girls, who have any claim to be heroines, huve an intuitive perception of what is refined and harmonious, and it grieves me much to be compelled to admit that Mina had not.

I have been particular in describing her dress, not that it has anything whatever to do with the incidents I am about to relate, which would have happened all the same whether she had worn baize, or broadcloth, but because a heroine's dress is always described when anything is going to happen to her.

Mina had a bright, attractive face, and looked pretty in spite of the conjunction of pink, blue, green, and black upon her small person.

When she arrived at church, she found nearly all the congregation assembled, but the service had not begun; so, after setting her dress, and opening her fan, she looked demurely rouud to see what was to be seen. And the first sight that met her eyes so arrested her attention that she saw nothing more. Tom Hartle was looking at Kitty Smith! A young man gazing at a young girl is not a wouder upon the earth, but this particular young man was Mina's property. They had been engaged for some time, aud, until the Smiths came into the neighborhood, he had been a very attentive lover. Kitty was the prettiest girl in all that country. She had red lips and pink cheeks, and great innocent brown eyes, and the loveliest golden brown hair that was always kept short and curled itself into shining rings all over her head.

Mina knew that Tom had an unbounded admiration for Kitty Smith. It cut the poor girl to the very heart; but she did not neglect her work, and go wandering about the woods in an insane manner, nor was she consumed by a "dumb, tearless sorrow." No. She gave Tom two or three good rouud scoldings about the matter; which he always answered by asserting that he cared nothing whatever for Kitty, but that he wasn't going to be such a slave that he couldn't look at a pretty girl; and then Mina would take a cry, and then they would "kiss and make up."

But Tom had not been to see her now for two weeks, and in that time Mina had thought over the matter a great deal, aud had begun to see the right way through it, as she would have expressed it. Some of these thoughts were in her mind now, but the minister gave out the hymn, and Mina tried to put all such worldly thoughts away: for she was a good, religious girl, and believed in everything that was proper aud orthodox. I know that factory heroines are perpetually wouderiug why the All Powerful permits sin, and theu punishes it—why they are cursed with inherited viees—that they are sentimental infidels in short—fearing to trust themselves to a gloomy and cruel faith. None of these doubts and fears had Mina. She believed herself in the straight and narrow way, and she knew perfectly well that all infidels and Romau-catholics would go to hell. Perhaps in the very bottom of her heart she wished it were not so, but she would never have dared to utter this, even to her own consciousness; she would have thought it wicked—a suggestion of the devil.

The congregation were accustomed to spend the intermission in the graveyard, where they gathered into groups to eat their lunch, and to gossip. Mina stole away to an uninviting spot where the old tombstones were half sunk in the earth, and the graves overgrown with weeds. Here she thought she would not be followed, for she wanted to think about Tom.

She had been there bnt a few minutes when she saw him coming slowly towards her, with eyes bent upon the ground.

"He is sorry, poor fellow!" she thought; "I know he is sorry."

Tom started on seeing her. "How you do startle a fellow, Mina!" he said. "And you look like a ghost. What is the matter? Does anything trouble you, Miua?" he added in a more kindly tone.

Mina did not lean her pale face against the tombstone, and say: "God knows!" or look at him reproachfully like a dumb animal being led to the slaughter, or do anything else she ought to have done. She looked at him with contempt, and exclaiming. "Tom Hartle, you are a fool!" walked away as fast as she could, for fear she should cry, which was a weakness of hers.

She did not go far. The thoughts that Tom's unlucky question had dissipated, came back to her, and turning suddenly round she went back to the place where she had left him. He was leaning against the fence, looking at the hills in the distance with a sad and troubled face.

"Tom," said Mina kindly, laying her hand on his shoulder, "I know what you are thinking about. Don't grieve over it. It can't be helped, and you're not a bit to blame for it, and I guess it will all come out right in the end somehow."

And she was gone before Tom quite comprehended her words.

Tom did not intend to walk home with Kitty Smith, but when they went out of church, and she looked at him with her great brown eyes, he was drawn te her side as by a magnet, and they walked away together; and Miua saw it, and it made her angry. Angry that he had so little consideration for her after what she had said to him in the graveyard, and more angry because he did it in the sight of all the congregation who she knew wondered at it, and pitied her.

Her road was the same as theirs, but she went round a longer way to the quarry, so as to avoid walking behind them. The quarry was half way home, and when she got there she sat down to rest in a thick growth of young pines, upon the summit of a breezy hill. But she was destined to find no mental repose that day, for she had been there but a few minutes when Tom and Kitty came in sight. They had loitered long on the road. They should have been home by this time. Mina watched them as they seated themselves on the grass near her place of concealment, and she noted Kitty's coquettish ways, and Tom's increasiug admiration.

"I wish she would slip down into the qnarry, and break her neck!" thought Mina.

At last, on Kitty's expressing a wish for some wild gooseberries, Tom went off on a search for some. He was gone a loug time, and Kitty began to yawn, and Mina wished most heartily he would come back, so they could go home and she could get away. Kitty spied a tuft of columbines nodding on the very edge of the hill, and, true to her natural instinct of gratifying a present pleasure without a thought beyond, she ran to them and plucked them up. The ground here was sloping, the grass dry, and slippery. She felt herself gliding swiftly down the hill, and, clutching wildly at the air, she caught hold of a birch sapling as she swung off, which had been quarried away until its rocky sides were almost smooth for a descent of some forty feet. And there she hung, her only support the sapling which she grasped with her left hand, and which bent so low with her weight that its plumed top touched her head. She knew it must break soon, aud she looked at the jagged rocks far below her, and cried, and shrieked for help.

If she had had any presence of mind she would have seen that she had one chance for life. Mina saw it in a flash, and called out to her:

"Swing yourself a little to the right, Kitty. and put your feet upon that little point of rock. Don't you see it?"

"I see it!" shrieked Kitty, "but I can't do it. Help me! O help me!"

Mina ran to the spot. There was no friendly rock or bush to hold to—nothing but the shelving bank, aud slippery grass, aud the one sapling which was the frail support of poor Kitty. She threw herself upon the ground, as far from the edge as she could, and seized hold of Kitty's wrist.

"Now, Kitty, don't let go the sapling. and swing yourself upon that rock—you can easily do it."

"I can't do it! I shall fall if I move! Pull me up, Mina, pull me up!"

"I can't," said Mina. "The grass is slippery, and there's nothing to hold by, and I haven't the strength. Get on the rock; Tom will soon be here."

But the terror-stricken Kitty began to struggle, and Mina felt herself moving towards the edge of that awful precipice.

"You are pulling me off, Kitty. I can't hold you if you struggle. The rock is your only chance."

But Kitty would only scream. and struggle, and now Mina was drawn so near the edge that she could see far down into that fearful depth.

"I will let her go," she thought, "she will kill me if I don't." But her next thought was, "What shall I tell Tom when he comes back? No, I will save her, or we will die together."

She saw that a root of the sapling was above the ground. This was a little thing, indeed, but it gave her some hope. Still keeping hold of Kitty's wrist, she raised herself on her knees, and working herself slowly and carefully along that treacherous bank, she reached the root, and fixed her knees firmly against it. Then taking off her shawl she lowered it to Kitty's hand. Kitty clutched it with so strong and despairing a hold that Miua shook and tottered. She recovered herself, aud closing her eyes for an instant to summon all her courage, and to commend her soul to God, she exerted all her strength, and swinging Kitty round landed her in safety on the little rocky ledge. And now some of Kitty's sense return.

ing to her, she managed, with the help of Mina and the shawl, to scramble upon the hill, where the two girls had a brief struggle yet to keep from sliding off, until with blanched cheeks and bloodshot eyes they stood upon firm ground, and looked at each other.

At this point Mina should have fainted, but, instead of that, she gave Kitty a good shaking.

"You silly baby!" she exclaimed. "You came near putting an end to both of us. Why didn't you do as I told you to?"

And then she sat down on the ground and cried. And Kitty cried, too, and between her sobs she said: "Oh, Mina! you've saved my life—and you are so good—and I've been—so naughty—and I've tried—I've tried—to steal your beau—eu!"

"I know it," said Mina, shortly, choking back the tears. "And that isn't the worst of it, Kitty."

"There can't be any worse," said Kitty.

"Yes, there can," said Mina. And then they both fell to crying again, and Kitty put her arms round Mina's neck, and kept sobbing: "Oh! what shall I do?" To which question she got no answer.

And thus the amazed Tom found them, and Kitty told the story, and Tom trembled to think how near death Kitty had been, and he knew he ought to have thought first of Mina, and that he ought to say something, but he only stood twirling the ends of his silk handkerchief, and wishing he was a girl so he could cry, too.

But Mina dried her eyes, using for that purpose a pink kid glove instead of her handkerchief, for she was in sore trouble.

"Tom," she said, in thick and husky tones, "you love Kitty, and she will love you sometime if she don't now. And I won't stand in your way. And so it's all over between us, and you mustn't feel sorry for me. I know you wouldn't have broken with me, and that you meant to stand to your promise; but it wouldn't be right, you know, to marry me with love for another woman in your heart. And now I will go home by myself. I would rather, and you had better wait till Kitty feels better."

Here Tom should have delivered a speech clothed in that tender and simple language, and with that beautiful pathos and refinement of feeling for which we all know poor young working men are remarkable. But he was an exception to this class, and so he only twirled his handkerchief the harder, and looked foolish, and was dreadfully afraid he would cry, and only managed to say, "Don't, Mina, don't break with me in this way. We will talk it over."

"No, Tom," said Mina, "there's no use in talking it over—I know it all. Don't feel sorry for me. You couldn't help it, and I couldn't help doing what I have to-day, and what I am doing now, and Kitty couldn't help being pretty. And now don't you be feeling sorry for me."

And so she left them; and the two stood watching her in silence, and shame, and pity, while she went her way across the field until she seemed to them to melt into the crimson and golden glories of the west.

And now it would seem as if Mina had established a sort of claim to be considered a heroine; but then, you see, she did nothing in the orthodox way.

And, moreover, after these events she did not pine away into a "beautiful and luminous shadow," and die placidly and serenely at sunset, or sunrise (never by any possible chance in the middle of the day; shadowy heroines, and especially "luminous" ones, being governed by different laws from other shadows) after giving Tom her blessing, and Kitty her Sunday clothes. No, indeed. I am sorry to say she still persists in keeping alive and well. And worse than this (if anything can be worse,) she bought a cow with the money she had put aside for her wedding finery; and now, having plenty of buttermilk to drink, is getting rather stout.

And now I am sure the public will take pity on me and solve the puzzle I cannot, and which has robbed me of rest and pleasure, and answer the question: Is she a heroine?—*New York Saturday Press.*

Intricacies of the English Language.—The construction of the English language must appear most formidable to a foreigner. One of them, looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said: "See, what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And it was added, for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that "a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd."

Buried Alive.—In a late debate in the French Senate, on the petition of M. de Cornol, setting forth the danger of burying those who are not dead by hasty interments, Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, recited three cases of living persons supposed to be dead, whom during his experience as a priest he saved from burial. In two cases there was a complete restoration of life—one of the persons so rescued, a lady of distinguished family, is now a happy wife and mother. A fourth case told by the Archbishop accounts for his own long-sustained attention to the subject. He said:

"In the summer of 1826, on a close and sultry day, in a church which was excessively crowded, a young priest who was in the act of preaching was suddenly seized with giddiness in the pulpit. The words he was uttering became indistinct, he soon lost the power of speech, and sank down on the floor. He was taken out of the church and carried home. All was thought to be over. Some hours after the funeral bell was tolled, and the usual preparations made for the interment. His eyesight was gone; but if he could see nothing, like the young lady I have alluded to, he could hear, and I need not say that what reached his ears was not calculated to reassure him. The doctor came, examined him, and pronounced him dead; and after the usual inquiries as to his age and the place of his birth, etc., gave permission for his interment next morning. The venerable bishop in whose cathedral the young priest was preaching when he was seized with the fit came to his bedside to recite the *De Profundis*. The body was measured for the coffin. Night came on, and you will easily feel how inexpressible was the anguish of the living being in such a situation. At last, amid the voices murmuring around him, he distinguished that of one whom he had known from infancy. That voice produced a marvellous effect and a superhuman effort. Of what followed I need say no more than that the seemingly dead man stood next day in the same pulpit. That young priest, gentlemen, is the same young man who is now speaking before you, and who, more than forty years after that event, implores those in authority, not merely to watch vigilantly over the execution of the legal prescriptions with regard to interments, but to enact fresh ones in order to prevent the recurrence of irreparable misfortunes."

Ventilation of the Sick-Room.—With a proper supply of windows and a proper supply of fuel in open fire-places, fresh air is comparatively easy to secure when your patient or patients are in bed. Never be afraid of open windows then. People don't catch cold in bed. This is a popular fallacy. With proper bed-clothes, and hot bottles, if necessary, you can always keep a patient warm in bed, and well ventilate him at the same time. I know an intelligent, humane house-surgeon, who makes a practice of keeping the ward windows open. The physicians and surgeons invariably close them while going their rounds, and the house-surgeon very properly as invariably opens them whenever the doctors have turned their backs. Do you ever go into the bed-rooms of any persons of any class, whether they contain one, two, or twenty people—whether they hold sick or well, at night or before the windows are opened in the morning, and ever find the air anything but unwholesomely close and foul? And why should it be so? And of how much importance it is that it should not be so! During sleep the human body, even when in health, is far more injured by the influence of foul air than when awake. Why can't you keep the air all night, then, as pure as the air without, in the room you sleep in? But for this you must have sufficient outlet for the impure air you make yourself to go out; sufficient inlet for the pure air from without to come in. You must have open chimneys, open windows, or ventilators; no close curtains round your beds; no shutters or curtains to your windows—none of the contrivances by which you undermine your own health or destroy the chances of recovery of your sick.—*Miss Nightingale.*

The poetry of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is thus spoken of in the London *Athenæum*: "It is some years," it says, "since we have met with an American poet so rich in achievement and promise as Mr. Aldrich. In his opening poem, 'Judith,' there are traces of Mr. Tennyson's manner, but they disappear as we proceed in the volume. Indeed, 'Judith,' though the most ambitious effort in the selection, is by no means the most successful. The incidents of the tale are well told, and the *physique*, so to speak, of Judith is characteristically presented; but the depths of her nature are not sounded—the conflict of motives and self-devotion which triumphs in the end are too vaguely set forth." The critic quotes a few passages from Mr. Aldrich's volume, and sums up his comments as follows: "We do not, as yet, find in Mr. Aldrich the sustained moral beauty of Longfellow; but he has, without imitation, as much force and minuteness of description as his predecessor, and almost as much music. The author of this volume is an addition to that small band of American poets which is so slowly reinforced."

A French religious paper, speaking of "Gladiator's" success on the English turf, says: "We are delighted in our souls to see a Roman Catholic horse beating Protestant horses!"

A Continent Covered with Ice.—Professor Agassiz comes to the conclusion that the continent of North America was once covered with ice a mile in thickness, thereby agreeing with Professor Hitchcock, and other geological writers, concerning the glacial period. In proof of this conclusion, he says that the slope of the Alleghany range of mountains are glacier-worn to the very top, except a few points which were above the level of the icy mass. Mount Washington, for instance, is over six thousand feet high, and the rough, unpolished surface of the summit, covered with loose fragments, just below the level of which glacier marks come to an end, tells that it lifted its head above the desolate waste of ice and snow. In this region, then, the thickness of the ice cannot have been much less than six thousand feet, and this is in keeping with the same kinds of evidence in other parts of the country, for when the mountains are much below six thousand feet, the ice seems to have passed directly over them, while the peaks rising to that height are left untouched. The glacier, he argues, was God's great plough; and when the ice vanished from the land, it left it prepared for the hand of the husbandman. The hard surface of the rocks was ground to powder, the elements of the soil were mingled in fair proportions; granite was carried into the lime regions, lime was mingled with the arid and unproductive granite district, and a soil was prepared fit for the agricultural uses of man. There are evidences all over the polar regions, to show that at one period the heat of the tropics extended all over the globe. The ice period is supposed to be long subsequent to this, and next to the last before the advent of man.

Manufacture of Eyes.—We have gleaned the following curious details of the manufacture of false eyes in the city of Paris, from an exchange: "The average sale per week of eyes intended for the human head amounts to four hundred. Paris appears to have the monopoly of this strange trade, which does not lead one to conclude that the population of that gay city is very clear-sighted. Twelve manufactories flourish within the barriers, each of which gives employment to twenty workmen. English and American enamellers have vainly endeavored to compete with the French artists. 'Do you see, sir,' remarked one of the first of these, not oculists, but ocularists, 'Englishmen have not sufficient taste for this trade; their eyes are only good enough for stuffed animals.' The trade is very remunerative. The said ocularist receives one in a magnificent saloon, resplendent with gilding and mirrors. His servant has but one eye, and if you want to see the effect of one of the eyes, he wrings the bell and tries the eye in the wretched servant's head, so that you may judge of the effect it will produce in your own or that of your friend. He charges 40f. or 50f. For the poor there are second-hand visual organs, which have been worn by some eyeless duke or nabob, and exchanged for a new one after twelve month's service. These are then sold to the poorer classes at a reduced price, or sent off to America, India, or the Sandwich Islands, where the colored races are not quite so fastidious as regards the match. One of the Emperor Soulouque's generals heard of these artificial eyes, and wrote to Paris to order one. The ocularist, flattering himself that a successful eye would secure for him one of the Haytian crosses, devoted his utmost intelligence to the production of a *chef d'œuvre*. Six months elapsed—a small box reached him from Hayti. A cross glittered in his imagination, when, lo! to his horror, within the folds of cotton, lay his original eye, accompanied by the following note: 'Sir.—The eye you forwarded to me is of a tint that resembles that of the Spanish flag, and I am too patriotic to wear any but the color of my country.' The ocularist proceeded at once to the admiralty, there ascertained the colors of the Haytian flag, and then manufactured a scarlet and green eye, which he forwarded by the earliest opportunity."

Contempt of Court.—In a village, not a thousand miles from this city, there lives a quiet, unobtrusive young lawyer. A modest fellow is M. (merit is always modest,) but he knows his rights, "and knowing, dares maintain them." Like a great many others, he is "following the practice," and anticipates "a glorious time," when he overtakes it. Whiles since, having been retained in some small cases, he made his appearance before that august dignitary—a Justice of the Peace. "His Honor" evidently lost faith in M—— at first sight; for, one after another, his cases "collapsed" under the "stunning" charges delivered by the Court.

The law and the testimony were alike unavailing. M.'s cases were bound to go. At last human nature could bear no more. M., rising from his seat, delivered himself in his usual slow and measured manner:

"The Court can fine me five dollars."

"For what, Mr. M.?" said the Justice, somewhat surprised.

'For contempt of Court," coolly rejoined M.

"I am not aware, Mr. M.," said the Court, "of your having been guilty of anything that might be considered contempt."

"I know your Honor is not aware of it," said M., "but I entertain a secret contempt for this Court."

THE CONUNDRUM OF TO-DAY.

I HAVE always taken a great interest in Conundrums, and of late years have been quite a diligent collector of them—so much so, in fact, that I am well known to professional and amateur artists in this line, as being always ready to add to my extensive collection any really valuable article of the kind. The particular attention I have given to the subject has enabled me to perceive the great change that has taken place in the nature of the conundrum since the days of my youth and early manhood. Then, we used to have a straightforward and simple question, often by no means easy to answer, but which was expected to *be* answered, even if our noddles wearied and ached in the process of our solution. In those days it was: "Why is A like B?" Answer: "Because it is C." Nothing could be plainer than that.

But of late, it is not considered at all polite to attempt to answer a conundrum. The propounder must have the pleasure of divulging the answer as a reward for his trouble in putting the question. Besides, there is reason to fear that few persons could state, in the warmth of the first discovery, the answer to a modern conundrum in such manner as not to misdirect or injure the point. The reason for this is the general change that has taken place in the form of the puzzle, as well as in that of the answer. Now it is fashionable to ask, "What is the difference between A and B?" Answer: "One is C, and the other is D." Giving reason to suppose that the study of differential calculus was becoming so popular as to make itself visible even in our mental diversions. I can best illustrate this subject by giving, as examples, a few of my recent acquisitions which I will take at random from my lower shelf, labelled "unclassified."

The first that comes to hand is one I bought of a young man, who, now but a tyro in his art, I believe will soon become capable of much better things. It is this: "What is the difference between a man sewing a sail with a cambric needle, and a parish in Liberia in need of a constable?" Answer: "One wants a bigger needle, and the other a nigger beadle."

It must not be supposed that the value of a conundrum depends upon its length. I will give an instance of mistaken belief in this respect. A gentleman was ushered into my study a few days since, who announced that he had a conundrum which he would like to dispose of. I told him that I should be glad to hear it, and begged him to be seated and proceed to state it. He thereupon drew a chair to the table, and pulled from his pocket a sheet of foolscap.

"You do not trust to your memory," I said, smiling.

"Oh, no!" he answered, "not in this instance, for my conundrum is in three chapters."

"Three chapters!" I cried, "why, in the whole course of of my long life I have never heard of such a thing as a conundrum in three chapters."

"Nevertheless, it is true, sir, as you shall hear if you wish."

"Certainly, I wish it," I replied, "I would not on any account miss hearing it, although I am much inclined to doubt the success of so combined an undertaking."

"Judge for yourself, sir," he answered, and proceeded to read the manuscript, as follows:

CHAPTER I.

It is doubtless generally known that near Mount Cenis a tunnel through the Alps is in process of excavation. From the opening on either side of the mountain, the tunneling has proceeded for about a mile, and the darkness and gloom of the cavern in which the workmen delve, day after day, can scarcely be imagined by those whose lives have been spent merely on the smiling surface of the earth—I will not attempt to picture it.

CHAPTER II.

In the south of England, a gentleman named Purker possessed a farm, the greater part of which, being subject to inundations, was useless for purposes of tillage. Being of an enterprising disposition, Mr. Parker conceived the idea of draining these meadows, and, after years of labor, succeeded in doing so by means of a long and wide ditch, which was at once the source of wealth to him, and of wonder to the country side.

CHAPTER III.

What is the difference between this ditch and the tunnel under the Alps?

EPILOGUE.

One is Parker's ditch, and the other dark as pitch.

It is needless to say that I purchased this, if it were only for the unique character of the thing.

Not long ago I was in Fulton Market, and I inquired of a boy, sitting at a vegetable stall, the price of sweet potatoes.

"I have none, doctor," said he (in some way recognizing me,) "but I have a conundrum if you want one."

"Well," said I, "if I can't get one thing, I will take another. What is your conundrum?"

"Pay first, sir, if you please; for if you don't take it after you've heard it, it can't be sold for fresh."

Pleased with the sharpness of the boy, which augured future success in business, I gave him a fifty-cent note, with which he seemed satisfied, and asked me:

"What is the difference between Stephens, the great Fenian, and a lot of *werry* cheap cabbage?"

"Don't know," said I, as in duty bound.

"Because," said he, with a grin, "one is a head-centre, and the other is a cent a head,"

There are many persons who imagine themselves able to construct a conundrum, who, although perhaps possessed of more than the average amount of wit, were never intended by nature for that line of art. For instance, a friend who had thought of putting a son into the business, came to ask my opinion about the matter, and brought the following as a specimen of his boy's ability: "Why are the street contractors not needed in Nassau street?—Because it is contracted enough already."

Of course, I gave the too fond father no encouragement.

Now, I have a nephew, a mere school boy, who has already done some pretty good things in this line, although he has no idea that he possesses any talent. I think it not improbable that by the time he is my age, he will be able to look back upon many good conundrums. The other day he brought me this, which he called a penultimate riddle: "Why were the lions of King Darius very obstinate beasts?—Because they would take no Daniel."

There have been instances (not in this country only, for I notice a case of the kind mentioned in an English paper) of persons who possessed very excellent answers to conundrums, but had never been able to fit them with appropriate questions. I know a very worthy man, quite poor, with a large family, who for years has been endeavoring to discover a question which would serve as prefix to the answer, "Witch of Endor (which offend her.)" It is highly probable that, as in the case of too many ill-fated sons of genius, his uncompleted invention will be brought to perfection by others after he has died in poverty.

But it must, by no means, be supposed that conundrumists, as a class, are men in humble circumstances. On the contrary, many of them are in receipt of handsome incomes from the proceeds of their quaint devices, and some, I grieve to say, have met with a success which has made them sordid and mean in regard to pecuniary matters. One in particular, I remember, who from myself receives a handsome yearly sum for his productions, and who, when reminded by me lately, on presenting his monthly bill, of the absence of the necessary revenue stamp upon the document, said: "Pshaw! I think the government is altogether two-cents-tive about such matters."

Comment is needless.

Having now said enough to show the difference between the conundrum of to-day, and those to which we were accustomed in our youth, I close without offering an opinion upon the merits of the very different styles, content with the position of a chronicler, without aspiring to that of a philosopher.

Wishing well to the craft, I am theirs truly,

N. Y. Saturday Press.] ANDREW SCOGGIN, M. D.

A SELFISH WIT.— * * Then, proud, fast, and gentleman-like as the Prince, Lord Alvanley, first of dandies, with wit to dignify him, gleams through these pages. Coldly and cruelly selfish seems this very first of his class. He inherited an estate of £8,000 a year; but he was so faithless to his trust, that his brother and successor found three-fourths of the revenue squandered. Alvanley once made out a list of his debts, but forgot one little item of £50,000. He bought at any price, and could well afford it, considering his careless economy. "How much did you give for that mare?" asked Johnny Armstrong of him. "Well," said my lord, in his pleasant, off-hand way, "I owe Miller 300 guineas for her!" Jack Talbot, Alvanley's best friend, was wont to take a bottle of sherry at breakfast, because he always drank over night, and it did him good; and, naturally, Jack was at death's door while he was yet but a young fellow. His doctor told Alvanley that he must use the lancet. "You'd better tap him, doctor," said Alvanley; "Jack has less blood in him than claret." But Alvanley could say better things. When Nield, at the head of his own table, kept his guests hungry while he directed attention to the gilt cornices of his dining-room, Alvanley remarked, "We have had enough of your gilding, let us now have some of your carving."—*Review of Gronow's "Reminiscences."*

A CORRESPONDENT in Paris writes: "Paris must have its lion as a child must have its toy. No matter at what cost, a *grand besoin* must be supplied. La Diva was the favorite of the hour. She must be had at any price. Accordingly, Bagier gives her 5,000 francs per night. But now we have secured her captivating presence and delicious voice, we must have something novel, a complete contrast. La Patti is pre-eminently feminine in her winning grace and childlike *mutinerie*. The reverse is Mlle. Mela, the female tenor, whose masculine appearance and male intonation will produce a new sensation. Mlle. Mela is a Sicilian, and her voice is splendid. In Italy her success in parts hitherto only taken by Mario, Rubini, Duprez, or Tamberlik, has been tremendous. Her appearance in a slashed velvet *pourpoint*, a rapier at her side, and a scarlet plumed hat on her head, perfectly at home in a man's garb, is described as something startling. In Paris she has only been heard at the concerts given by the railway king, Emile Pereire, by the great Rossini, and by the Duke Pozzo di Borgo. Her voice is not her only male acquirement. Mlle. Mela fences better than most adepts in that art, and can beat the most agile acrobat in gymnastic exercises.

THE STORY OF A FIDDLE.

NOT the least interesting relic of the war that we have seen—one that is most peculiarly blended with the memories of the past—is nothing more nor less than a fiddle. Not even Cremona's far-famed violins so cluster with reminiscences and associations as this.

Who does not know that Italy, nay, that Florence itself, is the cradle of civilization?—that there arose modern painting, poetry, sculpture, literature, philosophy, law, politics, and the opera? We don't know exactly where the fiddle took its origin, but there is no one in Vermont who has not felt its magic power, and who does not associate with its strains the brilliantly lighted ball-room; the array of beauty in all its first ringletted flush and prime; long sleigh rides, thanksgiving dinners, etc., etc. And it is natural that while our boys were lying at Brandy Station, on the Rappahannock, during the gloomy winters of 1864-5, their thoughts should turn towards the more pleasant and festive scenes of their native hills.

"Oh, that we had a fiddle!" at length some one exclaimed.

"Well," said a young farmer from Brattleboro, "I believe, boys, that I can make you a fiddle."

He had never attempted anything of the kind in his life."

"Can you?" shouted the boys. "Good! you can make one, and we will send to Washington for the strings."

George M. Colt, of Company C, 2d Vermont Volunteers, was the one who proposed to make the cheer-giving instrument, and with one hatchet, one jack-knife, an old file and a piece of a junk bottle as his only tools, he got a piece of soft maple that grew on the banks of the Rappahannock, and set to work. The bottom and side rim of the fiddle are made out of one single piece of maple, in the most approved style and form of the ordinary fiddle. It is a complete dug-out. The top is made of pine, which grew in the country. The bow is of maple, the same as the large part of the shell. The hairs were pulled from the tail of Col. Walbridge's white horse. The glue, some member of the company happened to have with him. And thus, in the course of some five weeks, the instrument was completed. After having been wistfully eyed by the men of the company and regiment for a long time, during its construction, the instrument at length gave forth its stirring strains.

Need we tell how one of their comrades was called out of the hospital to give it a trial—how he played for two hours until he was exhausted—how many stag dances it conjured up—to how many headquarters it went of nights in a round of serenades—how it was admired and cherished by the officers, and wondered at by that prince of tacticians and soldiers—General Getty—what a charm of other days in the Green Mountains it threw over the tedious, hard fare and hard duty in camp?

We will leave all these things to the imagination of the reader; and he can readily understand that the boys, instead of having a *Fille du Regiment* for their pet and favorite, had a Fiddle of the Regiment.

That fiddle is still extant, in all its native simplicity, without paint or varnish, just as it came from the maker's hands, and the writer of this notice has just come from an inspection of it. It is still in the possession of its maker, George M. Colt, in Brattleboro, who has been pretty severely dealt with by the war, having been wounded no less than five different battles. In the battle of the Wilderness, some two months after the fiddle was completed, he received a wound in the right arm, under which it has withered and stiffened for life.

But still the fiddle goes, and throws its charm over a pleasant household, of which one or two other veterans of the earlier regiments of Vermont form a part, and where the notes of a seraphine played by a young lady, mingle their harmony with its memory-stirring strains.

More unpretending heroes we have never seen, and a better-sounding fiddle has been seldom heard. But amid the joy and hilarity which its harmony awakens, methinks that there is a wail of death—the roar of battle in its sounds. What a glorious instrument to play "Old John Brown!"—made by one of our laboring men of Virginia timber from the banks of the Rappahannock, and consecrated by the blood of many battles!—*Vermont Record.*

BURKE AND BANCROFT.—The *Round Table*, in the course of a severe criticism on the weakness and bad taste of Mr. Bancroft's oration, remarks that its entire introduction is a reminiscence of Burke, and gives an example. "'The following is a well-known passage from Burke: 'If a great change is to be made in human affairs the minds of men will be fitted to it—the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. Every fear, every hope, will forward it; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty current in human affairs will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself than the mere designs of men.' Bancroft's expression of the same idea is: 'When the hour strikes for a people or for mankind to pass into a new form of being, unseen hands draw the bolts from the gates of futurity; an all-subduing influence prepares the minds of men for the coming revolution; those who plan resistance find themselves in conflict with the will of Providence rather than with human devices.'"

HENRI GISQUET.

AN extraordinary man has departed life—Henri Gisquet, the famous Prefect of Police here, while Vidocq was at the head of the secret police under him. He rose from poverty and obscurity. His father vegetated on the Franco-Germau frontier with no revenue but the paltry pay of a custom-house guard. Hc quitted his home in his sixteenth year and came up to Paris to build a fortuue—his ambition then probably reckoned a few thousand dollars a fortune.

Fortuue led him by the hand, for he came up from his humble home under the protection of the Duke de Larochefoucauld, whose name opened to him the doors of the banking-house of Messrs. Perier. It put him in possession of the fulcrum which was to move the world, although the fulcrum was but the stool of a copying clerk. Talents require but the humblest iustruments to enable them to reach their euds. A twelve-mouth had not rolled away before his salary was raised from six hundred to twelve hundred francs. In four years he was head book-keeper of the great firm—the first servant in a bank, and but nineteen years old! He was in the habit of going to the office every Sunday morning (although the bank was closed on that day) to review the proceedings of the week.

One Sunday morning, Casimir Perier (who was destined a few years later to win immortal fame as a statesman) entered the counting-room in great anxiety. He had received letters from London announcing the critical situation of an eminent banking firm. He feared the failure would prove a heavy blow to his own cstablishment, and he was eager to learn the state of their account current. Henri Gisquet, without opening a book or referring to any memorandum, instantly told his master the exact condition of their account, and entered iuto details which satisfied Casimir Perier his apprehensions were gronndless. The latter was amazed. Thinking chance had no inconsiderable share in this accuracy and retentiveness of memory—the account referred to was probably the last account balanced—he plied youug Gisquet with questions about the accounts of all the correspondents of the firm. The answers given were as ready and as accurate as the first. Casimir Perier, who was extremely rough of manners, especially to those below him, grew angry and said: "This is a comedy gotten up by you to give fictitious value to your services. 'Tis impossible you can be so familiar with all the transactions of the firm as you pretend to be." Henry Gisquet had no small quautity of cayenne pepper in his blood. He opened his books, showed Casimir Perier account after account, and closing them said: "If you think I am a comedian, I leave your office." Casimir Perier held out his hand, then held out his arms to the lad, and from that time forth they were devoted friends, until Casimir Perier fell from the Premier's place in Francc, a victim of the cholera.

A year or two after this young Gisquet quitted the Periers' service, went to Havre, and with a friend opeued a banking and commission office. He was there only six months when Casimir Perier wrote him a pressing letter to beg him to resume relations with them. He represented his firm as exceedingly embarrassed and threatened with bankruptcy. Gisquet returned, examined the affairs of the Periers' bank, saw Casimir Perier had exaggerated the dangers which beset it, and restored order and confidence. Casimir Perier's brother died the following year, and Gisquet was admitted as a partner and he received power to sign the firm's name.

A few yeai's subsequently, Casimir Perier's younger brother grew to manhood, and Gisquet saw his partuer desired to place this young man at the head of the establishment. Gisquet with great delicacy withdrew and founded a bank in his own name. He had a capital of a hundred thousaud dollars. Casimir Perier was so grateful for Gisquet's past services and for his delicacy, he offered to become his partner, and became interested in Gisquet's bank to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars.

Gisquet prospered, aud when the Revolution of July occurred he was one of the wealthy men of Paris. His intimate relations with Casimir Perier made him one of the active agents of the revolutiou.

Casimir Perier appointed him Prefect of Police, and as long as Perier lived he continued in this office; he held it during Count de Montalivit's ministry, and resigned office when Count Molé succeeded to the Premiership. He was made Commander of the Legion of Honor and Councillor of State.

He was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies and joined the Opposition. He proved a most annoying adversary. The ministry determined to effect his ruin. During the earlier months of the Monarchy of July, while the government were afraid the Revolution might be made a pretext for an invasion of France and the restoration of the Bourbons, Marshal Gerard, who was then Minister of War, sent Gisquet to England to purchase five hundred thousand stands of arms. He partly succeeded, but on his return he was disavowed by the Minister, as it was said, for want of money. A few weeks afterwards the arms purchased were accepted by the government, but they required extensive repairs, which Gisquet was obliged to pay. The Molé ministry seized this old story and made one of their supporters in the press charge Gisquet with defrauding the government. Gisquet sued the paper for libel. The jury found the newspaper guilty. The court, under pressure of the government, sentenced the editor to pay the nominal damage of twenty cents.

Gisquet felt that such a victory was defeat. He quitted political life forever. He left France and travelled for three years in the East, and upon his return wrote a book of travels which displayed great ability. He lived in the provinces for some years and then returned to live at St. Denin, where he had a valuable oil refinery.

Gisquet was fond of company and the pleasures of the table, could turn a song neatly enough to win him admittance to the Caveau, was generous (at his death he had above two hundred thousand lent out to friends without interest,) and had many warm friends. He was seventy-five years old at his death.—*"Spiridion," in the Boston Gazette.*

[For the Californian.]

A FRAGMENT.

BY LAURA PRESTON.

A MAIDEN stood on the yellow sands
Anear to the waters blue,
And cried aloud to the gallant ship
That came sailing withiu her view:
"Oh ship, from across the stormy sea!
What treasure rare hast thou brought to me?"

Through the trumpet lond the answer came,
To the maiden's hopeful cry:
"Oh maiden, I've brought from 'cross the main,
Rich silks of every dye!"
Then she drooped her head full mournfully,
And said: "Is that all thou hast for me?"

Nearer the ship to her haveu sailed
As the answer came full loud:
"I have brought thee gems that sparkled once
On the arms of Sultanas proud!"
But sighs on the air fell dolefully,
As she moaned, "Is that all thou hast for me?"

Then, outspake the trumpet-voice once more:
"I have brought thee laces rare,
From looms as deft as the spiders use
For the castles they weave in air!"
But the maiden murmured sorrowfully,
Oh, ship! is *that* all thou hast for me?"

"I have brought thee fragile toys, inlaid
With spiced wood, and pearl, and gold,
They are filled with perfumes far more sweet
Than opening roses unfold!"
But the maiden cried in agony:
"Ah! Is this all thou hast brought to me?"

Then were silent all till the ship drew near
The yellow sands and the maid,
When a voice rose clear o'er the wind and wave,
And these were the words it said:
"What could the ship have brought to thee,
That thou wouldst have welcomed thankfully?"

Then swift the sigh on the maideu's lip
Was changed to a joyous cry—
And what sweeter welcome could she give
To the ship a-drawing nigh?
As she prayed, "On the ship may a blessing lie
That hath brought my loved one back to me!"

THE reputation of Byron, which has declined in England as that of Wordsworth has advanced, is still an eminent one in France, where the theatrical element of his genius is strongly sympathized with, and where one of his earliest admirers and latest followers, Lamartiuc, has been for some time engaged on the not easy task of writing his life. The last of the many reports in relation to the work was, that the Marchioness de Boissy, better or worse known as the Countess Guiccioli, had placed Byron's letters to herself in the hands of Lamartine, to be used at discretion, a quality, by the way, which he never possessed. It is a canard, which Lamartine is said to have set afloat himself, with what truth we know not, and by which he has certainly profitted, if only by the advertisement which it has given to his forthcoming volume. So, at least, the Marchioness de Boissy has asserted, and declared that she held Byron's correspondence sacred, and intended to keep it secret—a laudable intention, which she is now violating for a number of imaginable reasons, one of which may be to anticipate Lamartine, whose facts are frequently drawn from his fancy. At any rate, she is preparing a memoir, a biographical essay, or something of the kind, from which great things are expected. How the Marquis de Boissy, a whimsical and irate French Senator, who, in wedding Byron's *chére amie*, more than wedded his dislike of England, views the biographical project, we are left to conjecture. An American or Englishman would hardly care to see his spouse writing the life of his predecessor, but in France, we suppose, they have changed all that.

"You young rascal," said the old gentleman to the rash little boy in the street, "if that cab had run over you, where would yon have been now?" And the boy answered, "Up behind, a takiu' of the number!"

RIGHT AND MIGHT.

SOON after midnight on the 5th of March, 1866, a special train left Easton station (England) upon a strangely exceptional errand. More than a hundred skilled workmen and laborers, marshalled by gaugers, contracters and agents, took their seats in it in orderly fashion, but with a mysterious and determined air, as if some more than usually weighty business were on hand. One carriage was devoted to stout tools and implements, and the train, thus freighted, reached Tring at 1:30 in the morning. A procession was formed at the station—each man shouldering a crowbar or other implement—and a compact phalaux, one hundred and twenty strong, marched out, two and two, into the Berkhampstead Common, nearest to Ashbridge park, the seat of Earl Brownlow; and the objects of the expedition were then first made known to the rank and file. The greater portion of this common, occupying a space some two miles in length and from three-quarters of a mile to a mile and a-half broad, was enclosed a fortnight ago by Earl Brownlow; and we learn that Augustus Smith, of the Scilly Islands, as the owner of an estate near, and therefore as a commoner acting in concert with his neighbors, had determined to test his lordship's right to this course in a very practical way. The whole of the iron railiugs, consisting of stout "uprights," five feet high, and with broad metal bands at close intervals between each, were to be thrown down before daylight, Mr. Smith and the commoners taking all responsibility, chartering the train, and engaging the men. These last were told off in detachments a dozen strong; the substantial jonts of the railings were first looseued by hammers and chisels, and the crowbars did the rest. Before six o'clock in the morning the whole of the enclosure was levelled to the ground; each stout upright having the metal bands, its tributaries, first neatly folded round it, aud then being laid upon the turf it had recently served to close in. It was seven o'clock before the alarm was given, and by the time Mr. Paxton, the late Sir Joseph Paxton's brother, and Earl Brownlow's steward, appeared upon the scene, Berkhampstead Common was enclosed no longer. It was too late to do more than protest agaiust the alleged trespass, and this was energetically done.

Meanwhile the news spread, and the inhabitants of the adjacent village and district flocked upon the scene. In carriages, gigs, dog-carts, and on foot, gentlemen, shopkeepers, husbandmen, women, and children, at once tested the reality of what they saw by strolling over and squatting on the common, and cutting and taking away morsels of gorse, to prove, as they said, "the place was their own again." The cost of the three miles of iron railing removed is said to have been more than a thousand pounds, and that of its removal must have been considerable. Whatever may be the result of this daring return to what is called "old constitutional form," aud however it may be viewed by the legal authorities before whom it will be speedily brought, it must be regarded as one of the most decided and vigorous protests against alleged usurpation which have occurred in our own prosaic, peaceful, and order-loving times.—*London Daily News.*

THE PRICE OF PAPER.—There is one respect in which the value of paper has kept close to that of the precious metals since the commencement of the late war, and that is in regard to the price demanded by the manufacturers of the plain article, and which printers and publishers have been forced to pay, while all other commodities sympathize with the change in the currency and decline with the price of gold. Paper is as dear now that gold has fallen to one hundred and twenty-four, as when it stood at two hundred and fifty. It is impossible that this should be the result of natural causes, and it can only be attributed to the scale of import duties, which excludes foreign competition and allows our manufacturers to charge what they please. Since the commencement of the war, they have had everything their own way. Notwithstanding the vast profits realized, the cost of machinery, and the instrumentalities used in the manufacture of paper, and the large resources required to conduct the business, prevented capital from seeking such an iuvestment, especially as the state of things existing could not be considered permanent. Hence the price has been maintained at an exorbitant figure and in defiance of the ordinary laws of trade. But for the action of Congress in taxing paper and all the ingredients used in its composition to such an extent as to amount to prohibition of its importatiou, this imposition on the public could not have been practiced. Iustead of discriminating in favor of the agencies of education and intelligence, Congress seemed to make an exception against them, and loaded paper with heavier duties than any other article of commerce. It is time the error was rectified, and that the door was thrown opeu to competition.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

EPITAPH ON DR. JOHNSON.

HERE lies poor Johnson. Reader have a care,
Tread lighily, lest you rouse a sleeping bear.
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was, but self-conceited, rude, and vain.
Ill-bred and over-bearing in dispute,
A scholar and a Christian, yet a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
His actions, sayings, mirth, and melancholy?
Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he wrote, and talk'd, and spit.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1866.

FEMALE DRESS.

WE trust that the dignity of our paper will not be compromised by a refereuce to the subject which forms the head of this article. The renowned Toufelsdröckh has wisely said, that "Society is founded on cloth;" and when we recur to the fact that the heaviest payments under the revenue laws are made for personal adornments, and that the highest efforts of man's inventive faculty are directed to an increase of the mechanical power of our looms, we will even then but imperfectly comprehend the importance of the question of dress. Carlyle, in his quaint way, says, that "we thatch ourselves over with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the entrails of worms, the hides of oxen and seals, and walk abroad a moving Rag-screen, overheaped with shreds and tatters raked from the charnel-house of Nature." This love of decoration is so deeply implanted within us, that, so long as we are constituted as we are, dress will hold its present predominating influence over us. This taste is very natural, and its indulgence, under reasonable restrictions, quite harmless. We have in our mind now, that Fashion is rapidly treading on the domain of common decency, and is educating our Misses into an utter disregard of that modesty which is at once the highest honor, as it is the most excellent and winning charm, of the sex. The tendency of modern taste in dress is the exposure and embellishment of those portions of a woman which it is the office and effort of modesty to conceal; it is

"Completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence,"

conceived and made up to cater to the worst passions of our nature. The advertisements which daily appear in the papers of London, Paris and New York contain at once a history of the demoralization which Fashion produces, and a satire on the prevalent impostures of the day. When we say *impostures*, we mean the arts which invest the calves with an amplitude nature never conferred, enamelling the skin, billowing the bosom, etc. The laboratory of Perpignan, to which Pelham escaped, is a common place for *expedients* now-a-days. It has been said, that during the past winter the number of female skaters was greater by an hundred per cent. than it had been at any previous season, owing exclusively to the invention of a certain method which, of spindle-shanks, made rounded legs; and so enamored passionate manhood, who clustered the skating-ponds like bees where all is honey.

It seems, too, that as the parlor skate is a delightful simulation of the winter pastime, so are the tilting hoops a clever process by which artfully fatted limbs can be disclosed on our thoroughfares. Go to the streets when you please, and you will find that, even under the ordinary conditions of a windless day, these slanting hoops allow a man's eyes to glance at will from sole to knee-pan. They do not rise to an altitude of development where the observer can gratify the full appetite, but, with a rare mechanical excellence or adroitness on the part of the wearer, they are contrived on the now-you-see-it and now-you-don't plan—thus delicately stimulating one as oysters do the stomach. We have noticed that these hoops are generally worn here by young women whose age supposes the finest development of person—for we really don't believe that false calves are generally used here, although it is pretty well known that in view of the exhibition these hoops make, embroidered garters, clasped with gold, are used. Not in badinage do we thus speak of these hoops, but seriously considering them inconsistent with a high quality of virtue and decency. We cannot believe that many of those who wear them really know the extent of the exposure they cause; and when we thus allude to them *ex cathedra*, it is because we consider them as indecent. Such improprieties of costume we regard as fair subjects for editorial criticism and animadversion.

For many years the pulpit has preached against the immoral tendencies of the stage—its dulling the moral sensibilities—its physical exposures and indelicacies of sentiment. This is all very well when applied to certain *spectacles*, but it is not true as a rule of general application. And yet, if these Reverends will stand for a half hour at the doors of their own churches, they will see more devils under these hoops, and hear more ribaldry from the observers, than Hinckley caused in *Le Pied de Mouton*.

LATEST FROM OREGON.

TO the superficial observer, Portland, Oregon, would not seem to be exactly the locality where we should look for an exhaustive, æsthetic criticism, or profound and authoritative reviews of public men and manners. But he who would rashly conclude that its productions were confined entirely to apples, cider, butter, eggs, and cheese, would do himself and that remarkable locality a great wrong. He would read the letter of "An Occasional Correspondent" in the *Bulletin* of the 20th instant, wherein the manners, *personnel*, and genius of the late Thomas Starr King and the Rev. Horatio Stebbins are comparatively reviewed, with feelings of admiration and awe. If he considered that portion relating to Mr. King as somewhat old in subject, though certainly novel in conception, he would remember that the seasons are later in Oregon, that "Spring comes slowly up this way," and that critical string-beans and literary asparagus only mature there when they have elsewhere gone to seed.

The Occasional Correspondent informs us that he has only met Mr. Stebbins casually, and that he has heard two of his sermons. How often he has seen Mr. King he does not tell us, but, from the context, it is fair to presume that his acquaintance with the late distinguished orator was even more formal and less intimate. This circumstance, which might interfere with criticism elsewhere exercises no restraint on the critical faculty of a Portland correspondent. He finds that Mr. King and Mr. Stebbins are both representatives of "Boston Theology and Philosophy," whatever that local epithet may signify. He further finds that Mr. Stebbins "impressed you with an idea of country freshness, purity and modesty," while King didn't. On the contrary, King had "the *blasé* look of an *habitue* of the common walks and crowded thoroughfares of a great city." "In style," continues this Portland Coryphæus, "Mr. Stebbins is less florid and pretentious than King" (a florid style and pretentious manner being, we presume, a peculiarity of the "*habitues*" of large cities) and that Stebbins is more "compact," "*cultivated*," and has a "finer fibre," "and a richer and more thorough culture"—which everybody knows is only found in the bucolic mind, and is part of the rustic character.

We reject the hypothesis that our Occasional Correspondent in his extraordinary criticism was guilty of any offence more serious than that absurdity into which provincial criticism is so apt to fall. The attitude of the critic or oracle of a small town is at once fascinating and dangerous, and nothing is more natural than for him to be betrayed into obtruding into broader fields those prejudices and opinions which have passed unchallenged at home. The worst enemy of the late Mr. King certainly never accused him of a "*blasé* presence;" Copperhead vituperation wasted its energy in epithets ridiculing his homely, rustic air, his boyishness, his "greenness." His biographers and critics in the East—numbering among them such names as Bellows, Whipple, Bryant, Beecher, Holmes, Whittier, etc.—have given testimony, as one voice, to this singular freshness, youthfulness, and modesty of his manner and demeanor, and the strange contrast between the spirituality, refinement, and cultivation of his intellect, and his simple, rustic, and unostentatious exterior. The Oregon criticism of King's style is another matter. That the author of *Substance and Show*, *The Laws of Disorder*, and *Socrates*, etc., should be deemed inferior in cultivation and refinement to the reverend gentleman who is taken to task for likening the cross to an American flagstaff, and the Declaration of Independence to the Sermon on the Mount, is unfortunate—for the critic. There is but one excuse for the opinion of an Occasional Correspondent, and it presupposes a condition of things and a contingency so improbable and startling that we hardly dare to offer it. It may be that Mr. King in appearance was considered "*blasé*" and "cityfied" for Portland, Oregon, but this involves that region in a degree of rusticity and bucolic simplicity which we shudder to contemplate.

H. D. DUNN, of this city, has opened the way for an exhibition of Californian products at Washington, which, if duly appreciated and seconded by our wine growers and farmers, must prove of great benefit to the State. In the *Bulletin*, recently, we observe three letters from Isaac Newton, Commissioner of the Department of Agriculture, acknowledging the receipt from Mr. Dunn of various packages of wines, seeds, nuts, oranges and lemons, all of which were appropriately "tested," and with highly gratifying results. The Commissioner pays Mr. Dunn the compliment of a request that he prepare an article on the "Resources of California," for publication in the next Annual Report of the Department. We regret that want of space precludes full publication of the correspondence, and of the proposal of our public-spirited townsman. We will, however, state, that Mr. D. offers to see that samples of wines and braudies forwarded to him prior to May 15th (pre-paid.) shall be sent to Washington. A portion will be placed on exhibition in the Agricultural Department Museum; the remainder, after being analyzed and tested, will be reported upon through the public press of the East, and in the publications of the Department of Agriculture.

[For the Californian.]

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

THIS chill evening shuts me up with my books. When the "bairns" are in bed and the house quiet, while the rain whispers to me from the roof and sings lyrics against the window-panes, I find the last new book, or sit dreamily before the fire, looking into the long-ago.

Last night I spent with *Atalanta in Calydon*, having somewhat wearied myself with the *Mutual Friend*—the improbabilities of its plot, and scarce comprehending the necessity of so many *dramatis personæ*. But this *Atalanta* is a remarkable composition, at once full of brilliant imagery and golden-worded wisdom. To me it is the cleverest of contemporary classics, and at this moment, regarding the austere form of its expression—its adherence to the antique type of structure and illustration—I cannot recall its superior in any composition since Shelly. Besides, in these days, when Literature wears *rouge*, and expresses itself so sensuously and meritriciously, it is refreshing to find so sweet and pure a type of ideal beauty—through all of which the Psyche gleams—as in the book in question.

This drama and Story's "Cleopatra" are the two poems of this decade, and yet how opposite they are in all the higher qualities of metrical composition! The one is a dream of a breast palpitating under the fierce influences of a lascivious sun, and the other a stately picture of demi-god life, and the austere march of Fate in its fulfilment of inexorable decree. Each is true to its ideal, and absolutely perfect as pictures of the different relations they describe. The one would have warmed

"With delight
The Mænad and the Bassarid,"

while the other would have won a garland of wild olive at the Olympic Games.

And, speaking of books not absolutely new, but placarded yet in book stalls. I will say that, a week ago, I went steadily and thoughtfully through Kane's *Love-Life*, reading it all, and then, with the gas turned down, I looked into the hot coals and thought of it, and how

"For wise men as for fools,
Love is one thing—an evil thing, and turns
Choice words and wisdom into fire and air."

When one remembers the heroism of Kane's Arctic search, its boldness of resolution and execution, and the really brilliant narrative of all he saw and did, the portraiture he leaves of himself in the Love-Life challenges inquiry as to the authenticity of these letters. Could our explorer have so unheroed himself by a passion disreputable with the infirmities of a common nature? I doubt if the public will accept this Love-Life as an authentic record, so villainously calculated is it to upset our theories as to Kane's perfection of moral qualities. And yet

"Within the heart of every man are found an hundred swine."

I, who knew him well, who saw him in the *abandon* of his private life; who am, from such experience, familiar with his social and intellectual characteristics; intimate, I may say, with his inner life, don't doubt one word of these epistles. I see him in all of them—they are genuine beyond a question.

In spite of his declared contempt of the spiritual theory, he had a strongly-marked spiritual susceptibility, and even admitted that Heaven and its angels do manifest themselves sometimes to us, and pre-admonish us of danger and disaster. I have heard him refer to these possibilities more than once, and with serious sincerity.

It was this mystic constituent of his nature, strongly combined with Don Juanish propensities, that took him to the *séances* of the Fox girls. Once there, *vis-à-vis* to languishing, languorous eyes; in presence of the Priestess of a strong and perhaps real revelation: his double nature of intellect and passion strangely disturbed by the new faith and "the fair spirit, its minister," moved alike by his own superstition and "a dimpled chin, a neck of ivory," I wonder not that he surrendered himself to the fascination—that letters and professed Platonism followed. Kane was peculiarly susceptible; he had, in spite of his dedication of self to science and the solution of his Arctic-Franklin problems, a sentimentally sensual infirmity for women. He loved not as a satyr; he bore his love to cloud-land—out of reach of human eyes; he twined the doorposts with garlands, but the Priest was not allowed to enter; his sensuality gorged itself amid music and song—under the stars and the crystal gleam of running waters.

I believe that he had determined to elevate his *protégée* by a course of education; that he sought to place her in a position where she could fit herself for the demands of his own rank and class; and when she should be prepared intellectually, he *might* marry her. But as the public required the fullest particulars of Kane, Fox was made a subject of speculation in the papers as his possible wife; and so his family got wind of the amour, and determined to stop the disgrace of such a matrimonial connection. Our explorer had as much family dignity and pride as if he had been a Braganza, whose claims of lineage were older than heraldry itself; and as Kane was, so were all his blood. It was this argument of family which made him irresolute; which made him call her *sister* and friend

This weakness and pride are the key-notes to all the contradiction and antagonisms one finds in this Love-Life. What if she had been the creature of an imposture?—not hers the fault. No guilt could attach to her; he had rescued her from all impurity—he promised to educate her up to himself—in noble purposes and aims. If she were chaste, if he had trained her with the idea that she should be the companion of his life and fame; in the religion of whose purity his baser self would slip from him; if he had educated her as his equal, his manliness, his name, would have silenced all sneers, she would have been ennobled by her own chastity and her careful moral and intellectual discipline. When he placed her at school he told her and the one to whose care she had been confided, that she was being prepared for the position of his wife.

If this Love-Life is a let-down to *him*, what a deposition is *hers;* how it demeans her; how unworthy it proves her; how cold and calculating she seems! If she had had a warm worthy nature; if she had been lifted to his higher life; if she had a spark of womanliness, she would have died ere she had betrayed his heart and bared it to the sneers of the world. If he loved her—if he proposed, when health should come to him from the serene skies of the lovely island whither he went, to marry her—then it is better he passed away when he did.

And so, History—which deals with realisms, which does not from its austere heights reach down to the vales where we pipe our loves to poesy and dance, will not see the traces of this chapter of Kane's life. It will tell how heroically he encountered the snow and iceberg of the Arctic Sea, animated by his philanthropy to rescue the lost navigators and to extend the domain of human knowledge. When the Muse thus lifts him to the gaze of an admiring posterity, all memory of this Love-Life will be dead and lost in the grave of her who is even to-day disappearing from the public gaze.

R.

[For the Californian.]

SEEDLING PLANTS.

ONE of the greatest pleasures of the florist or amateur is the raising of plants from seed; and to aid those who have not yet tried this branch of gardening, the following hints are given: A great many persons, who do not understand the cultivation of the small-seeded and tender varieties of plants, complain of the bad growing qualities of the seeds they purchase, while the whole difficulty arises solely from bad management and improper planting. We have frequently heard of instances of many delicate seeds like the Calceolaria, Chincse Primrose, and such-like, having been sown in the open ground as grass seeds would be planted, and on another occasion found that a person had actually buried the seeds of this kind of plants to the depth of two inches. It does seem so strange that persons who pretend to have all their faculties, and pride themselves on their smartness, do not use their common sense and their observing and reasoning faculties when engaged in the operations of gardening, as well as anything else. The following remarks from the Loudon *Gardener's Chronicle*, the leading horticultural paper of Great Britain, are so appropriate under this heading, that we copy them entire:

"We all know how loud and ceaseless are the cries of gardeners, as well as amateurs, that the flower seeds they purchase will not grow. It never seems to occur to them, the complainants, that they themselves are the executioners, and the seeds their victims; and yet we are perfectly certain, from nearly a half-century's experience, that such is the case. Seeds of a plant inhabiting a dry country, with little winter's cold, and a genial, early, steady spring, are sowed in many places in the ground in March and April; there they lie in a most uncongenial soil, exposed to wet and cold. But the force of life is strong within them, Nature will have its way, germination begins some bright sunny day, after which comes an ice-cold dew at night, and the young embryo is rendered torpid. Nevertheless, weakened as it is, the succeeding day sees a renewed effort at growth, followed by renewed torpidity. The alternation of paralysis goes on for a little while, till at last the powers of Nature are exhausted, and the seeds expire. Now, these early efforts are out of sight, no eye watches the struggle, the seeds die while buried, and the seedsman is abused. Mignonette often affords a striking example of this. Although a native of the hot, sandy regions of North Africa, where it is a hardy little bush, it ripens its seeds in our northern latitude, but when the time for sowing them in the spring comes, they are cast carelessly upon the ground, and they perish.

"Then come complaints: 'Mr. Seedsman,' exclaims the gentle Lucy Bell, who is devoted to flowers and has been looking forward to the delights a charming bed of Mignonette which will not come, 'it is very tiresome, indeed, that your seeds will not grow—it is really quite shameful!'—and then she sees in some of the frames and pots near by a great quantity of beautiful specimens of this plant from four to six inches high and as close as quills on a hedgehog. 'Why, look there, I declare you have sold me the bad seed and kept the good yourself!' 'Madam, I assure you that I have but one sort of seed, of which you had a part.' 'Well, it is most extraordinary.' At last she purchases as many pots as she requires, but at the same time remains perfectly convinced that she was cheated in her seed—not in the least inclined to blame herself for having destroyed the lives she thought to cherish."

One of the chief pleasures of plant growing is, that it induces reflection. If we get seeds, what are they? Where is their native country, and what are its peculiarities? By imitating these conditions as nearly as possible, we can grow the plants, and then, by a gradual acclimating, improve and adapt them to almost any locality or circumstances, as well as human beings and animals are by the same process.

Let us observe the plants growing naturally: how they reproduce themselves by their seeds; how they are planted—at what season of the year, in an exposed or sheltered position; in what aspect—east, west, north or south; dry or moist soil. The history of a single plant, observed and studied out in this way, would prove of more real value to the true lover of plants than all the scientific disquisitions ever written. The *pretended* plant-lover would grow everything, but the *real appreciator* of them finds more than he can fathom even in a few kinds: just as in literature, some have wandered through everything which has been written, and come out empty-handed, while others have reaped as they went along.

Beyond question some seeds are bad, and will not grow with all the care and attention which may be bestowed upon them, but the fault far oftener lies in the manner and time of planting.

Seeds, to germinate well, want a warm, moist atmosphere. This can be attained in many ways. Those who only grow them in pots will find the process much more successful if the pot in which they are planted is placed either in another pot a size or two larger and filled in between with earth or moss, or plunged in the ground with a piece of glass laid over the top of the pot, which prevents the moisture from evaporating and thus equalizes the temperature. A small wooden box is also an excellent article in which to sow seed. If sown in the garden, a nice little arrangement, when pots are not to be had, is to place four or more bricks on edge, forming a square in which the seed may be sown; with a glass laid on them a great deal of heat will be retained, and, in many kinds of seeds, germination very materially hastened.

When seeds are sown the soil should be fine and well moistened. After scattering them evenly over the surface, they should be covered with soil to about the same thickness as the seeds themselves; then press this down firmly, which will exclude the air and bring the seed in immediate contact with the soil, which is warm and moist. Many kinds of seeds are greatly benefitted by soaking in warm water before planting. It has been found by experiment that seeds sown under blue glass will germinate in a few days, while under the plain it may be weeks and months before they make their appearance above the ground.

FLORAL CALENDAR—CONTINUED.

April 22d. St. Rufus, Wood Crowfoot, (*Ranunnculus Auricomis.*)
April 23d. St. George, Harebell, (*Hyacinthus Non-Scriptus.*)
April 24th. St. Fidelis, Blackthorn, (*Prunos spinosa.*)
April 25th. St. Mark, Clarimond Tulip, (*Tulipa pracox.*)
April 26th. St. Richarius, Yellow Erysemum, (*Erysemum barbarea.*)
April 27th. St. Anastasius, Great Daffodil, (*Narcissus Major.*)
April 28th. St Dydmus, Cuckoo Pink, (*Aurum Maculatum.*)

IRIS.

RHYMES AND REASON.—"Kings," said Byron, "are not more imperative than rhymes." Mr. Anson G. Chester offers a forcible example of this truth, in a poem now going the rounds of the press, written about a dead captain who was buried in his own garden. Captains undoubtedly have a right to be buried anywhere they please, and certainly the captain's noble exception to the standing rule to be buried "where he fell," was deserving of lyric enthusiasm. But Mr. Chester tells us that the battle

> "Was fought with fiendish *mania*
> On the field of Spottsylvania."

Fiendish mania is good. We are not aware that it is intended to express anything in particular more than an euphonious resemblance to Spottsylvania; yet it is good. It shows that Mr. Chester is not a man to stop at difficulties. He would have told us of

> ——the foe's *hallucination*
> In the fight at Jones' Station;

or,

> ——the *hypochondriasis*
> Of the foe in other places,

and we should be thankful that it is no worse. Verily the captain sleeps well who is moved thus; and nothing, not even Mr. Chester's poetry, can touch him further.

THE Odd Fellows of this city and vicinity celebrated the forty-seventh anniversary of the introduction of the Order into the United States, by a picnic at the People's Park, San Mateo, on Thursday last. About 7,000 persons participated in the festivities.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE Opera House company played the *Flowers of the Forest* at the Academy of Music on Monday and Tuesday evenings. On Wednesday evening *Lost in London* was brought out in a most praiseworthy manner. Stage manager Graves has added a new chaplet to his managerial laurels by producing a play perfect on its first representation—we are almost lost in wonder when we think of it. The drama is a decided addition to the dramatic literature of the day, and is worthy of all the care that may have been given to its rehearsal and production. It is ably constructed, with strong contrast of characters, and bears throughout the evidence of the vigorous intellect of its author—Watts Phillips. Charley Thorne in the part of the Cornwall miner, "Job Armroyd," made another decided hit, only excelled by his personation of "Hawkshaw" the detective, in the *Ticket of-Leave Man*. His conception, dialect, dress, and rendition of the character was capital. Courtaine, too, brought out the best points in the part of "Gilbert Featherstone," a man of the world, with a grace and finish characteristic of him. Jackson made a good tiger as "Blinker," (who is a rough swell and a great admirer of the "Manly Art of Self-Defence") though over-acting a little. Mrs. Harry Jackson's "Tilly Dragglethorpe," a rough country lass, and a character companion to the Cornwall miner, was ably assumed. Mrs. Sophie Edwin as "Nellie Armroyd," had a very difficult character to perform successfully, and the weakest "prominent" character in the piece, though in the pathetic scenes she was very effective, and succeeded in making the part an interesting as well as affecting one. The scenes of the "Darksome Mine" and the "Snow-storm," are very natural and effective, and the whole play is so happily produced and cast as to be one of unusual interest. It will be given for the *matinée* this afternoon, and for to-night's performance; and should run through all next week if it achieve its deserts.

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The Metropolitan opened for a new season on Wednesday evening, with T. J. D. De Voe's original, historical drama, entitled *Ireland Shall Be Free*, as the attraction. The piece was produced to a good house, and was placed on the stage in an excellent manner, under the supervision of stage manager Dowling. It evidently had been carefully rehearsed, for its first representation was almost entirely free from those halts and imperfections that so often mar the production of a new play.

The old *Arrah-na-Pogue* company, who form most of the staple of the present one, were each warmly received as they appeared. Thompson, as "McGoon," the spy, made his part the leading one, and gave it that peculiar individuality for which he is noted. Messrs. Pauncefort, Beatty, Leach, and Brown, made the most of their parts. Mrs. Sedley Brown, as "Maggie McDonald," only appears in the last act, in which the scene and principal characters are both transported to Australia, and does what little she has to do very feelingly and gracefully. Miss Belle Divine acted an Ophelia-like mad scene in the second act very effectively. The "Widow Quinn" of Miss Frances Gass was good J. H. O'Neil and Mrs. Meyers danced a jig dance in excellent style. The peasant gathering and dance in the first act, and the conflict between a body of peasantry and the red-coats in the second act, were particularly effective and well managed.

Though we cannot award high credit to the colloquial or dramatic merits of the play, yet its quick action, numerous accessories of peasantry, soldiers, dances and songs, and warm sentiments of national patriotism—in a Fenian point of view—all tend to the conclusion that it will be a successful one, and achieve quite a run. Friday evening the same piece was played, and it is announced for this afternoon and evening.

—

"Here we are again, Mr. Merryman!" The Cosmopolitan Circus, under the management of Messrs. Lee & Ryland, will open at the old locality on Jackson street, between Kearny and Montgomery, on Thursday evening next. The Buisley family—who remain with us until the steamer of the 10th of May—are engaged to appear in their incomparable feats. The Lee and Siegrist families are also announced as members of the troupe—so it will evidently be a family circus in more respects than one. Alexander, the veteran circus agent, announces elsewhere in our columns that this coming circus will open with a new pavillion, supplied with all the modern conveniences, and with as good an equestrian, gymnastic and acrobatic company as ever appeared here.

—

The second subscription entertainment of the Edwin Forrest Dramatic Association will be given at Turn-Verein Hall on Tuesday evening next.

—

It is rumored that the Metropolitan Theatre will pass into the hands of Mrs. Sedley Brown, some time next week, who will hereafter hold the reins managerial.

A FAIR for the benefit of St. Bridget's Church will be held at the new hall, corner of Polk and Pacific streets, commencing Tuesday, May 1st.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

As Amended March 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty herchy imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, siguing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper	$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lense, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right	05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand	02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sigbt or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100	05
Every additional $100, or fractional part	05
Bill of Exchange, (forcign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but paynble ont of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.	
If drawu in sets of three or more, for each bill of tbe set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its eqnivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S.	02
Every additional $100, or fractional part	02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place	10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the considerationnoes not exceed $500	50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels	05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less	50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof	50
Bond for the due performance of the dutics of any office	1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule	25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons	10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50	10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000	25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part	25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such	25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100	05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y,	25
Certificates, other than specified	05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale	10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500	1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse	50
Ganger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr.	25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.	1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction.	50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered ton nage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons	5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels	25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500	50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.	
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less	01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1	02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof	05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof	05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof	1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon	25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries	10
To receive or collect rents	25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate	1 00
For any other purpose	50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof	50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft,	25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.	
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property	02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000	10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for	25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs	25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State	50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid	50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record	50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100	50

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

Pacific Business College,

751 MARKET STREET,

(BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH,)

SAN FRANCISCO.

An Institution designed to prepare Young and Middle aged men for an active and successful BUSINESS LIFE.

This is the largest, most complete, and thorough Institution of the kind on the coast, and

THE ONLY

Commercial College which is conducted on Actual Business Principles. Its great system of Business Training is endorsed by the Most Eminent Financiers and Business Men of the Nation.

REGULAR BANKS AND BUSINESS OFFICES

have been introduced, by which we are enabled to fit our Students in the best possible manner, and shortest possible time, for active Business Life.

Those in pursuit of a

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION

should examine the merits of this College. Send for the *COLLEGE REVIEW*, giving full particulars of the College, besides containing other important and interesting matter. Sent free to all desiring it.

Further particulars can be had by calling at the College, or addressing M. K. LAUDENSLAGER, President

fe17 3m Business College, San Francisco.

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,

Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *AJAX*, *PACIFIC*, *ORIZABA*, *CALIFORNIA*, *ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Honolulu, Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

mar23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

SCHOOL FURNITURE.

RANKIN'S PATENT SCHOOL DESK;
Liquid Slating for Blackboard;
ARITHMETICAL FRAME;
Babbitonian System of Writing—the Best System known.

W. HOLT,

de9-3m 305 Montgomery street, Room No 2.

THE MIEL INSTITUTE,

54, 55 and 56 South Park.

THIS FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOL, for Young Ladies, will reopen on the 24 of January, under the direction of MISS FLORENCE JAMES. PROF. MIEL will continue to take charge of the French classes. Apply at 55 South Park. ja30 3m

TO FARMERS, MINERS, LABORERS

And all those wishing to secure themselves a portion of

THE MOST VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL LANDS OF MEXICO,

With an equal interest in the Profits of the Plantations of

THE MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON COMPANY.

HOMES FOR THE POOR AND COMPETENCY FOR ALL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having reserved from their final Subscription List a *Limited Number of Unassessable Shares*, (the remaining shares of the Company having been taken up by the stockholders,) hereby offer the same for sale at the original subscription price of *Sixteen Dollars* each, payable in cash. Every holder of a share will be entitled to a portion of the Company's lands, having the privilege to settle thereon and participate in all the advantages and profits of the enterprise, and special privileges granted to this Company by an Imperial Decree of Maximilian, dated 9th January, 1866, without being subjected to the conditions of regular Government emigrants, this Company settling upon their own lands, secured by private purchase, and held under indisputable Spanish titles.

Shareholders becoming actual settlers will also have the privilege of any employment upon the Company's plantation. Portions of land will be allotted to settlers, to be held by them until a final division makes it their property.

For the purpose of increasing the value of the Company's land, and to create all the comforts of a home and society, it is the intention of the company to form a regular settlement and to lay out a town adjoining their present plantation into building lots, which will likewise be fairly divided between the 8,000 shares which comprise the total number of the company.

A large number of shareholders will settle upon the company's lands after the rainy season in October next. Many of them may then be employed by the company, or by others able to plant for themselves, or in developing the mineral resources of the adjoining mountains, etc., etc.

Men of all trades and professions, desiring to emigrate to Mexico, will have great advantages as shareholders of this company. They will find the lands already purchased for them at a rate equivalent to a free gift, to be held by each shareholder as his property, protected by the best Spanish titles, and the good will of all political parties now contending for the reins of government; the climate the most salubrious, and the land rich and fertile beyond description; every kind of game abounding; the rivers full of fish and with extensive beds of large oysters; altogether, a country where it is easy to procure a livelihood and the comforts of a home with less labor and less capital than in any other part of the world.

The extensive placer diggings, veins of silver, and solid quartz ledges, which are to be found in the immediate vicinity, and acknowledged to be rich and very extensive, can, by the presence of a number of settlers, be profitably developed. Many of these mines are to be found within the limits of the company's grant. The Sierra Madre or Mother Mountain of Mexico, situated only within about twenty miles from the coast, can be reached and developed with much greater facility than the more remote mines in the interior, and will therefore make the company's lands the most desirable to locate upon.

For Maps and Survey, and further information, apply at the office of the MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON CO., Betge's Book Store, Russ House, Montgomery street, between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock.

☞ All the assessable stock having been taken up by mutual subscription of stockholders, the company will have no more shares to offer after the limited number of *unassessable* shares have been placed, and shall prefer to sell these to actual settlers—a single share of which will be sufficient to entitle them to a large portion of the lands.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED shareholders in the Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having investigated and satisfied ourselves of the importance of the enterprise, recommend the same to the public. We are convinced that under the management of the present officers of the company, with their efforts to induce industrious parties to locate upon the land, that the enterprise must become very profitable to all parties interested, and most beneficial to actual settlers.

S. R. Kettlewell, Blacksmith, 264 First street.
W. C. Mead & Son, 224 Sansome street.
M. O'Neil, Proprietor New Branch Hotel, 12 Sutter street.
Winall & Clapp, 505 Market street.
R. A. S. Repiton, M. D., 816 Montgomery street.
Wm. Rudolph, Gunsmith, 216 Pacific street.
G. Burkhardt, Jeweller, No. 209 Pacific street.
E. Keil, East India Tea Co., 631 Washington st.
P. D. O'Regan, People's Bakery, corner Fourth and Jessie streets.
Wm. Meyer, Provision Dealer, 258 Third street.
John Duff, Painter and Paper Hanger, 642 Cluy street.
A. E. Mylott, Importer and Dealer in Cigars and Tobacco, 305 Battery street
M. M. Baldwin, Jeweller, 433 Montgomery st.
S. Baysen, Hatter, No. 346 Kearny street.
Mathew McCloskey, 611 Howard street.

San Francisco, March 20th, 1866. mar24 1m

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co., PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,

Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.

mar24 6m H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor.

RHEUMATISM.

The Greatest Remedy *IN THE WORLD!*

THE CALIFORNIA RHEUMATIC REMEDY.

This Splendid preparation has never been known to fail in effecting a complete and perfect cure, no matter how long the patient had been afflicted with the disease. The Remedy is used both internally and externally. Hundreds of persons have used it during the past two years, all of whom are prepared to testify to its efficacy.

THE CALIFORNIA RHEUMATIC RHEMEDY

will be carefully packed and sent to any part of the Pacific coast, per Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express upon receipt of $10 in gold coin, or its equivalent; and in all cases where the Remedy fails to effect a perfect cure, the

MONEY WILL BE PROMPTLY REFUNDED.

For sale at Retail only, by

SAMUEL ADAMS, Druggist,
Corner of Bush and Powell streets,
fe17-3m San Francisco, Cal.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner

From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from

Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
fe11-6m San Francisco

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. fe24 3m

HAMLIN & CROSS.

GEO. HAMLIN.....F. L. CROSS.

DEALERS IN CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,

STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS,

MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS

611 Montgomery street, corner of Merchant.

fe24-tf

MAPS! MAPS! MAPS!

NEW MAPS OF MEXICO, JUST OUT;

NEW MAPS OF IRELAND;

CHART OF OUR FALLEN HEROES.

Maps of every description constantly on hand.

W. HOLT,

dec9-3m 305 Montgomery street.

BALD-HEADED GENTLEMEN,

Who frequent the Parquet of Theatres, exciting by their grotesque appearance the merriment of Ladies in the Dress Circle, would profit by using Little & Co.'s Chinese

Vegetable Hair Restorative.

The proprietors of this astonishing remedy for Baldness, confident of its infallibility, agree to refund the purchase money in every instance where its use for three months, according to directions, is unattended with success. Price per jar, $2.50.

Manufactured by Little & Co.; sold by

CHAS. E. HINCKLEY & CO.,
Chemists and Druggists,
Southeast corner of Clay and Kearny streets,
ap21-1m San Francisco.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ADVERTISING AGENCY.

J. J. Knowlton & Co., removed to 120 Montgomery.

BATHS.

Dr. Bourne's, (Medical,) 10 Post, near Montgomery

APOTHECARY.

George H. Clapp, corner Sixth and Howard.

BUSINESS AND PROPERTY AGENCY.

S. P. Whitmau, 313 Montgomery st·

BOWLING ALLEYS.

Cosmopolitan, basement Cosmopolitan Hotel.
Wholers & Sturko, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.

A. Gonsoul, 511 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
I. M. Weutworth & Co. (wholesale mannfac.) 210 Pine st.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND TRIMMINGS.

E. Weill & Sons, removed to 616 Sacramento street.

CONFECTIONERY.

Marcus Pezold, 46 Second street.

COLLECTOR.

B. Pulverman, 526 Montgomery—Office hours, 1 to 3 P.M.

CLOTHING.

H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streo ts
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.

Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.

DRESS TRIMMINGS, WORSTEDS, ETC.

M. Homberger & Co., 300 Koarny street, corner Bush.
Mrs. Norcross, 5 Montgomery street (Masonic Temple.)

DENTISTS.

Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, ucar Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.

Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.

DRUGGISTS.

R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine·
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) cor ner Sansome aud Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

Cal. Collegiate Instituto, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third

FURNITURE.

N. P. Cole & Co., 314 Pine, near Montgoiocry.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Peirce, 415, 417 aud 419 California street

GROCERS.

Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
P. J. Flynn, corner Howard and Eighth streets.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.

Lamott (wholesale nnd retail) 227 Montgomery street,

HOTELS.

Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pino.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.

Bigelow & Bro., N.W. cor. Montgomery and Sacramento.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.

Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

MAPS.

Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

MILLINERS.

Mrs. Wheelor, Popper's building, Third, near Mission.

PAPER HANGINGS, WINDOW SHADES, ETC.

H. Ward, 132 Third street.

PIANO SCHOOL.

Mr. Gustave A. Scott, at Miel Institute, 55 South Park.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.

M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.

Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.
W. H. Pillner & Hunter, Gallery 14 Second street.

REAL ESTATE.

Fifteen-dollar lots for sale by H. S. Brown, S.E. corner of Battery and Commercial streets.

RESTAURANTS.

Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Sanlmaun's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.

Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N.E. cor Third and Howard.
Ghio's 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
Hunter & Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.

Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scale 334 Montgomery street.

SEWING MACHINES.

Grover & Baker, J. W. J. Pearson, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

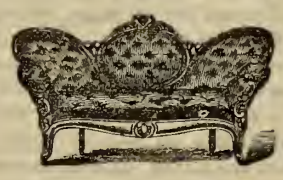
TOYS, ETC.

Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.

Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Moutgomery

FURNITURE AND *BEDDING!*



LARGEST STOCK!
LATEST STYLES!
The Best Workmanship,
AND
LOWEST PRICES!
AT
Goodwin & Co.'s
FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,
Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*
ja16 SAN FRANCISCO.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF
FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
IN
FINE CLOTHING,
AND
Gent's Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET-BAGS, ETC.,
Nos. 200 and 202 Montgomery street,
Corner of Bush, - - San Francisco.

JOS. WINTERBURN & CO.

J. WINTERBURN, V. A. TORRAS, W. HOFFSCHNEIDER.
(Successors to W. P. Harrison,)
Printers and Electrotypers,
413 TO 417 CLAY ST., (Below Sansome,)
SAN FRANCISCO.
ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING
Neatly and Promptly Executed.
ELECTROTYPING
Done at the shortest notice.
Stamps of all kinds made to order.
Printing in Spanish, French, German and Italian Languages, executed with correctness.
A "Mammoth" and two No. 8 Hand Presses FOR SALE very cheap. fe3 3m

THIS LADY ENJOYS THE PURE AND *Delicious Tea Bought* AT THE STORE OF MESSRS. HASKELL & CO.

THIS LADY BUYS TEA FROM THE *"Corner Grocery"* AND THE CHINESE PEDLARS.

HASKELL'S TEA STORE
FRONTS ON 514 *MARKET-ST., AND* 15 *SUTTER-ST.,*
Two doors below the Market Honso.
ap14 3m

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

DR. MAGGIEL'S
Pills and Salve.

These Life-giving remedies are now, for the first time, given publicly to the world. For over a quarter of a century of private practice the ingredients in these
LIFE-GIVING PILLS!
Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, but to cure. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be
A VERY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,
For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle-aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever
AN ETERNAL SPRING!
It was left for this day and hour to realize the dream, and show in one glorious fact, the magic that made it fair.
THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES
Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—
FOR BILLIOUS DISORDERS
Nothing can be more productive of cure than these Pills. Their almost magic influence is felt at once; and the usual concomitants of this most distressing disease are removed. These remedies are made from the purest
VEGETABLE COMPOUNDS.
They will not harm the most delicate female, and can be given with good effect in prescribed doses to the youngest babe.
FOR CUTANEOUS DISORDERS
And all eruptions of the skin, the SALVE is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil!

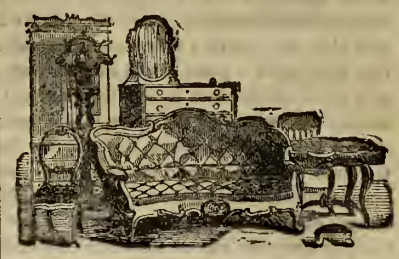
Dr. Maggiel's Pills
Invariably cure the following diseases:
Asthma,
Bowel Complaints,
Coughs,
Colds,
Chest Diseases,
Costiveness,
Dyspepsia,
Diarrhœa,
Dropsy,
Debility,
Female Complaints, Fever and Ague
Headache,
Indigestion,
Influenza,
Inflammation,
Inward Weakness,
Liver Complaint,
Lowness of Spirits,
Ringworm,
Rheumatism,
Salt Rheum,
Scalds,
Skin Diseases.

NOTICE.—None genuine without the engraved trade-mark around each pot or box, signed by Dr. J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton st., New York, to counterfeit which is felony.
☞ Sold by all respectable Dealers in Medicines throughout the United States—at 25 cents per box or pot. ap14-1y

WALTER S. PIERCE,
Pianist,
AND PROMPTER OF DANCING,

Can be engaged for PRIVATE PARTIES, at Piano Rooms, No. 26 Montgomery street, opposite the Lick House. fe3-2m

J. PEIRCE,
FURNITURE AND
Bedding Warerooms.



NOS. 415, 417, AND 419 CALIFORNIA STREET,
NEAR MONTGOMERY.

THIS STOCK OF FURNITURE, etc., was selected with great care, and special attention given to the wants of this market, ENTIRELY AT THE EAST. It is NOT COMPOSED OF REFUSE GOODS, ODDS AND ENDS OF OTHER HOUSES that have lately closed out here, but CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF NEW GOODS, made after the latest patterns and in the most durable manner.
The present Stock is fully TWICE as large as that of any other house here. Parties having any doubts of this, or that the assortment is not superior to any in the city, can easily satisfy themselves by calling.
The stock of Case Goods is larger than ever before.
J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street
de16-3m SAN FRANCISCO.

TABLE APPOINTMENTS.

WE HAVE JUST OPENED A LOT OF
VERY SUPERIOR
Silver-Plated Goods,
Comprising
TEA SETS,
CASTERS, CAKE BASKETS,
SALAD CASTERS,
MUFFINERS, TOAST RACKS,
ETC.,
Which are
PERFECT IMITATIONS OF SILVER,
and as good in all respects for a long term of years, as silver. Our assortment of
FRENCH PORCELAIN,
and all the articles necessary for a
First Class Table Outfit
is complete, to which we respectfully ask your inspection.
HAYNES & LAWTON,
ap7-1m 516 Sansome street, corner of Merchant.

A CARD.

M. Howard's Hair Restorative,
NO. 315 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ABOVE PREPARATION, which has been recently discovered and patented, is purely a Vegetable Extract.
The undersigned are fully aware of the many unsatisfactory and useless preparations for restoring hair that have been introduced to the public, and how little confidence is to be placed in any pretensions to restoring the hair to bald heads, but,
HAVING TRIED MR. HOWARD'S PREPARATION,
we are able to state that it not only prevents the Hair from falling out, but absolutely reproduces it, and that we now have good suits of Hair growing where we were entirely bald. Therefore, as a matter of justice to Mr. Howard, and of consolation to bald heads, we tender him this testimonial Mr H. keeps the article for sale in bottles, with directions for its use, or applies it himself, as may be desired.
San Francisco, April 6, 1866.

Frank M. Thayer,	R. A. Redman,
W. S Davis,	J. O. Rountree,
T. A. Hall,	G. W. Gamble,
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A GERMAN ATHLETIC FESTIVAL.

THE great characteristic of the Germans, as a people, is their nationality. The love of the Fatherland is the ruling émotion which in everything nerves and inspires Germans to fresh endeavors; and this trait we fiud in them wherever they are, whether members of a small fraternity in a foreign land, or of a great nation in their own country. A German never forgets that he is a German, and that those of his nation, with whom he is thrown in contact, are his brethren. And it is in great measure, I think, this feeling which leads Germans to establish and maintain associations of all kinds; associations for the cultivation of music, of gymnastics, and various other pursuits; associations whose members are ever ready to obey the call of the parent association in the Fatherland, and to assemble from all parts of the world to do honor to one of the fetes held by the parent society. An instance of this occurred last year, at the time of the Singers' Festival at Dresden, when upwards of thirty thousand Germans flocked from America, Australia, and other distant lands, to attend a festival which lasted but three days, many of them leaving Germany again as soon as the fete was over.

I was never more struck with German enthusiasm than when, in the course of last long vacation, I was fortunate enough to be present at two German Turn Fests, or Athletic Festivals, the one at Darmstadt, the other at Freiburg. I think it may interest some of your readers, who are now looking forward to the third anniversary of our greatest English athletic meeting, to read even a brief account of what they can do, and are doing, in a similar way on the other side of the Channel, though much that I would gladly relate cannot be condensed into the space of so short a notice.

These Festivals do not appear to be regularly held at the same towns, nor on any fixed days; but they take place annually, and are celebrated in turn at most of the principal towns in Germany. On these occasions about four acres of ground are specially enclosed, and gymnastic apparatus, of which more hereafter, are erected temporarily; for although there are always two or three gymnasiums in every German town, yet these would be quite inadequate to provide accommodation for the vast numbers who, as competitors or spectators, frequent these popular gatherings.

It is worthy of note that any idea of gain or profit is quite foreign to these gatherings; the expense incurred in preparing the ground is very great, and the prizes are merely nominal, every one contending out of pure love for the honor and glory of these contests. In many cases the victors are only crowned; in none are their rewards of any substantial value. The ground was circular, and surrounded by gayly decorated booths and tents, provided for the refreshment of the wearied spectator, or competitor, for I need not remark that the Germans do nothing without beer. Round the circumference of an inner circle were arranged eight sets of apparatus, each consisting of two fixed parallel bars, about four feet out of the ground; a movable horizontal bar, and apparatus for high jumping, and that curious-looking machine —familiar to every German, but comparatively strange to most English athletes—called the "horse," which consists of a padded body about four feet long, raised on four adjusting legs, with two ribs, a foot apart, running transversely across the body of the horse, each six inches from the centre. In the middle of the ground were erected poles and ropes for climbing, trapezes and ladders, among which were scattered rough rocks of unhewn stone, weights, and dumb-bells.

The festivals always commence on a Sunday, when those of the competitors who have already arrived at the town, march in procession to the largest available building, where they partake of a midday meal, and afterwards are addressed by one of the leading men of the fete.

The Sunday afternoon is spent in practicing for the coming struggle; for it is not until the Monday that the actual contests commence. By that time many more competitors and spectators have arrived, the town wears its holiday garb, the streets are thronged with crowds of holiday-makers, among whom the neat gay dress of the competitors is everywhere distinguishable. The ground itself is early beset by those who are anxious to secure the best places for witnessing the various contests.

The proceedings commence by dividing the competitors into squads, or companies, of about twenty or thirty members, each squad being then placed under the command of three officially-appointed judges, who lead them away to that particular competition which they are directed or choose first to attempt. The programme included running high jump, running broad jump, putting the weight, exercises on the bars and horse, and foot-racing. I cannot do better than take you, as I went myself, from one exercise to the other, and tell you in which they seemed to equal, surpass, or fall short of our standard. But here I must note a feature peculiar to these competitions, that every competitor who is desirous of obtaining a prize must reach a certain standard in every exercise, so many points being allowed for each, according to merit, and the winners of the greatest number of points in the aggregate being declared victors. This system I believe might with advantage be introduced into England, where individual excellence is much more highly valued and rewarded than general proficiency. Here a man must be *Cæsar aut nihil* in every contest he undertakes; for the moderate performer in a great many contests is quite unrecognized.

First, then, we looked on at the running high jump. The competitors jumped from a sloping board two feet square, and raised about two inches in front. This board had not much spring in it; but still it presented incomparable advantages over the turf from which we learn to spring. The style of jumping was decidedly bad; they all went at it too fast, and were very weak about the legs, having great difficulty in clearing the rope cleanly. They all jumped fairly well up to four feet ten inches; but few cleared the five feet. The best man in each company cleared about five feet two and a half inches, which may be considered equal to five feet from the grass itself. There were very few "naturally" good jumpers; all used more or less effort; and what struck me very much was, that they all jumped exactly in the same style. This I afterwards attributed to the fact that Germans always learn to jump or run, etc., in classes, several being taught by the same master; and as every exercise is performed by rule, the same rules prevail universally, and lead to uniformity in style.

The best broad jumpers covered about seventeen feet and six inches, though very few sixteen feet fairly; there was a great want of that power about the hips and thighs so essential to excellence in this exercise, nor did they lift themselves enough at the commencement of the jump. In fact, I saw few, if any, who could get well over fourteen feet of water, with a three feet hurdle on the take-off side of it.

From the broad jumping we adjourned to putting the stone; and were surprised to find that they put a rough piece of stone, fresh from the quarry, which seemed to me to be much more unwieldy than the shot of weight with which we practice. Among the heavier men were some very fine putters, equal to any I have ever seen; they put a stone which, from a rough guess, must have been over nineteen pounds, from thirty-five to thirty-eight feet; but the winners in this class were, as a rule, large, powerful men, and not small men of great muscular development, as we not unfrequently see in competitions of the kind in England.

The gymnastic feats on the bars and horse formed the next event; and we followed the squad we had watched all the day, and with whom were now quite friendly—having drained cups of wine together, and conversed as to the prospects of the success of each competitor. In these gymnastic feats the judges first *set* a qualification exercise; one of their number —in this case a well-knit, English-looking man—performing it with great grace and ease. This exercise was designed to test strength as well as activity, and all the competitors followed in turn, each doing his best, but one failed out of thirty. They all seemed thoroughly at home in these exercises; and the only distinction between their feats was the degree of neatness and ease with which they were executed. After qualifying in this manner, each competitor was at liberty to perform two exercises of his own choosing, and were marked by the judges according to their respective merits. It was very astonishing to me to see so many men, of all weights and ages, adepts of this kind of exercises, which were remarkable as displaying great strength in the muscles of the back and arms. In these feats they would have as far surpassed any set of Englishmen of equal numbers, as Englishmen would have excelled them in the running and jumping competitions. By far the greater number of those who competed could perform easily feats which none but the most practiced in England could achieve without great efforts.

The foot-racing, I must confess, much disappointed me; they ran two at a time, ninety-three yards out and ninety-three yards home, turning round two posts three yards apart. They showed no style, and, in but very few instances, any pace. The best time I saw done by any out of two hundred competitors was twenty-four and a half seconds for the one hundred and eighty-six yards; and many were twenty-eight or twenty-nine seconds. They had none of the "springy" or elastic action of a good sprint runner, but a short, slouching style of going, such as one sees in a man quite out of condition after he has run three hundred yards.

Gladly, when the long series of foot-races were over, we turned to the horse *(Pferd,)* and watched with interest the feats thereon performed. The contest was carried on on the same principles as those described before at the bars; and the feats themselves consisted chiefly of some difficult vaulting feats, and twisting the body between, round, and over the hands, which firmly grasped the projecting ribs. My companions and I attempted several, but found them very difficult, though they evidently required more knack than strength.

At the close of this contest we were compelled to leave, so that we did not witness the ceremony of crowning the victors.

Throughout the whole of these games I was astonished at seeing so very few uniformly well-developed men; in many cases there was a wonderful development of particular muscles, but in very few the symmetry arising from active exercise in youth. But throughout there was the German spirit of enthusiasm and fellow-feeling, infusing such life into the whole proceedings as one never sees among others than Germans—a spirit quite different from the clamorous partisanship which the impulsive English nature adopts, but a more quiet, peculiar method of taking the whole as part of the duty of every German.

THE EMPRESS' BALL.

[The late ball given by the Empress at the Tuileries, is thus pleasantly described in "Spiridion's" letter to the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette.*]

BUT let me describe these brilliant scenes to you. The Empress had taken particular pains to make her ball as agreeable as possible. In the first place it was *her* ball and not a State ball. Being her ball, the list of invitations was limited; it included only people known to each other, and who were the habitual guests at her "Mondays." She gives a dancing party every Monday when, besides her own suite of rooms, the only state room thrown open is the Salon du Premier Consul, which is used for dancing. The guests of these "Mondays" enter the palace by the private door, which is near the Pavillon de Flore. The state entrance is the centre of the palace, in what is called the Pavillon de l'Horologe. Readers who have visited the Tuileries will remember they entered the palace by the great door in the centre of the line of buildings between the court-yard and garden; at this door there is a carriage-way between the former and the latter. Visitors mount the state staircase and visit the saloons, and leave the palace by the staircase near the Pavillon de Flore. This is known as the Empress's staircase. It was by this staircase the guests reached the fancy ball.

The Empress took for the model of her costume a celebrated full length portrait of Marie Antoinette by Lebrun. In this picture she is represented as dressed in the height of the prevailing fashions of that day, attired in red velvet and white satin, trimmed with furs and embroidered with gold, and wearing a head-dress several feet high, powdered and trimmed with ribbons.

The Princess de Hohenzollern was dressed in the mediæval costume of a German baronness, which, I may add, she quit as soon as she could in decorum, and disguised herself in a domino and mask. The Princess Mathilde wore a domino. The Princess de Metternich was dressed in the purest fashions of Louis XIV.'s reign; every article of her toilet—shoes, dress, bonnet—was made of pale yellow taffetas; she wore a high, powdered head-dress and carried a long cane covered with white velvet; the handle of the cane was studded with diamonds. The Princess Rimsky Korsakow was dressed very much like the Empress; the only difference in her dress was that the satin as well as the velvet were red colored, and her embroidery was of silver and not of gold. The Duchess de Colonna was dressed in Louis XVI.'s costume; her whole costume was made of white velvet; she was of course powdered, and carried a white velvet stick. Barouness Alphonse de Rothschild was attired precisely like the Duchess de Colonna, but her costume literally blazed with diamonds. The Duchess de Rivas likewise wore a Louis XVI.'s costume, but it was made of black velvet and black satin embroidered with jet and diamonds. The Marchionness de Gallilet wore the costume of the Exterminating Angel. She carried a steel sword in her hand, a polished metal on her brow a gold cuirass on her breast, and wore her hair streaming over her shoulders. Mme. Lacave Laplagne wore the costume of the Angel of Darkness, which Mons. Gustave Dore drew for her. The Princess Jean Troubetzhoi was in the Devil's costume: her dress was of black and flame colors, and she wore black wings in her back.

Mme. Jules de Saux (so well known as an artist under her pseudonym, Henriette Brown) was in the costume of a Chinese lady; the Countess de Castiglione wore a long dress of black velvet and powdered hair—*nothing else!* Mme. Erlanger was in Fine Weather, and her sister, Miss Slidell, was in Rain. The Emperor wore a black dress coat, white cravat, short breeches, black silk stockings, the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor and the Venetian mantle. The Imperial Prince wore a costume of Neapolitan fisherman copied from the costume worn by Mario in the second act of the Ballo in Maschera. The Prince de Hohenzollern was dressed like the Emperor: in truth, almost every gentleman wore the Venetian mantle.

Among the beauties of the ball—for you may easily believe I have not mentioned the hundredth part of them in the foregoing list—was Mlle. Alice Robin, a beauty who combined that chaste, affectionate, honest beauty of the English girl with French grace and piquant airiness. Her mother was an English opera dancer of great beauty, her father was a Frenchman of considerable wealth and good position, who, attracted by the English *danseuse's* qualities, wooed and married her. Mlle. Alice Robin was attired in an Italian costume which set off her beauty to great advantage. Although there was nothing of a crowd at leaving the ball, and consequently no waiting in the entrance hall, swept by draughts of cold air, she was chilled in going from the ball-room to her carriage; and all the way home she shivered. She grew rapidly worse during the night, and, despite every effort of the attendant physicians, died three days after the ball!

To retain the bloom and freshness of youth unimpaired, the ladies should use that harmless and fragrant toilet article, Davidson's Circassian Bloom, for the complexion and skin. Sold by all druggists.

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MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

CONCORD WAGONS AND HARNESS.—The Pacific Concord Carriage Manufactory is prepared to supply the Pacific Coast with Concord wagons and harness made to order. The members comprising this firm have long been in the employ of the celebrated manufacturing house of L. Downing & Son, Concord, New Hampshire; so that parties wishing Concord wagons or harness can obtain just the same quality of article here and save 25 per cent. on their purchase money. We have seen some of their workmanship, and can recommend it to the public Address Belduke & Co., 820 Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth.—*San Francisco Leader.*

DAINTY WORK.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals*, *Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

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San Francisco, April 6th, 1866.

JOHNSON J. THOMAS.

San Francisco, July 17th, 1865.

I hereby certify that, having had a Cough some five months since, which had troubled me for two years, and I was so bad that I was able to do but little labor of any kind, and could not walk fast without putting myself out of breath. I was so far gone that I had chills over me and night sweats, and had what other physicians called disease of the lungs. I had been doctoring a part of the time for the last year, when I saw Dr. D. B. Vincent, and he gave me a small vial of medicine, which relieved me of the chills and night sweats, and the cough entirely went away, and I do not take cold so easy, and my health is much better in every respect. My appetite is much better; and I heartily recommend all others who are afflicted with similar complaints to him.

JOHN O'NEILL, National Hotel.

The above named diseases nearly all originate from the same or similar causes, and

THE COLD PREVENTIVE

will cure all of them. It is a sure cure for Dyspepsia. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

D. B. VINCENT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND OCULIST,

Treats all diseases successfully on the Electric system. Particular attention paid to treating all Diseases of the Eyes, Rheumatism, Paralysis, etc. Cures guaranteed, or all moneys refunded—in most cases even where others fail.

☞ OFFICE—No. 103 Kearny street, first floor, where he can be consulted at all hours, unless professionally engaged. All orders from the country promptly attended to. ap7

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Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

From Folsom street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the company.

Steamers of this line will be despatched on the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month. When these dates fall on Sunday, the steamer will leave on Saturday preceding.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

STEAMERS FOR APRIL:

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

APRIL 30th, - - - - GOLDEN AGE,
Captain E. S. Farnsworth.
(Connecting with *ARIZONA*, Captain Maury.)

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

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Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
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SAMUEL WHITE.

mar10 3m

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLE

SILK HAT,

1866,

INTRODUCED - - - - - - - MARCH 3

BY

McGANN & CO.,
FASHIONABLE HATTERS,
No. 654 Washington street,
Two doors below Kearny.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES.—Silk, Felt, Beaver, and other HATS for sale at the lowest prices.

CAPS of every description, suitable for all ages, made to order.

McGANN & CO., being experienced and skilled in all the branches of the manufacture of Hats, feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to their patrons. Every description of Hats and Caps made to order.

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☞ New Goods by every steamer. mar10

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OF

SAN FRANCISCO,

Have established a TRUNK DEPOT in the basement of their Store equal to any in New York, and prices 20 per cent. lower than any other House in the city.

mar17-3m

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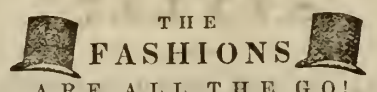

ARE ALL THE GO!

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JUST SEE THE DIFFERENCE between his styles and the others in this city. There is style about his Hats that does not appear in others.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS!

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LAMOTT'S SPRING STYLES

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mar24 6m EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors

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A NEW AND EFFICACIOUS REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA, Gastralgia, etc. Prepared from fresh renuets according to the formula of Dr. GEORGE ELLIS, and presenting this valuable digestive aid in an attractive form both as regards taste and appearance.

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San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage ; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28 ; Mare Island, 37 ; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
San Quentin, 12, steamer ; Farallone Islands, 20.

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Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,

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Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M.

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PARTIES desirous of getting into OLD-ESTABLISHED BUSINESS CONCERNS, either as Partners or Sole Proprietors in Mercantile, Manufacturing, Trading, or any kind of business in city or country, can do so by applying at my office.

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GRAND SPECTACULAR PLAY, FOR THE MATINEE,

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Lost in London!

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Gilbert Featherstone, Esq.....Harry Courtaine
Benjamin Bunker, a London Tiger..Harry Jackson
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HOLY BIBLE.

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IN AID OF

St. Bridget's Church,

VAN NESS AVENUE, - - - - NEAR BROADWAY,

WILL BE HELD

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VOLUME IV., No. 23. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 5, 1866. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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[For the Californian.]

INCOMPLETENESS.

THERE'S a dim dell—all mine own;
Never there hath sunbeam shone:
On the pure leaves of my lily
Hang the dews—all white and still'y.

There are roses—but in name,
For they never blush nor flame;
Folded is their sweetest sweetness—
They will never know completeness.

There, the linnet on the thorn,
Warbles at the early morn;
But the nightingale's song-blossom
Throbs and dies within its bosom.

EMILIE LAWSON.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND THE SEA LIONS.

[C. H. W., ("Inigo,") the San Francisco correspondent of the New York *Times*, sketches the Cliff House and the habits of the Sea Lions, as follows:]

HAVE you ever heard of the Cliff and the Cliff House? You should have, for Bierstadt sketches them, and Ludlow promised to devote a chapter of his book to them. It is situated on the cliffs, about six miles distant from the city, at the termination of the Point Lobos Road—a turnpike. The road is made of a species of red rock, and is smooth as a dollar, the only fault being that in dry weather it is rather hard for horses' feet. At any stable in town you can get a pair of horses that will carry you out there in a half hour, and my first drive was behind a livery team that brought three of us and a rockaway in twenty-four minutes. Great place this for teams and turnouts. You can scare up several pairs on livery that will trot in 2:45 to the pole.

The Cliff House is a comfortable verandahed little hotel, perched up like a lookout-box on the summit of the Cliff. The view seaward from its balcony is unbroken. Far in the distance, on clear days, you can see the Farralone Islands, the intervening space dotted with the white sails of commerce. A few rods from the shore lie the seal-rocks. These are the curiosities of the coast. Though called seal-rocks, they are, in reality, tenanted by sea-lions. You perhaps remember the fellow at Barnum's Museum, who was kept in a tank of sea-water, and would flounder out and in, chiefly distinguished by his inordinate love of fish, a number of domestic virtues, and a bad breath. Well, these chaps are exactly like him, and they cover the rocks. More comical-looking creatures you never saw. Sometimes they lie three deep, floundering over each other, and cutting amphibious pigeon-wings in the awkwardest way imagiuable. In the water they are most at home, and by the aid of the field-glass which, secured by an immense ring and chain (a sad commentary upon metropolitan morals) is kept for the use of visitors, you can become very well versed in the mysteries of submarine bridal chambers. They are "musical cusses," too, their voices being chiefly on the heavy baritone order; of them it may be emphatically written that their bark is on the sea. Eminently conventional, they have some of the funniest ceremonies that can be imagined. Whenever a new comer lands on the rock the youngest and fairest of the occupants go down to welcome him. Owing to an unfortunate shortness of reach but little embracing or hugging is done, but they make it all up in kissing, rubbing their noses together sometimes for half an hour at a time. In their promenades along the rock they don't walk arm-in-arm at all, but they keep patting each other on the back with their fins, and dealing out such other tokens of esteem as manifest to all around that they are on the most friendly terms. There is one which has been christened "General Butler," a cock-eyed old fellow, with a lower jaw twisted askew, and a voice like a boatswain's. He is in favor of severe measures on all occasions, and confiscates everything within his reach. But he is bold as a lion—*id est*, as a sea-lion—and when the heavy nor'west blows come, and the sea rolls in with a roar like thunder, dashing the spray over the top-gallant rocks until it flies far inland like snow-flakes, and making the house and the cliffs upon which it is built tremble to their deep foundations—then it is, when all the weak ones crawl to the leeward of the rock, and lie prostrate in trembling and fear, that my Gen. Butler takes the weather side. Heaving his great head and shoulders out in relief against the stormy sky, he emulates the bull of Phalaris in his roarings, till the elements sometimes feel their impotence, and for the moment become dumb. His harem watch him with wondering and admiring eyes, and occasionally one of them struggles up to cheer him in his loneliness, but no! The hirsute Mars repels the advances of the equally hairy Venus, and back she slinks, shamefaced and rebuffed, among the others of the sea-raglio. The outgoing steamers sometimes pass so near these rocks that a biscuit could be thrown from their decks upon them; but I fancy the seals are not very fond of biscuits, for they flounder off into the tide water without even taking a nibble. Between these rocks and the Farralones the seals make regular trips, like mail steamers. Fish and bird-eggs constitute their chief diet, but I do not know that they would turn disdainfully from a young bird if it fell in their way. Birds'-nesting is a favorite sport with them, and they excel in it. No chamois hunter could go up the crags of Switzerland with more ease than they climb the jagged rocks, for all their short-leggedness. But I've an idea that the boobies and pelicans would flank them if they followed the fashion of land birds in nest building, for the most active seal would find it rather difficult, perhaps, to climb a tree.

The Cliff House is kept by one Foster, a right jolly fellow, and enjoys life as well as the next one—I might say better, for he is next the cemetery, and his nearest neighbors lie there. I may be wrong, but I don't think they have much fun. He is now talking about building a bridge from the house to the seal rocks, so that visitors can go out and fish upon it, and get a nearer view of his marine menagerie. But I've an idea that some mischievous fellow might go bobbing for seals, and, if he got Ben Butler on a string, there would be the devil to pay. Moreover, I do not think the seals, amiable as they are, would stand the invasion of their soil. For when the rope was put up for Cooke, the acrobat, to walk over upon, they indignantly deserted in a body and steered for the Farralones, and it was some time before they returned to their old haunts.

FLEXIBLE IVORY.—M. Charriere, a manufacturer of surgical instruments in Paris, has for some time been in the habit of rendering flexible the ivory which he uses in making tubes, probes, and other instruments. He avails himself of a fact which has long been known; that when bones are subjected to the action of hydrochloric acid, the phosphate of lime, which forms one of their component parts, is extracted, and thus bones retain their original form, and acquire great flexibility. M. Charriere, after giving to the pieces of ivory the required form and polish, steeps them in acid alone, or in acid partially diluted with water, and they thus become supple, flexible, elastic, and of a slightly yellowish color. In the course of drying, the ivory becomes hard and inflexible again; but its flexibility can be at once restored by wetting it either by surrounding it with a piece of wet linen, or by placing sponge in the cavities of the pieces. Some pieces of ivory have been kept in a flexible state in the acidulated water for a week, when they were neither changed nor injured

[For the Californian.]

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

SEEDLING PLANTS.—NUMBER TWO.

THERE are many no doubt, who would like to try their hands at raising seedling plants, but when they get a seedsman's catalogue to look over, they are completely bewildered by the multiplicity and variety of things which are recommended, and do not really know *what* to select, as *all* have some special qualification which renders them desirable and worthy of attention.

We will name a few, with their claims, which may enable the reader to select for cultivation. And here we will repeat the advice of one of the most celebrated gardeners of England on the purchase of seeds: "Get from the best and most reliable man the *best seeds* he has, and nothing but the best—*quality*, not *quantity*. Do not be afraid to pay him his price for a choice bit of seed; one fine plant will amply repay you for all you pay for it.

Ambronia umbellata, one of our California flowers which is scarcely known and yet in some localities growing very abundantly, is a charming plant with beautiful verbena-like heads of sweet-scented flowers. It is very effective in beds, rock-work, or in baskets suspended in a window or piazza. There is also a yellow-colored variety which has the delicate perfume of the jasmine These may be easily grown from the seeds, and will be highly prized by those who are true lovers of sweet-scented flowers; besides, another great recommendation, with many they are not common.

Acanthus Mollis. This plant claims our special interest, and no garden of any pretensions should be without a specimen. It is a stately and beautiful ornamental foliaged plant, from the leaf of which the capital of the Corinthian column is said to have been derived; grows freely in ordinary soil.

Gynerium Argenteum. This is the most magnificent ornamental grass in cultivation, producing numerous flower-stems, from seven to ten feet high, each surmounted by a noble plume of silvery inflorescence. When planted on a lawn, or in front of trees or shrubbery, where we can have a background, the effect is most imposing.

Ricinus, a magnificent and highly ornamental genus, the picturesque foliage and stately growth of which, combined with the brilliantly colored fruit of the giant varieties, impart to select plantations, shrubbery, and mixed flower-borders, quite an Oriental aspect. In the gardens about Paris, and at the Central Park, New York, they form one of the principal features of attraction; and, if planted out and grown as single specimens on our lawns and pleasure grounds, as an ornamental foliage plant, they would form a new and striking feature.

Zea Curagua is a valuable addition to the ornamental foliage plants, from Japan. It has the appearance of corn, but the foliage is beautifully striped, like the so-called ribbon-grass. It grows to the height of from five to six feet; the leaves are opposite, and from two to three inches wide, and often two to three feet long, striped with green and white, and frequently tinted with rose color.

Beta Brazilliensis. Robust, large-leaved plants, with terminal spreading heads of very picturesque leaf; blades, some having broad, silvery, central ribs, margined with green, and others with rosy, crimson and violet ribs, with similarly colored margins, admirably adapted for grouping and shrubbery.

Wigandia Caracasana. One of the finest ornamental foliage plants in cultivation, either for masses or single specimens, growing to the height of six feet.

The above are worthy of growing if only a single specimen, and will be of interest to any collection.

FLORAL CALENDAR—CONTINUED.

April 29th. St. Robert, Herb Robert, (*Geranium Robertianum.*)
April 30th. St. Catherine of Sienna, Cowslip, (*Primula Veris.*)
May 1st. St. Athanasius, Charlock, (*Raphanus.*)
May 2d. St. Philip, Tulip, (*Tulipa Gesneria.*)
May 3d. St. Alexander, Poetic Narcissus, (*Narcissus Poeticus.*)
May 4th. St. Monica, Stock Gilly, (*Mathiola incarna.*
May 5th. St. Angelius, Apple tree, (*Pyrus Malus.*) IRIS.

[For the Californian.]

GONE.

I MISS thee! oh, I miss thee! Summer wanes:
Thou comest not to me; where art thou straying?
Lo! on the hillside Autumn's glory reigns,
And sobbing winds are through the dark pines playing.

So plains my saddened voice in tones of woe,
Aerial measures to earth's beauty chiming,
The under-current of whose mighty flow
Hath taught my soul to spend itself in rhyming.

And musing thus, I call upon thee, love:
I call in vain; and sadly, sadly sighing,
The hours are ling'ring full of burthened pain
For the lorn heart so passionately dying.

NEW YORK, March 28, 1866. L. S. D. L.

A LOST ART.

AMONG the many wrongs that I suffered during my school-time—a period which it is only the poets who venture to misrepresent as agreeable—I set down as the most mischievous this wrong, that my handwriting was ruined. The seminary at which I was a pupil was unfortunately a Classical or Fashionable one. No young gentleman was supposed to be in a position that so vulgar an accomplishment as caligraphy could possibly become necessary to him in after-life. If you gave them the ideas and a dictionary, there were few of us who had not the "faculty divine" of constructing Latin verses; but as for the hand in which they were transcribed—you might think it had been an ingenious effort of our little toes. In a school preparatory for Eton, however, such learning as how to write was no more to be expected than the art of book-keeping by double-entry, and therefore parents and guardians were not disappointed. Once in a term, indeed, we each indited an epistle to our friends at home, under the surveillance of Dr. Swishem and his crew of ushers; but it was felt on all hands to be a very unsuccessful affair. The composition, it is true, was elaborate and ornate, and about as unlike what a boy would write, if left to himself, as can be conceived:

MY DEAR [M. or P.]—I write to inform you that the school-term will be completed on the 29th inst., upon which day please make arrangements for sending for me, if you can conveniently. Dr. and Mrs. Swishem request me to convey to you their best compliments. Hoping you are in good health, I remain, dear [M. or P.,] your AFFECTIONATE SON.

It would not be credited how execrably those "holiday" letters" were permitted (in so fashionable a seminary) to smell of India-rubber. But the fact is, that not only had the parallel lines, without which our communications would have been more or less diagonal, to be rubbed out. but an immense amount of dirt, produced by tears, perspiration, jacket-cuffs, and other matters all incident to this tremendous ordeal; not to mention that half-a-dozen blades of penknives were used up in the work of erasures.

The delicate manner (*we* called it "gingerly") in which the second *r* in "arrangements" (omitted in the original) was inserted by the Doctor himself, in as good an imitation of the writer's own style as his sense of propriety would permit, and the final flourish in which the signature was enveloped, as at the conclusion of some pyrotechnic display, were efforts which would have excited our admiration, if a boy had such a tribute to give. They were really wonderful to us, most of whose native hieroglyphics would have defied the subtilty of Colonel Rawlinson or any other decipherer who had been only accustomed to deal with cuniform inscriptions. I say most of us, because some of us had been very respectable writers before we came to Dr. Swishem's, and owed our subsequent failure entirely to him and his system.

I myself, for instance, remember the time in my early boyhood when I could read with tolerable ease any sentence I had once written, no matter though forty-eight hours might have interveued; whereas, as an adult, such a feat has been utterly impossible. The learned sergeant in the *Pickwick Papers*, who is described as so indifferent a penman that his best efforts could only be read by his clerk, his moderate ones by himself, and his usual ones by neither, was yet better than I; for after a day and night have elapsed, I can make absolutely nothing of my own writing. It was a "Caligraphic Mystery" long before the Stereoscopic Company patented *theirs;* and were it not for my wife, to whom the gift of interpretation has been revealed, and who copies out all my manuscripts for the press, the general public would know nothing of their favorite author. But stay, I am anticipating. It was never supposed at Minerva Lodge that any pupil would subsequently so far degrade himself, and it, as to make a living by his pen. The possibility of such a misfortune—to do my revered master justice—never entered into the Doctor's brain. We were all country gentlemen's sons, and it was hoped that we should remain in that position of life in which it had pleased Providence to start us.

But even a country gentleman has sometimes to write an invitation, and even an Address to his Constituents, if he aspires to sit in St. Stephen's (and does not get it written by somebody else,) and therefore I contend that Dr. Swishem should have taught us how to write. Perhaps he imagined as the advocates of classical education maintain in the case of History, Geography, and the Modern Languages, that Writing is too contemptible a subject for the intellect of youth to grapple with, and may be safely left for subsequent acquisition. But, at all events, he need not have spoiled "the hands" of those who *had* hands. This, however, was effected most completely by his system of punishment by Impositions. If I was caught "out of bounds," or eating sausages in bed, or putting slate-pencil into a keyhole, or (worse than all) if nature, overburdened by an early dinner, gave way during the Doctor's sermon, and I fell asleep at church, there ensued an imposition; that is, I was compelled to copy out, from a classical author, a certain amount of lines, varying from a hundred to one thousand. In the case of a very flagrant outrage—swigging the Doctor's table ale upon the sly—by a depraved young gentleman, Maltworm *minor*, I have known an imposition of two thousand lines of the poet Virgil to be set in punishment.

There was not much in common between Dr. S. (who was a foolish little round man, given up to heraldry) and the bard of Mantua, but they were always hereby connected in our minds, and hated with equal rancor. How our fingers scurried over those odious hexameters, until they grew stiff and sore, and refused to form the letters! What strange inventions were made use of (though never patented) to shorten the cruel mechanical toil—surely almost as bad as the Crank of our model prisons—by tying half a dozen pens together, and imputing the vice of repetition where our author had never been suspected of it before.

In short, although of the positive results of my education at Minerva Lodge I have but little to boast (for I soon forgot how to compose Latin verses,) that little was more than balanced by the fact that my handwriting was utterly ruined by its Imposition system. Excessive speed was the only virtue which it nourished in the way of penmanship; we soon got to write "running hands." But as for the art of writing, as a means of communicating information to others, it lapsed altogether, and was lost from amongst us, as completely as the method of staining glass is said to have disappeared from the whole human family.

"Spirit-hands," to judge from the few specimens of the penmanship of the other world with which we have been favored, are not particularly adapted for "setting" copies, and, indeed, much remind me of the wanderings of a spider, recently escaped from an ink-pot; but "spirit-hands" are as copperplate specimens of caligraphy compared to *my* hand. To people who can't spell, a bad handwriting is some advantage; for in cases of doubt,—such as, whether the *i* or the *e* come first in Believe or Receive—they have only to make their customary scrawl, and the possible error becomes undiscoverable; but the nature of my profession has compelled me to acquire this accomplishment (no thanks to Dr. Swishem,) and I have rarely any occasion for concealment.

There was one person who discovered ground for congratulation upon this my shortcoming, and only one. He was a gentleman who lived a life of leisure, and he confessed that my letters gave him greater pleasure than those of other friends, because they "lasted him so long." The first day upon which he received one, he would discover, after half a dozen perusals, a glimmering of what was intended to be conveyed; the next day, some interesting detail would crop out; and by the end of a week, if some sentence did not emerge with a flash which altered the entire complexion of the affair, he found himself (with the assistance of his family, and any ingenious friend who happened to be enjoying his hospitality) in possession of all that I had wished to say. But this gentleman's case was an an exceptional one. When my wife was unable to copy my deathless works, the compositors murmured and rebelled. They only knew English, they said; not Sanscrit. My *Essay on the Assyrian Bull*, for instance, *with some remarks on its Treatment under Rinderpest, as suggested by Nineveh "Friezes,"* cost my publisher seventy pounds in printer's charges for "erasures and alterations" alone. I am so ashamed of my own performance, that I dare not save my fingers by employing a "multiplying-machine," even for business-letters. My small children make me blush for my inferiority, when they show me their "pot-hooks and hangers," and I shall not easily forget that moment of embarrassment, when one of them, in the absence of her governess, asked me to set her "a copy." "Dear papa, please write me out a line of *Rs*." I could as easily have written down the genealogy of Pharaoh, king of Egypt. Even the two ingenious "blind men" at the post-office were unable to decipher *me* except by mutual consultation. My envelopes took ten times the period that other Illegibles did in passing through their hands. They doubtless puzzled over the efforts of all those who had, like myself, been educated at Minerva Lodge, but the profession of literature—the trade of the constant scribbler—had in my case so thoroughly completed the evil which Impositions had begun, that I was *facile princeps* among even them: the most infamous of all bad writers. Literature needs have no such effect as this, if the previous training has been good. Some foolish persons think it is a mark of genius to write ill, but this is a great mistake. I look over my own epistolary treasures, and see with shame how quite otherwise is the case.

Place aux dames. This neat little microscopic hand, every letter of which is legible, belongs to the authoress of *Our Village;* and these bold and well-formed lines are from the same fingers which wrote *Deerbrook* and the *Crofton Boys.*

This free and manly hand (the best I know) is that which set down the *Domestic Annals of Scotland;* and this, perhaps the next best, so firm, distinct, and yet so flowing, is the same which has moved mankind at will to tears and laughter, from the days of *Pickwick* until now. To judge by this bold running-hand, the *Woman in White* was no Dead Secret to the printer; and here is the clear legible work of those dead fingers which shall paint, alas! no more *Col. Newcomes* for us.

Had I possessed the genius of all these writers combined, I should yet have been as one who preaches in an unknown tongue, edifying no Reader (and least of all "the Reader" who is employed by the printer,) but for the fair Interpretess of whom I have spoken; and even she was useless to me in some things. There *are* letters which one cannot get one's wife to write for one; and my correspondents grew rebellious, and threatened to cut off all communication with one who gave them so much trouble. A business friend in the city, declaring that "my telegraph-hand was much better than my writing-hand," insisted upon hearing from me by the wires only. Finally, a "round-robin" was addressed to me from the members of my own family, requesting that I should take writing-lessons of a professor, and enclosing thirty shillings to defray his charges for the first six lessons. I make it a rule never—under any circumstances—to return people's money, and, at the same time, I am too well-principled not to apply what I receive to the purposes for which it is intended. At the age of forty-five, therefore, I began to learn that science which I had acquired at eight years old, and lost during my residence at Minerva Lodge.

"Impositions, eh?" remarked the Professor as soon as he set eyes upon a specimen of what the painters would call my "latest style."

"Yes," said I, "that was the beginning of it; but Literature was the finishing-school."

"Don't believe it, sir," returned he. "I have had hundreds of adult pupils, who all write like this—only certainly not quite so badly. Not one schoolboy out of ten who has been brought up on classical principles can write a legible hand. The head masters ought to be flogged all round."

"Or even where the boys are flogged," suggested I; but he didn't understand this allusion.

"You will require to take a dozen lessons instead of six, sir," continued he, severely.

And he spoke within the mark, for before I left his establishment, *cured*, I had to take eighteen. I consider that if the law of England was framed upon equitable principles, it would enable me to "recover" the sum of four pounds ten shillings from the executors of the late Dr. Swishem; but I need not say that such is not the case.

My friends, of course, with the exception of the Gentleman of Leisure, were delighted with the results attained; and the compositors who have the pleasure of setting up this paper can scarcely believe their eyes. But I am by no means altogether freed from the consequences of my late deformity (for that's the very word.) A most respectable tradesman, to whom I gave my first check after this wondrous change, was, upon presenting it in person at my banker's, at once taken into custody upon the charge of forgery. He has brought an action against the firm for defamation of character, and I am subpœnaed as a witness in the Central Criminal Court. My old check book will be there produced, and the signatures (?) contrasted with the way which I have recently acquired—including a beautiful flourish like an Eagle—of subscribing my name. It will not, therefore, be necessary to humiliate myself by further confessions, since, for the culmination of this sad history, readers may consult the public papers for themselves.

PARTIAL SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.—Among the heathens, the Persians in the time of Cyrus considered the virtues, especially justice and gratitude, as the main object of education; among the Athenians, accomplishments in arts, sciences and letters were the end; and among the Spartans, obedience was the sole principle of instruction, because that would preserve the ascendency of the laws. Yet neither of these answered their designs. Persia acquired some of the milder virtues, but failed in strength and hardihood; Athens found that neither art nor science would prevail against depravity of morals; and Sparta found that it was not enough to secure obedience to laws without considering their nature and effect; Persia fell a victim to luxury, Athens to licentiousness, and Sparta to tyranny. Such are the lessons of antiquity, and its splendid wreck remains an example to warn us against the dangers of partial systems. But under the new light which the Christian system has thrown over the power and destiny of the soul, a different view has been taken of the end and means of education. We consider the object of education two-fold: One, to improve and strengthen the mind itself; the other, to endow it with whatever is valuable or auxiliary in the duties of life.

WHAT WAS IT?

MANY years ago—not much less, I am concerned to say, than fourscore—it fell, in the line of professional duty, to the lot of my uncle—great uncle, you understand—then a young officer of engineers, to visit, of all spots in the earth, the Shetland Isles. His journey, as stated in his note-book, from which this remarkable incident is taken, was connected with the intended restoration of Fort Charlotte—a work of Cromwell's day, intended for the protection of the port and town of Lerwick, but which came to considerable sorrow in the succeeding century, when a Dutch frigate, storm-stayed, devoted an autumn evening to knocking it about the ears of the half-dozen old gentlemen in infirm health who constituted the garrison.

On the evening that preceded his departure from Chatham, my uncle appears to have given a little supper of adieu, at which were present Captains Clavering and Dumpsey, Messieurs Chips, Bounce, and The Tourist.

Whether the last three gentlemen belonged to the service or not cannot be ascertained. The army-lists of that period have been searched in vain for their names, and we are driven to the conjecture that the sportiveness of intimate friendship may have reduced what was originally "Carpenter" to Chips, and supplied the other two gentlemen with titles adapted to their personal merits or peculiarities.

From my relative's memoranda of the overnight's conversation, it would seem to have taken, at times, a warning and apprehensive tone; at other times, to have been jocular, if not reckless. The wet blanket of the party was Dumpsey, whose expressions of condolence could hardly have been more solemn had my uncle been condemned to suffer at daybreak, with all the agreeable formalities at that time incident to high treason!

Chips appears to have followed the lead of Captain Dumpsey, and (if we may assign to him certain appalling incidents of the North Seas, to which my uncle has appended, as authority, "Ch.") with considerable effect. Mr. Bounce seems to have propounded more cheerful views, with especial allusion to the exciting sport his friend was likely to enjoy in those remote isles; while The Tourist has, to all appearance, limited himself to the duty of imparting to my uncle such local information as he was able to afford. In fact, so far as can be guessed, the conversation must have proceeded something in this fashion:

"Tell you what, old fellow," Dumpsey may have said, "going up to this place isn't exactly a hop across Cheapside. If there's any little matter of—of property, in which I can be serviceable as administrator, legatee, and so forth—after your—in the event of your remaining permanently within the Arctic circle—now, say so."

"Prut!—Pshaw!" probably said my uncle.

"The kraken fishery has been bad this year, they tell me," said Chips, quietly. "Otherwise your friend might have secured a specimen or two of the bottle-nosed whale, and moored them as breakwaters in the Irish Channel."

"He did nearly as well," returned the unabashed Bounce. "Bill was bobbing one day for a coalfish in rather deepish water—thousand fathoms or so—when there came a tug that almost pulled his boat under. Bill took several turns round a cleat, and, holding on, made signals to his sloop for assistance. Meanwhile, his boat, towed by thing he had hooked, set off on a little excursion to the Faro Islands; but a fresh breeze springing up, the sloop contrived to overhaul him, and secure the prize. What do you think it was? You'd never guess. A fine young sea-serpent, on his way to the fiords."

"I should, I confess, much like to learn, from rational sources," said Captain Clavering, "whether these accounts of mysterious monsters, seen, at long intervals, have any foundation of truth."

My uncle was disposed to believe they had. It was far from improbable that those wild and unfrequented sea-plains had become the final resort of those mighty specimens of animal life, which it seemed intended by their Creator should gradually disappear altogether. Indifference, the fear of ridicule and disbelief, the want of education, preventing a clear and detailed account—such, no doubt, had been among the causes tending to keep this matter in uncertainty. It was not long since that a portion of a sea-serpent, cast upon the Shetland shores, had been sent to London, and submitted to the inspection of a distinguished naturalist, who (the speaker believed) pronounced it a basking shark.

My relative's voyage must have been made under auspicious circumstances, since, notwithstanding a brief detention at Aberdeen, a heavy tossing in the miscalled "roost" of Sumburgh, and a dense fog as they approached Lerwick, the good ship dropped anchor in the last named port on the tenth day.

There were no inns, there are none *now* in Shetland, and my uncle took lodgings in the house of Mrs. Monilees, than whom, he observes, no woman ever less deserved her name. Living must have been cheap in those days, for Mrs. Monilees boarded, lodged, and washed her guest for eighteenpence a day, and declared she made a handsome profit of him; the only "lee" of which my uncle ever suspected her.

Fort Charlotte was not a work of any remarkable extent, and my uncle's survey and report of all the Dutch had left of her were very soon completed. His orders being to await an answering communication, which could scarcely be expected to arrive in less than a fortnight, abundant leisure was afforded for making excursions in the neighborhood, and he resolved that the first should be to the lovely bay and ruined castle of Scalloway.

It was then the custom—if it is not still—to walk out upon the moorland, catch the first pony you fancied, take him whither you would, and turn him loose when you'd done with him. Arming himself, therefore, with a bridle and pad, my uncle stepped upon the moor, and speedily captured a likely-looking shelty that had an air of pace. The pony seemed perfectly aware what was wanted of him; and, having hastily rubbed noses with a friend—as if requesting him to mention at home that he had been pressed by an obtrusive traveller, but hoped to have done with him, and be back to supper—at once trotted off without guidance towards Scalloway.

The day was fine overhead, but certain misty wreaths—the skirts, as my uncle conjectured, of an adjacent sea-fog—kept sweeping up the valley, crystalizing pilgrim and steed with a saltish fluid, and melting away into the blue.

It was on the lifting of one of these gauzy screens, that my uncle found that he had turned an angle in the road, and was within sight of the village of Scalloway, with its dismantled keep, memorial of the oppression of evil Pate Stewart, Earl of Orkney, hanged a century before, but still (as The Tourist would tell us, were he here) the Black Beast of Orkney and Shetland.

On a fine clear summer's day the coast scenery of this part is singularly beautiful. From the heights overlooking the picturesque harbor may be traced the blue outline of many of the hundred islands forming the Shetland Archipelago, while countless holms (the "holm," at low tide, is connected with the main) and islets, green with velvety sward, stud the rippling waters. Far to the westward—nearly twenty miles, I think—heaves up out of the ocean depths the mighty Fughloe, now Foula, Island—Agricola's "Ultima Thule"—whose threatening bounds the most daring mariner approaches with reluctance.

As my uncle expected, a mist was hanging to seaward, and shut out all the nearer holms and headlands. He therefore devoted the first half hour to a visit to the castle, being accompanied in his progress by four young ladies, carrying baskets of woollen-work, the produce of island industry, of which, he was sternly informed, it was the custom of every traveller of distinction to purchase about a ton.

The mist had by this time cleared considerably. Not a sail of any kind was visible on the calm blue sea, but so many coasting and fishing craft lay at anchor in the roadstead as to have all the appearance of a wind-bound fleet. Excepting when a small boat moved occasionally between ship and shore, complete inactivity appeared to prevail; and this was the more remarkable since the herring season was near its close, and my uncle was aware that on the opposite (the eastern) shore every hour of propitious weather was being turned to the best account.

Here, however, though there were many sailors and fishermen about the beach and quay, lounging, sleeping, or chatting in groups, there was clearly neither preparation nor thought of it. What made this state of things still more unaccountable was that the bay, even to my uncle's inexperienced eye, was absolutely alive with "shoals" of herring and mackerel, clouds of sea-fowl pursuing them and feasting at their will.

The goodwives, if, having their work in their hands, they did not partake of their husbands' idleness, certainly abetted it, since it seemed as if four-fifths of them had assembled on the shore and the little quay.

Curious to elucidate the mystery, my uncle drew near to a man who had just come ashore from a herring smack, and seemed to be its master, and with some difficulty, for the sea-going Shetlanders are neither polished nor communicative, drew him into conversation.

"Would it be possible?" he presently asked, "to visit Fughloe; and on what terms could a smack—the skipper's, for instance—be chartered for the purpose?"

"Fughloe!" repeated the man, with a grin on his bronzed features; "why, fifty pounds."

"Fifty *what?*" shouted my uncle. "For a four hours' sail?"

"You won't get one of us for less," said the man, sullenly, and probably in a different dialect from that into which my uncle has rendered it. "And *I* wouldn't tempt you to try it."

"You have done so well with the cod and the herrings this season, that money's no object, I suppose?"

The man's face grew dark.

"We have done *bad*," he said, "and we're doing worser."

"With miles of fish yonder waiting to jump into your nets?"

"Waiting to do *what?* Why, sir, *they* knows it just as well as we, perhaps better," was the oracular reply.

"Know what?"

"Eh! don't *you* know?" said the man, turning to my uncle; "so you're a stranger. Will you come a little way along o' me?" he added, in a tone meant to be civil. My uncle assented.

Passing the remaining cottages, from one of which the skipper procured his telescope, they ascended the nearest height, until they had opened a large portion of the bay towards the west. Then the man stopped, and extended his shaggy blue arm in a direction a little to the south of the now invisible Fughloe.

"The fog's shutting in again," he said; "but you look *there*, steady. *That's what keeps us!*"

My uncle did look steadily along the blue arm and the brown finger, till they ended in fog and sea; but *in* the latter, *through* the former, he fancied he could distinguish a low dark object belonging to neither, the precise nature of which was wholly indiscernible.

"Now you've got him, sir," said the man. "Take the glass."

My uncle did so, and directed a long and penetrating gaze at the mysterious object.

Twice he put down the glass, and twice, as if unsatisfied with his observation, raised it again to his eye.

"I see the—the islet—clearer now," he said, at last; "but—but—"

"I know what's a-puzzling you, sir," said the skipper. "You noticed, when we was standing below, that it was two hours' flood; and yet that little islet, as you call it, lifts higher and higher."

"True. It was little more than a-wash when I first made it out," said my uncle; "let me see if—" he put the glass to his eye. "Why, as I live, it has heaved up thirty feet at least within this minute! Can any rock—"

"There's three hundred fathom good between *that* rock and the bottom, sir," said the man, quietly. "It's a creature!"

"Good heavens, man! do you mean to tell me *that object* is a living thing?" exclaimed my uncle, aghast.

For answer, the man pointed towards it.

His fingers trembling with excitement, my uncle could not for a moment adjust the glass. When he did so, a farther change had taken place, and the dispersing mist afforded him for the first time a distinct and uninterrupted view.

At a distance from the nearest point of shore which my uncle's professional eye estimated at a league and a-half, there floated, or rather wallowed, in the sea a shapeless brownish mass, of whose dimensions it was impossible to form any conception whatever; for while at times it seemed to contract to the length of perhaps a hundred feet, with a breadth of half that measure, there were moments when, if the disturbance and displacement of the water might indicate movements of the same animal, its appalling proportions must have been measured by rods, poles, and furlongs!

Through the skipper's glass, which was an excellent one, my uncle observed that its height out of the water had diminished by nearly half; also, that clouds of sea-fowl were whirling and hovering about the weltering mass, though without, so far as he could distinguish, daring to settle upon it.

Fascinated by an object which seemed sent to rebuke his incredulity, in placing before his eyes this realization of what had been hitherto treated as fantastic dreams, my uncle continued to gaze, rooted to the spot, until the mist, in one of its perpetual changes, shut out the object altogether, when the skipper, touching his hat, made a movement to descend.

On their way back to the village, the seaman told my uncle that, about a week before, the bay of Scalloway, and indeed all the neighboring estuaries, had become suddenly filled with immense shoals of every description of fish, the take of herrings alone being such as to bid fair to more than compensate for the losses of the season. Three days before, while the bustle was at its height, the wind light from sou'-sou'-west, and smooth sea, a sealing-boat from Papa Stour, approaching Scalloway, had rounded Skelda Ness, and was running across the bay, when one of the crew gave notice of an extraordinary appearance, about a mile distant, on the weather bow. The next moment, a mighty globe of water, apparently many hundred yards in circuit, rose to the height of their sloop's mast, and, breaking off into huge billows, the thunder of which was heard for miles around, created a sea which, distant as was the vessel from the source of commotion, tossed her like an egg-shell.

Traditions of volcanic action are not unknown to the Shetland seamen. Imagining that a phenomenon of this kind was occurring, they at once bore up, and, having the wind free, rapidly increased their distance from the danger, while, in every direction, boats, partaking of their alarm, were seen scudding into port. The appalled seamen glanced back to seaward. The momentary storm had ceased, and the spray and mist raised by the breaking water subsiding, gave to view an enormous object rising, in a somewhat irregular form, many feet above the surface, and—unless the terror of the crew led them to exaggerate—not less than half a mile in extent.

"A rock thrown up," was their first idea. One look through the glass dispelled it. The object, whatever it might be, lived, moved, was rolling round—or, at all events, swinging—with a heavy lateral movement, like a vessel deeply laden, the out-

line changing every moment; while, at intervals, a mountainous wave, as if created by some gigantic "wallow," would topple over the smoother sea.

Dusk was closing in when the sealing-boat reached the quay. They had all been closer to the monstrous visitor than any, except one small craft—young Peter Magnus's—which had had to stand out to sea, but was now seen approaching. When she arrived, nearly the whole population was assembled, and assailed her crew with eager question. Peter looked grave and disturbed, ("A young fellow, I'm afeered, without much heart," said the skipper,) and seemed by no means sorry to set foot on shore.

"It's neither rock, nor wreck, nor whale, nor serpent, nor anything we know of *here*," was all that could be got from Peter, but one of his hands who had taken a steadier look at the creature, declared that it made intelligent movements; also, that, in rolling, it displayed its flanks, which were reddish brown, and covered with hunches as big as botheys, and things like stunted trees! Pressed as to its size, he thought t might be three-quarters to a mile round, but *there was more below!*

"Not many of us fishermen turned in that night," the skipper went on to say. "We were up and down to the beach continually; for, the night being still, we could *hear* the beast, and from its surging, and a thundering noise that might be his blowing, we thought he might be shifting his berth. And so he was; for at daybreak he worked to the east'ard, and has lain moored ever since where you saw. But we still hear him, and the swell he makes comes right up to our boats in the harbor. Why don't we venture out a mile or so? *This* is why. Because, if he's a quarter so big as they say—and, sir, I'm afeered to tell you what that *is*—supposin' he made up his mind to go down, he'd suck down a seventy-four, if she were within a mile of him. We're losing our bread, but we must bide his pleasure, or rather, God's, that sent him," concluded the honest skipper, "come what will on it."

"There is one chance for us," he presently added. "The *Sapphire*, surveying ship, is expected every day, and some think the captain wouldn't mind touching him up with his carronades; but when he sees what 't is, I don't think he'll consider it his booty."

They had reached the village during this conversation, and were approaching a group of persons engaged apparently in some dispute, when a young man burst out from the party, and, in a discomposed manner, was walking away. The skipper stopped him.

"Well, Peter, my lad, what's wrong now?"

"I think she's mad!" was Peter's doubtful answer, as he brushed back his hair impatiently from his hot, excited brow. He had handsome, but effeminate features, and seemed about twenty.

The skipper spoke a word or two with him apart, patted his shoulder, as if enforcing some advice, and rejoined my uncle.

"Young Magnus, my sister's son," he said. "A sweethearts' quarrel, sir, that's all. But she *do* try him sure! Ah, Leasha, Leasha!" he continued, shaking his head at a young woman who sat at work upon the gunwale of a boat, and appeared the centre of an admiring circle of both sexes, who stood, sat, or sprawled about her, as their fancy prompted. She was very handsome, haughty-looking for her station, and, at this moment, out of humor.

Though she could not hear the skipper's exclamation, she understood the gesture that accompanied it, and, smoothing her brow, appeared to stand on the defensive.

Young Magnus, who had returned to the circle, stepped forward.

"Now, Leasha," he said, "will you dare to say before my uncle what you did to me—yes, to *me?*" repeated the young man, striking his breast passionately.

The word was ill chosen. Leasha's spirit rose.

"Dare!" she said, in a suppressed voice. "You shall see," she said. "But remember, Mr. Edmonston," addressing my uncle's companion, "this has nothing to do with such as *you*. I said that, because a wrecked hull, or a raft of Norway timber, or, at worst, a helpless, dying monster of some sort is floating on our shores, we are not ashamed to skulk and starve in port. Not a boat will put out to take up the fish within half a mile of this beach,"—she stamped her bare and sinewy but well-formed foot upon it—"nor even venture near enough to discover what it is that has scared away your courage and reason. Shame on all such, I say, and shame again."

"You don't know what you are talking about, Leasha," said Edmonston. "We do. If there were not danger, I should not be here. I might be willing to risk my life, but not my ship, which, while God spares her, must be my son's and grandson's bread. You speak at random, girl, and Peter Magnus is no more to blame than the rest of us; less, perhaps," said the good-natured skipper, "for his boat is but a little thing. A 'wreck,' child? Who ever saw a rig with *nine masts!* 'Norway rafts?' Psha! Call it a sea-thing, you're nearer to the truth; but he's a bold seaman, and a precious fool to boot, that puts his craft near enough to ask whence he hails."

"*I* would do it if I were a man," cried the girl, beating her foot upon the ground. "And—and I will not say what I should think of the bold man that did it *now*."

Young Magnus colored to the temples, for the challenge was directed to him, but made no reply. There had stood, meanwhile, a little aloof from the group, a young fisherman, tall, athletic, and with a countenance that would have been handsome but for a depression of the nose, the result of an injury, and for a somewhat sullen and sinister expression, which was perhaps habitual to him. The words had not left Leasha's lips before he uncoiled his arms, which had been folded on his broad chest, and strode into the circle, saying, quietly:

"*I* will go."

"You'll not be such a fool, Gilbert Sinclair (Sinclair,)" said Edmonston.

"You'll see," said the other, in his short, sullen manner. "Some of you boys shove her off," pointing to his boat, "while I run up yonder."

He went to a cottage close at hand, and was back almost instantly, carrying something under his fishing-cap, and a gun. His boat was already in the water, and fifty dexterous hands busied in stepping the mast, setting the sails, and stowing the shingle-ballast. She was ready.

"Who's going with you, since you *will* go?" growled Edmonston.

"I've only room for one man living," said Sinclair, in his sinister way. "Now, I don't want to take advantage over Peter Magnus. Him, or none."

The young man stood irresolute for a moment, then, with one glance at Leasha, leaped into the boat. Sinclair pushed off eagerly.

"You have done well, girl," said Edmonston, sternly. "If either return alive, it will not be Peter Magnus."

"What—what do you mean?" exclaimed the girl, clutching his sleeve as he turned away.

"That Gilbert Sinclair is a treacherous, malignant devil, and at this moment mad with jealous—Stop—"

But Leasha had dashed down the beach.

"Peter! Peter!" she shrieked, "come back! For the love of Heaven—back! I must speak with you!"

"*Too late!*" replied Sinclair, with a grin. "Wait till he brings you what you want to know."

As the last word was uttered there was a splash astern. Magnus had leaped into the water.

"Ha, ha! *coward!*" roared Sinclair, as his boat shot into the fog.

Evening was now approaching, and my uncle, deeply interested, and resolved to see the adventure out, accepted the skipper's invitation to pass the night at his cottage. After taking some refreshment, they strolled out again upon the shore and quay. The mist was clearing, and the moon had risen. My uncle asked what his host imagined Sinclair proposed to do, expressing his doubts whether he intended anything but bravado.

Edmonston was not so sure of that. Ruffian as he was, with a spice of malice that made him the terror and aversion of the village, Sinclair was a perfect dare-devil in personal courage, and, his blood being now up, he was certain, if he returned at all, to bring back tidings of some description. The man's unlucky passion for Leasha (who was betrothed, Edmonston said, to his nephew) had been the cause of much uneasiness to the friends of both. "God pardon me if I misjudge the man," concluded Edmonston; "but if ever murder looked out of man's eye, it did from his when Peter jumped into his boat to-day."

By eleven o'clock the haze had lifted so much that the skipper proposed to ascend the height, and try if anything could be seen. The night was still as death, and, as they rose the hill, the soft rippling murmur of the sea barely reached their ears.

"I never knew him so quiet as *this!*" remarked Edmonston; "I take it, he's—"

Before he could finish, a sound compounded of rush and roar, so fearful and appalling that it can be likened to nothing but the sudden bursting of a dam which confined a pent-up sea, swooped from sea-ward, and seemed to shake the very rock on which they stood. There was a bellow of cavernous thunder, which seemed to reverberate through the distant isles: and, far out, a broad white curtain appeared to rise, blend with the dispersing fog, and move majestically towards the land.

"It's the surf! 'He has sounded,'" whispered Edmonston. "Listen—now!"

Perfect silence had succeeded the tumultuous roar, and again they heard nothing but the sough of the sea lapping the crags below. But, after the lapse of perhaps a minute, the hush was invaded by a soft, sibilating murmur, increasing to a mighty roar; and, with a crash like thunder, a billow—fifteen feet in height—fell headlong upon the rocky shore. It was followed by two or three more, each smaller than the preceding; and once again silence resumed her sway.

At daybreak it was seen that the terrible Sentinel of Scalloway had returned to his fathomless deeps.

And where was Sinclair? He was seen no more; but, weeks afterwards, a home-bound boat, passing near the spot where the monster had lain, nearly came in contact with some floating wreck. From certain singular appearances, some of which seemed to indicate that the wreck had been but recently released from the bottom, the crew were induced to take it in tow, and bring it into port. There it was at once identified as the forward portion of Gilbert Sinclair's boat, torn—or, as Scalloway men insist to this day, *bitten*—clean off, just forward of the mast—three grooves of one colossal tooth—the size of a tree—being distinctly visible!

There are persons, it is true, who have endeavored to lessen the mysterious interest of my uncle's story, by suggesting a different explanation—hinting, for example, that the object might have been composed of nothing more extraordinary than the entangled hulls of two large vessels, wrecked in collision; and that Sinclair, suspecting this, and endeavoring to reduce them to manageable proportions through the agency of gunpowder, had destroyed himself with them.

But, if so, where were the portions of wreck? We have have also the support of no less a person than the author of "Waverley," who, in his notes to the "Pirate," mentions the incident, and its effect upon the hardy seamen of Scalloway; while my uncle himself, at a subsequent visit to that port, smoked a pipe with Mr. Magnus in the very boat—then converted into an arbor—that had been bitten in two by the sea-monster. So that, with him, I frankly ask—if it was not a kraken—*What was it?*

DEMAND FOR MORE LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

M. THIERS, the eminent French historian and statesman, made a great speech in the French chambers, on the 26th of February, for an extension of liberty and free institutions in France. It is one of those speeches that may become a waymark in French history, if the public opinion of the nation is up to the tone of the orator. We quote a few of the striking things said by him:

"Since 1852, we have lived in the hope, founded on what seemed to be an assurance, that the concentration of power in the hands of the Emperor would only be temporary. The general feeling has been that as soon as calm should return, the institutions which the country had enjoyed at other times would be restored. This expectation was founded on the constitution itself, which can always be modified by the initiative of the Emperor, with the consent of the senate. It resulted from the memorable declaration of the 14th of January, 1852, that if liberty were not in the foundations of the edifice it would one day be its completion, and also from the decree of November 24, which re-established political discussion here. Encouraged by those acts and declarations, the nation looks wistfully for those institutions which the whole civilized world acknowledges alone capable of assuring liberty and security, and is naturally impatient to see them restored, now that the government itself every year acknowledges that the calm has returned. Hitherto the restoration of liberty was only a question of time, not one of principle, which it now seems to have become.

"When a nation founds a dynasty, it has not exhausted its rights, but is entitled to demand that its will shall be embodied in all the acts of the government. Thus monarchy in France, as throughout Europe, is founded on the principle of national sovereignty. The form of government may change, but public opinion ought ever to inspire the acts of the government, and must, therefore, have the means of forming itself. For this, certain liberties are necessary—first, individual liberty; then that of publicly expressing thought both by speech and by the press. Abuses of the press can only be properly repressed by moral means. That experiment has yet to be made. When will it be commenced? The citizen ought to be free not only in his person and thoughts, but also in his preferences, when called to elect his representative. It is highly improper for the government to designate candidates (interruption); and in employing, to ensure their triumph, the funds granted for the public service, it deviates from the path of rectitude.

"Real liberty is that which places a nation in possession of its own destinies. Decentralization is not liberty, or all the nations of the middle ages would have been free, for the royalty abandoned to them all local affairs. Free trade is not liberty; for Turkey has not a single protective duty, while the United States is the country the most attached to that system. Even universal suffrage, which is one of the means of liberty, is not liberty itself, for England has only a restricted suffrage, and certainly no one will say that England is not free. Which are the free nations? Which are those not free? We need not say. We must pain no one. Of the former, two may be mentioned as incontestably free: a monarchy and a republic—England and America."

QUESTION by the defendant's counsel: "Did my client enter into a positive agreement to marry you?" Answer: "Not exactly; but he courted me a good deal, and he told my sister Jane that he intended to marry into our family."

A CUP OF COFFEE.

WHEN a boy I had lessons in French of a Frenchwoman, whose husband was confectioner in the grand ducal kitchen at Darmstadt. One of the sons—he became afterwards a brave and distinguished officer—was a great crony of mine, and with him I often paid a visit to the said ducal kitchen, which for me was not merely a source of material enjoyment.

The steaming, roasting, and boiling which were going on there excited in me the greatest interest, and I could uninterruptedly watch the process of roasting a joint from the first, when it was put raw on the spit, till that consummating moment when the fire had imparted to it a rich brown covering and of sweetest savor.

I observed how the roast-veal was sprinkled with salt, the capons wrapped in slices of bacon ; nothing escaped my eager boyish attention.

Hence I have retained a taste for cooking, and in leisure hours occupy myself with the mysteries of the kitchen ; with the preparation of articles of human food, and all thereto belonging ; in which are not unfrequently included matters of which chemistry knows next to nothing.

Young chemists do not devote their attention to such things, inasmuch as they are little fitted to afford proof of their skill and ingenuity, or to found a claim to recognition in the domain of science. It therefore is left for the older ones to do so.

On the best method of preparing our common beverage, coffee, the opinions both of cooks and connoisseurs considerably diverge ; and the difficulty of a decision cannot fail to be appreciated by him who knows that our tinmen and other artificers are yearly adding to the improvement of the half-hundred biggins or coffee-pots which we already possess.

As my recipe for the preparation of coffee threatens to make all these inventions unnecessary, I risk, of course, making all manufacturers as such my adversaries.

I appeal, however, to the impartiality of those who drink my coffee, all of whom I hope to have on my side.

So much has already been written about the mental influence of tea and coffee upon our modern society and civilization, that it is useless to dwell on it more particularly here.

But this is certain, that Anne Boleyn must have risen from a breakfast of half a pound of bacon and a quart of beer (mentioned by her in one of her letters) with very different sensations as well as sentiments, from those she would have had, if the meal had consisted only of a cup of coffee or tea with some bread and butter and an egg.

I also pass over unnoticed the national economical importance of coffee, and will merely say a few words on the influence which coffee has had on modern warfare.

In the first Schleswig-Holstein and the last Italian campaign the introduction of coffee very materially contributed to improve the general health of the German and French soldier ; and I am assured (by Captain Pfeufer, of the Sanitary Commission in the Bavarian Army) that since the use of coffee in the Bavarian army as beverage for the men, the number of soldiers on a march unable to proceed has, in comparison with formerly, very considerably diminished—so much so, indeed, that sometimes not a man is ill ; and this too when the distances have been great and the weather unfavorable.

And Julius Frobel relates (*Seven Years in Central America*, page 226,) that for the men accompanying the great trading caravans in Central America, coffee is an indispensable necessity : " Brandy is only taken as a medicine, but coffee, on the contrary, is an indispensable article, and is drunk twice a day, and in large quantities. The refreshing and strengthening effect of the drink under great toil in heat and in cold, in rain or dry, is extraordinary "

As is well known, the English are masters in the preparation of tea. In preparing coffee, the Germans are—so they assert—greater adepts. It is certain that more coffee is drunk in Germany than tea.

The German *savant* especially prefers coffee to tea, which, perhaps, is because of his habits and of the different effect of the two beverages on the body.

Tea acts directly on the stomach, whose movements sometimes can be so much augmented by it, that strong tea, if taken fasting, inclines to vomiting.

Coffee, on the contrary, furthers the peristaltic movement downwards ; and, therefore, the German man of letters, more accustomed to a sitting life, looks on a cup of coffee, without milk, and assisted by a cigar, as a very acceptable means of assisting certain organic processes.

For the same reason, so it is said, Russian ladies have become patronesses of coffee and tobacco.

These remarks prove sufficiently that the preparation of a beverage possessing in the highest degree the above valuable qualities cannot be without interest.

I was originally led to my attempts in this matter by the intention to obtain an extract of coffee, which might be useful for travellers and for armies on a march ; and on this occasion I became aware of the influence which the atmosphere, or the oxygen in the atmosphere, exercises on coffee, by which its qualities are very materially deteriorated. I have found that a watery hot extract of roasted coffee, which, when fresh, is perfectly enjoyable, loses by degrees, if allowed to come in contact with the air, its agreeable flavor ; a black mass remains that cannot entirely be again dissolved in cold water, and which on account of its bad taste cannot be used.

Be the method of preparing coffee what it may, it is first requisite to sort the berries. Foreign substances are frequently found among them, bits of wood, feathers, and usually a number of black mouldy berries, which must be taken away ; for our sense of taste is so delicate that the smallest admixture cannot escape notice.

Berries of dark or green hue are generally dyed ; and these must first be washed in a little water, and afterwards dried with a warm linen cloth ; with those of a pale color this is unnecessary.

The next operation is the *roasting*. On this depends the good quality of the coffee. In reality the berries should only be roasted until they have lost their horny condition, so that they may be ground, or as is done in the east, pounded to a fine powder.

Coffee contains a crystalline substance, named *caffeine* or *theine*, because it is also a component part of tea.-

This matter is volatile, and every care must be taken to retain it in the coffee. For this purpose the berries should be roasted till they are of a pale brown color ; in those which are too dark there is no caffeine ; if they are black, the essential parts of the berries are entirely destroyed, and the beverage prepared from these does not deserve the name of coffee.

The berries of coffee, once roasted, lose every hour somewhat of their aroma, in consequence of the influence of the oxygen of the air, which owing to the porosity of the roasted berries, can easily penetrate.

This pernicious change may best be avoided by strewing over the berries, when the roasting is completed, and while the vessel in which it has been done is still hot, some powdered white or brown sugar (half an ounce to one pound of coffee is sufficient.) The sugar melts immediately, and by well shaking or turning the roaster quickly, it spreads over all the berries, and gives each one a fine glaze, impervious to the atmosphere ; they have then a shining appearance, as though covered with a varnish, and they in consequence lose their smell entirely, which, however, returns in a high degree as soon as they are ground.

After this operation, they are to be shaken out rapidly from the roaster and spread on a cold plate of iron, so that they may cool as soon as possible. If the hot berries are allowed to remain heaped together, they begin to sweat, and when the quantity is large the heating process, by the influence of air, increases to such a degree that at last they take fire spontaneously ; the roasted and glazed berries should be kept in a dry place, because the covering of sugar attracts moisture.

If the raw berries are boiled in water, from 23 to 24 per cent. of soluble matter is extracted. On being roasted till they assume a pale chestnut color, they lose 15 to 16 per cent., and the extract obtained from these by means of boiling water is 20 to 21 per cent. of the weight of the unroasted berries ; the loss in weight of the extract is much larger when the roasting process is carried on till the color of the berries is dark brown or black. At the same time that the berries lose in weight by roasting they gain in volume by swelling ; roasting adds a volume of 50 to 60 per cent.

The usual methods of preparing coffee are, first, by *filtration* ; second, by *infusion* ; third, by *boiling*.

Filtration gives often, but not always, a good cup of coffee. When the pouring the boiling water over the ground coffee is done slowly, the drops in passing come in contact with too much air, whose oxygen works a change in the aromatic particles, and often destroys them entirely. The extraction, moreover, is incomplete. Instead of 20 to 21 per cent, the water dissolves only 11 to 15 per cent, and 7 to 10 per cent is lost.

Infusion is accomplished by making the water boil, and then putting in the ground coffee ; the vessel being immediately taken off the fire and allowed to stand quietly for about ten minutes. The coffee is ready for use when the powder swimming on the surface falls to the bottom on slightly stirring it. This method gives a very aromatic coffee, but one containing little extract.

Boiling, as is the custom in the East, yields excellent coffee. The powder is put on the fire in cold water, which is allowed merely to boil up a few seconds. The fine particles of coffee are drunk with the beverage. If boiled long, the aromatic parts are volatilized, and the coffee is then rich in extract, but poor in aroma.

As the best method, I adopt the following, which is a union of the second and the third :

The usual quantities both of coffee and water are to be retained ; a tin measure containing half an ounce of green berries, when filled with roasted ones, is generally sufficient for two small cups of coffee of moderate strength, or one, so called. large breakfast-cup (one pound of green berries, equal to 16 ounces, yielding after roasting 24 tin measures [of ½ ounce] for 48 small cups of coffee.)

With three fourths of the coffee to be employed, after being ground, the water is made to boil for ten or fifteen minutes. The one quarter of the coffee which has been kept back is then flung in, and the vessel immediately withdrawn from the fire, covered over, and allowed to stand for five or six minutes. In order that the powder on the surface may fall to the bottom, it is stirred round ; the deposit takes place, and the coffee poured off is ready for use. In order to separate the dregs more completely, the coffee may be passed through a clean cloth ; but generally this is not necessary, and often prejudicial to the pure flavor of the beverage.

The first boiling gives the strength, the second addition the flavor. The water does not dissolve of the aromatic substances more than the fourth part contained in the roasted coffee.

The beverage when ready ought to be of a brown-black color ; nuntransparent it always is, somewhat like chocolate thinned with water ; and this want of clearness in coffee so prepared does not come from the fine grounds, but from a peculiar fat resembling butter, about twelve per cent of which the berries contain, and which, if over-roasted, is partly destroyed.

In the other methods of making coffee, more than the half of the valuable parts of the berries remains in the "grounds," and is lost.

To judge as favorably of my coffee as I do myself, its taste is not to be compared with that of the ordinary beverage, but rather the good effects might be taken into consideration which my coffee has on the organism. Many persons, too, who connect the idea of strength or concentration with a dark or black color, fancy my coffee to be thin and weak, but these were at once inclined more favorably directly I gave it a dark color by means of burnt sugar, or by adding some substitute.

The real flavor of coffee is so little known to most persons, that many who drank my coffee for the first time doubted of its goodness, because it tasted of the berries. A coffee, however, which has not the flavor of the berry is no coffee, but an artificial beverage, for which many other things may be substituted at pleasure. Hence it comes that if to the decoction made from roasted chicory, carrots, or beet-root, the slightest quantity of coffee be added, few persons detect the difference. This accounts for the great diffusion of each substitute. A dark mixture, with an empyreumatical taste, most people fancy to be coffee. For tea there are no substitutes, because everybody knows what real tea is like.

Heating qualities have generally been attributed to coffee, and for this reason it is avoided by many people : however, these heating qualities belong to the volatile products called forth by the destruction of the soluble parts of the berries in the process of roasting. Coffee prepared in my manner is not heating, and I have found that it may be taken after dinner without disturbing the digestion—a circumstance which, with me at least, always takes place after the enjoyment of strongly-roasted coffee.

For special cases, such as journeys and marches, where it is impossible to be burdened with the necessary machines for roasting and grinding, coffee may be carried in a powdered form, and its aromatic properties preserved by the following process : One pound of the roasted berries are reduced to powder and immediately wetted with a syrup of sugar, obtained by pouring on three ounces of sugar two ounces of water, and letting them stand a few minutes. When the powder is thoroughly wetted with the syrup, two ounces of finely-powdered sugar are to be added, mixed well with it, and the whole is then to be spread out in the air to dry. The sugar locks up the volatile parts of the coffee, so that when it is dry they cannot escape. If coffee is now to be made, cold water is to be poured over a certain quantity of the powder and made to boil. Ground coffee prepared in this way, and which lay exposed to the air for one month, yielded, on being boiled, as good a beverage as one made of freshly-roasted berries.

THE GROOVES OF LIFE.—Every human being has some handle by which he may be lifted, some groove in which he was meant to run ; and the great work of life, so far as our relations with each other are concerned, is to lift each one by his own proper handle, and run each one in his own proper groove.

QUESTION by the defendant's counsel : " Did my client ever enter into a positive agreement to marry you ?" Answer : " Not exactly ; but he courted me a good deal, and he told my sister Jane that he intended to marry into our family."

INVESTING.—The Directors of the California Building and Loan Society have invested $50,000 in City of San Francisco gold-bearing bonds.

ALAMEDA HOMESTEADS.—The Auction and Real Estate house of MAURICE DORE & Co., will sell on Monday week a large number of Homestead Lots, located at the Railroad Station, Alameda. This property is beautifully situated, and is covered with live oaks of mammoth dimensions. It also possesses advantages of soil and climate unequalled by any other property within fifty miles of this city. The title is perfect, and the terms of sale are made easy. See advertisement for particulars.

THE ENAMEL OF BEAUTY.—Davidson's Circassian Bloom is preferred by the ladies to all other preparations of a similar character. For the complexion and skin it is most delicate, fragrant, and entirely innocent. Sold by all druggists.

THE LADY-WITCH.

THE curious story of the Lady Morris, once held in Doncaster and the country-side for miles around to be gospel truth, but for the last century pooh-pooh'd even there into oblivion, must have had a strong foundation of truth. Internal and external evidence seem to prove that. The lady, it may be admitted, was a magician, but hers was natural magic—the magic of singular beauty, combined with an astute, unscrupulous intellect; and her moral or immoral husbandry found an exhaustless field for its exercise in the ever-fruitful soil of human weakness and credulity. The success of the Lady-Witch, like that of Joseph Balsamo, is easily enough accounted for without the attribution of supernatural functions. It seems pretty clear that the only mesmeric influence, in which I have any faith—that which flashes from the dark, liquid, penetrative eyes of a beautiful woman, revealing by its dazzling light unfathomable depths—was with her a very potent instrument of power.

Helen Royston was born in a cottage situate in the environs of Doncaster, and distant a few miles only from that city. Her mother died when she was still an infant (1653,) and her father, once one of Cromwell's world-famous troopers—"Valiant-for-Truth Royston" was his military *sobriquet*—after the "crowning mercy" at Naseby, where he was severely wounded, settled down for the remainder of his days near his native city; married; had one daughter, Helen; followed his loving and beloved partner to the grave; and thenceforward the stern practical man-of-war came gradually to be a dreamer of dreams. The near approach of the period when Satan should be bound for a thousand years—which he had once as firmly believed in as that it was his duty to smite the ungodly, hip and thigh, and spare not—faded from the tablet of his creed. He ceased to believe in the Millennium. At all events he ceased to hope that it would dawn upon a sinful world in his own lifetime—that is, if that lifetime could not be indefinitely prolonged. The hazy speculations of the veteran took that direction, and like hundreds of other alchemaic visionaries, he diligently set himself to the study of the science taught by the adepts conversant with the doctrines taught by the brethren of the Rosy Cross. In other words, he devoted himself to the discovery of the Elixir of Life—the manufacture of gold from the basest metals, his dazzling reward, perennial life; inexhaustible riches!

We need not follow John Royston through the mazes of a dream from which he never awoke, dying as he did at the very moment when for the thousandth time he believed that the hour of supreme success was about to strike.

Royston inherited a modest income, partly terminable with his life, more than sufficient for his own and daughter's needs. He had also skill in pharmacy, was acquainted with the qualities of herbs and other simple medicaments. These in many cases, some pronounced incurable by orthodox practitioners, were administered with great success. His daughter, as she grew up in strength, remarkable intelligence, and rare beauty, took this good Samaritan work into her own hands. She acquired a strange influence over her patients. The most fractious, obstinate, and wayward, were subdued in her presence as by an irresistible spell. Some muttered to themselves or each other that she had "an evil eye" and that though she cured persons for the time, it was only to make them her bond-slaves, and that when the time came, they would be made to feel the yoke of slavery to which, by having recourse to her, they had subjected themselves.

No fable was too gross for general acceptance in those days, and, sooth to say, the present day, in many and many a rural district of enlightened England. The old Cromwellian and his beautiful daughter, burrowing in such strange seclusion, were believed by hundreds of men and women, who, in the ordinary affairs of the world had their heads screwed on right, to be wizard and witch; and that, though apparently kind and charitable, their alms-deeds and medicaments were but devil's gifts, which would have to be repaid with hellish usury one day, no one knows how soon. One thing was certain—neither the father nor daughter ever went to church. This would, of course, be the case, orthodox Church-of-England services being alone tolerated. It was not likely that "Valiant-for-Truth" Royston would join a prelatic Church, of which Charles I. was the first martyr, or encourage his daughter to do so.

The old man died dreaming, as I have said, of the immediate realization of his Rosicrucian visions. Helen shut herself up in strict privacy for a while, during which time her keen, ambitious intellect was casting about to discover the true means by which gold could be extracted from inferior substances.

By and bye it was known that the lady-witch might be again consulted, and it was given out that she not only cured paralytic and otherwise diseased men and women by charms and spells, but that she could tell the future as well as the past of every one's life; and that any one who should incur her enmity was doomed to destruction. Helen Royston had a singularly melodious voice, and would sometimes of a moonlight night betake herself to a sort of arbor not many yards distant from a tiny lake near the cottage, where her father had kept several swans; and, herself concealed, warble forth snatches of delicious songs. The singer being invisible, it came to be at last an article of popular faith that on certain moonlight nights Helen Royston assumed the shape of a swan, for some purpose certainly not heavenly, and known only to herself and the Evil One!

Suddenly an epidemic spread amongst the horses about the neighborhood; scores died; veterinary skill was powerless to arrest the destruction going on, and horse-doctors whispered solemn hints that the lady-witch was at the bottom of the sad business. Had not old Gaffer Hunsbridge, in whose stables the disease had first broken forth, quarrelled with and, being drunk, cursed her—otherwise he would no more have durst do so than have taken a lion by the beard—for allowing or setting on, as he said, the huge savage mastiff, without which animal she never left the cottage, to worry a favorite pup of his? There could be no doubt about it; and was she, because she was a lady-witch;—that is, dressed finely, and was beautiful—a device of the devil that, too—to escape the well-merited fate which coarse and ugly witches had righteously undergone?

Certainly not. Still the most furious held back when it was proposed to convert intent into action. At last, the epidemic not ceasing, a professional witch-finder was summoned to the rescue; a kind of minor Hopkins, of the name of Stubbs. He had no scruples; and backed by a mob, the young lady-witch was seized, and spite of the furious resistance of the mastiff, who lost his life in the vain attempt to defend his mistress, would have been subjected to the ordeal by water in the tiny lake where she had so often appeared in the semblance of a swan, but for the sudden appearance upon the spot of Arthur Morris and a number of college youths, who, like him, were at home for the vacation. Arthur Morris was the youngest son of the lord of the manor, and had been more than once seen sidling along with the lady-witch in her wood-walks. The interference of Arthur Morris and his friends was decisive. Stubbs, "whose heart was well in his work," angrily remonstrated, assuring Arthur Morris and his friends that whoever interfered by force in favor of a witch would certainly pine away and die before the year had passed.

The lady-witch was rescued and restored to her home, and the witch-finder's prophecy was realized so far as regarded Arthur Morris. He was the shadow of Helen Royston whenever she appeared abroad, and made some excuse for not returning to Cambridge, when he should have done so. He was not, however, it seemed, a favorite with the fair witch who held him in thrall; so Arthur Morris gradually pined away and died. At the last hour, or nearly so, of his life, the dying son prevailed upon his father, Sir Richard Morris, to send for the lady-witch, for whom the baronet felt almost as superstitious a repugnance as did the stupidest of the boors upon his estate.

There was no end to the stories related of the mischievous marvels performed by the beguiling lady—her supernatural reputation being no doubt much heightened by the eccentric vagaries in which she delighted to indulge. I have no space to reproduce the many curious anecdotes circulated respecting her.

At last another victim was about to be offered up to the siren's infernal arts. Richard, eldest son of Sir Richard Morris, the brother of Arthur had fallen under the spell. He, like that unfortunate, might be seen wandering about the woods and meadows with the beautiful witch. Sir Richard was warned. He hastened at once from London, instantly took his infatuated son into strict custody—at his own manor-house, of course—and consulted his brother magistrates as to how a person who habitually conducted herself in such an altogether out-of-the-way fashion, had, it could be proved, ruined the health, destroyed the peace of mind of several very estimable young men, and caused a pestilence amongst the cattle for miles around, should be dealt with.

There were, it would seem, long and grave consultations, without producing any decided result. The stories told of the fair witch—her incantations, her flight across the lake, when, in the shape of a swan, she received a full charge of shot from the gun of a sportsman, screaming as she flew, and that in consequence of the wound she could not appear out for many days—broke down, even in the hazy estimation of the Doncaster Solomons. At last Sir Richard, it was reported, had determined to take the matter into his own hands, and no doubt justice would be done. The lady had been summoned to the manor-house—that was positive, for several persons had seen her enter therein. Judgment would no doubt be speedily pronounced by Sir Richard. The expectation was verified, and speedily. "It is all settled," said one of Sir Richard's deerkeepers, entering a hostelry one evening. "The lady-witch won't trouble any of us much longer——"

"Hurrah!"

"Won't trouble any of us much longer: 'cause why? She be gwine to be married right out of hand to Sir Richard's eldest son! Talk of witches, I say. Whe-e-w."—*Russell's Eccentric Personages.*

ALL lawyers may be said to belong to the *Fee*-nian brotherhood.

THE "NATIVE CALIFORNIANS."

THE people that made up the body of the population were dashing and careless, fond of fandangoes, always ready for a dance, making the most of their religious holidays with bull-fights and bear-baitings, and almost universally given to gambling. *Monte* was their favorite game, in which all classes, and men and women alike, engaged. They accepted their good fortune without any lively demonstrations of joy, and their losses did not disturb their composure of mind. On Sunday afternoons, devotions being ended, they generally surrendered themselves to some sort of gay festivity.

There were few such riders in the world. Wild horses, though every one had his claimant, scoured the plains in droves, and those that were accounted tame would seem to any other people quite unbroken. When a gentleman set out on a journey, he took a driver and a drove of horses with him. As one animal wearied of the saddle, another was made to bear the burden. In this way a hasty rider would accomplish his hundred miles a day. If a horse gave out on the road, he was turned loose to find his way home at his leisure. His owner's name was branded on his flank; there was little danger of his being lost; but of his being stolen there was great danger, since with the Indian, relapsed into barbarism, horse stealing was a passion.

The child, at a very early age, was taught to ride at a breakneck pace, and with the use of the lariat every one was dexterous. The saddle was an elaborate piece of workmanship; the stirrups were of wood, and set well back; the skirts were broad, and pierced for strips of raw-hide with which to lash fast the blankets and baggage of the rider. It was fastened very tightly by a wide girth, without the aid of a buckle, and in a manner that made slipping or turning impossible. Over its high pommel was coiled the inevitable lasso. The bridle, like the lasso, was of braided rawhide. To the bit was attached a cruelly long spur, running back upon the beast's tongue, so that the slightest pull at the bridle compelled obedience without much reference to the original intentions of the brute. He soon learned to take his cue from the weight of the rein upon his neck, and the horseman dashed along the highway, generally at full gallop, with loose reins. A poor man might own a dozen horses, but he was rich who was supplied with the complete furniture for one. When overtaken by night on the road, the saddle was his pillow; the blankets, unrolled from the bundles that they were as they dangled from it, were bedding and covering enough in so mild a climate; and the ever-useful lasso limited the range of the horse, as he fed on the wild oats of the valley.

It was not until the Indians discovered how delicate and savory roast horse-flesh was, that the tribe of horse-thieves sprang into existence, but then they grew with astonishing rapidity, till they were the terror of all the country. Their chief haunts were the valleys of the San Joaquin and its tributaries. Temperate writers estimate that from five thousand to ten thousand horses were stolen and eaten in the twenty years between 1827 and 1847. It is impossible to conceive how frightful the nuisance was, unless we bear in mind how large a proportion of the mule population jingled immense spurs at their heels perpetually, and that, unhorsed, the Californian considered himself but half a man.

Their houses were one-story high, generally built of large unburned bricks, or adobes, floored with clay, and roofed with tiles. The pleasures of the table were not foremost in their thoughts; the supply of flour for the day was ground in hand-mills each morning from the grain. Tortillas—simply thin cakes of meal beaten by hand and baked before the fire—figured at every meal. Beans were a staple article of diet. Red peppers entered into the composition of every cooked dish, and, like onions, were cultivated in every garden. The table-drink was generally water; the use of milk would have implied tame cattle and work, so its presence was rare. The poorest householder had plenty of beef in his pot; the butchered animal was hung up under the shade of the oak, close by the house. In the clear, dry air, there was no risk of its tainting before the knife had cut off, day by day, the tenderer parts for the family, and the tougher for the troops of dogs that stretched themselves lazily in the sun.

The cattle introduced by Governor Portala and Father Junipero had increased beyond all calculation. They formed the principal wealth of the missions at one time, and for leagues the higher grounds were spotted with bullocks, while the valleys, for acre upon acre, waved with growing grain. There was food enough for all.

Every year all the cattle belonging to one party were gathered to a *rodeo*; that is, driven together and passed through a corral or pen, where they were branded with the owner's mark, or at least old brands inspected, and other necessary operations were performed upon the calves. It was always a merry occasion, beautifully adapted for the display of horsemanship in capturing and controlling the wild cattle; and, both because of its own charms, and to prevent the branding of other folks' cattle, the neighbors generally came in to share its sports. Every cattle-owner of course had his special brand, and his marking-iron was deposited with the alcalde of the district.

The mission gardens were hedged in with willows—at the south, with rows of the gigantic cactus. Fruit-trees were planted about the missions very generally. Shade-trees in the vicinity of houses were never in favor, but long *alamedas*, or shaded walks for the convenience of distant worshippers along the line of travel from the pueblos to the churches, were pretty features of the landscape.

Both sexes were excessively fond of dress, but they found little opportunity to humor their fancy in that matter. They had few of the luxuries of life, however great their wealth might be. With the extortionate impost duties, few elegancies were imported, but for the finery that did arrive they paid enormous prices.—*Dr. Franklin Tuthill's History of California.*

MR. NASBY PLEADS THE CAUSE OF A FRIEND.

CONFEDDRATE ✠ ROADS,
(wich is in the Stait of Kentucky,)
March 19, 1866.

YESTERDAY I happened to pick up a copy uv a fritefully depraved Ablishin paper, and my horror stricken eyes wuz glued to the follerin passage, which I read :

"I am happy to state to you that our free negroes are doing finely. We have no trouble with them. They have all gone to work manfully. They give an impetus to trade that we never before had. I have sold John Guttle's negroes this year and last more goods than I ever sold Guttle, and he owned two hundred and fifty slaves; so you sec the free negro system is working well with us."

Ez I peroozed them lines tears started involuntarily from my beamin eyes, and coursed in torreuts down my venerable cheeks. I know John Guttle well, I may say intimately. He wuz a dear friend, one uv the few which I call friend in the most catholic and comprehensive sense uv the word. He holds my note for eighteen dollars and 63 cents, and I hev somewhere among my papers, which I hev alluz carefully pre served for reference, a memorandum uv his address, that I might be shoor not to forget to send it to him. I give him the note becoz he furuisht the paper, and it made him easy in his mind. I put down the memorandum becoz it looked business-like. Benevolence is a prominent trait in my character—when givin my note for borrowed money will do a man good, I never begrudge the trouble uv writin it.

But what I wuz going to say wuz, that the feendishnis uv that item passes belief. The writer put it in print tu show that the abolishn uv slavery benefitted somebody. I grant him that the merchant, who undoubtedly wuz born in Massachusetts, wuz benefitted by the change, so are the greasy mechanics who are now pollutin the soil uv Alabama, and so probably are the 250 niggers, but in the name uv liberty, in the name uv justice, in the name uv the Constooshun uv the Yoonited States, and the flag uv our common country, I ask how about John Guttle?

John Guttle is robbed—John Guttle is deprived uv his property; the bread is taken from John Guttle's mouth, his staff is broken, his dependence is gone, he is bereft.

Never shall I forget John Guttle or his hospitable mansion ez I knowed it in the happy years afore the crooel war He wuz a gentleman uv the old skool—wun uv the few left us in these degenerate days. His home wuz wun uv unalloyed happiness. Situated just back uv Mobeel, he hed the finest plantashun in that section, and hed on it two hundred and fifty niggers. All shades wuz represented. There wuz the coal black Cuffee, whose feechers denoted the pure Afrikin, and whose awkward manners showed that he wuz uot long from Afrika. There wuz the civilized mulatto, in whose veins the Guttle blood showd; the quadroon, in whom the good old Guttle blood predominated; aud the octoroon, which wuz mostly Guttle. The Guttleses wuz eminently a Christian generation—they wuz devoutly pious, and there never wuz wun of the name who cood not repeat without the book all uv the texts bearin on slavery. The passages in which Onesimus and Hagar figger wuz favorites with em, but on "cussid be Canaan" they wuz strong. For geuerations they had mourned over the hard fate uv the sons uv Ham, doomed to perpetooal bondage, becoz uv the sin uv their father, and with a missionary spirit ekaled by few and exeelled by none, they did their part toward redoosin that cuss by makin ez menny uv em ez possible half-brothers to the more favored race uv Japheth, and thus bringin uv em out uv the cuss, and they hed mellered the color uv their charges down from the hideous black to a brite yeller. Under the old patriarkle system time passed orf smoothly and pleasantly with the Guttle family. Them 250 niggers wuz obliged uv course to work, and their labor wnz money. John bought each of the male sons of Ham two soots uv close per annum, and each of the female sons of Ham one soot. It wuz considered healthy for the young ones to go naked, wich they wuz religiously allowed to do, ez none of the Guttles uv that family wood do anything agin nater or her laws. The girls hed pianos, and wuz educated at the North; the boys wuz celebrated for horse racin and their skill for losin money at faro. They wuz hospitable and generous to a fault. Their honso wnz open house, and their beverages wuz aluz the best.

Money was no objick to them, for when they had a severe attack of poker, or faro, or hoss racin, they had plenty uv octoroons or quadroons, with the real Guttle nose, which brand was well known in Noo Orleans, and wood alluz command the highest possible figger that wuz paid in that market; or, ef they had no more than they wanted at home uv that style, why a few field hands wood be sold, and the remainin ones would be persuaded by the overseer to do the work uv the whole. John Guttle's sons wuz all in the Confederit army; his daughters, willin to sacrifice everything for the cause, heroically pledged theirselves to whip the niggers theirselves doorin their absence.

Now all is changed. A shadder hez fallen across that peaceful home. The nigger quarters is there, but the nigger is not. The broad plantashun is divided up into small farms, and half of it is owned by Ablishunists from the North, who work themselves, and who hev a meetin house on one corner uv it, and the niggers a skool house on tother. The race track is plowed up and in cotton—the whippin post and the stocks is taken down and burned—all, all the evidence uv civilizashun hez faded afore the ruthless hand of the invader. John Guttle, that generous old man, subsists by the labor uv his own hands—one uv his sons ekes out a miserable existence runniu a dray in Mobeel; another, who is gifted with no ordinary intelleck, earns a respectable livin playin seven-up in a small way with his former niggers, and the two girls is runnin a sowin masheen.

Talk not to me uv benefits. What is a dozen tradesmen and two hundred and fifty niggers to glorious old Dimocratic John Guttle? What is the interests uv a dozen or so Noo England mechanics, and the niggers aforesaid, when compared with that glorious aristocracy which kin never exist beside em? Kin I go and borrer eighteen dollars and sixty-three cents uv one of em? No. Becoz workin for their paltry livins they place a higher valyoo on money, and will not spread it around ez profoosely ez the noble race which preceded em.

Another great wrong is done in this settin free of John Guttle's niggers. John Guttle hez uv course, no further interest in the Dimocratic party. Slavery was the umbillikle chord which united the Southern slaveholder and the Northern Dimocrat, and that chord cut, why hez John Guttle any more in Dimocracy? We stood as a Chinese wall between them and the rushin flood of Abolishun fanaticism, and we made the wall biznis pay. They furnished money and we did the work, and there bein but few of us the orfices wuz easily divided. Alas, our okkepashin's gone. The South is forever lost to us, for she has no dirty work for us to do.

I appeal to the Yoonited States uv Americn.

In behalf of John Guttle I say give him baek his niggers.

In behalf uv the Dimocrisy North, who are out uv employment, give him back his niggers.

In behalf uv his son, who is runnin a dray, givo him back his niggers.

In behalf uv his daughters, runnin a sowin-machine, give him back his niggers.

Make things Normal again. Like John the Baptist, the Government shall hear the voice uv one howlin in the wilderness untill all these is done. PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Lait Pastor uv the Church of the Noo Dispensashun.

ADULTERATION OF LIQUORS.

PERHAPS it might be better for all mankind if that heterogeneous legion were to rally round the flag of Father Matthew, and forswear the use of all drinks based upon alcohol. But, as the age of absolute virtue has not yet arrived, (see the police reports,) it may be as well for those who *will* indulge in stimulating beverages to investigate their liquor, aud consider calmly the ingredients which they are likely to imbibe with it.

To such an extent has the "doctoring" of liquors been carried of late years, that it would not be too much to say that *all* the spirits dispersed over the bars of the public houses are of a deleterious quality, more or less. And the same may be said of the wines. In the city of New York, there are numerous establishments in which the manufacture of spurious brandy is openly carried on, and that to an incredible extent. In a case which lately came before one of the United States District Courts, some curious revelations were made with regard to this. One dealer admitted that he sold immense quantities of a stuff passed off for French brandy. Several casks containing this stuff were seized, and, on examination, it was found that they were of home manufacture, put together after the fashion of French casks, and marked with the foreign brands. It was proved that the contents of these poison-kegs did not comprehend a single drop of brandy. The basis of the stuff was something like what distillers call "high wines;" the brandy flavor was imparted to it with a deleterious drug called oil of Cognac, and the addition of a sufficient quantity of burnt sugar toned it to the required tint. The peculiar, smoky flavor of Scotch whiskey may be given to any kind of neutral spirit with oil of tar—which might not be a very popular element of the frequent beverage, if people only knew something about its properties. There are manufacturers of "elegant extracts" whose business it is to supply the trade with the means for imitating all the popular liquors, and there can be no better evidence of the extent to which adulteration has gone, than the fact that these manufacturers have all made a good thing of it.

There can be little doubt that the increase of atrocious crime keeps pace with the adulteration of liquor. The delirium produced by "doctored" spirits is known to be of a more savage and dangerous kind than the excitement which follows the use of less fiery stimulants. Illustration of this may be taken from the northern nations of Europe, among whom there is a large consumption of alcoholic drinks unaccompanied, however, by the exhibition of murderous passion: and if nobody ever hears of a Scottish Highlander getting drunk on his famous "mountain dew," and sticking a knife into his compotator while under the influence of it, it might be worth while to inquire whether the quality of the liquor drunk by him has not something to do with the fact.—*New York Review.*

ELOQUENT INVECTIVE.

THE following example is given of a peculiar kind of invective by epigram, which springs directly from personal character. Sydney Smith once justified an assault on a man of moderate abilities, whose purposes he cousidered as mischievous as they were well meant. "I do not attack him," said he, "for love of glory, but from a love of utility as a burgomaster hunts a rat in a Dutch dike for fear it will flood a province."

Burke was a great master of lofty contemptuousness. A fine specimen of that is the well-known passage in which he likened the English sympathizers with the French revolution to grasshoppers, filling the air with their importunate chirp, "whilst thousands of great cattle, reposing under the British oak, chew the cud and are silent." Scarcely less celebrated is his attack on the Duke of Bedford, where his object is to degrade the whole house of Russell by emphasizing the corruption, servility, and extortion of its founder. Knowing how well aware was all England of the patriots who had been connected with that house, he makes that fact a deviation from the natural character of their family. "It is little to be doubted," he says, "that several of his forefathers, in that long series, have degenerated into honor and virtue."

The practical business of invective is best done by irony, uttered with coolness and deliberation. The emotional element must not be permitted to predominate. That method which implies the greatest self-possession imparts the keenest edge to the blow, and irony does not admit of a successful reply. No one understood better than Grattan the effect of the contemptuous method. The best illustration of his use of it is his reply to an obscure but aspiring opponent in the Irish House of Commons, who assailed him in a stupidly scurrilous speech with the hope of drawing upon himself the invective which had so often smitten Flood and Fitzgibbon. But Grattan could not condescend to give his oppouent the celebrity he craved. Rising in his seat, he simply said:

"I shall make no other remark on the personalities of the honorable member who has just spoken than merely to say, that, as he rose without a friend, so he has certainly sat down without having made an enemy."

Commenting upon a mode of invective somewhat too common in what are called deliberative bodies, the direct personal assault, it has been remarked by Emerson, that it makes a great difference in the force of a sentence whether a man be behind it or no. It was his personal manhood which gave peculiar energy to the invective of Chatham, who was described in his youth as "that terrible cornet of horse, whose scowl gave Sir Robert Walpole a pain in the back." It is sad to think that even Mansfield, so supreme in understaudiug, should have been cowed by a more ferocious physical organization. It is said that the younger Pitt inherited the fierceuess and brute force of his father, aud that even the accomplished Erskine quailed before him in the House of Commons. "The fact is, Erskine," said Sheridan once to him, "you are afraid of Pitt, and that is the weak point of your character."

COMSTOCK, whose name has been immortalized by being connected with the richest silver mine in the United States, is prospecting for gold in Montana. Alva Gould, the locator of the famous Gould & Curry, is living on the labor of his own hands, being eugaged in making shingles in Washoe Valley.

The above item has turned up about once a month for the last year and a-half. We sincerely trust that Comstock may find something more substantial than prospects, and that Gould may be blessed with more toothsome fare than shingles before it comes our turn to copy the statement again.

MR. SANFORD, a gentleman to whom San Francisco is largely indebted—and apparently always will be—for the ornamentation of the Custom House square is out in a card, from which we learn that he is out of pocket somewhat over two thousand dollars in consequent of his æsthetic labors. Should Mr. S. die in this city, no doubt a grateful people would expend as much money in erecting a monument, to keep his memory ever green, as is now needed to pay him for his ever-greeus. We believe in *ante-mortem* displays of gratitude.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

White & Bauer, *News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for* The Californian *in the interior counties of this State, also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

A. A. STICKNEY,
J. P. BOGARDUS,
WM. J. BINGHAM,
C. H. WEBB, } *Publishers.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 5. 1866.

A PLEA FOR HOLIDAYS.

THERE is no population of any city, in our present remembrance, to which recreation, to a reasonable extent, is so necessary as to that of San Francisco. When we say recreation we refer to some mode of compensation to the mind and body after our daily harassments. Our California life is one of incessant activity, when the brain is kept to a constant tension by the ordinary demands of every description of trade and profession, and when, if we would keep pace with competition, we must devote all of our energies to business. We have an opinion that, under a healthy system of commerce, industry and a correct code of working-morals—morals as applied to daily business transactions—there would be less reason to complain of our American unrest and almighty dollarism. Mr. Smith would gladly leave his counting-room at three P. M., and spend the rest of the day in respectable and cheerful idleness, except that Mr. Brown refuses to close his store until five P. M., and thus he gets the advantage of him by two hours, and, perhaps, a half dozen customers. It is this rivalry, this sordid emulation and envy which keeps our American physique in a state of frenzy until we are forty, and after that we are physically and mentally prostrated for the balance of our lives. It is a matter of public knowledge and a commonly expressed physiological fact that, in proportion to our population, there is more insanity in this State, and, we may add, more untimely mortality among men than in any other portion of the United States. These evils have not their origin in, indeed they are not influenced by, climate. The physical character of this State is favorable to the highest longevity. No part of the world unites so many of the conditions to a high development of race, soil and atmosphere as California. Our tendency, then, to insanity, cerebral diseases and early death is due altogether to social excitements, to trade, to constant and unremitting mental activity, to absorption in business, to lack of recreation, amusement and holidays. This tendency is peculiarly American. We have the sole distinction, in all statistics affecting human life and its diseases, of being the shortest-lived and unhealthiest of all civilized mankind. If the working classes have one claim to the benefits of the eight-hour system, then the *brain* classes—those who employ the mental faculties—have a score. While the labor of the one merely affects the muscle, that of the other directly and retro-actively influences the whole man—brain, nerves, muscles and all.

Looking, then, to our physical and mental improvement as a nation, and welcoming any and all means which can take from us the odium of being a skinny, consumptive race, do we gladly notice plans for parks; parks established at San Mateo and Alameda, excursions to Oakland, target-shooting by our military, and picnics for Sunday-school children. And on Sundays we observe, with pleasure and hope, the crowded cars for points between this and San José; and the ferry boats, looking like bee-hives, as it were, as they start for Contra Costa. It is also a source of pleasure that, on Saturday afternoons, many of our stores close at three P. M., thus giving their clerks a third-holiday; and we have recently seen an advertisement from the lawyers, stating that hereafter they will close their respective places of business at 12 M. on Saturdays. These are all signs of promise—promise of health and vigor to our sadly abused brains and bodies.

The New Daily.—"The *Times* Publishing Company" has filed articles of incorporation for the purpose of publishing a daily paper in this city. The capital stock is figured at $150,000, to be divided into fifteen hundred shares. The Trustees announced are all well known business men, though totally inexperienced in the business of newspaper publishing. Rumor is already busy in filling the editorial department. We trust that the *Times* may be able to achieve success, and that no stockholder may ever have reason to exclaim with "Hamlet,"

> "The Time(s) is out of joint—O, cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!"

New Street Railway.—The cars of the Sutter and Polk street railroad commenced running on the first of May. The route extends through Sutter street to Polk, and through Polk to Broadway, its western terminus.

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

SIX weeks ago we jumped on board the Napa steamer, just as she was leaving the wharf, and went to Suscol. The previous week it had rained, and we were anxious lest the morning in question would be of a piece with the preceding ones. But the clerk of the weather proved himself to be amiable—for he turned the wind from the clear quarter, opened all the blue sky to us, drove the storm-clouds away, and left in their stead fleecy cloud-phantasms—delicate and airy as if painted on the blue sky by the Artist Frost.

The air was cool, yet there was pleasure in sitting out on deck and gazing on the mountains, gorged and ravined as far as we could see, and covered with verdure of exquisite freshness and delicacy. There was no uniformity of color—far from it. In some places the green was as warm as if made up of osier branches, while in others it was dark as ivy leaves, and scattered between were brown spots where the plough had been. Add to these, splendid contrasts of light and shade, and we have tried to outline as beautiful a view as we have seen for many a day.

At 11:30 we reached Mare Island, where we landed a score of Jack Tars who had been on "liberty." We hadn't time to go on shore. We lounged idle eyes on the groups at the landing, on the extraordinary domicils, standing a little inland, which seem all the world like lazy schoolboys put in a row for punishment, and then, swinging around, we encountered the low hull of the *Camanche*, which looked like a mouster of the Liassic sea.

We were soon in Napa creek, winding through the sedgy marsh lands, flecked with white wings of water fowl and green clumps of tussack grass; and beyond were the velvety slopes of the Coast Range, broken by groves of trees and the houses of the settlers. A friend met us at the embarcadero, and soon we were driving inland, through an avenue of locust trees, while on either side were rows of peach in early blossom, and the pear, which, with its white flowering, looked beautiful and bride-like. This spot was once the great fruit producer of this State. We remember that, in 1853, when peaches were worth quite a dollar a piece, we stopped here on our way from Napa, where we saw at least fifty baskets of them; and how we longed for a taste of just one! Since then we have crushed our teeth on quite as many.

The first day we spent in looking at the improvements and in listening to the details of proposed changes, in eating fresh eggs and drinking creamed milk. The next day the sky was clear again, and when the sun got well up the air was mild and soft. M. and ourself took our fishing rods and sauntered up the stream which brawls over its pebbled bed through the whole length of his domain, on its way to Napa Creek. We found a quiet little nook, where the brook deepened, in a cluster of trees—of bay trees and willow, and a sort of elder which grew on the edge, its green branches trailing to the very water. We paused here, but with no piscatory intent. The place was so secluded and quiet, the flow of the rivulet so even and murmuring, the grass so green, and the sun so vivid, that really we thought of nothing but lying quiet, and dreaming the afternoon away. But, before we should be lost in idleness, we tossed our line into the stream, little caring whether we had a bite or not. Ten trout were bent on immolating themselves, and so in a little while they lay panting on the grass, and soon they hadn't life enough for somersets. We had no feeling of triumph and pleasure, such as anglers describe. If it would have restored them to life, we would have tossed them back into the brook, and left them to the chances of another idler. We walked back to the house, and, leaving our rod, we started again and followed the creek up to the mountain slopes, some ten miles above. Its course was distinctly traced by the line of trees which stretched away towards the hills, with a directness so unusual, that it seemed as if the hand of man had placed them there. And yet we found spots wild enough, where fallen trunks of trees lay across and along the brook; where huge rocks were heaped up, from which the waters fell in sheets and drops of shining silver; and where the foliage was so thick that only little lines of sunlight could get through. One such spot we have marked as a hiding-place from the garish sun some summer-day—a regular bower, where the branches of the trees on either side interlace, letting the sunlight through in vapory gleams, and where the waters, rushing for some yards over the rocky ledge, leap from the bluff rim of a boulder into a dark little pool below—not angrily and noisily, but languishingly and sportively, as if Naiads had their home there.

We went on until we came to a small farm-house, situated on the hill slope, on the edge of the ravine through which this same stream leaped. The owner came out, a slight sun-browned fellow, the place of whose nativity we couldn't conjecture. He looked like an Italian, but he hadn't the accent of one, and when we sought to identify him with that race that once "jugged" us, we found a lack of verisimilitude which started us off on other conjectures. As we walked away from him we were preceded by a woman who was, we swear, of the land of Iturbide—for she had the complexion, hair and eyes of one, and no woman ever wore *rebozo* as she did, without she had been born, or passed years in the clime of the Maguey. We feel so kind and grateful to the women of that race—for when in peril and danger they warned and guarded us; when hungry they have fed us; and when their male countrymen have persecuted us, they had kind words of hope and encouragement. So it was we followed this woman with a heart full of unexpressed blessings.

We got back a little before sunset, and until dinner we lounged and idled with the dogs, or watched setting hens—wondering how they amused themselves during incubation. One of them—a yellow speckled thing—seemed the most earnest creature we ever saw. She went to her work as if she fully appreciated its responsibility, and as if she had a wager she would hatch every egg she sat upon, and we'll bet she did it.

When the sun peeped through the windows of our rooms the next morning, we felt a regret in thinking that, when he went down, we would be back at San Francisco. After breakfast we sat upon the porch, much too dull for any emotion, and yet, at moments, we had a clear consciousness of the unusual beauty of the landscape, we looked upon—made up as it were of hill and river—valley and meadow land. Away to the south, beyond the brown tule lands, through which the creek meandered, looking like a cord of silver, rose up the mountains of Marin county and the bluff sides of Angel Island; and, standing out from the purple haze of the far perspective, were the white sails of water-craft. Near us were parallels of peach and pear trees in full blossom, and here and there stood isolated oaks, hung with flowing tufts of moss, their gnarled arms bare yet, and leafless.

The afternoon was blustering, and so when we reached the city it was quite dark. As we went homeward through the misty streets we could not but go back to the crimson blossoms of the peach we had just left; the long line of locusts and their young leaflets; the clear singing brook and its glassy slopes, and that quiet which gave to the whole scene a religious aspect and sentiment. During these two days we had seen pictures more gorgeous than Church or Bierstadt had ever painted, mere sketches of which we thus limn from memory.

INIGOINGS.

Pacific Mail Steamer "Sacramento,"
Near Acapulco, April 24, 1866.

OF right this letter should, perhaps, be headed "Outgoings," for we are so far outside the Golden Gate that we cannot hear its hinges creaking behind us. But manage the head of the article as you please: it is all I can do to fill out the body.

A clergyman once read a note handed to him in the pulpit, hastily written and imperfectly punctuated, as follows: "A gentleman having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

Is it possible that I, who have been "Going, going," like an auctioneer's hammer, so long, am "gone" to sea at last?

That I am enhammered of a sea voyage under any circumstances, I cannot conscientiously say, even when it is performed on a steamer like the *Sacramento*, provided with every comfort—

> "Where every prospect pleases [so to speak],
> And only man is vile."

Travelling is always a bore, and I am *ennuied* to death. It is certainly a blessing to get away from newspapers, but then one can't go down town in the morning. In fact, there is no place to go to.

The first two or three days passed off charmingly—they must have done so, for I remember very little about them.

It is surprising how parting drinks with one's friends affect the physical system. The steamer was far outside your heads before I recovered mine.

The reader will pardon me when he knows that I generally shun the bowl. And that, on this occasion, I only drank to..drown my grief at leaving San Francisco.

Oh, my feelings, as Telegraph Hill faded away in the distance, beckoning me to come back! But the paddle-wheels rolled remorselessly on, and I was forced away. Such is life.

Time will perhaps bring balm to my sorrow, but just now I'm irrepressible—I mean that my sorrow is inexpressible and I am inconsolable.

The baggage mast-er—so called because he sticks our baggage away at the mast-head, or somewhere else, where no one can get at it—remarked to me, when I was down among various packages, looking for balm, that he thought I had already had balm enough—that I was "full," in fact.

To which I replied that though I might be full, he was certainly Fuller. (The gentleman's name is Fuller, you see, and that is where the joke comes in.)

The steamer *Sacramento*, which at present answers as my writing-desk, is a fine steamer, of a good many tons burthen. She is provided with quite a number of saloons, state-rooms, life-preservers, and wheel-houses. The greatest drawback to comfort I have yet experienced within her wooden walls is the constant habit they have of sweeping the decks and set -

ting the tables. Nine hundred and ninety-nine freedmen—they have a Freedmen's Bureau in the captain's stateroom—are employed to do nothing else but sweep and set tables, working twenty-four hours a day.

Never do I get comfortably planted to read or write that I am not compelled to move, and with a change of base always comes a change of ideas—which will account for any slight disconnectedness which may be apparent in this letter.

Another slight drawback to comfort is an insufficiency of chairs. They only have one to each passenger, and it is a well known fact that most men generally employ three—one to sit in, one to rest their elbows upon, and another one to support their feet.

But what is lacked in chairs is fully made up in children. This is the fourteenth trip of the *Sacramento*. Never before has she been allowed to carry any but adults. Notice was given, though, that on the fourteenth trip, children would be allowed. Knowing what a comfortable vessel she was, parents with large families have been holding back for her. The consequence is that the conglomerated children of all previous trips are crowded into the present one. You can hardly sit down without spoiling a child, and, as for promenading, it is next to an impossibility. The water tank in the main saloon is so constantly surrounded, that I've not yet dared to take a drink there, for fear of swallowing a baby. Never till now did I appreciate King Herod at his true value. A few few minutes ago, for instance, I had just got comfortably settled to my work at a table—an interval of five minutes intervenes between clearing away the lunch and setting the tables for dinner—when a fond mother came in with a baby at her breast and took a seat directly opposite. The little wretch opened its batteries at once, with a yell as though

> All the fiends from Heaven that fell,
> Had pealed the banner cry of Hell,

driving me from the position at once. And directly opposite my stateroom is a family with two little responsibilities, that open out regularly at four in the morning.

"From the mouths of babes and sucklings" and all that may be well enough in theory, but it is their noise that *preys* upon my unaccustomed ears.

As for the women, what shall I say? There is no scarcity of the matcrial certainly, but to say that there was a superabundauce of beauty would be to utter a lamentable untruth. Were it not for a few who leaven the lump of uncomeliness, I would say that the concentrated essence of female ugliness was to be found aboard this steamer. But some of the women are *so* pretty, that they cast a positive halo of glory over the whole horizon of ill-favored femininity.

Shall I name these exceptions? Ah, no! The list would not be so long as to give me much trouble, but sometimes a vague uncertainty is much more satisfactory than positive assurance. As the matter stands, every one of our lady passengers that happens to see this article will think that *she* is one of the few of whom complimentary mention is made, and happiness will be her lot for at least a week.

But, I am proud to say that my sex fully atones for any lack of comeliness that there is among the opposite one. Most of us are pretty, and those that are not have pretty ways—this latter is where I come in.

Nor am I the only distinguished passenger. My old friend, G. K. Fitch, of the *Bulletin*, is also on board. The report that he is accompanying me East through motives of disinterested affection has no foundation in truth, and the rumor that he contemplates a visit to Bierstadt at his chateau, and the purchase of a few of his last and best pictures, is equally incorrect. He is really going East to import foreign talent to assist in the local and editorial departments of his paper, having made up his mind that the judgment of his resident partner in selections is not to be relied upon. As to the current statement that he is bound to Europe on important business, with which another eminent Californian, Dr. Czapky, is intimately connected, I attach no importance to it whatsoever, from the fact that the two gentlemen did not part friends at their last meeting.

Thus far in the voyage I like the *Sacramento* very much. It is rather early to speak very positively of the qualities of the officers, but they all appear competent to their duties, and I could suggest few or no improvements in the way in which they navigate and handle the ship. All are unusually good-looking men; Captain Caverly—commonly pronounced Cavalry, as though he belonged to the fabulous regiment of horse marines—being quite a favorite with the ladies. Dick Bevil—so-called because he once and awhile has a rather sharp edge on him—purser, presides at the head of the table where I have the honor of eating, doing the honors with that grace which is born to a man—not made.

While speaking of tables, let me remark upon our fare. I must confess myself surprised at its excellence. With the single exception of coffee—which is not as good as I have drank at good restaurants and in private families, though quite on a par with what is commonly found at the hotels—no complaint could reasonably be made. And yet I have heard several grumble and growl, and wonder why a better table is not spread. According to my way of putting it up, these fault-finders are living a deal better than ever they did at home. To expect fresh vegetables every morning at sea, and all the delicacies which the market on shore affords, is the height of folly. The chief complaint that suggests itself to me in connection with the tables, is the fact that they are always spreading them, to the great discomfort of one who has the voluminous correspondence upon his hands which falls to my lot.

Verily, the clergyman had no opportunity to write a sermon for Sunday, so we had to be content with a reading of the Episcopal service, and singing of a choir, Charlie Shultz presiding at the piano and Emily Thorne leading the vocal music.

That Shultz is more accustomed to lead an orchestra than to direct church music is a fact which need not be enlarged upon; but still he did very well, though a few operatic variations, accidentally introduced into such standard old tunes as "Old Hundred" and "Dundee," contributed in no small degree to the astonishment of the congregation.

But the singing was a deal better than the reading. Never did I hear the beautiful service of the Episcopal church so mangled and murdered by being trumpeted through a nose unprovided with keys and stops to give a proper modulation. How can any clergyman in this century cling to the see-saw, droning, Simon-says-thumbs-up style of delivery that was considered the thing in the primitive days of the pulpit? The doctor—who "spelled" the clergyman when the throat (or should I say the nose?) of the latter failed him, did decidedly better, though it must be confessed that he read the divine prescription for salvation as though it were one selected at random from the pages of his pharmacopœia. And very few will contend that "Forgive us for the sins we have done, and also for the sins we have not done" is the correct reading of any part of the service. But the doctor did marvellously well considering. His degree should be that of M.D. D.D.

One great fault with the conduct of this ship is the little latitude that is allowed to passengers, though they pretend to give us the latitude and longitude regularly, in connection with the distance run, each day. They won't let us sling hammocks about decks and shoot porpoises when they come along. The use of firearms is prohibited on the vessel, and, to borrow an old joke, I wish the use of children in arms was also forbidden.

We have about half an opera troupe and a whole theatrical one aboard, but as yet no performance has been brought out, though *The Ship's Foot* might very well be produced. "Don Guzman," who has recovered from a slight spell of sea sickness, and now declares that she is as brave as her sword or a swordfish, and "Signorina Leonora," declare their willingness to resume their *roles*, and "Don Nigodinus," for proof of his readiness to assist, refers everybody to "Lazarillo."

Thus far very little has occurred to break the monotony of the voyage. Occasionally a few porpoises happen along—kicking up their heels as though by accident, but really doing it a-porpoise—trying to emulate the marvellous gymnastic feats which the Buislay brothers do. And they come pretty near those wonderful acrobats, standing on their heads and throwing hand-springs and double somersets as though they had been doing nothing else all their lives—which I really think they haven't.

I had several other things to say, but the circumstances are not favorable for composition. By special kindness I prevailed on the powers that rule the main saloon to permit a lamp to burn until this letter is finished, but according to the present showing it would have to burn till all eternity, for a convivial party has suddenly appeared upon the scene—or rather appeared upon the scene about an hour ago—and the festive sound of champagne corks has pleasantly variegated the sonorous snores from ponderous sleeping noses. Several times I have written in snatches of the conversation that is buzzing about, and as they would not prove eminently interesting to your readers, should you come across any, please to cross them out. We are all going ashore in the morning, and a little wine is said to be an excellent thing for the stomach's ache in this region. Good night. INIGO.

MR. W. C. BENNETT proposes to collect into a single work "A Ballad for the English People," to be composed in the first place, of such metrical pieces as already exist in illustration of the national deeds; in the second place, of such pieces as he may either write himself or induce other persons to write, in fulfilment of the general design. Many events in history—most of them legendary English—are already celebrated in such verses as "Chevy Chace" and the Robin Hood ballads. Mr. Bennett invites the poets of England and America to assist him in completing the series, so as to present a full history of the English race, in metre.

THE San Francisco Olympic Club gave their anniversary ball last evening at Platt's Hall. The "anniversaries" of the club have always been largely attended, and doubtless the members last night had belles more interesting than their usual dumb ones.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE arrival of the eminent tragedian, Edwin Forrest, is a notable event in the dramatic history of San Francisco. No other actor could awaken among us so warm an interest in his art, or claim so many professional friends and admirers. Thousands who have witnessed his great impersonations in years gone by, have long looked forward with pleasure to his coming. For years he has been acknowledged as one of the greatest, if not the greatest of actors, and has been looked up to as the national champion of his profession. Macready, the elder Booth, and Kean, may have rivalled, or even excelled, Edwin Forrest in some characters, but in others he has always been deemed without a competitor. He is accompanied by Mr. J. McCullough and Miss Lillie, who will support him during his engagement, and give additional strength to the Opera House company. The Opera House is now undergoing a very thorough course of renovation and improvement, to add to the capacity and convenience of the auditorium. The Forrest season will not open until these improvements are completed, which will probably be two weeks hence.

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At the Academy of Music, that excellent play, *Lost in London* has been most excellently played all the week, and will give place to Tom Taylor's drama, *Henry Dunbar*, for this afternoon's and this evening's performances. Mrs. Saunders' farewell benefit last night—previous to her departure for New York and other villages at the East—was an actually overflowing testimonial to her popularity, the house not being able to contain all applicants for admission. We will not harrass our own and the reader's feelings by making a pathetic appeal to the lady to revoke her intended departure and tarry still longer with us, as much as we admire her sterling qualities; for we believe such an appeal would not effect its object, and we would only be wasting our own and the reader's time by so doing.

The new play—*Henry Dunbar*—is a dramatic version of Miss Braddon's novel of *The Outcast*, which was published in both of our Sunday papers some four years since. The story was an exceedingly popular one, and full of action; and in the experienced hands of Tom Taylor can hardly fail of making a very attractive play.

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The performance of *Ireland Shall be Free* was brought to a sudden termination at the Metropolitan on Tuesday night, by the "Thomas Francis Meagher" of the piece getting up a real little revolution of his own, and refusing to play unless his salary was fully paid him—thereby revolutionizing the piece, and dethroning the manager. Such is the dangerous tendency of plays which teem with revolutionary sentiment, and are calculated to "fire the (actor's) heart." There was a great difference between the run of the Irish play and that of its French predecessor, though not much as regards the literary merits of the two. The principal points of distinction lay in their national characteristics, the one being full of Irish breeches parts, and the other of French breechless ones. Could this little difference in the two plays account for the measure of popularity respectively achieved?

Mrs. Sedley Brown has leased the Metropolitan and has been making great preparations all the week to bring out the *Mountain Sylph* in a style of beauty and splendor that will exceed, it is said, anything hitherto produced in the spectacular line. It was intended to perform the piece this afternoon and evening, but its proper production necessitates a postponement of it until Monday night. Quite an army of carpenters, machinists and painters have been at work all the week upon the scenic portions of the piece, and some of its effects will be very novel. The second act will terminate in a grand illuminated tableaux and a "Bed of Flame." The third act will give a mountain view, occupying the whole height and depth of the Metropolitan stage. Then there will be Salamandrine caverns, Aerial cars, Bridal Processions, and a grand heterogeneous display of wizards, witches, sylphs, and imps; the whole to be enlivened by a liberal addition of concerted musical pieces and choruses, arranged by conductor Evans, and to be sung by Signor Carmini Morley, Mrs. Sedley Brown, Mrs. Julia Gould, Mr. Stephen Leach, and the Quartette from "The Twelve."

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The Cosmopolitan Circus opened on Thursday evening, under the management of Messrs. Lee & Ryland, to a crowded tent. The Buislay, the Siegrist, and the Lee families, with Messrs. Ryland, Franklin, and Dave Long, filled the bill of a long and exceedingly satisfactory performance. The combination is an excellent one, and the programme varied and entertaining. This will be the last opportunity the public will have to see the Buislays in their startling feats, as they leave on the next steamer. Performances will be given this afternoon and evening, and every evening next week, with a change of programme each evening. The trained dogs and monkeys will perform for the little folks this afternoon.

"MAZEPPA," a new opera by Pedrotti, has had success in Venice. The composer was summoned no fewer than sixteen times on the stage with acclamations.

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San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 31, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
Sun Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

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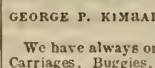

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FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS
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I desire to make known the fact that I was afflicted with a very bad cough for fifteeu years, and, during this time, used everything which I could hear of without getting the better of my disease, until I tried Dr. D. B. Vincent's Cold Preventative or Cough Mixture, which cured me sound and well.
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Tbis is to certify that my wife has been troubled with indigestion for nearly eighteen months, and, by using one bottle of Dr. Vincent's medicine, has been completely cured.
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JOHNSON J. THOMAS.

San Francisco, July 17th, 1865.

I hereby certify that, having had a Cough some five months since, which had troubled me for two years, and I was so bad that I was able to do but little labor of any kind, and could not walk fast without putting myself out of breath. I was so far gone that I had chills over me and night sweats, and had what other physicians called disease of the lungs. I had been doctoring a part of the time for the last year, when I saw Dr. D. B. Vincent, and he gave me a small vial of medicine, which relieved me of the chills and night sweats, and the cough entirely went away, and I do not take cold so easy, and my health is much better in every respect. My appetite is much hetter; and I heartily recommend all others who are afflicted with similar complaints to him.
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JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED,
mar10 3m SAMUEL WHITE.

THE CHOLERA.

[The following succinct report on the Cholera—its prevention and treatment—was prepared for the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York by an eminent physician, and is copied from the twenty-third annual report of that Company.]

In view of the fact that the Cholera has made some progress in Europe and the West India islands during the past year, and may probably visit portions of our own country, it is deemed proper that this Report should contain some practical suggestions as to its causes, prevention, and early treatment.

A few remarks from an able writer on this subject are worthy of attention: "Such is the well-founded assurance of personal security from cholera, when the principles of *Hygiene* and the means of proper care are practically understood, that no physician of good judgment and intelligence fears to visit any city or place where cholera prevails, or to remain at his post of professional duty in the midst of an epidemic of the disease, for he knows that the exciting causes of cholera are avoidable, and that its premonitary stages can be very certainly arrested if the general health and personal habits are good. Nothing could better illustrate the value of proper attention to personal health and daily habits. In short, cholera, as a pestilence, must be regarded as a preventible disease."

In preparing the following remarks, it has been our object to present the matter in a simple, untechnical, and practical manner. We have, nevertheless, availed ourselves of the services of a gentleman who, in the course of his medical experience in the East, has encountered three several epidemics of cholera, and we therefore feel confidence in the accuracy and value of the statements made and instructions given.

CAUSES.

These may be divided into epidemic and those due to atmospheric and other local influences. The places where its ravages are most fatal are just those where typhus-fever, diarrhœa, and other diseases, showing the influence of foul air, dampness, and want of suitable drainage, are most common. So true is this, that an experienced physician could indicate, with considerable certainty, the points it would seize upon long before its advent. Such causes as are under our control should be immediately attended to and removed.

PREVENTION.

Accumulations of filth, street rubbish, mud, stable-dirt, etc., foul drains and cesspools, neglected privies and stagnant pools of water, ought to be carefully removed. Every house, public and private, should be carefully cleansed, and all the house drainage and privies kept thoroughly clean. The fermenting exhalations from these are particularly to be dreaded as a means of inducing a visit of cholera.

When the epidemic influence of cholera surrounds us, anything which alters the normal healthy standard of the body predisposes to disease. For, instance, the use of unwholesome food, impure water, intemperance, undue exposure to the night air, and want of proper personal cleanliness. The body should be protected against sudden changes of temperature. Wear flannel, and in the summer season a broad flannel band, extending from the top of the hips to the middle of the body. Persons should eat heartily, without overloading the stomach; but the food should be plain in quality and thoroughly cooked. Fruits and vegetables should not be eaten unless cooked, as one of the most frequent sources of an attack of cholera is the indulgence in a meal of fruit or uncooked vegetables. Avoid great nervous fatigue and loss of sleep, and discourage panic. In the premonitary stage cholera is usually curable.

SYMPTOMS OF AN ATTACK.

Cholera, in the majority of cases, begins with a premonitory diarrhœa. This is a fact of the greatest importance. When the disease is fully established, medicine has not so much control over it; but in the beginning it is easily subdued. Neglect of this diarrhœa will allow it to run on into severe and uncontrollable cholera. After the diarrhœa has lasted for some time the evacuations assume a peculiar appearance, which is best described by the term usually applied to them as "rice-water discharges." The patient at times will also vomit a similar matter. Should the disease proceed further, the state termed collapse supervenes. The pulse becomes frequent and feeble, or may not be perceivable at the wrist; the body is cold or bluish, and presents a shrunken appearance. The skin is shrivelled and bathed in a cold sweat. There is cramp of the muscles of the calves of the legs and thighs, rendering them rigid, and drawing the muscles of the abdomen into knots. These contractions are attended with severe pain, and form, indeed, the greater part of the patient's suffering. Persons who are careless frequently go about for a day or two with a slight diarrhœa upon them, and, when too late, seek a physician's advice.

TREATMENT.

There has been much diversity of opinion on this head, but fortunately the medical profession are now agreed as to the method of meeting the first advances of this dread disorder. Of course, it would be criminal neglect not to send for a physician at once, for whatever remedies are used, and whatever their value, the practical eye and judgment of an experienced physician are needed to discriminate the proper time for their use, and to judge of the peculiar wants of each case. However, as time is all-important in grappling with such a foe, the remedies should be at hand to meet the physician at once. When any diarrhœa shows itself, it should be treated by rest in bed, where warmth and a pure atmosphere can be be found, if possible. This is most important. The diet should be plain, and the following prescription may be used to check the diarrhœa: Laudanum, two drachms: tincture of camphor, two drachms; and tincture of capsicum, two drachms; mix, and give of this thirty drops, or one half a teaspoonful, four times a day, if the disorder is mild. In a severe case, with much purging, the same dose may be given as often as every two hours, with an injection, consisting of half a tea-cupful of starch with half a tea-spoonful of laudanum; this may be injected three or four times in the course of the day. The excrementitious matter from the sick should be disinfected immediately, by means of carbonate of lime, sulphate or protochloride of iron, coal-tar, carbonic acid, or permanganate of potash; and let no person directly use the place into which such materials are emptied while cholera is prevailing. Whenever practicable let the matter be deeply buried in the earth, and immediately covered with quicklime or coal-tar and gravel. Let all the vessels and clothing used by the patients be cleansed with boiling water and soap. When the patient is cold, and the body is covered with cold sweat, showing symptoms of the collapse, the use of the medicine before indicated should be discontinued. If it be possible to give a hot bath, as hot as it can possibly be borne, this should be done, and the patient kept in it for ten or fifteen minutes, and then put to bed and covered with blankets. Mustard-plasters should be applied to the calves of the legs and thighs, and friction made over the whole abdomen and lower chest with tincture of capsicum, ammoniated liniment, or spirits of turpentine. The thirst may be relieved by giving ice-water in small quantities, or better still, by giving small lumps of ice. Whatever is done, do not give brandy, wine, or any stimulants of the sort, as it will be sure to do harm. In this stage of the disease, it is best not to give any medicine, unless a physician is at hand to judge of its advisability, as the injudicious administration of drugs may do much harm. The idea of contagion should be abandoned. Great fatigue, loss of sleep at night (from whatever cause,) extreme nervousness, fear, and an imprudent and improper mode of life, are generally the active agents in the field, predisposing to and getting the person ready for the foe.

In conclusion, we beg to remind the reader that the foregoing hints are only the skirmishers, to keep the enemy at bay until the "regular army," the active, intelligent physician, can get on the field. Send for him at once, then. Remember that an ounce of prevention is worth a great many pounds of cure in this disease, and that it, of all others, demands immediate, prompt, and active treatment, which we insist can only be afforded by a medical man.

THE JEW.

The present physical, moral, and social condition of the Jews must be a miracle. We can come to no other conclusion. Had they continued, from the commencement of the Christian era down to the present hour in some such national state in which we find the Chinese, walled off from the rest of the human family, and by their selfishness on a national scale, and their repulsions of alien elements, resisting every assault from without in the shape of hostile invasion, and, from an overpowering national pride, forbidding the introduction of new and foreign customs, we should not see so much mystery interwoven with their existence. But this is not their state—far from it. They are neither an united and independent nation, nor a parasitic province. They are peeled, and scattered, and crumbled into fragments, but, like the broken globules of quicksilver, instinct with a cohesive power, ever ready to amalgamate. Geography, arms, genius, politics, and foreign help do not explain their existence; time and climate, and customs equally fail to unravel. None of these are or can be the springs of their perpetuity. They have been spread over every part of the habitable globe; they have lived under the *regimé* of every dynasty, they have shared the protection of just laws and the proscriptions of cruel ones, and witnessed the rise and progress of both; they have used every tongue, and lived in every latitude. The snows of Laplaud have chilled, the suns of Africa scorched them. They have drunk the Tiber, the Thames, the Jordan, the Mississippi. In every country and every degree of latitude and longitude we find a Jew. It is not so with any other race. Empires the most illustrious have fallen, and buried the men that constructed them; but the Jew has lived among the ruins, a living mounment of indestructibility. Persecution has unsheathed the sword and lighted the fagot. Christian hatred and Moslem barbarism have smote, with unsparing ferocity, penal rescripts and deep prejudice have visited on them most unrighteous chastisement, and notwithstanding all they survive. Like their own bush on Mount Horeb, Israel has continued in the flames, but unconsumed. They are the aristocracy of Scripture, reft of their coronets—princes in degradation. A Babylonian, a Theban, a Spartan, an Athenian, are names known in history only; their shadows alone haunt the world and flicker on its tablets. A Jew walks every street, dwells in every capital, traverses every exchange, and relieves the monotony of the nations of the earth.

The race has inherited the heir-loom of immortality, incapable of extinction or amalgamation. Like streamlets from a common head, and composed of waters of a peculiar nature, they have flowed along every stream without blending with it or receiving its color or its flavor, and traversed the surface of the globe, to the close of the many centuries, peculiar, distinct, alone. The Jewish race at this day is perhaps the most striking seal of the truth of the sacred oracles. There is no possibility of accounting for their perpetual isolation, their depressed but distinct being, on any grounds save those revealed in the Record of Truth. Their aggregate and individual character is as remarkable as their circumstances. Meanness the most abject, and pride the most overbearing—the degredation of helots, and yet a conscious and manifest sense of the dignity of a royal priesthood—crouching, cozening, squeezing, grasping on the Exchange, in the shop, in the world, with nothing too low for them to do, or, notwithstanding, in the synagogue, looking back along many thousand years to ancestry beside which that of our peers and princes is but of yesterday, regarding justly Abraham, Isaac and Jacob as their great progenitors, and pressing forward on the wings of faith and hope, and promise, to a long-expected day, when they, now kings and princes in disguise, shall become so indeed by a manifestation the most glorious, and a dispensation the most sublime. The people are a perpetual miracle—a living echo of Heaven's holy tones, prolonged from generation to generation.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

FUNNYGRAPHIC.

Man leads woman to the altar—in that act his leadership begins and ends.

A dentist at work in his vocation, always looks down in the mouth.

Why is a marriage-certificate like an article the public could not do without? Because it is a noose-paper.

A man who bumps his head against that of his neighbor is not apt to think that "two heads are better than one."

Why are the snows of Mont Blanc like a ship-builder? Because they can *avalanche* (have a *launch*) whenever they get ready.

A "down-east" Yankee has recently invented a rat exterminator, consisting of a sort of powder-stuff. The animal jerks his head off at the *third sneeze!*

A young lady, intending to paint her cheeks with rouge, put some of the paint on her nose, and did not discover the accident until she was requested to "sign the pledge!"

A young man advertises in a city paper for a place as salesman, and says he has had a good deal of experience, having been discharged from seven different warehouses within a year.

"What is the difference between me and a new novel?" inquired a highly-rouged damsel of her beau. "It is this," said he: "a novel is *read* because it is interesting; you are interesting because you are *red*."

If you are back-bitten and annoyed, take example by your boots, which, although blackened almost every day, shine the more brightly, and which endure every rub without a murmur.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.—In regard to this company the "Wall Street Underwriter" says: "Figures are potent arguments to employ in dealing with the affairs of any Insurance Company. The Twenty-Third Annual Report of 'The Mutual,' made up to the first of February instant, is published in this paper, and the results manifested upon it are well worthy of consideration. In the first instance, as the prime result of the past year's work, the gross assets of 'The Mutual' show an

Increase of	$2,549,871 02
Total increase in premium account is	1,083,565 34
The total income of $3,853,065 80 is an increase of	1,003,199 24
The full disbursements for 1860, were	1,540,130 63
Number of policies issued Feb. 1865 to Feb. 1866, were 8,600—over double the number of 1864, and insuring over double the amount, viz.	31,394,407 00

All approving comment seems bald in the presence of the truly eloquent figures presented by the 'Mutual Life.' No record of success can be more complete for any financial institution in the world. Wherever Life Insurance has been heard of on the American Continent, the name and prestige of the great 'Mutual' of New York, stand out pre-eminent. Many successful modern companies have grown up to prosperity through the example and influence of the 'Mutual Life.' Its great success, its wealth, and its manifest advantages have been constantly referred to as incontrovertible arguments in favor of Life Insurance." "The Mutual Life" has paid losses on this coast (including dividends,) during the last four years, to the amount of $101,819 02, and among the recent losses to be paid are policies for $5,000 each, of Francis E. Webster and W. L. Haven, who were both killed by the nitro-glycerine explosion at the office of Wells, Fargo & Co., in addition to which amounts, there is to be paid about $1,200 for accrued dividends.—*S. F. Examiner.*

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne. used to bathe the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to allay inflammation, to perfume clothing, for headache, etc. It is manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia, and is obtainiug a patronage quite unprecedented. It is a favorite with actresses and opera singers. It is sold by all dealers, at $1.00 in large bottles, and by DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York, Wholesale Agents.

Lyon's Magnetic Insect Powder will exterminate Fleas, Ticks, Roaches and all insects almost instantly. Its reputation is well known, and hence has been counterfeited. Inquire for and take none but LYON'S, bearing the stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., and the signature of E. LYON.

"OUT OF SORTS" expresses the feelings of many that cannot be otherwise described. Languor, weakness, enervation, listlessness, sleepiness, melancholy, want of appetite, etc., compose a class of ailments greater than all others combined. It is exactly for these indescribable complaints that PLANTATION BITTERS are prepared. It is for the relief of these same complaints they have become so famous. Hence it is that they are so extensively used by clergymen, merchants, ladies, and persons of sedeutary habits. They are as pleasant to the taste as they are beneficial to the Stomach. The extent of their sale is almost incredible.

Intrinsic virtue alone could ever insure the success met by the Mexican Mustang Liniment. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Bruises, Burus, Swellings, etc., upon man, or Spavin, Ringhoue, Poll Evil, Scratches, Straius, etc., upon beasts, its effects are iustantaneous, soothing and wonderful. It saves time, suffering and expense to have it always in the house. None genuine unless in a steel plate label, with signature of G. W. Westhrook, and having stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., over top. Sold by all dealers.

Lyon's Kathairon is a most delightful article as a Hair Dressing—to eradicate scurf and dandruff, to keep it clean, soft and silky. and the head cool. It also prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray, and promotes its growth upon prematurely bald heads. It is sold by all dealers.

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LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, Flatulency, etc., where a warming stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. Ask for "LYON'S" Pure Extract. Take no other.

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 712 Montgomery street, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

CONCORD WAGONS AND HARNESS.—The Pacific Concord Carriage Manufactory is prepared to supply the Pacific Coast with Concord wagons and harness made to order. The members comprising this firm have long been in the employ of the celebrated manufacturing house of L. Downing & Son, Concord, New Hampshire; so that parties wishing Concord wagons or harness can obtain just the same quality of article here and save 25 per cent. on their purchase money. We have seen some of their workmanship, and can recommend it to the public Address Belduke & Co., 820 Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth.—*San Francisco Leader.*

DAINTY WORK.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.—If you want a trim neat, light, and yet durable style of buggy or carriage, go to Nos. 37 and 39 Webb street, between Sacramento and California, where you will find just such a vehicle as will suit your taste. POLLARD & CARVILL not only deal in these articles, but manufacture them to order, and do repairing, painting, trimming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neatness. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

WAGONS.—Every species of wagons that any one can need, made of the best material, well fitted and finished, can be found at the Depot of MILLS & EVANS, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lead Bars, are kept constantly on hand.—*California Leader.*

FOR the best finished, fashionable hats, go to McGann & Co.'s, Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, JOSEPH SPARROW.

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE POTASS,

THE

Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

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THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

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And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

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Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

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The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

MAY 10, - - - - - CONSTITUTION
Captain F. R. Baby.
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An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

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VAN NESS AVENUE, - - - - NEAR BROADWAY,
WILL BE HELD
At the New Hall, cor. Polk and Pacific streets,
TO COMMENCE
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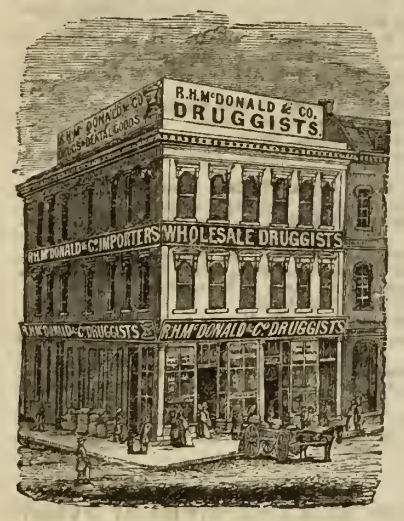

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We are just receiving, direct from Spain, a complete assortment of

CORKS! CORKS! CORKS!

which we offer at lower prices than usuel

DUSTING, PAINT, VARNISH, SHOE, SCRUB, HAIR AND TOOTH BRUSHES:

We have e splendid stock, which we offer at extremely low prices.

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We have received, direct from the Shakers, ell kinds of fresh Herbs, and intend to keep every article used of this description.

TILDEN'S SOLID AND FLUID EXTRACTS, PILLS, AND CONCENTRATED PREPARATIONS.

We have on hand, and shall keep a full assortment of the above celebrated preparations, which we offer to the trade at such prices as will defy competition.

FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

A great variety, not to he equalled in the market as to quality and price.

Parties about purchasing would do well to give us a call and examine prices and goods before purchasing elsewhere.

PLAIN AND GUM TEETH.

We have the largest assortment of any house on the Pacific coast.

GOLD FOIL.

We are manufacturing Foil which we can recommend to the profession as being a superior article. We also have on hand a full assortment, of all the various makers.

VULCANIZERS,

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We have, besides the above, every article used by the Dentist, and are daily in receipt of all the new inventions in use.

Dentists will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

R. H. McDonald & Co.,

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Where he will be pleased to see all old friends, and plenty of new ones. Every variety of Dental Operations performed in the best manner, and at prices that shall suit all persons. ☞ENTRANCE ON CALIFORNIA SREET.

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THIS STOCK OF FURNITURE, etc., was selected with great care, and special attention given to the wants of this market, ENTIRELY AT THE EAST. It is NOT COMPOSED OF REFUSE GOODS, ODDS AND ENDS OF OTHER HOUSES that have lately closed out here, but CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF NEW GOODS, made after the latest patterns and in the most durable manner.

The present Stock is fully TWICE as large as that of any other house here. Parties having any doubts of this, or that the assortment is not superior to any in the city, can easily satisfy themselves by calling.

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WE HAVE JUST OPENED A LOT OF

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Silver-Plated Goods,

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TEA SETS,

CASTERS, CAKE BASKETS,

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Which are

PERFECT IMITATIONS OF SILVER,

and as good in all respects for a long term of years, as silver. Our assortment of

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M. Howard's Hair Restorative,

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THE ABOVE PREPARATION, which has been recently discovered and patented, is purely a Vegetable Extract

The undersigned are fully aware of the many unsatisfactory and useless preparations for restoring hair that have been introduced to the public, and how little confidence is to be placed in any pretensions to restoring the hair to bald heads, but,

HAVING TRIED MR. HOWARD'S PREPARATION,

we are able to state that it not only prevents the Hair from falling out, but absolutely reproduces it, and that we now have good suits of Hair growing where we were entirely bald. Therefore, as a matter of justice to Mr. Howard, and of consolation to bald heads, we tender him this testimonial Mr H. keeps the article for sale in bottles, with directions for its use, or applies it himself, as may be desired.

San Francisco, April 6, 1866.

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DR. MAGGIEL'S

Pills and Salve.

These Life-giving remedies are now, for the first time, given publicly to the world. For over a quarter of a century of private practice the ingredients in these

LIFE-GIVING PILLS!

Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, but to cure. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be

A VERY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,

For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle-aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever

AN ETERNAL SPRING!

It was left for this day and hour to realize the dream, and show in one glorious fact, the magic that made it fair.

THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES

Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

FOR BILLIOUS DISORDERS

Nothing can be more productive of cure than these Pills. Their almost magic influence is felt at once; and the usual concomitants of this most distressing disease are removed. These remedies are made from the purest

VEGETABLE COMPOUNDS.

They will not harm the most delicate female, and can be given with good effect in prescribed doses to the youngest babe.

FOR CUTANEOUS DISORDERS

And all eruptions of the skin, the SALVE is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil!

Dr. Maggiel's Pills

Invariably cure the following diseases:

Asthma,
Bowel Complaints,
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Chest Diseases,
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Female Complaints, Fever and Ague
Headache,
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Skin Diseases.

NOTICE.—None genuine without the engraved trade-mark around each pot or box, signed by Dr. J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton st., New York, to counterfeit which is felony.

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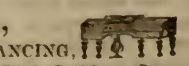

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Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

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Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right	05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand	02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100	05
Every additional $100, or fractional part	05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.	
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S.	02
Every additional $100, or fractional part	02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place	10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the considerationdoes not exceed $500	50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels	05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less	50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof	50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office	1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule	25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons	10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50	10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000	25
For every additional $1,000 or fractional part	25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such	25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100	05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y,	25
Certificates, other than specified	05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale	10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500	1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse	50
Ganger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr.	25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.	1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction.	50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons	5 00
Mensurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels	25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500	50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.	
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less	01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1	02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof	05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof	05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof	1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon	25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries	10
To receive or collect rents	25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate	1 00
For any other purpose	50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof	50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft,	25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.	
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property	02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000	10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for	25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs	25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State	50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid	50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record	50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100	50

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Carriage Manufactory,

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We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE

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will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

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THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,

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WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

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Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

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ap7-

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AND SONS,

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THIS MAP has been carefully revised, and all the NEW COUNTIES inserted, and also many other important changes made.

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An Institution designed to prepare Young and Middle aged men for an active and successful BUSINESS LIFE.

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should examine the merits of this College. Send for the *COLLEGE REVIEW*, giving full particulars of the College, besides containing other Important and Interesting matter. Sent free to all desiring it.

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Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

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Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

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Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

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Who frequent the Parquet of Theatres, exciting by their grotesque appearance the merriment of Ladies in the Dress Circle, would profit by using Little & Co.'s Chinese

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The proprietors of this astonishing remedy for Baldness, confident of its infallibility, agree to refund the purchase money in every instance where its use for three months, according to directions, is unattended with success. Price per jar, $2.50.

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AT HALF PRICES, Commencing at 2 o'clock,
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HENRY DUNBAR.

Produced with THE FULL STRENGTH OF THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

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Founded on Miss Braddon's celebrated novel, and now playing at Wallack's, New York, with great success.

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Real Estate, Stock,
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WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1866,
At 11 o'clock.....At Salesrooms,
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Sale of Alameda Property.

FOUR HUNDRED
HOMESTEAD LOTS!
ON THE ENCINAL, AT
ALAMEDA STATION,
FRONTING THE PARK HOTEL AND THE RAILROAD.

This Land all lies level, and is covered with Live Oak Trees, and the soil is unsurpassed for Gardening purposes.

The location is within a short distance by Rail of the Boat Landing, and can be reached in 45 minutes from the city.

The attention of parties desiring Homesteads away from the dust of the city is called to this desirable property. The climate of the Encinal is the finest within Fifty miles of San Francisco, and the land which we now offer for sale is in the warmest and most pleasant location there to be found.

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Each lot will be staked out, thus saving purchasers the expense of surveying.

Go and look at this property previous to the day of sale, as there will surely be a fine chance for investment. In a few years there must be a large population residing on the Encinal, owing to its many and surpassing advantages, and then lands will have enhanced greatly in value.

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HAVE REMOVED TO
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ON MONDAY EVENING.....MAY 7,
And Every Evening during the Week,
will be performed the
GRAND OPERATIC FAIRY SPECTACLE,
ENTITLED
THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH,
WITH
MRS. SEDLEY BROWN,
SIGNOR CARMINI MORLEY,
THE QUARTETTE from THE TWELVE,
AND A TALENTED DRAMATIC COMPANY;

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ON LOT ADJOINING THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.
IMMENSE SUCCESS!
PERFORMANCE THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
MAY 5, 1866,
AND EVERY NIGHT NEXT WEEK,
With the Greatest Combination of Equestrian, Gymnastic, and Acrobatic Talent ever produced in this city.

An Engagement has been effected with
The Great Buislay Family,
In connection with
The Siegrist Family,
THE
Wonderful Lee Family,
AND A FULL CIRCUS COMPANY.

All in a NEW MAMMOTH PAVILION, with all the Paraphernalia and Modern Improvements pertaining to a
FIRST-CLASS CIRCUS.

Dress Circle.....$1 00
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PURIFY THE BLOOD!
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Constitution,
WITH
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M. Homberger & Co., 300 Kearny street, corner Bush.
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R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

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W. M. Nohle & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets.

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Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
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MAPS.
Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

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J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

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Mrs. Wheeler, Popper's building, Third, near Mission.

PAPER HANGINGS, WINDOW SHADES, ETC.
H. Ward, 132 Third street.

PIANO SCHOOL.
Mr. Gustave A. Scott, at Miel Institute, 55 South Park.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

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Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard.
Ohio's 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
Hunter & Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Heuderson, 37 Sutter street.

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Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

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AND CORNER OF MARKET AND THIRD STREETS,
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P. S.—Printed directions for self-measurement for Shirts and Price Lists of Goods sent free by mail.
ap21-3m

CHOICE DRY GOODS.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.
WILL EXHIBIT
At their Retail Store,
ON MONDAY, - - - - MAY 7, 1866,
The following-described lots of
CHOICE DRY GOODS,
Purchased at the
GREAT AUCTION SALES
IN NEW YORK,
AND WILL BE OFFERED MUCH BELOW THEIR REAL VALUE.

100 pieces super-heavy Plain Colored Dress Silk;
60 pieces super-heavy Black Silk;
500 pieces Black and Colored Alpacas and Mohairs;
5 cases Printed Lawns and Organdies;
300 pieces Mosemhique and Normandy Cloths;
400 pieces Plain Chene, Plain and Striped Poplins;
2000 dozen Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Hosiery;
2500 Embroidered Linen and Cambric Sets;
1000 dozen Ladies' and Gentlemen's Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs;
200 pieces American, English and French Flannels;
75 pieces 8-4, 9-4, 10-4, 11-4 and 12-4 Linen Sheetings;
2000 dozen 5-8, 3-4, 7-8, and 4-4 Napkins;
500 pieces super 4-4 Shirting, Linen;
1500 dozen super Towels, of all sizes and qualities;
500 pieces super Cotton Shirtings, of all the best marks;
600 pairs Lace Curtains.

ALSO,
From Paris, Direct!
Cloaks, Basques,
Talmas and Sacques,
Chantilla Shawls,
Laces, Flounces, etc.
India, Cashmere, and
Broché Shawls,
Organdies, Prints,
Jaconets, and
Grenadiens.

ALSO, 1200 DOZEN
Alexander's Best Kid Gloves.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
NO 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
ma5 Lick House Block.

MR. AND MRS. COGILL
AND SONS,
Teachers of Dancing,

CONGRESS HALL,
On Bush-st., adjoining Russ House.

SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. ma5 3m

NATURE UNVEILED,
AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
ja27-tf between California and Pine.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
ja27-tf between California and Pine.

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME IV., No. 24.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 12, 1866.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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POETRY:

Under the Persimmon.—By Emilie Lawson.
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AMERICAN HUMOR.

THE *North American Review*, in a notice of Artemus Ward's last book, makes the following plain and outspoken criticism on the Showman's style:

"Artemus Ward has played the part of the literary clown with such success, that what he is now best known by is not the quaint oddity of his jests, but the slang which he adopted and introduced, his tone of impudent familiarity in speaking of distinguished persons, the twisting of his words, and the nonsensical form of his sentences. This has tickled the fancy of such as are content to be amused cheaply with ungrammatical phrases, burlesque words, and silly impertinence. The great test of the genuine buffoon is that he makes you laugh, and he must have no object but laughter; if he has an end in view, he loses his character—for the buffoon, as buffoon, is always shallow. Humor would have you laugh with, buffoonery at, itself. The buffoon's want of self-respect is painfully noticeable in Artemus Ward. To the natural love of buffoonery, then, and, worse, to that taste for levity in our society, which, however natural as the opposite of an unnatural extreme, is still itself extreme—a levity that pastes bills on monuments, and makes natural scenery an advertising agent for quack medicines—Artemus Ward has pandered.

"To grin through a literary horse-collar of slang and bad spelling—to be a negro minstrel among authors—with such a station he was content for a long time; but at length, desirous of achieving a more creditable reputation, he attempted to get it by abandoning cap and bells, and he now appears before the world, in the last part of these "Travels," no longer as Artemus Ward, the showman, but in his own character as the humorist, Mr. Browne. Alas! the two veins of humor and buffoonery which we might have supposed accidentally combined, and separable, he now proves to be mingled in grain. The attempt was praiseworthy; but when he gave up the motley with which his humor had been clothed, it died of the exposure. With Artemus Ward laughter was too often the end, not the means; with Mr. Browne, in his commendable but fatal attempt at high comedy, the only end which it seems possible he can propose either to his readers or himself is that of his book.

"In presenting himself as the author of a book Mr. Browne, indeed, subjected his powers to a hard test, for the articles of which his volume is made up are in their nature ephemeral, and belong properly to the weekly papers in which they first appeared. The genius of such writers as Artemus Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby, Orpheus C. Kerr, Josh Billings, and Francis Bret Harte is specially appropriate to the flying pages of the comic journal. We may hope that at some day all these—Nasby, with his rich vein of political satire, which so delighted Mr. Lincoln that he said he had offered to change places with him; Orpheus C. Kerr, liberal in politics, a good parodist, a capital writer of burlesque; Harte, a parodist of such genius that he seems a mirror into which novelists may look and be warned; and Josh Billings, with his wise saws and modern instances—will, instead of letting their humor ooze out of the soil at unexpected times and places, send it forth from one great fountain-head, to flow over and enrich the thirsty land."

To this might be added the name of Mark Twain, an humorist as original as Phœnix, and superior to Artemus Ward.

[For the Californian.]

POPULAR BIOGRAPHIES.

SELF-MADE MEN OF OUR DAY.

BY "BRET."

No. 1.—SYLVESTER JAYHAWK.

THE birth and parentage of the subject of our sketch is involved in some obscurity. If we may ask for Homer some credit, from the fact that five cities claimed the honor of his birthplace, a decent respect is due to our hero, whose parentage is alleged to have been divided among as many individuals. The name of Jayhawk cannot be traced beyond the present possessor, but, as the peculiar and arduous nature of his putative father's pursuits often rendered an *alias* necessary, this fact should not militate against the antiquity of the family. It is believed that, in conformity with an aboriginal custom, the title of "Jayhawk" might have been bestowed on our hero in recognition of certain accipterine qualities which he possessed in common with that energetic, but ingenuous fowl.

Of his early boyhood we know but little. That it was not entirely devoid of interest, or of a prophetic nature, we have every reason to believe. "I disremember," said Mr. Jayhawk, in conversation with a high county official a few days previous to his decease, "I disremember much before I shot a nigger. It was in Missouri, when I was about 14. I had no call to kill him in partikler," he repeated, thoughtfully; "he was worth more'n three hundred dollars, and the old man kinder fancied him." The tender and regretful manner in which Mr. Jayhawk was accustomed to allude to this act of boyish folly furnishes us a convincing proof of that cautious judgment and economical application of power which distinguished him in after years. He had "no call" to kill this helpless African; his older and more critical judgment, looking back upon an active and not altogether useless life, saw much to regret in this gratuitous and reckless waste of destructive energy. How many of us have been guilty of committing some indiscretion for which we had "no call;" how few of us have had the sincerity to regret it as frankly and openly as the truthful Jayhawk.

We follow young Sylvester from his paternal home to the State of Kansas. With no other property than a knife and pistol he early faced the cold world and began his career. Even the horse he rode was not his own, but borrowed permanently from a neighbor. An incident of his departure which he was fond of relating, beautifully illustrates the depths of maternal affection, and the prophetic promptings of a mother's heart. "As I rode away, the old woman heaved arter me what I reckoned was a rock. I picked it up and found it was a paper parsil. That 'ere parsil I have kep to this day." On being interrogated as to its contents, Mr. Jayhawk, with that quaint humor which was peculiar to him would reply, "It warn't a Bible. It was an old deck of the old man's—the identical deck of keerds with which he won Sam Handy's colt and niggers." Some commentators have looked upon this act of the maternal Jayhawk as ill-advised and perhaps indiscreet. But who shall fathom the mysterious logic of a mother's heart. Perhaps some instinctive premonition of his future occupation—perhaps the mere desire to gratify a beloved son, determined this gift. It is certain that Sylvester never forgot it, and when, returning a few years later in his professional capacity, he burned up the family homestead and both of his parents, he seems to have experienced some regret on gazing at the remains of Mrs. Jayhawk. "She was always good to me," he remarked to a reverend gentleman with whom he conversed some days before his death, "and we found no money on her. I couldn't help thinking about her giving me them keerds, and how foolish it was in me to have forgotten that she kept her money in an old stocking."

In Kansas, our hero seems to have taken a partner in the prosecution of his profession, and to have connected himself with the celebrated Col. McSnaffle. But the self-reliant, disposition and independent character of Jayhawk could not long brook the alliance. In an address to a committee of the citizens of Lawrence, who waited upon him beyond the confines of the town, Sylvester alluded to the circumstances of his separation from Col. McSnaffle. "When we found we couldn't get along together, we agreed to divide our money and separate. I counted out three hundred dollars apiece, and divided the weapons. McSnaffle wanted to give me five hundred, and take the weapons himself. But," said Mr. Jayhawk, with playful irony, "I didn't see it. We then shook hands and parted like men, each man a-walking backwards until he was out of rifle shot. Being in a hurry, I kinder forgot myself and turned my back too soon, and when I faced round again, he had me covered! He was a mighty smart man," he added, in a tone not entirely free from emotion; "and when I see that, I kinder felt sorry we had separated." Mr. Jayhawk seldom spoke of McSnaffle save in the highest terms, and cheerfully bore evidence—on behalf of the State—in regard to McSnaffle's professional zeal and character.

But it was in California that Sylvester found a fitting theatre for the exercise of his talent, and his career may have been said to have begun with his entry into this State. His advent was modest, and free from display or ostentation. The removal of several employees of the Overland Mail Company along the line, the quiet absorption of valuable mail matter, the permanent withdrawal of stock from the different stations, alone marked his progress. Talent of this high order at once commanded respect; he was retained by the Overland Company as one of their chief overseers; the unnecessary and irregular shedding of blood was in a measure checked, and an authoritative and systematized rule of slaughter substituted for wild and sporadic bloodshed. "It isn't as lively as it used to be," Mr. Jayhawk remarked to an intelligent traveller. "I killed ten men the first year I came to the Rocky Ridge station; but there's a kind o' falling off in sport." Later, during a temporary sojourn in Virginia City, he was enabled to prosecute his profession with less restraint. Here he fell a victim to an exalted but misguided ambition. "I had killed twenty-nine men up to the fall of 1860," he writes; "I wanted to finish the year with an even number. So I killed a man keerlessly and without forethought." This thoughtless act cost Mr. Jayhawk his life. A brilliant future was destroyed in a moment of unguarded enthusiasm.

From a portrait in the possession of a distinguished official of Nevada, Mr. Jayhawk seems to have been of middle height. His presence would have been more imposing, had his person exhibited the usual quantity of organs and members which the conventionalities of society seem to require. His one eye, in its depth and lustre, seemed to rebuke the popular prejudice which leaned in favor of two. Another portrait in the possession of the Chief of Police of San Francisco, though taken anterior to the Nevada picture, exhibits a much older man, and one whose hair is of entirely a different color. It is a singular instance of the difficulty with which facts in regard to prominent men are obtained, that the same number of fingers do not exist in any two portraits of Mr. Jayhawk. In one we find the nose entirely absent. The expression of our hero's face, though not intelligent, was mild and pleasing; the loss of his upper lip in a prize fight on the banks of the Carson led to the frequent and cheerful exhibition of his front teeth, and produced an open and not unpleasant breadth of feature. Mr. Jayhawk, although never married, left a large family to mourn his loss.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.—In St. Philip's Chapel, Winchester, England, a very old edifice, built long before the time of Henry VIII., there are ancient stall seats, affixed to the wall of the ante-chapel. These seats are so fixed upon hinges, that those who sit on them can only maintain their position by balancing themselves with care, and resting their elbows on the seat arms; so that if the old monks who used them dropped asleep during the service, the seat came forward and pitched them headlong on the floor; nay, if they only dozed and nodded the least in the world, the hard oaken seat clapped against the oaken back, and made noise enough to attract the attention of the whole congregation. This may serve as a hint to those who are at a loss how to keep awake in church.

A DAY IN BAD COMPANY.

I AM a country gentleman, or, as that description of myself may perhaps be a little too ambitious or too vague, let me modify it by saying that I reside in ——shire, and have sufficient means to enable me to live without occupation. Owing probably to this circumstance, I have acquired a certain indolence of disposition, which is shown in my conversation and bearing; even in my walk. I may as well add that I am forty-eight years of age, of somewhat sturdy build, and with a ruddy complexion, due no doubt to fresh air, regular habits, and a contented mind. This ruddiness and the somewhat homely style in which I invariably dress give me a rough, rural appearance, so that, in the eyes of the casual observer, I must seem to stand on a rather lower step in the social scale than I really occupy. Then, too, I am told by my friends, that the expression of my face is dull, some say even stupid. Upon this point I, of course, offer no opinion. I will merely say that the very people who thus describe me are quite agreed in admitting that I am not such a fool as I look.

When I am in town I am very fond of looking into the shop windows. It is an odd sort of taste, perhaps, for a full-grown man, who has been half over the world; but we all have our peculiarities, and that is one of mine. The old knight, Sir Thomas, in the "Ingoldsby Legends,"

> "Would pore by the hour
> O'er a weed, or a flower,
> Or the slugs that came crawling out after a shower;"

and, in like manner, do I pore over the articles displayed in the shop windows at the West End. I am never tired of it, in fact. This is a rather long exordium; but appears to me necessary to put the reader in possession of these facts as a preparation for what is to follow. And now to my story.

One day, in the height of the London season, I was sauntering through Regent street, indulging in my favorite occupation, when a gentleman just before me accidentally dropped his umbrella, and it fell within an inch of my toes. I have said he was a gentleman; but I ought perhaps to have said he was a decently dressed man, apparently from the country, very quiet and harmless-looking, not vulgar, but certainly not refined. In a word, he appeared about as much of a gentleman as myself, but not more.

"I really beg your pardon, sir," he said, as he turned quickly round and picked up the umbrella. "It was very careless of me. I hope you're not hurt?"

"Well," I replied, "as the umbrella didn't touch me I don't see how I well can be."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," he continued, apologetically.

"Don't name it, don't name it," said I. "There's not the slightest harm done, and no need to apologize. Such little accidents will happen every day."

"Ah," he remarked, "you may well say that, sir, especially in London streets."

"Yes, they are tolerably crowded at this time of day, or any time, for that matter."

"And especially for a stranger to London," he added.

"O, you are a stranger to London, are you?" I remarked, and almost involuntarily cast a somewhat searching glance at him.

"Quite a stranger," he replied, with perfect simplicity of manner, and without appearing to notice my scrutinizing look. "I've only been here a few days, and, to say the truth, I sha'n't be sorry when I get back again into Norfolk." (He had something of the Norfolk manner.) "It's so very lonely not to know any one in a great place like this."

"It must be," I carelessly remarked, for I wanted to shake the fellow off.

At this point in our conversation we had arrived at a street corner, and I stopped, as a hint for my companion to go on. I hoped that, as he had no further excuse for talking to me, he would hasten his pace and leave me to saunter as before. But no. Evidently he was so glad to find some one to speak to that he was unwilling to part company so soon. He still kept by my side, therefore, and after some more conversation of the same character as the above, asked me if I had any objection to take a glass of ale with him. I had no need of a glass of ale just then, and felt no desire to have one with a perfect stranger; still the offer seemed well meant. I accordingly accepted it, and we entered the first tavern we found handy.

I wanted to pay for the ale, and had already taken out my purse to do so, but my companion seemed quite wounded by the proposal, and begged me to put my money back again. He had invited me in, he urged, and I was therefore his guest. The proposition was so reasonable that I had not a word to say against it, and at once gave up the point.

While we stood chatting at the bar on commonplace topics —the weather, the streets, and so on—a stranger entered and joined in our conversation almost before I had noticed his presence. I say he joined in our conversation, but I ought to add that in a very few minutes he took the lion's share of it.

Stranger No. 1 I have already described as looking only partly like a gentleman. Stranger No. 2, it may fairly be said, did not look like a gentleman at all. He was a big, burly fellow, with a rough pilot coat, though the weather was anything but cold; a profusion of whiskers and beard, clumsy, fat fingers, a large face, a low forehead, small eyes, and an expression of countenance made up in about equal proportions of intense stupidity and overwhelming self-conceit.

Stupid and self-conceited enough in all conscience he soon proved himself to be. His physical prowess was the theme on which he boasted most. There was nothing he was incapable of accomplishing. He could throw a weight farther than any one else, he could run faster and longer, he could jump higher; not a man in all England was his equal in athletic feats.

Stranger No. 1, who, as I said before, seemed a quiet inoffensive sort of man, was evidently annoyed by the intrusion of this vulgar fellow into our company, especially as he wanted to treat us to some sherry, and ostentatiously displayed a whole handful of gold and a pile of bank-notes, to show that he had the means. But when he began to boast of his physical powers, No. 1 was fairly warmed at what he evidently deemed mere empty brag, and took up the matter in earnest.

"I'll tell you what," he said, "I don't mind betting you half a sovereign that I'll throw a weight farther than you—any weight you like, and this gentleman here will no doubt kindly see all fair between us."

He referred, of course, to me.

"All right, I've not the slightest objection," said I.

"Come on, then," eagerly exclaimed No. 2, "I'm your man. Let's settle it at once."

But here an unexpected difficulty arose. The tavern we were in had not been built with any view of testing physical capacity, and accordingly there was no part of the premises in which accommodation had been provided for throwing weights. However, No. 2 soon suggested means of escape from this perplexity. He knew, he said, a "nice quiet little place" over the water, where we should find what we wanted, and a cab would take us there in no time. No. 1 looked appealingly at me, as though to ascertain if I would acquiesce in this arrangement, and as I offered no objection, we jumped into a cab, and drove off, crossing Waterloo Bridge, and soon becoming lost in the maze of obscure small streets which abound in that very choice part of London. Our ride did not occupy much time; but during that time No. 2 contrived to make us acquainted with the whole of his private history. Of this the principal and most interesting fact was, that his uncle had just died and left him a large fortune. He had been to the bank that day, he said, and drawn out some of the money; but there was plenty more left, and he meant to enjoy himself now, and no mistake about it. What was the good of money unless you spent it? etc., etc.

Here I may as well state, lest the reader should think me simpler than I am, that neither the quiet modesty of one of my companions, nor the boisterous braggadocio of the other, had deceived me as to their true character and object. Directly they fairly began to play their respective parts, directly I saw that my vulgar friend's sovereigns were card counters at a shilling a dozen, and that his notes were drawn upon the Bank of Engraving, I saw clearly enough I was in the hands of a couple of skittle sharpers, intent upon making me their victim. I had not the slightest intention of allowing them to gratify this very natural desire, but being anxious to see for myself something of the manners and the *modus operandi* of this class of men, of whom I had so often read in the police reports, I fell in with their humor, and allowed them to think me their dupe.

My boasting companion was still talking of his money, and of his intention to enjoy himself with it, when the cab pulled up at our destination. It was a small public house, in a shabby and secluded street; standing back some ten or fifteen yards from the footway, it was approached by a dismal little garden, or what had once been a garden, with a couple of summer-houses on one side, some tottering trellis-work on the other, and a few tables and benches scattered here and there on either side of the path. At the back of the house there was an open gravelled space, not quite so large as the plot in front, and at the bottom of this stood, as I had expected, a covered skittle alley, towards which we at once made our way.

The wealthy gentleman had been merely communicative and boastful in the cab, but directly he saw the skittles, all his swaggering recklessness at once returned. The first thing he wanted to do was to bet me five shillings that the ball was made, not of wood, but of metal.

"Why," said I, adapting the tone of my conversation to the company I was in. "you must be a fool to talk like that. Look here." And I took up the ball and chipped it with my penknife. "I tell you what it is, my friend," I added; "if you get making bets like that, you'll soon lose all your money, I can tell you."

This rebuke, uttered in a manner which in no way implied suspicion of either of my companions, inspired them both, I verily believe, with stronger confidence in their powers of deception, and their chance of fleecing me. I had been simple enough to refuse five shillings when they were, so to speak, thrust into my hands. Of what other weakness might I not be capable?

My remark, however, apparently produced no effect. In a few minutes, the swaggering gentleman was vaunting his powers as boisterously as ever, throwing out all sorts of wild challenges, and offering any number of ridiculous bets.

I ought, perhaps, to mention that there was one point upon which I certainly felt some apprehension. It was, lest anything I might drink with my companions should be drugged. While I remained in full possession of my faculties, I was quite sure of myself; but I had heard so much of the stupefying effects of drugged liquor, that I was by no means anxious to experience them in my own person. Accordingly, from the moment I entered the public house, I determined to take the refreshment department exclusively into my own hands.

"Now," said I to my modest companion, "you stood treat before, so it's my turn now. What are you going to have? I shall have some more ale. And what's your tipple, sir?" I asked, addressing the gentleman who had recently come into his uncle's money.

Well, he would have some cold gin-and-water, he said—he had not yet had time to acquire aristocratic tastes—and my other companion decided upon following my course and sticking to ale; so this matter was soon settled. As a measure of precaution and not of predilection, I fraternally drank out of the same pewter as No. 1, for we eschewed glasses, and took care that he always had the first draught. But I soon saw that neither he nor his confederate cared to drink themselves, or to make me drink. They were evidently on another tack.

It would weary rather than interest the reader, were I to describe all the attempts made by these two worthies to entrap me. Soon after we entered the public house we were joined by a third stranger, a lean young man of mild aspect and fawning manners, with whom the bragging gentleman after a while began to play at skittles. It became at once obvious, or was made to seem so, that the latter had not the slightest chance against the former. Yet, notwithstanding this circumstance, No. 2 made the most foolish bets with No. 1, and although he almost invariably lost, returned to the charge again and again, offering odds to me in the same reckless manner, and increasing his stakes with every fresh defeat. Keeping to the part I had at first assumed, I roughly refused all his offers; told him he was only throwing his money away, and that, if he didn't take care what sort of company he got into, he would assuredly be cleared out of all he possessed. When this sort of thing had gone on for about two or three hours, I ostentatiously pulled out a large and valuable gold watch, said I had an appointment in the city with a gentleman, who was to pay me some money—a statement which was perfectly true; expressed my regret that I could not stop any longer, and bade my companions adieu. That they were sorry to part with me I can readily believe; but, as I made an appointment to meet them the next day, so that we might all go to another "nice little place," a few miles out of town, they still had hope to fall back upon. They had failed for the time; but I feel convinced they were certain of success with me when we next met. When we next meet perhaps they may.

Before I close this paper, let me offer a few remarks. First, I feel bound to admit that better acting of its kind than that of these two fellows I never saw on or off the stage. It was carefully carried out from first to last, never lost sight of, and never overdone. While attempting to take me in, my two friends never exchanged knowing glances, or made signals to each other, or did anything, in fact, to arouse my suspicions. As for the lean young man, he kept in the background aloof from me, and was, I suppose, only an auxiliary hand. When the two leading performers found me somewhat tougher than they probably had expected, they expressed no surprise and no annoyance. We parted as though we had been sworn friends for years.

My impression is, that those who fall victims to this class of men are generally self-conceited persons who have an exaggerated idea of their own acuteness, an over-confident belief that they cannot be imposed upon. "Young men from the country" are famous for this kind of foolish presumption, and they are, of course, the easiest prey. Yet, within the circle of my own acquaintance, I knew a sensible young man, born and bred in London, who allowed himself to be duped in this manner. He was standing looking in at a shop-window, when a stranger of about his own age, soft-spoken and plausible, joined him, entered into a conversation, walked on with him, and finally asked him if he had ever played at skittles. The sensible young man replied in the negative. How curious! The stranger had never played, either. What fun it would be to see what sort of a game it was. To be brief, they went to a skittle-ground, played for some little time with varying success, the sensible young man ultimately losing the ten or fifteen shillings he had about him, and actually agreeing to go home to get some more money. While the excitement of the game lasted he had no suspicion he was being robbed. It was not until half an hour's walking in the fresh air had somewhat cooled him that he recognized the fact.

With many persons, too, such reckless stupidity and self-

conceit as were exhibited by one of my companions form too alluring a bait to be resisted. Here is a vulgar, boasting fellow, overflowing with money, who is positively asking people to ease him of some of it, and who taunts them if they do not comply with his request.

Over and over again my modest friend looked at me, when the other was loudest in his boasting, and seemed to say. "What a fool! Did you ever meet with such a donkey?" Indeed, once he softly said to me, "I wonder you don't take his offer, sir. He seems determined to lose his money, and why shouldn't you win some of it?" This is the bait which, when all others—and there are plenty more—have been refused, rarely fails, I fancy, to be swallowed whole. Once taken, the rest must be easy work. Directly the dupe begins to lose, after having felt that to do so was impossible, his head appears to utterly fail him. He is seized with a sort of infatuation. In the January of this year, for instance, a "gentleman from the country" was induced to go and pawn his watch in order to test its genuineness; a bet, of which he was to have half, being the inducement. I recollect the case, too, of a tradesman, who, losing all he had about him, went home, and fetched £200 from his cash-box; staked that, so certain was he of winning, and of course soon found himself without a penny. I am inclined to think, therefore, that all, or nearly all, who are fleeced by such fellows as those I made the acquaintance of, are really the victims of their own desire to profit by what appears to be wrong-headed ignorance and stupidity. If ever I am myself taken in, perhaps I may change my opinion.

A HALF HOUR AT HERCULANEUM.

I.

THE road from Naples to Herculaneum is, in fact, one long street; it hardly ceases to be city in Naples till it is town at Portici, and in the interval it is suburb, running between palatial lines of villas, which have all their names ambitiously painted over their doors. Great part of the distance this street is bordered by the bay, and, as far as this is the case, it is picturesque, as everything is belonging to marine life in Italy. Everywhere sea-faring people go lounging up and down among the fishermen's boats drawn up on the shore, and the fishermen's wives making nets, and the fishermen's children playing and clambering over both, while over all flap and flutter the clothes hung on poles to dry. In this part of the street there are, of course, oysters, and grapes, and oranges, and cactus-pulps, and cutlery, and iced drinks to sell at various booths; and commerce is exceedingly dramatic and boisterous over the bargains she offers there; and equally, of course, murderous drinking shops lurk at intervals along the pavement, and lure into their recesses mariners of foreign birth, briefly ashore from their ships. The New York Coffee House is there to attract my maritime fellow-countrymen, and I know that if I look into that place of refreshment I shall see their honest, foolish faces flushed with drink, and the excitement of buying the least they can for the most money. Poor souls! they shall drink that pleasant morning away in the society of Antonino, the best of Neapolitans, and at midnight, emptied of every soldo, shall arise, wrung with a fearful suspicion of treachery, and wander away under Antonino's guidance to seek the protection of the consul; or, taking the law into their own hands, shall proceed to clean out, *more Americano*, the New York Coffee House, where Antonino shall develop into one of the landlords, and deal them the most artistic stab in Naples: handsome, worthy Antonino, tender-eyed, subtle, pitiless!

II.

WHERE the road to Herculaneum leaves the bay and its seafaring life, it enters, between the walls of lofty, fly-blown houses, a world of maccaroni haunted by foul odors, beggars, poultry and insects. There were few people to be seen on the street, but through the open doors of the lofty fly-blown houses we saw floury legions at work making maccaroni: grinding maccaroni, rolling it, cutting it, hanging it in mighty skeins to dry, and gathering it when dried, and putting it away. By the frequency of the wine-shops we judged that the legions were a thirsty host, and by the number of the barber-surgeons' shops that they were a plethoric and too full-blooded host. I think the latter were in the proportion of one to five of the former; and the artist who had painted their signs had indulged his fancy in wild excesses of phlebotomy. We had found that, as we came south from Venice, science grew more and more sanguinary in Italy, and more and more disposed to let blood. At Ferrara, even, the proponsity began to be manifest on the barbers' signs, which displayed the device of an arm lanced at the elbow, and jetting the blood by a neatly described parabola into a tumbler. Further south the same arm was seen to bleed at the wrist also; and at Naples an exhaustive treatment of the subject appeared, the favorite study of the artist being to represent a nude figure reclining in a genteel attitude on a bank of pleasant green sward, and bleeding from his elbows, wrists, hands, ankles, and feet.

Phlebotomy and the manufacture of maccaroni may be distinct branches of industry at Naples, and I do not deny that they are; but I have never in my own mind been able to dissociate them since the day of my ride to Herculaneum.

III.

IN Naples everywhere one is surprised by the great number of English names which appear on business-houses, but it was entirely bewildering to read a bill affixed to the gate of one of the villas on this road: "This Desirable Property for Sale." I should scarcely have cared to buy that desirable property, though the neighborhood seemed to be a favorite summer resort, and there were villas, as I said, nearly the whole way to Portici. Those villas which stood with their gardens towards the bay would have been tolerable, no doubt, if they could have kept their windows shut to the vile street before their doors; but the houses opposite could have had no escape from its stench and noisomeness. It was absolutely the filthiest street I have seen anywhere outside of New York, excepting only that little street which, in Herculaneum, leads from the theatre to the house of Argo. This pleasant avenue has a stream of turbid water in its centre, bordered by begging children, and is either fouler or cleaner for the water, but I shall never know which. It is a depth of some fifty or sixty feet below the elevation on which the present city of Portici is built, and is part of the excavation made long ago to reach the plain on which Herculaneum stands, buried under its half-score of successive layers of lava, and ashes, and Portici. We had the aid of all the virtuous poverty and leisure of the town—there was a vast deal of both, we found—in our search for the staircase by which you descend to the classic plain, and we found it a discovery involving the outlay of all the copper coin about us, while the sight of the famous theatre of Herculaneum was much more expensive than it would have been, had we come there in the old time to see a play of Plautus or Terence. As for the theatre, "the large and highly ornamented theatre" of which I read, only a little while ago, in an encyclopædia, we found it, by the light of our candles, a series of gloomy hollows, of the general complexion of coal-bins and potato-cellars. It was never perfectly dug out of the lava, and it is known how it was filled up, together with other excavations, when they once threatened to endanger the foundations of worthless Portici overhead. I am amused to find myself so hot upon the poor property-holders of Portici. I suppose I should not myself, even for the cause of antiquity and the knowledge of classic civilization, like to have my house tumbled about my ears. But though it was impossible in the theatre of Herculaneum to gain any idea of its size or richness, I remembered then the magnificent bronzes which had been found in it, and did a hasty reverence to the place. Indeed, it is amazing, when one sees how small a part of Herculaneum has been uncovered, to consider the number of fine works of art in the Museo Borbonico which were taken thence, and which argue a much richer and more refined community than that of Pompeii. A third of the latter city has now been restored to the light of day; but though it has yielded abundance of all the depravity of those old times, and given the one-secret rooms of the museum their worst attraction, it still falls far below Herculaneum in the value of its contributions to the treasures of classic art, except only in the variety and beauty of its exquisite frescoes. The effect of this fact is to stimulate the imagination of the visitor to that degree that nothing short of the instant destruction of Portici and the excavation of all Herculaneum will satisfy him. If the opening of one theatre, and the uncovering of a basilica and two or three houses, have given such richness to us, what delight and knowledge would not the removal of these obdurate hills of ashes and lava bestow!

Emerging from the coal-bins and potato-cellars, the visitor extinguishes his candle with a pathetic sigh, profusely rewards the custodian (whom he connects in some mysterious way with the ancient population of the injured city about him,) and, thoughtfully removing the tallow from his fingers, follows the course of the vile stream already sung, and soon arrives at the gate opening into the exhumed quarter of Herculaneum. And there he finds a custodian who enters perfectly into his feelings; a custodian who has once been a guide in Pompeii, but now despises that wretched town, and would not be guide there for any money, since he has known the superior life of Herculaneum; who, in fine, feels towards Pompeii as a Bostonian feels towards New York. Yet the reader would be wrong to form the idea that that there is bitterness in the disdain of this custodian. On the contrary, he is one of the best-natured men in the world. He is a mighty mass of pingeous bronze, with a fat lisp, and a broad, sun-flower smile, and he lectures us with a vast and genial breadth of manner on the ruins, contradicting all our guesses at things with a sweet "Perdoni, signori, ma ——." At the end, we find that he has some medallions of lava to sell: there is Victor Emanuel, or, if we are of the *partito d'azione*, there is Garibaldi; both warm yet from the crater of Vesuvius, and of the same material which destroyed Herculaneum. We decline to buy, and the custodian makes the national shrug and grimace (signifying that we are masters of the situation, and washes his hands of the consequences of our folly) on the largest scale that we have ever seen; his mighty hands are rigidly thrust forth, his great lip protruded, his enormous head thrown back to bring his face on a level with his chin. The effect is tremendous, but we, nevertheless, feel that he loves us the same.

IV.

THE afternoon on which we visited Herculaneum was in melancholy contrast to the day we spent in Pompeii. The lingering summer had at last saddened into something like autumnal gloom, and that blue, blue sky of Naples was overcast. So, this second draught of the spirit of the past had not only something of the insipidity of custom, but brought rather a depression than a lightness to our hearts. There was so little of Herculaneum: only a few hundred yards square are exhumed, and we counted the houses easily on the fingers of one hand, leaving the thumb to stand for the few rods of street that, with its flagging of lava and narrow border of footwalk, lay between; and though the custodian, apparantly moved at our dejection, said the excavation was to be resumed the very next week, the assurance did little to restore our cheerfulness. Indeed, I fancy that these old cities must needs be seen in the sunshine by those who feel what gay lives they had once led; by dimmer light they are very sullen spectres, and their doom still seems to brood upon them. I know that even Pompeii could not have been joyous that sunless afternoon, for what there was to be seen of mournful Herculaneum was as brilliant with colors as anything in the former city. Nay, I believe that the tints of the frescoes and painted columns were even brighter, and the walls of the houses were far less ruinous than those of Pompeii. But no house was wholly freed from lava, and the little street ran at the rear of the buidings which were supposed to front on some grander avenue not yet exhumed. It led down, as the custodian pretended, to a wharf, and he showed an iron ring in the wall of the house of Argo, standing at the end of the street, to which, he said, his former fellow-citizens used to fasten their boats, though it was all dry enough there now.

There is evidence in Herculaneum of much more ambitious domestic architecture than seems to have been known in Pompeii. The ground-plan of the houses in the two cities is alike; but in the former there was often a second story, as was proven by the charred ends of beams still protruding from the walls, while in the latter there is only one house which is thought to have aspired to a second floor. The house of Argo is also much larger than any in Pompeii, and its appointments were much more magnificent. Indeed, we imagined that in this more purely Greek town we felt an atmosphere of better taste in everything than prevailed in the fashionable Roman watering-place, and though this, too, was a summer resort of the "best society of the empire." The mosaic pavements were exquisite, and the little bedchambers dainty and delicious in their decorations. The lavish delight in color found expression in the vividest reds upon the walls, and not only were the columns of the garden painted, but the foliage of the capitals was tinted of various hues. The garden of Argo's house was vaster than any of the classic world which we had seen, and was superb with a long colonnade of unbroken columns. Between these and the walls of the houses was a pretty pathway of mosaic, and in the midst once stood marble tables, under which the workmen exhuming the city found certain crouching skeletons. At one end was the dining-room, of course, and painted on the wall was a lady with a parasol. I thought all Herculaneum sad enough, but the profusion of flowers growing wild in this garden gave it a yet more tender and pathetic charm. Here—where so long ago the flowers had bloomed, and perished in the terrible blossoming of the mountain that sent up its fires in the awful similitude of nature's harmless and lovely forms, and showered its destroying petals all abroad—was it not tragic to find again the soft tints, the graceful shapes, the sweet perfumes of the earth's immortal life? And of them that planted and tended and plucked and bore in their bosoms and twined in their hair these fragile children of the summer, what witness in the world? Only the crouching skeletons under the tables. Alas and alas! Master Poet, lend us your rhymes and your handkerchief.

V.

THE skeletons went with us throughout Herculaneum, and descended into the cell, all green with damp, under the basilica, and lay down, fettered and manacled, beside the big bronze kettle there in which the prisoners used to cook their dinners. How ghastly the jolly thought of it was? If we had really seen this kettle and the skeletons there—as we did not—we could not have suffered more. They took all the life out of the house of Perseus, and the beauty from his pretty little domestic temple to the Penates, and this was all there was left in Herculaneum to see.

"Is there nothing else?" we demand of the custodian.

"Signori, this is all."

"It is mighty little."

"Perdoni, signori—ma!"

"Well," we say sourly to each other, glancing round at the walls of the pit, on the bottom of which the bit of city stands, "it is a good thing to know that Herculaneum amounts to nothing."

IN THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

ARRIVED at the entrance, I delivered my letter to Signore Genesio, the director of the workmen, who invited me into his bureau, where he called my attention to a caoutchouc coat reaching nearly to the heels, and which he recommended me to put on. We then went to the mouth of the tunnel, where, each receiving from the custodian a lighted lamp, attached to a wire about eighteen inches in length, we commenced our journey into "the bowels of the earth."

The entrance does not materially differ in appearance from that of ordinary railway tunnels. It is here built up and faced with solid masonry, and is twenty-five feet three and a half inches wide at the base, twenty-six feet two and three quarters inches at the broadest part, and twenty-four feet seven inches high. A double railway track emerges from the mouth, and wagons loaded with *debris* were coming out; and others, filled with cut stones for the masonwork, drills, and other working utensils, going in. As we entered, the only light we could see ahead was a gas jet blazing in the distance.

Along either side of the tunnel there is a *trottoir* of flagstones, upon which we walked, lighting a path for our feet with the lamp which hung near them. The air-conduit is ranged along the side of the gallery, while in the middle of the tunnel, between the two lines of rails, a canal has been dug, through which gas and water pipes are conveyed to the end of the gallery. This canal is wide and deep enough to afford a refuge for the workmen and a means of exit in case the tunnel should be filled by a fall of the crumbling rock above. The masonry on either side was damp, and in many places little streams came trickling through it, and it occurred to me that in time this constant percolation must inevitably wear away the cement which binds the blocks of stone together, and undermine the vault. Overhead the masonry is not visible, nothing being seen but a wooden partition, dividing the tunnel into two equal galleries above and below. The object of this, which is only temporary, is to create a current, the rarefied air from the lower gallery rising and rushing out through the upper, while fresh air comes into the lower one to supply its place. As yet this partition extends only a short distance, and is not of much practical value.

We passed the gas jet, and, looking before us, saw nothing but the most impenetrable darkness; and looking behind, I observed the entrance gradually growing smaller, until, after I had continually turned and watched it till it had dwindled down to the apparent size of an apple, it suddenly dropped out of sight, as the sun sinks below the horizon in a calm summer sea. Peering then in either direction, I saw only impenetrable darkness. I use the word "saw" advisedly, for this darkness here in the bowels of the earth seemed to be palpable and ponderable—something more than what the philosophers define as a mere absence of light—something heavier and more solid than a negative—a real positive entity, which it seemed to me I could feel pressing against and around me, as, guided by the flaring flame of our lamps, we forced our way through it. Upon inquiring of my guide how far we had reached, he called my attention to a little notch in the wall, where the distance was marked 1,000 metres, or about two-thirds of a mile.

A dull rumbling sound attracted my attention; and in the distance, and seeming miles away, lights were dancing up and down in the murky air, as the *feu follet*, or wildfire, dances and flits in summer evenings over marshes, bogs, and fens. These were the lamps carried by some workmen going out, and a wagon loaded with *débris* soon came rolling by us. Up to this time I had experienced no particular difficulty in breathing—a sensation only that the air was unnatural and dank, like that in a cellar. As we advanced, however, it began to grow hot and stifling, and we entered a thick yellow fog, redolent of the fumes of gunpowder—which, indeed, it was, seeking its way towards the mouth of the tunnel. This was very disagreeable, almost suffocating, producing a sensation of heaviness upon the brain, a dull headache, and a fearful feeling of dread. As we walked on we saw lights again, dancing like fireflies in the distance, and soon a party of rough, half-naked, smoke-begrimed men, who loomed up in the fog like enormous giants as they approached, passed us on their way from work.

At a distance of 1,670 yards, or nearly a mile from the entrance, we came upon a little cabin, or barrack, built upon one side, and here my guide informed me that the completed portion of the tunnel ended. Entering the cabin, and following his advice and example, I gladly removed coat and vest, covering myself again with the caoutchouc; and, picking and trimming our lamps, we darted again into the darkness. Up to this time it had been plain sailing, walking along with as little difficulty or obstacle as on a sidewalk in a deserted street. Upon quitting this, however, we entered the gallery *in corso di scavazione*, that portion of the tunnel which, having been opened by the perforating machines, was now being enlarged by the ordinary hand process. Here there was no longer any *trottoir*, and, picking our way over piles of rocks which looked as though they had been thrown in confusion by giants at play, dodging wagons passing in and out, passing groups of swarthy workmen, through an atmosphere yellow, thick, and stifling, we at length came upon a group of men standing quietly as if awaiting something, in front of a heavy oaken door, which closed the passage in advance of us. My guide said we must stop here for the present. I imagined the cause, and selecting the softest, smoothest-looking rock, sat down and meditated.

Here was I, more than a mile from the mouth of the tunnel, with a mile of Alps piled above my head. The gallery was not more than ten feet wide and seven high, and its roof and sides were of jagged, sharp, protruding rocks, seeming to need but a slight shaking to send them tumbling down about our ears. Suppose they should tumble, and we be all buried alive in this hole in the earth! Suppose some of the predicted rivers or possible lakes should find their way through some aperture just opened, and engulf us now! Suppose the air-pipe should burst, or, worse still, the supply of air be stopped, and we all suffocated! Suppose ——, but the rapidly-crowding hypotheses was broken by a sudden sound which might well, under all the circumstances, have appalled a braver and more firmly constituted man, and which for an instant made me believe that one of my suppositions was about to become a reality. Bang!—but not the sharp, cracking "bang" of a heated cannon, or the sound of a rock-blast in the open air—a dead, dull, rumbling explosion, which reverberated through the gallery, and seemed to give the whole earth a shake. I started, and involuntarily looked up, as if expecting to see the stony roof give way and tumble. Bang! bang! bang! in rapid succession five or six other blasts were blown; the oaken doors were opened, a huge gust of thick yellow smoke and stifling black gunpowder came rushing toward us, when my guide touched me on the shoulder and said we could now proceed. I uttered an inward "thank God!" that I was really safe, and speedily sprang up and joined him.

Passing beyond the heavy oaken doors, still carefully picking our way over the stones through the gallery, growing lower and narrower at every step, through the smoke we soon discovered a brilliant blaze of gas, and heard a sharp hissing sound. Suddenly we emerged from the heat and smoke, and were breathing an air fresh, sweet, exhilarating, and doubly grateful to the lungs after the deteriorated material upon which they had been feeding. We were in the "advanced gallery" at the end of the tunnel, and before us was the *affusto*, bearing its nine perforators, persistently striking and boring their way into the solid rock, scattering around them sparks of fire struck off at every blow.

The gallery here is not quite nine feet in width, and but eight and a-half in height. The *affusto*, as the huge structure is called upon which the perforating machines are borne, and which bears precisely the same relation to them that the carriage does to the gun, nearly fills up the entire space. In order to observe the action of the machinery, we were obliged to coast carefully along the side of this heavy wagon, and when arrived at the front, to wedge ourselves between it and the rock, with just space enough to stand in.

Here the sights and sounds really became cheerful and pleasant. The gallery is brilliantly lighted; the compressed air, a jet of which is constantly escaping from the conduit pipe, is fresh, cool, and grateful to the wearied lungs; the constant rapid "thud" of the drill as it strikes the rock; the hissing sound of the escaping air; the cries of the workmen to each other, sounding unnaturally loud in this pure air and confined space, all constituted a scene as exciting as it was strange. A feeling of manly pride, at the sight and action of these wonderful machines, in the operation of which the powers of nature are made the slaves of man, seems to invade the soul. We forget that we are more than a mile from daylight, and that four thousand feet of Alps are weighing above our heads. We forget danger and banish fear; and the workmen, thirty-nine of whom are employed upon each *affusto*, seem to have no idea of either. They perform their labor in this little hole, with a remarkable sense of security. They seem to play with those huge machines; they put their hands upon and direct the steel bar which strikes the rock, and the powerful instrument which pierces the Alps glides between their fingers like a child's toy. They hop about like toads between the drills, perch themselves upon and under the various parts of the monster machine, and never seem to dream that at any moment, some unknown, unlooked-for fissure in the rock may be discovered, and they crushed to atoms by the tumbling mass; or that this powerful agent, which they have made their slave, with its explosive force of six atmospheres, may some time burst its iron fetters, and scatter death and destruction around it.

Each perforator, nine of which are at work, is entirely independent of every other, so that, when one is placed *hors de combat*, its inability to act does not affect the rest. It is much easier to describe the operation of the perforator and its effect than the complicated machinery by which it is set in motion. The motive power is conveyed to it from the conduit by a flexible pipe, which throws the compressed air into a cylinder placed horizontally along the *affusto*. In this cylinder a piston works back and forth, and to this piston is attached a *fleuret*, or drill, about three feet long, finely tempered and sharpened at the end. As the piston moves up and down, it of course drives the drill against the rock, and interdraws it, and by a very delicate and complicated piece of machinery a rotary motion, similar to that in hand-labor, is given to the drill itself. We arrived in the "advanced gallery" at a very favorable moment, just as a new attack was about being commenced by a perforator.

A drill was attached by a flexible joint to the piston-rod; a workman standing upon the front end of the machine held and directed this, as a gardener would the hose of a common garden-engine; the compressed air was turned on by another workman, at the hind end of the *affusto*, and the drill commenced its rapid and heavy blows upon its formidable foe. "Thud!" "thud!" "thud!" it goes, at the rate of two hundred times a minute. Two men mind this portion of the apparatus, one to give the general direction of the drill, and the other, standing upon the ground, holds the end where it strikes the rock with a crooked iron, to prevent it from flying off from the desired point of attack. The force of each stroke of the bar is 90 kilogrammes, or 198 English pounds, and as the piston moves back and forth, and consequently causes the bar to strike the rock at the rate of from 180 to 200 times a minute, each drill, therefore, exercises upon the point of attack a force equivalent to 39,600 pounds a minute.

The rock upon which the perforators were at work when we entered was hard white quartz, the most difficult to pierce which has yet been encountered. This layer was struck in the middle of June last, and its presence has materially retarded the progress of the tunnel. Formerly, in the mica, hornblende, slate, and limestone, through which they quarried, the perforators made an advance of from one and a half to three yards a day. In this quartz they now make but from eighteen to thirty inches. A few figures will exhibit the rapid and decided reduction in the rate of progress. In May last, the advance was 91 metres; in June, when the first croppings of the quartz began to appear, it was reduced to 49½; in July, to 16; in August, to 13; and in September, to 19½ metres. It is supposed that there still remains a year's work in this quartz.

In commencing a perforation, the first difficulty is, making a hole sufficiently large to confine the drill. When this first strikes the rock it hits wide and wild, like a pugilist blinded by the blows of his adversary. When once fairly entered, however, it works back and forth, and rotates with great precision and regularity, a stream of water being conveyed into the hole by a flexible pipe to facilitate the boring. The nine perforators are placed above, below, in the centre, and on the sides of the *affusto*, so as to attack the rock at different points and angles, upon a surface of seven square metres. About eighty holes in the ordinary rock, from thirty to forty inches in depth, and varying in diameter from an inch and a half to three inches, are thus bored in preparation for blasting. In the quartz, however, in which the boring is now in progress, the holes are made but from seven inches to a foot in depth. Eight hours is usually employed in the boring, and this being completed, the *affusto* is drawn back, and a new set of workmen, the miners, take possession of the gallery. The holes are charged with powder and tamped, the miners retire behind the oaken doors, the slow match is ignited, an explosion occurs, which sends its reverberating echoes to the very extremity of the tunnel; the rock blown out is cleared away, the *affusto* is advanced again, and another set of workmen coming in, the perforators are set in motion.

And this continues year in and out, weekdays and Sundays, night and day. The thousand workmen employed upon either side are divided into three reliefs, each working eight hours and resting sixteen. But two days in the year, Easter Sunday and Christmas, are acknowledged holidays. And for this constant, difficult, and dangerous subterranean labor, accompanied with an oppressive heat and a poisonous atmosphere, with smoke and grime and dirt, the common laborers receive but three francs a day, the more important and experienced ones four and five.

The quartz rock is terribly destructive to the drills and machines, and the former are required to be changed every few minutes, the tempered ends being battered and dulled after a few hundred strokes against the rock. In the comparatively soft material through which they have been passing there has been an average of a hundred and fifty drills and two perforators placed *hors de combat* for each metre of advance; and M. Sommellier estimates the number of perforating machines which will succumb in the attack, before the final victory is gained, at no less than two thousand.

My guide and myself had now been wedged in between the *affusto* and the rock for more than half an hour, and having seen and heard sufficiently, I proposed to leave; and taking our lamps, we commenced our "progress" backward. On our passage through the gallery of excavation we were frequently stopped by wagons standing on the rail track, which were receiving loads of stone, let fall into them through traps cut in the partition previously mentioned, and which divides the tunnel into two galleries. I had a curiosity to mount into this upper gallery; and climbing a steep staircase cut in the rock, we soon entered it. Here was another strange sight: an

immense stone chamber, with walls and roof of jagged stone, through which little streams of water were percolating, filled with smoke, through which the flickering light of the miners' lamps was dulled and deadened, a hot, fœtid atmosphere, and a hundred black-looking men boring and drilling on every side, the platform covered with loose stones, the *débris* of the blast which we had heard on entering, and from the effects of which we were only protected by this oaken wall. "Are not accidents frequent here?" I asked my guide. "Not very," he replied; and told me that since the beginning of the work but about forty men had been killed by premature explosions, falling of the rock, by being crushed under the wagons, and every other form of accident. The day after I visited the tunnel, upon the very spot where I stood in the "advanced gallery," a premature explosion occurred, caused by a spark struck from the rock while a miner was tamping a charge, resulting in the death of four men and the blinding and serious maiming of six others.

Over and among the stones, and down another steep ladder, and a short walk brought us to the little cabin where we had left our coats. These we were glad to put on again, as the air was already growing colder. In the gallery of excavation the thermometer, summer and winter, ranges from 71 degrees to 84 degrees Fahr., and there is frequently a difference of 40 degrees in the temperature of the interior and exterior of the tunnel. Over the *trottoir* we rapidly retraced our steps towards the entrance. This soon appeared in sight, and growing larger and larger, we soon reached it, and emerged once more safe and sound into God's fresh pure air, and saw before us and around us again the snow-crowned, fir-girdled Alps towering above the valley of the Arc.

We had been nearly two hours "in the bowels of the earth," and the place where we had stood by the side of the *affusto* was 2,170 metres, or 2,372 yards—nearly a mile and a half—from the entrance. Up to the end of September last the advance made upon the Italian side was 2,914 metres and 20 centimetres; that upon the French, 2,154 metres and 80 centimetres. After passing through the quartz in which they are now engaged the engineers expect to strike a layer of gypsum, through which the perforators will make an advance of three metres a day. On the first of January, 1866, the tunnel on the Bardoneche side had reached a length of 3,110 metres, on the French, 2,200, making in all 5,310 metres, leaving 6,910 metres, or 7,228 yards, yet to be completed. This the geologists and engineers confidently predict, unless some unforeseen obstacle occurs, can be done in four years, and that the tunnel will be opened from end to end by the first of January, 1870.

Yet there are not a few old croakers, who still believe that the "unforeseen obstacles" will yet be encountered, and bar the way of the perforator and *affusto;* that harder rock may yet be struck; that the subterranean caverns and yawning chasms and abysses may stretch beneath the very summit of the Grand Vallon; that the rivers and lakes may yet burst forth and overwhelm and engulf workmen, and the valleys in which its either end *debouches*. In reply to all this, however, the geologists and engineers calmly assert, that thus far their "diagnosis," if I may use the term, of the character of the mountain chain, beneath which the tunnel runs, has proved correct, and that they have no reason to believe it will not continue so to the end.

Let us hope that they are right, and the croakers all wrong, and that within the time predicted, on some fine morning, the miners upon either side may hear the steady, rapid "thud" of the drill, as it strikes upon the then only thin wall, upon the other; and that the *affusto* having been withdrawn, and the mine fired, when the smoke of the explosion shall have cleared away, the laborers from Fourneaux and Bardoneche, climbing over the *débris*, may meet and shake their rough hands together, and mingle their rude voices in a shout of joy, that their work is finished, and that there are no more Alps.

Rocky Mountain Giants.—An extraordinary statement has appeared in print, in reference to a race of old giants, in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains. It appears that on Meagher's Bar, opposite Nevada, there have recently been discovered fossils which show that this part of the world was once peopled by a race of men ten and twelve feet high. They were embedded about eight feet, in what might be termed a close diluvial deposit, and in what the configuration of the country indicates was once the eddy of a river. A jawbone dug up is double the size of an ordinary human jawbone, the width being fully five inches. It is in a perfect state of preservation; so perfect that, had it been of ordinary size, one would have supposed that its owner had not made his (or her) exit from this vale of tears more than fifteen or twenty years ago. The enamel of the teeth still remains bright and uninjured by the action of fire, water, or air. Not a tooth is lost. The discoverer considers, from a measurement of ribs and other bones, that the possessor must have been at least twelve feet high. The Montana *Post* gives currency to these and other particulars of this wonderful discovery.

[For the Californian.]

SEEDTIME.

GRIEF is a rain, to fall
Upon us, one and all,
Like needful showers that make the dry earth mellow:
For Autumn days will come—
The root of love is numb,
Its sweetest blossoms all are sear and yellow.

And then a quick regret
Will harshly seem to whet
The ploughshare of misfortune, while it burrows
Along its cruel way;
And glossy locks grow gray
And lustreless beside the new-turned furrows.

Old Time comes on amain—
A farmer with his grain—
Experience he sifts between his fingers
As up and down he goes.
Search, Time, along the rows:
Lost in thy path a weed of evil lingers!

His cunning skill is such
He seeks with careful touch
The seeded grooves with softest soil to cover:
Yet, Time, thou hath not art,
But in some bruised heart
Long traces of thy husbandry will hover!

Oh, busy husbandman,
How perfect is thy plan!
Behold the harvest! for thy careful flinging
Of little curious seed
Shall spring a crop indeed:
Lo! peace and trust and every virtue springing.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

CURIOUS KINGS.

HISTORY is a sort of curiosity-shop, in which kings are the objects that fetch the highest price. Many, no doubt, are models of wisdom and goodness, but unfortunately they are often distinguished from their subjects in being of all men the most unfit to govern, and in setting the worst possible example. It has long been matter of dispute whether their right comes from above or from below, from the people or from the skies; but however this point may be settled, they have always a certain anointing on their brows, and must be reverenced accordingly. They wear a crown and wield a sceptre: that is enough. They used to touch for the leprosy and king's evil, but their virtue in this respect has fallen into disrepute. There is scarcely one amongst them that has not something remarkable about him. Let us look round the curiosity-shop just alluded to, and see of what stuff some of the queerest of them are made.

The part of the museum devoted to Oriental curiosities is full of strange kings, in garments gorgeously dyed and blazing with costly gems. Take one as a sample—the Sultan Machamuth, who dwelt in the city of Combeia, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and ate poison every day. Ludovico di Varthema describes him as having moustaches so long that he tied them over his head, and a white beard reaching to his girdle. Fifty elephants passed their lives in doing him homage, making obeisances when he rose from bed and when he sat at meat. In eating his poison, he took care not to swallow too much. This exemplary sultan had three or four thousand wives, who died off one by one with fearful rapidity; for, according to Barbosa, another Italian traveller, his person and even his clothes were so impregnated with poison, that "if a fly lighted on his hand, it swelled and died incontinently." Such are the accounts given of this second Mithridates in a work lately reprinted by the Hakluyt Society.

In the same century with Machamuth, the greatest potentate of Europe voluntarily vacated a throne which thousands would have risked their lives to obtain.

This was the Emperor Charles V. Germany, Spain, Naples, the Netherlands, and the newly-discovered tracts of the Far West, had submitted to his sway during forty years; but he was world-weary, and sighed for the quiet of some sylvan shade. Dividing his empire, therefore, between his brother and his son, he retired to St. Yuste, in Estremadura; and there, amid groves of lemon and myrtle, and waters gushing from the rocky hillsides, passed the remainder of his days more peacefully and pleasantly than when he commanded the finest army in the world, and galleys and merchant ships, richly freighted, hoisted his colors on every sea, from the coast of Flanders to the Indian Ocean, and from the palmy shores of Tunis and Oran to the golden havens of Mexico and Peru.

But Charles V.'s abdication was less curious than that of Charles Emmanuel IV., King of Sardinia, who resigned all the French Republic had left him to his brother, Victor Emmanuel I., in 1802, and became literally a doorkeeper in the Gesu at Rome, where the cell which he occupied is still shown to visitors.

Our own century, indeed, has been as plentiful as any other in curious kings. The elder Disraeli has given a list of monarchs, dethroned at different periods, who wandered poor and afflicted over the face of the earth; but how would this catalogue have been lengthened if the author had lived at the present time! King making and unmaking has been the order of the day, and Fortune's wild wheel has caused many a ludicrous rise and fall.

We have seen one who was a poor usher in a school at Reichenau, afterwards sit eighteen years on the throne of France; and another who for some time worked as a tallow-chandler at New York, become conqueror and dictator of the Two Sicilies. Look at Mr. Gregor MacGregor. This canny Scotchman, who had travelled a good deal in Central America, thought it would be a fine thing to found an empire. He therefore proclaimed himself Cacique of the Poyais, on the Mosquito coast, raised a band of two or three hundred volunteers in England, and sent them as his subjects and soldiers to the Black River. He appointed Baron Tinto, *alias* Mr. Hector Hall, lieutenant-governor of his capital, "brigadier-general, and commander of the 4th regiment of the line." He created sundry "Counts of Rio-Negro," together with ministers, admirals, and officers of every grade. Just as this nucleus of a gigantic power is brought to perfection, in strides a pestilential fever, and carries off all his Highness's European subjects. In August, 1823, a hundred fresh recruits arrive from England; but the sovereign keeps prudently out of the way, and from the other side of the Atlantic contemplates in perfect security the failure of his schemes and the misery of those he has duped. Here was an adventurer who became a king by his own scheming; let us now make a note of the scheming of others.

In 1786 Great Britain was obliged to abandon several colonies in Central America, and was anxious a few years ago to retain its hold on that territory. Colonel Fancourt, the British governor of Belize, in the Gulf of Honduras, laid hands on a barbarous Cacique, and haled him to Government House. While fully expecting to be bastinadoed, the chief was told that he was forthwith to be proclaimed king! A proclamation was jabbered to the natives, and a throne prepared in the Governor's drawing-room with the help of a sugar-hogshead. There sat the king of the Mosquitos, arrayed in a new pair of trousers and a clean shirt. An act of investure was read, and a crown of gilt paper was placed on his swarthy brows. The merchants of Belize were present at the coronation, and the new king, having received the largess of a few reals, caroused with his subjects till past midnight, and was found the next morning dead drunk on the floor. His name, however, was enrolled among the lords of mankind, and "the kingdom of the Mosquitos" was duly established under the protectorate of Great Britain!

There is something very curious in a king of the Sandwich Islands writing a preface to the Book of Common Prayer. Yet the late King Hawaii actually did this, and it is now published and sold as a tract by the Christian Knowledge Society.

There is nothing more uncommon than a throne divided by mutual consent. The Emperors of the East and West had distinct spheres of government, and their thrones were separated by wide continents and seas. But Siam is, at this moment, under a divided monarchy, two-thirds of the royal power being wielded by the first, and one-third by the second king. Each of these is a man of cultivated mind. Even the second speaks pure English, has a library filled with European books, and workshops for making scientific and mechanical instruments. But he is somewhat eclipsed by his brother, who, while a usurper held the throne, assumed the character of a Buddhist priest, and devoted his time to study. He has mastered Sanscrit and Pali, writes his autobiography in Latin, and speaks English with the precision of a scholar. Faithful to the traditions of the East, he has three hundred wives, and considers this a moderate allowance, seeing that his father had seven hundred. He laughed heartily when the British envoy, Sir John Bowring, told him that in England men are contented with one. It is curious to see him seated on his throne, with "all the wealth of Ormus and of Ind" sparkling in his crown and on his vestments, while the nobles of the land, in garments of gold, lie on all fours, with their faces nearly touching the ground, prostrate before his raised sceptre. But it is more curious still to follow him into one of his private apartments and there see him, as the envoy did, divested of every ornament, sitting with his youngest child, a girl of five years old, on his knee—her body painted the color of gold, and a chaplet of fragrant white flowers round her head.

The fact is, that in one particular kings differ from the rest of mankind. Being more loosened than others from restraint, and less exposed to the influence of public opinion, their individuality develops fast. The sharp outlines of their character, moral and intellectual, are less worn down than those of their subjects. Their will is generally their law; and hence, no less than from their exalted position, they become, for good or ill, the most picturesque, or, as the case may be, grotesque curiosities which history offers to our view.

San Francisco Benevolent Society.—The first annual meeting of the San Francisco Benevolent Society was held at Calvary Church on the 10th instant. Addresses were made by the President, R. B. Swain, Rev. Mr. Stone, Stebbins, and others.

A LESSON IN GERMAN.

TRAVELLERS of taste, who while *en route* let nothing in the domain of the beautiful escape their observatiou, and cast upon everything graceful or in any way charming a long look that to-morrow turns into a sweet memory, will not fail to remember a young, lovely and dashing waltzer, who, in the season of 1859, at Ems, always opened the ball, and never finding the waltz long enough, compelled the musicians to give a four-page supplement to the scores of Strauss or Musard.

The shrewdest judges of age, at eight o'clock in the morning called her four-and-twenty; at noon, twenty, and in the evening seventeen. A middle-aged gentleman accompanied her everywhere. Close observers said—some, he was her uncle, some her father, others, her husband. Everybody was wrong, as usual.

At the close of the day the mysterious pair used to cross the Lahn on the boat with which the terrestrial Charon waited for passengers at the end of the beautiful promenade. Once on the other bank of the Elysian copse, the young lady would sit under the trees and gloat over the lovely landscape that the sun tinted with his sweetest hues, while her companion, up since five A. M., would pay something on account to that most inexorable, but gentlest of creditors, which we call sleep.

It is always pleasant to give a name to pretty women whose proper appellations you don't know—it is a watering-place usage; and this young unknown had been, by common consent, distinguished as the Waking Beauty of the Wood, and her companion as the Ugly Sleeper of the Wood. One of Perrault's tales was needed for this mystery. But the history came.

One of the rich idlers who go from France to Ems to see people drink the waters, and to forget Paris for a month, came to the blooming meadows that the Lahn washes; and finding that the Seine, in spite of its bridges, did not furnish so much freshness and health as the pretty German naiad, took a two months' ticket to this hygienic theatre, that has green-clad mountains for side-scenes, the sun for a ceiling, flowers for audience, quiet instead of bustle, pure air instead of the smell of gas, and health for the term of subscription.

As the young man had a name like other people, we will not give him another; but for the purposes of this history let us call him Gaetan instead of Arthur, which is hackneyed.

In Paris, Gaetan used to dine at one of the cafés on the Boulevards, which was undeniably charming in winter, but in the two months of summer exhaled a kitchen odor not at all refreshing to the sense of smell, or to the palate. There he used to go and look out upon the lines of omnibuses and fiacres, the sun setting in a veil of gray dust-clouds, and the eaters sitting at the round tables and executing in chorus the everlasting refrain:

"Ah! how hot it is!"

At Ems the fashion of after-dinner life suited him better. He paced the elegantly rustic path that runs along the river, even to the farthest lawns of the Hotel de Quatre Tours; or, by way of variety, chartered a gondola for a florin, appointed himself captain for the little voyage, and awoke with his oars the sleeping Lahn, that would like so well to stop at Ems and not go on to lose itself in the Rhine, that gulps it down like a glass of water.

One evening the young Frenchman happened to cross the river at the same time with the ferry-boat, and was struck by the beauty of a lady passenger, who gazed lovingly on the green summit of the setting sun. It was the Waking Beauty of the Woods, on the way to her favorite grass-plot.

The sound of dipping oars roused the young lady; she turned her eyes toward the gondola, and two sets of glances met and made two hearts beat. Between two beings destined for each other there are often certain mysterious effluxions, sudden revelations of the future, that pass into the atmosphere when they first meet. These supernatural influences that descend from the eye to the heart have a still livelier force in the midst of delightful rural scenery in the soft light of a summer evening.

In the lovely valley of the Lahn there is an echo with a peculiar voice; they used to say that in its quality of German echo it adored music, because it returned with an added, inexpressible charm the far melody of the orchestra at the Kursaal.

This sweet echo prolongs the dance-call even to the Rhine, in thirty seconds, as if to humiliate the railroad, flinging it from peak to peak. Gaetan heard it, and making bird's-wings of his oars sped up the river like an arrow.

Why has not Germany raised a statue to the inventor of the waltz? If he had been born at Athens in Pericles' time, his admiring fellow-citizens would have made him a demi-god and given him Love for a nephew. What an immense service that inventor has rendered to those who came after him!

How many marriages he has brought about with his measures *à trois temps*. A swain hasn't the acquaintance of the lady he loves, and if the waltz were not, he might seek for ten years, perhaps, an opportunity of speaking to her; by the aid of the waltz he can address her and offer his hand, if he chooses, the very first evening.

So Gaetan, that very evening, engaged the unknown for the first waltz: she showed her gaslight age—seventeen. As to her toilet, she wore her hair in flat bandeau: a rose above her ear, a juvenile corsage, a girdle of floating azure and no jewelry.

To begin conversation in circumstances like these is more difficult than to solve a problem in trigonometry. Gaetan cudgelled his brains, but could think of nothing beyond some Parisian platitudes about the weather, the heat, the music, the Peace Congress, the voyage up the Rhine. But he must say something, so he ventured to remark:

"We are having a delightful summer this year."

This was stupid enough, but it required an answer, and after that they might go on, step by step, to higher topics.

The young *valseuse* made no reply: a shade of sadness overcast her face.

She thinks me vulgar, reflected Gaetan; but me try something better.

"It is strange," said he, "that the waltz was invented by a grave German, and the slow minuet by a frivolous Frenchman."

Silence would have been rudeness; and the young lady answered, in German, "I do not understand French, and I do not speak it."

This was Hebrew to Gaetan. Almost all German ladies speak French, he said to himself: it must be fatality that she doesn't.

The orchestra flung its last notes along the porphyry colonnade, and Gaetan, leading his partner to a seat, left her, with a silent obeisance.

The columns of the Kursaal at Ems favor the total seclusion of lovers who wish to see without being seen. Gaetan hid behind one to observe the appearance and attitude of his late partner, and judge if he might venture upon favorable conjectures; for with his share of that silliness common to so many of us, he believed he had made an impression.

If, after leaving her partner, a young lady talks with her neighbors, laughs without provocation, assumes the most graceful poses, refines naturally on the innocent art of coquetry; if, in fine, no symptom of distraction is visible in her face, it is because she is thinking of the dance, and that he who danced with her is already forgotten. But the fair unknown did not exhibit herself in this discouraging aspect to the keen eyes of the concealed observer.

The grave personage who always accompanied her made some remark, but the lady did not seem inclined to conversation; she answered by a motion of the head, or by monosyllables, as if she said: "We will talk of this to-morrow; don't disturb my meditations now." And shutting her fan she leaned her smooth chin upon it, and seemed to muse: the loveliest women and the most elegant toilets swept by her, but she did not vouchsafe them a glance.

At ten o'clock the father, husband, uncle, whatever he was, looked at his watch and rose hurriedly, like a man who feared to miss the exact minute for taking his glasses of water to-morrow. The lady made a slight movement of remonstrance, and cast a sweeping glance around the *salon* as she took the offered arm.

Gaetan interpreted all this to his own advantage, and gliding from column to column, like a debtor striving to avoid his creditor, he followed at a distance, resolved to discover the earthly residence of the wood-fairy. She takes the road to the Hotel de Telegraphe; but Gaetan never loses sight, in the gloom of the overhanging trees, of that white and flowing dress that lights up the darkness.

Having found out where she lives, Gaetan formed a dozen plans that proved impracticable, though he had thought them admirable; so he decided to wait for a better one, such as fortune sometimes takes the trouble of inventing for us when she wishes to be kind.

First, he must learn German in forty-eight hours, for day after to-morrow's ball; or at least he must learn the few phrases which make up the vocabulary of love. In a case like this the dictionary is only a huge book crammed with useless and stupid phrases: when one is in love he can spend a lifetime in saying only four. King Solomon, who knew whereof he spoke, has expressed this sage opinion: he has written, that outside of the language of love there are only formulas of vanity. One has a pretty strong case if Solomon is on his side—he who had three hundred love affairs in his life, according to the gravest historians.

M. Kirchberger, librarian at Ems, came to Gaetan's assistance—a man of spirit and intelligence, and who spoke French like a native who knows how to speak it. He gave the eager student a little volume of familiar dialogues in French and German, with rules for pronouncing.

During the two days consecrated to the work of learning the ten German phrases that alone were necessary to his happiness he used to take a little rest from study, and walk under the farther trees of the avenue, watching the beloved one's windows. This is a work that young men always have done and always will do, even to the uttermost windows of Jehosaphat. They hum softly, "O Matilda, idol of my soul!" or "Come, gentle lady!" or "When one awaits his love," or "With kindness view my pain:" one has a fine choice, for there is great variety in the operas.

If the window remains deaf to all the gamuts of Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Boieldieu, the tenor has his labor for his pains: he can dismiss himself or seek another engagement to try a better fortune. But if the window curtain is rustled with intelligent caution, if that wooden ear is opened; if a ringlet of blonde or brown floats out on the wind; if a charming profile follows and outlines itself in the shadow or the sun—ah! then the lover sees shine out from that enviable window the rainbow of hope; the tenor is engaged, even if he sings falsely, for the falseness of his notes proves the sincerity of his passion.

The play of the window-blind exhibited every shade of gradation; it was like an ascending scale in music; the fastening creaked timidly; the double shutter opened gently; a ringlet floated out; the divine profile followed, and the adored face beamed out to the sun and extinguished it. Gaetan pressed his hand on his heart to keep it from bursting.

At his second visit the window played the same game.

Then Gaetan strove to make rapid progress in the German of love. "O Love! what a teacher of languages thou art!" he ejaculated as he went to Nassau to dine and to study his ten phrases in the enchanted valley where the mountains dress themselves in green velvet for the encouragement of lovers; and crossing the pretty bridge of Nassau, he dropped into the river the last of his phrases—words compendious as a folio—*I love you—Ich liebe Sie*, and in his intoxication he prayed the Lahn, swift messenger, to bear this poem to the woody bank where his love watched in the twilight.

II.

THE ball-hour came and Gaetan shook with fear, like the conscript when he hears the first roar of cannon in battle. Some minutes, first, he walked among the green plane-trees on the terrace, amusing himself with repeating his ten phrases: but lo! when the critical moment struck, he had forgotten them all. It was a solemn crisis. The gay throng swarmed into the Kursaal; the orchestra struck up; the young officers of Coblentz set about making their engagements: he must summon courage and secure her at all hazards for the first dance. The rest belonged to Fate. No opportunity remained for a glance at the little book; and besides he would have been laughed at if found taking a lesson in German, with his foot raised to go and talk to a German lady.

With his head in a fever he hurried to the Kursaal. In a few minutes the unknown came and took her accustomed seat, dressed as on the previous evening. Women put a meaning into the most trifling details. Gaetan understood her choice of place and toilet, and his smile of intelligent approval was not lost—two beautiful eyes with velvet irises caught it as it flew.

He approached her, bowed respectfully, and murmured some syllables which in all lands signify: I engage you for the first waltz or the first quadrille; his offer was accepted with an eagerness very slightly dissembled.

The orchestra let loose its hurricane of thundering sound, and the charming pair whirled over the marble with that graceful lightness that fascinates the gazer and keeps his eyes fixed till the very last strain. With the fair German's hand in his, Gaetan was more than ever oblivious of the German language; but by a violent effort of will he succeeded in recalling the last of Love's ten commandments—*I love thee;* and, to supply the lack of the nine others, he repeated this nine times, to the accompaniment of the maddening orchestra, which seemed to adapt its music to a passionate declaration.

"Behold a miracle of love!" said the young girl, "he has learned German in forty-eight hours!" And in the last measure of the waltz she deigned to answer him with a smile and a glance which signified everything but disapprobation. By the time the ball was ended the continual interchange of eloquent glances convinced Gaetan that he was on the road to a hasty marriage.

The next day he bought a grammar and a dictionary, French and German, and had them covered with satin paper and ornamented with green ribbons.

On the watch at seven o'clock, he saw the fair unknown and her companion go out, and at once made his way to their house. Nearly all the porters along the route speak French, he said to himself, and my plan will infallibly succeed. In fact, it did succeed, with the aid of five Frederics, which a porter never refuses.

Gaetan got all the information he wanted. The unknown gentleman was Dr. Blank, and the lady was widow Laerta, aged thirty years, as a stupid, but truth-telling passport testified. The figure "thirty" surprised Gaetan somewhat, but abated not a jot of his passion. It is the age of your true woman, he thought; from Dido and Cleopatra down, widows have always inspired the most ardent sentiments.

And he said to the porter: "Give these books to Mad. Laerta's maid, and let her place them on a table in her mistress's chamber."

The porter put his hand on his heart and ten Frederics in

his pocket, in token of his unfaltering fidelity, and went up stairs to accomplish his important mission. At the breakfast hour, which comes after exercise and the drinking of the waters, Gaetan crouched in a clump of trees to study from a distance the language of the window, and to get, if possible, some news of his books. "I will bet a thousand francs," he said, "that she will come to the window with the French grammar in her hand?" Busy with plans for their marriage, and with his eyes fixed on the window, he heard a piercing cry, and saw a boy, who was driving a donkey along the street, knocked down by a book hurled from Laerta's window. Gaetan stood stupefied. Then, impelled by a foolish curiosity, he went forward and mingled with the crowd that gaped about the thunder-stricken little donkey-driver.

"Think of it!" said a French voice; "some people indulge in very cruel amusements. Here is a Nero in furnished lodgings who has just knocked down this poor child with a dictionary!"

A collection was taken up for the luckless urchin, and Gaetan gave him ten thalers. At the same moment a purse was thrown from Laerta's window that rang on the pavement with the sound of gold. The boy's fortune was made; he wept no more.

Gaetan resumed the attitude of stupefaction. If he could have opened his tenor's lips, he would have sung the everlasting chorus of Scribe's operas: "*What, then, is this mystery! this mystery infernal, that freezes me with terror?*" A student from Munich picked up the dictionary, and made off at great speed, rejoicing in a bargain that Fortune had sold him for nothing.

Joining the crowd, the faithful porter made every effort to attract Gaetan's attention; but the young man was gazing at the mountain-peak that rose above the line of houses, and seeking in the clouds a solution of his mystery. Then the porter ventured to approach and give him a sounding blow on the elbow, which produced the desired effect. The gaze of the unhappy lover descended from the clouds, and he became conscious of the intelligent pantomime of the porter, who seemed to say, "I have something very important to say to you." So they went aside a little, and Gaetan listened to the following revelation. This porter, you see, according to the usage of his profession, was accustomed to talk with all the lady's maids, in order to learn the great and little secrets of their families, and he had fathomed the mystery of Dr. Blank, the paternal uncle of the beautiful widow. It is a curious page of history:

In the days of the Emigration, the young Chevalier Marcel de —— came to Coblentz with the Baron, his father, to avoid the kind attentions of the Committee of Public Safety. Faithful to the teachings of comic opera, Marcel, desiring to be a favorite with the ladies wherever he happened to be, and to relieve the tedium of exile, resolved to make love to a young German girl, who spoke French admirably. The young lady conceived a violent passion for the handsome, powdered, bespangled and beribboned butterfly, who called her his shepherdess, and made love to her in ardent quatrains.

One fine day—a very sad day, however, for the young shepherdess of the banks of the Moselle—the Chevalier, alarmed by the word "marriage," which she pronounced too often, crossed the Rhine, and went to make new conquests, up the Lahn, from Nassau to Giessen. The unhappy, deserted Ariana had an attack of high fever, and in her delirium sung without ceasing:

> "O beautiful Iris, be faithful to me;
> I shall go to the realms above,
> Loving thee still, for the soul dies not,
> And my soul, you know, is my love!"

Her father, learning her secret from these ravings, took his sword and went in search of the exiled Baron.

When he found him, he said: "Sir, in 1757, I was twenty years old, and I fought under the great Frederick at Rossbach, against the Prince de Soubise. I can measure swords with you even now, for vengeance will strengthen my arm.

"By my soul!" replied the Baron, "your arrival is most timely. I am bored to death, and this affair will help me to get rid of an hour or two, as Racine says in *Les Plaideurs*. I know M. de Soubise well; he was a charming man; he had the honor of being beaten by the great Frederick—a privilege second to none other. Let me throw off my cloak, and I am with you."

The two champions walked to the banks of the Moselle, and, as they were about to begin, the Baron said, with a winning air:

"By the way, Monsieur, what are we to fight about?"

"How! Baron, you don't know?" said Ariana's father.

"Certainly not, M. de Rossbach."

The proper explanation was at once made, and as their swords crossed, the Baron ejaculated:

"I always knew that my devil of a son would be Richelieu II.;" and, after three passes, he fell, mortally wounded, saying, "Three masses for my soul at St. Castor, and a hundred pistoles to the curé."

After this event, when the young ladies of the family of the hero of Rossbach reached the age of fifteen, they were required to swear on the Holy Bible that they would never learn to speak French, and would never touch a French book. This was the oath of Hannibal among the females of the family, and Laerta, like her ancestresses, had taken it on a Guttenberg Bible.

Therefore, when Dr. Blank found a French dictionary in his house, he was seized with such a rage that he hurled it through the window—the huge book enriching a poor boy in its fall.

One clause had been omitted in this oath. It was this: "I swear I will never marry a Frenchman."

And on account of this omission, Laerta, near the close of the season, gave her hand to Gaetan, who knew well enough all the German phrases that are necessary to the happiness of a married pair. Afterwards he made great progress, and became so familiar with all the refinements of the language of Goethe, that Laerta had no need to speak that of Lamartine, and kept her oath.

REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF EMINENT MEN.

SOME years ago a young man holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service twice attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterward, he requested him to fire it out of the window, it then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming: "I must be reserved for something great!" and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which for some time previous had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterwards became Lord Clive.

Two brothers were on one occasion walking together, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning overtook them. One was struck dead on the spot, the other was spared; else would the name of the great reformer, Martin Luther, have been unknown to mankind.

The holy St. Augustine, having to preach at a distant town, took with him a guide, who, by some unaccountable means, mistook the usual road and fell into a by-path. He afterwards discovered that his enemies, having heard of his movements, had placed themselves in the proper road with a design of murdering him.

Baron, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into a pit of a soap boiler, and must have perished, had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed the top of his head, and immediately delivered him.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him through a garret window, and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various were the devices used to rescue the child from the guardianship of the newly-found protector. All were unavailing; his would-be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced its steps and deposited its burden safely on the bed. On a subsequent occasion the waters had well nigh quenched his insatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which, a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue.

At the siege of Leicester, a young soldier, about seventeen years of age, was drawn out for sentry duty. One of his comrades was anxious to take his place. No objection was made, and this man went. He was shot dead while on guard. The young man first drawn became the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Doddrige, when born, was so weakly an infant, he was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by fancied she saw some signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author and consistent Christian preserved to the world.

John Wesley, when a child, was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued, the roof of the house where he had been fell in. Of Philip Henry a similar instance is recorded.

John Knox, the renowned Scotch reformer, was always wont to sit at the head of the table, with his back to the window. On one particular evening, without being able to account for it, he would neither himself sit in the chair nor permit any one else to occupy his place. That very night a bullet was shot in at the window, purposely to kill him; it grazed the chair in which he sat, and made a hole in the foot of a candlestick on the table.

Many years have now elapsed since three subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water off St. Helena; one of them, peculiarly helpless, was succumbing. He was saved to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the history of a marvellous deliverance. As a youth he had agreed to accompany some friends on board a man-of-war. He arrived too late; the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion, when the tide surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, so that he came to his boat much later than usual, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his then undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat as heretofore to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board.

[For the Californian.]

UNDER THE PERSIMMON.

As the oak flames on the lawn
I think of an Autumn gone,
An Indian Summer-time—the ripe October;
The forests were ablaze,
The blue sky all ahaze,
And only the fair fields turned brown and sober,

When cousin Madge and I—
Dear gipsy, sweet and sly,
Wandered across the fields—the fields of stubble;
The sun through red mists shone,
Looking as if 'twere blown
From a magician's pipe—a rosy bubble.

We sat beneath a tree,
"Oh, Harry dear," cried she,
"What is that fruit o'erhead so ripe and yellow?
Pray climb and pluck me some!"
I answered "'T is a plum
Of a most luscious flavor, sweet and mellow."

Then up the tree I sped,
And showered about her head
This sour false fruit—false fruit that looked delicious
She took one little bite—
Oh, the exquisite spite
That shook her dainty fist, so small—so vicious!

She shook that fist at me;
I cried, from up the tree,
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! I very well remember
The purple plums I ate—,
Purple and delicate,
From this same tree—and only last December.

"Could it have been the snow?
Oh dearest, don't frown so!
Was it the frost or snow that made them sweeter
As hearts in sharp distress
Lose half their bitterness,
Finding in woe a faith and hope completer.

I think I see her yet,
Her sweet mouth in a pet,
All puckered up with anger and persimmon;
I tried to moralize,
She scorned me with those eyes—
Those eyes that made her peerless among women.

Then down the stream I came,
Called coaxingly her name;
She stormed at first, then sobbed, and called me cruel
And mentioned a great guy
That loved her more than I—
At which I hinted mildly of a duel.

And then there comes a mist,
In which I think we kissed—
It seems quite real, yet very, very dreamy;
A dream of red wine floods,
Of spicy scarlet buds,
And tropic blossoms soft and bland and creamy:

Time gliding as a boat
On pearly ponds afloat—
A heaven of heavens—her tender love its portal
Oh beautiful strange dream,
How far its pictures seem,
For I am desolate, and she immortal.

All left to my despair
This flake of dusky hair,
And wild vine tendrils o'er a low grave groping;
Where, at her fast shut door,
Shut from me overmore,
Was ended all my dreaming—all my hoping.

EMILIE LAWSON.

CINDERELLA.—The origin of the tale from which this pantomime was adopted is sufficiently curious. It was about the year 1730 that a French actor of equal talent and wealth, named Thevenard, in passing through the streets of Paris observed upon a cobbler's stall the shoe of a female, which struck him by the remarkable smallness of its size. After admiring it for some time, he returned to his house; but his thoughts reverted to the shoe with such intensity that he reappeared at the stall the next day, but the cobbler could give him no other clue to the owner than that it had been left in his absence, for the purpose of being repaired. Day after day did Thevenard return to his post to watch the reintegration of his slipper, which proceeded slowly; nor did the proprietor appear to claim it. Although he had completed the sixtieth year of his age, so extravagant became his passion for the unknown fair one that he became (were it possible for a Frenchman of that day to be so) melancholy and miserable. His pain was, however, somewhat appeased by the avatar of the little foot itself, appertaining to a pretty and youthful girl in the very humblest class of life. All distinctions were levelled at once by love; the actor sought the parents of the female, procured their consent to the match, and actually made her his wife.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1866.

TUTHILL'S "CALIFORNIA."*

THE feeling of disappointment which most readers of Dr. Tuthill's *History* will experience, should not, and probably will not abate any of the reputation of the late lamented author. As a literary labor, begun amidst the harrassing cares and distractions of a journalist's life and crowned in the retiracy of ill health consequent upon those cares, it seems miraculously strong, nervous and sinewy. The disappointment will be owing rather to the reader's misconception of the subject treated: to the inherent vanity of most Californians, who expect that a complete and artistic history of California could be written to date; who imagine that a sketch of the civilization of the last twelve years ought to be as attractive as the real history of the two centuries upon which it is superposed, and who wonder that a geology which treats rather of the shifting and unformed sand and mould of the earth's surface, than the strata of the rocks below, is not as interesting or its record as legible. History has its natural epochs and divisions which no historian has the right to alter. The first volume of the history of California closed with the American conquest; we have not got beyond the first chapter of the second volume, and yet the greater part of Dr. Tuthill's book treats of the history of the State after the conquest—of matters that are fresh in the minds of the people; of details still accessible through newspaper files, in all the crudity and indigestibility which belongs to journalism and gossip.

We have too much faith in the capacity of the author to suppose that he was ignorant of these facts. He must have known that the lapse of years alone enables the historian to properly determine and settle the relations of men and events to history, and that posterity might reasonably reverse the judgments of to-day. The half-ironical tone of narration—the absence of didactic disquisition—the entire disregard of philosophical summary—all tend to prove that Dr. Tuthill was aware of the elementary defects of his subject. But he was shrewd enough to see that our smart, go-ahead civilization wished to anticipate history, even as they had anticipated everything else—that Californians desired a record of the deeds of contemporaneous men. The history of California after the American conquest was really what was wanted; but the Doctor was artist enough to know that a slight flavor of antiquity was required to give dignity to the work—as the *parvenu* knocks at the door of the Herald's College for arms and a genealogical tree. That is why we have a history written from a local, instead of a cosmical, view point; that is why we have events carefully detailed for the benefit of Californians, of which the world only takes notice in the abstract as results; that is why this history resembles the "Annals of San Francisco," rather than the pages of Bancroft or Macaulay; why we have so much space devoted to detailed reports of Vigilance Committees, rather than a philosophic review of the causes underlying reformatory processes: the influx of families—the establishment of homes—the change of traffic from speculation to steady business habits; why we have so much of James King of William, the local reformer, and so little of Thomas Starr King, the continental patriot. We prefer to accept this theory, rather than believe that the author was so far influenced by the habits and profession of journalism as to reproduce only contemporaneous and half-formed criticism. The best evidence that he has erred rather in deference to local sentiment, is shown in the fact that the only adverse criticisms of the work are based upon the incorrectness and wrong spelling of some of the prominent names after the conquest! We can easily imagine that it is of tremendous importance to Californians that Philip T. Herbert should be substituted for Philip Herbert, A. A. Sargeant for A. M. Sargeant, Louis McLane for Lonis McLeau, and Harry I. Thornton for Harry L. Thornton, but that the opinion of Eastern readers will be affected by any such inaccuracy may be greatly doubted.

Notwithstanding this radical defect of subject, the author impresses the reader with two of the greatest excellencies of the historian—truth and impartiality. He has no particular party to write up, no policy to defend or strengthen. In one instance he exhibits a degree of courage and independence most noteworthy. He has dared to defend John Charles Fremont: to espouse his cause in the Kearny imbroglio—to accord to him those laurels as Pathfinder and Conqueror, which Californians, in that very spirit of personal and contemporaneous judgment so reprehensible in this volume, have of late years endeavored to withhold. He has done this boldly, in the face of public sentiment, which, by a system of logic entirely Californian, mingles Mariposa scheming, Palmer, Cook & Co., ultra political opinions, Missouri trials and proclamations, with Fremont's claims as a pioneer. He has followed Randolph in awarding praise to the self-sacrificing but purposeless labors of the old Fathers. What he has to say of praise is genially and cordially given; when he condemns, it is from the dispassionate and calm height of the historian. He is graceful, easy, readable, and sincere, and would have adorned a task more difficult and valuable than the one before us.

* *The History of California*, from its Discovery in 1542 to the year 1865. By Franklin Tuthill. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

SCIENCE IN RELIGION.

WE were much struck with an article we found in an Eastern religious paper to the effect that science is moving faster than theology. And *it is* true that the church is behind the age in all respects; that the daily discoveries made in physics are destructive of many of the doctrines taught by theology, and that the church does not come up to these truths in a manner calculated to preserve its integrity and influence. Ethnology, for example, promulges a denial of the scriptural theory of the origin of the human species from *one* Adam. Churchmen will not, or do not reason or explain away what science teaches, or show it consistent with Biblical narrative; they shrug their shoulders and remain silent. And so when geology irrefragably proves that the Mosaic chronology in regard to the age of the earth is false, and that creation is the result of slow and unceasing natural principles operating through myriads of years, rather than the result of a week's work, the church sits with folded hands and voiceless tongue, and makes no efforts to reconcile the laws of periods and strata with revelation—or, if they cannot be reconciled, to abandon the error and hold to the truth. It doesn't seem to have a proper estimate of the demands of the age; it has no missionaries in Literature and Science; it doesn't teach the popular mind; it doesn't combat what it calls "heresies"—heresies which are given to the world by the most illustrious names of the day, and supported by unerring facts. Apart from the teachings of crania and rocks, there has appeared within the past few years a set of vigorous and profound thinkers and logicians, whose writings are surely sapping the pulpit and its creeds to which a portion of the human race has so tenaciously clung through the last eighteen hundred years. Buckle, Spencer, Mill, Draper, and Lecky, called rationalistic writers, are exerting an influence through their powerful reasoning which the church should heed and meet. If these men seek to erect a system of error—if they declare and endeavor to propagate that which is false, then it is the duty of all churchmen to expose their fallacies. Men are naturally sceptical and irreligiously suspicious, and when brilliant and philosophical authors, professing to argue from natural phenomena attack and deride a system of theology, of the divinity of which men have many doubts why it behooves the best of the theologians to move rapidly with refutation—with dialectics to defend the faith, which, they say, equally with earth and its animals, is of divine creation.

Since the Augsburg confession, the human mind has been unceasingly pursuing the truth, and to-day as then, there are Luthers—Luthers everywhere—in Literature, Science, Society—active and untiring brains, on the scent for error, whether it exists in theology or elsewhere. Renan's *Life of Jesus* had its popularity more from the unsatisfactory nature of the proof which seeks to establish the Savior's claims as the Son of God, than from its beauty of rhetoric and its argument. It is true that the book in question is not considered logical; on the contrary, is specious, learned and cunning in sophistry, and altogether sophistical and full of dangerous devices, but it should be remembered that it is a senseless though characteristic churchusage to express ecclesiastical scorn of unbelief and heresy by an *auto de fe* of heretical books. Now-a-days people are not satisfied with and frightened by excommunication — by burning paper and type in the public market-places. They think and reason now where before the priesthood thought and reasoned for them. This is an age of opinion as Canning foretold it would be, and we want to be taught by argument; we want to be *convinced*—not persuaded by feeling and kept in the church by habit, association, and discipline. Besides, it is not encouraging that not one of the different ecclesiastical systems is an unit in itself. All of them are more or less riven by schisms. Bishop Colenso, by very many of the Church of England, is sustained; and the Privy Council declared that the doctrine of eternal punishment is not a necessary element of church creed. The Pope's encyclical letter against civil liberty, and the recent pastorals against Freemasonry and Fenianism, are not calculated to produce harmony and encourage religious sympathy. The truth is, at no period in the history of christianity has there been such wide-spread defection in religious societies as now. The church is fast losing its hold on the consciences and affections of men. People see and feel that a religion which is professed to be based on charity, on self-denying philanthropy, and peace on earth and good will towards all men, in its practice is bigoted, unprogressive, and worldly in all things, except precept. They see that those who are loudest in profession, and the most holy in observance, are, after all, the most corrupt. They see that the pulpit lends itself to stirring up and promoting political strife—revolution—blood; and that the clergy are quite as human as the laity—human in appetite—and as eager and cunning as the most of us in its gratification. They see that, while science is catholic, liberal, and advancing, the church grows narrower and more obstinate; and that that same science compels us to unlearn much that has been taught us by the church; that it lays bare errors; upheaves and topples over creed, and opens our eyes to an hundred fallacies.

These, some of the lessons taught us, and such the condition and opinions of two-thirds the civilized world to-day. But, thank God! outside of this ecclesiastical system—underlying all things, and with which there is in all science complete sympathy and confirmation — is a *true* religion, founded upon reason and instinct, and firmer than Earth itself. Modern progression teaches no atheism; it simply lifts us above cant, craft, and clerical dominion; it confirms the fundamental truths of Christianty, proving them to be unshaken and unshakable. Science and reason are foes only to that which false theology and priestcraft seek to engraft on the Christian system—not to the elementary truths of Christianity; and the sooner the merely human on it dies and sloughs off, the better for mankind, and the more rapid our progress to the ultimate perfection. It is true now as when Bacon first declared it, that "the depth of philosophy bringeth men's minds to religion"

NEW BOOKS.

WE have received from A. Roman & Co., a number of new publications, review of some of which must be deferred. There seems to be a wonderful activity in book-making, considering the unusual outlay involved—paper and other materials being still far above the oldtime rates. Roman & Co. are making additions to their list with the arrival of each steamer, and their establishment is at the same time a credit to our city and a convenience to the people of the Pacific coast. There are but few current publications in English which do not find their way to San Francisco, and certainly our leading book firms—Roman & Co. and H. H. Bancroft & Co.—are entitled to much praise for their energy and promptness in meeting the literary wants and tastes of this far-western community:

The Lost Tales of Miletus. By Edward Bulwer Lytton. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The most eminent writers of Europe seem to be finding their highest inspiration in classic land. The French Emperor, whose mind we would suppose to be occupied with affairs of state exclusively, finds time for a new life of Cæsar; an English Prime Minister translates Homer; the present Chancellor of the Exchequer turns from the dry calculations of the Budget to a new rendering of the *Iliad* into English metre; Grote, from Grecian history, applies himself to its philosophy, and gives us *Plato and Other Companions of Socrates;* Swinburne charms us with the sweetest and the most chaste classic poem of the day, *Atalanta in Calydon*, and Bulwer adds to the list *The Lost Tales of Miletus.* These are Hellenic myths in a "new combination of blank or rhymeless metre, not hitherto adapted for narrative purposes." We must confess that we have such a partiality for the old heroic verse of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, that even in the class of composition to which these tales belong, we prefer the antique metre, or the prose in which they were originally written. We will say here that Aristides, an historian of Miletus, invented what were called *Tales of Miletus*—pictures that were amatory and free in character. They were translated into Latin in the time of Scylla, but they have been entirely lost.

Bulwer's prose rather than his poetry will carry him down to posterity. His renditions into English verse of Schiller's Poems and Ballads, the first edition of which was issued in 1844, and the next twenty years later, is his most reputable poetical effort. And yet the idiosyncracy of that translation is Bulwer's—not Schiller's. While Bulwer's undoubted ability must always secure him readers in any literary effort he may endeavor, yet the reading classes of these and the coming days will always prefer his prose writings. These *Lost Tales* are full of fine conceits, expressed in good phrase, bearing throughout the scholarly touch and the fine imagery which distinguish his writings—metrical and prose. The *Oread's Son* is perhaps the finest of the collection, both in rhythm and sentiment—if this "new combination of rhymeless metre" can be said to possess rhythm. It seems the most faithful to our idea of an antique poem, unsuited as the metre is, according to our notion, to poetical expression.

Eccentric Personages. By Wm. Russell, L.L.D. New York: American News Company.

These are anecdotal biographies, very readable and amusing. Before we opened the book, we thought the title an odd one for a person of Wm. H. Russell's peculiar calibre. Travels, pictures of political, social and war life: these seem to be specialities of the correspondent of the London *Times;* and

while the book in question has much of the piquancy and brilliant narrative of "Bull Run Russell," yet we fancy he had nothing to do with its composition. It seems a compilation made up from both English and French sources. Many of the characters are persons more or less mixed up with history and narrative during the past two centuries, and many of the anecdotes and incidents collected in this work most of us never met before. This class of literature is entertaining and instructive, when properly selected. It perpetuates individual traits and peculiarities, with which mere history rarely meddles; it furnishes us with what may not be inaptly termed *cartes de visite* of such personages.

This book is English in prejudice and style. It amuses one when it says, speaking of Margaret Fuller's letters on England, "that they were not more stupid and half so malignant as the rantipole rubbish lately written and printed by Hawthorne." In the great Westminster Abbey of Letters where Hawthorne has gone, such attacks can never be heard."

Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers—By Aytown. New York: Widdleton.

This edition differs in nothing from that of 1852 except in the matter of paper and typography. These poems are too well known to need praise at this period. As a contributor to *Blackwood*, in which magazine these "Lays" first appeared, the "Bon Gaultier" of the *Book of Ballads*, the author of *Bothwell*, and as a powerful political writer, Aytown will always have an enviable place in English literature. These "Lays," in force, beauty and sympathy, rank among the first of all National Ballads. If Aytown had written nothing but "The Execution of Montrose," it would have gained him a proud position as a poet.

Ænone: A Tale of Slave Life in Rome. Bradburne.

An *anonyme*, recently arrived from New York, the plot of which is laid at the time when Paul left tent-making and took to preaching. As a picture of social life in Rome in 80 A. D., it has no merit, and in composition and spirit it is equally tame, whether we reduce it to the classical or modern standard. It bears about the same relation to a well-written book as Pansa's wall frescoes—done under the same reign at Pompeii—to the paintings of Zeuxis.

[For the Californian.]

ROSES.

AS it may be interesting to the rose amateur to know something of the history of his favorites, we here give a few notes on the subject.

Those of our readers who may travel in foreign lands will be enabled to discover, in the course of their journeys, the parents of those varieties whose beauty gives them so much gratification at home.

The Provence Rose is a native of Mount Caucasus and the south of France. From a district in the latter country it derives its name. It is there, however, distinguished, not by the name which it bears with us, but by its more strictly botanical title of *Rose a cent Feuilles* or *Rosa centifolia* of Botanists. It was introduced into England about the close of the sixteenth century.

The Moss Rose belongs to the Provence family. The *Mossy de Meaux* is a most attractive little rose, and when grown on its own roots will live long and blossom freely. The favorite semi-double crimson moss, *Du Luxemburg*, was raised in the gardens of the Luxemburg Palace at Paris, while the finest rose-colored moss which we have, *Laneii*, was originated in the seed-buds of Monsieur Laffay, and called after a distinguished English rose grower.

The Damask Rose, *(Rosa Damascena,)* comes from Syria. It grows there in the greatest abundance. For more than a century after its introduction it remained unimproved, but, by care and attention to growing and hybridizing, it has produced some splendid varieties such as "Madame Hardy" of the finest whites and "Madame Zoutmau," an exquisitely tinted white which no cultivator should be without.

The sweet variety, called the Scotch rose, *(Rosa Spinossissima,)* is a native of Great Britain. By cultivation, some pretty varieties of yellow roses have been obtained from it, as "Josephus," "Lady Stuart," and also the "Yellow," which was first produced in France.

Austrian Briar, *(R Luted,)* is well known in its two single varieties, the single yellow and the copper-colored.

The Persian Yellow is one of the finest. This was brought from Asia by Sir H. Willock in 1838.

The Boursault, or *Rosa Alipina*, is from the southerly range of the Alps. It derives its floricultural name from M. Boursault, of Paris, with whom originated the first double variety of the "Old Double Red."

The *Rosa Multiflora*, the type of a numerous class, was introduced from China and Japan, by Thunberg, about sixty years ago. "Laura Davoust" is one of the finest of this class.

The Banksian Rose, *(Rosa Banksia,)* is a native of Georgia and Tartary. It was also introduced from China about 1807. This variety is much admired from its small though graceful and abundant bloom, resembling in size and form the "Bachelor's Button." So freely do roses of this family grow, that an instance is recorded by Deslongchamps, in his work on the rose, of a plant of the White Banksian at Toulon, which twenty years ago had the following dimensions: Its stem at the base was 9 inches in diameter; its branches covered a space containing nearly 140 square yards of surface, and it was computed that at one time it bore about 50,000 blossoms, thus presenting a most gorgeous spectacle.

The China Rose, *(Rosa Indica,)* was introduced about 1718. Since then it has been a universal favorite, this popularity arising not only from the perfume and beauty of its blossoms, but from the duration of its flowering season. It has been the parent of many fine varieties, distinct in their habits and their hues. "Mrs. Bosanquet" is one of its finest white descendants. From this we have a gradation of tints till we reach the deep crimson displayed in "Joseph Deschieus."

The Crimson China *(Rosa Semperfloreus)* is considered as an allied, though still a distinct division of the same group. It, too, has proved the parent of many varieties, varied in their colors, but all deserving of regard. We have the rose commonly known as the White China, evidently a member of this family with its snowy blooms, the vivid rose-hue of "Leonidas" and the unequalled crimson of *Cramoisie Superieure.*

The Tea Rose *(Rosa Indica adorata)* is the name of a class to which belong perhaps the most attractive of our varieties. It is, like the *(Rosa Semperfloreus,)* closely allied to the Chinese rose. It is, however, a distinct species. It differs from the Chinese in its habit, its color, and in the colors which its descendants assume.

The Blush variety—the original of the class—was brought from China in 1810. In 1824, the Yellow Tea Rose was discovered by Mr. Parker; and these varieties, by crossing, have given birth to a progeny most distinguished for their beauty It is within this family that our loveliest yellow fawn and cream-colored favorites are to be found. We have the gorgeous *Devoniensis*, whose blooms often measure four and five inches in diameter; the fawn buds and blooms of *Safrano*, the golden yellow of *Vicomtesse de Cazes*, and lastly, we have one of the gems of the Rosarium, the magnificent *Gloire de Dijon.* This fine Rose, with its cream-colored blooms, tinted with fawn and blush, is certainly the queen of the class to which it belongs. Its blossoms have the valuable property of keeping a long time after they are cut. Remarks on this subject will be continued next week.

IRIS.

WHAT THE SUN DOES.

WHO created the aliment? The Sun—himself created by the Great Maker of all things. Here again, therefore, the life and strength possessed by an animal are actually engendered by the sun.

Throughout your whole existence you will find, by following up the same reasoning, that your most trifling act, your most thoughtless movement, has derived its origin from the sun. A blow with the fist, a breath, a sigh, can be exactly estimated in rays of sunshine. Whether you trifle or whether you work, to make such an effort you have been obliged to expend so much strength; and that strength had already been stored in you by the sun, through the agency of a series of transformations. Your clothing is all borrowed from the sun. It is he who has spun every thread of your linen, and fed every fibre of your cloth and flannel. He either bleaches it snowy white, or dyes it purple and scarlet with indigo and madder. He furnishes leather for useful service, and furs and feathers for finery and parade. He gives you your bedding; whether you repose luxuriously between eider-down and wool, or stretch your weary limbs on straw, chaff, Indian corn-husks, seaweed, or even on a naked plank, as is the lot of not a few, it is the sun who gives both the one and the other. And what do we receive from regions where the sun, as it were, is not—from the immediate neighborhood of either pole? We receive just nothing. We cannot even get to them. The absence of the sun bars our progress with an impenetrable zone of ice and snow.

In like manner, your fine cellars of hock, burgundy, and claret, are nothing but bottled sunshine from the banks of the Rhine, the slopes of the Cote d'Or, and the pebbly plain of the Medoc. Your butter and cheese are merely solid forms of sunshine absorbed by the pastures of Holland or Cambridgeshire. Your sugar is crystallized sunshine from Jamaica. Your tea, quinine, coffee, and spice, are embodiments of solar influences shed on the surfaces of China, Peru, and the Indian Archipelago. It is the sun's action which sends you to sleep in opium, poisons you in strychnine, and cures in decoctions of tonic herbs. You taste the sun in your sauces, eat him in your meats, and drink him even in your simplest beverage—water. Without the sun, no blood could flow in your veins; your whole corporeal vitality, your very bodily life, is the result of the overflowings of his bounty.

Nor is this all we owe to our great central luminary. The physical forces with which we are acquainted—heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, and motion—dancing their magic round, and alternately assuming each other's form and action, and now believed in all probability to be one in their common birth and origin—are direct emanations from the sun.—*Albion.*

AMUSEMENTS.

AT the Academy of Music, *Henry Dunbar* kept the stage until last night. It did not prove so successful as other plays of Tom Taylor's. The dramatization of an intricate story, even by a veteran play-writer, requires more tact and talent than the creation of a play. The dramatist is constantly bewildered by the kaleidscopic peculiarities of the characters, and their relations to each other and the plot, and, in his endeavors to conscientiously preserve these, he generally produces a kind of dramatic *mélange* from the novelist's pages, which is served up on the stage with all the mixed flavor of the various elements of the novel, but lacking its connecting links and its interest.

Mrs. Harry Jackson produced *Lady Audley's Secret* last evening, for her benefit, which was largely attended. The same play will be the attraction for to-day's *matinée. Lost in London* will fill the bill to-night, for the last time, and it should fill the house.

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Edwin Forrest will open the new season at Maguire's Opera House on Monday evening next, with his great impersonation of "Cardinal Richelieu," in Bulwer's play of that name. The sale of tickets yesterday for the choice of seats for the opening night brought out some spirited bidding, and can be taken as a criterion of the unusual excitement prevailing in regard to the Forrest season. The first ticket was sold to R. J. Tiffany, the hatter, for $500; others ranged from forty-five dollars to five. The present company at the Academy will support Forrest at the Opera House, with the addition of Mrs. Judah and Miss Lillie. Mr. J. McCullough is to play on the off-nights.

The Opera House has undergone a more thorough improvement than is generally supposed. The parquette has been lowered, provided with a new floor, and extended back some twelve feet, giving place for twenty additional benches. It has also been flanked by eight new private boxes; it is provided with three new entrances, and two additional passages for exit, in cases of panic or accident, which also add greatly to the ventilation of the theatre. The upper circle has been remodelled, and every seat in the house re-cushioned in an elegant manner. The body of the building has been decorated in white and gold by Mr. Frank Jones; the proscenium frescoed by Messrs. A. and T. Torning, whose brushes have also been busy in providing new scenery. Enlarged stage accommodations have been made, and the vestibule, ticket offices and entrances greatly improved. The whole outlay of renovation and remodelling is said to have cost nearly $6,000.

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The production of that operatic, spectacular, and legendary play, the *Mountain Sylph*, at the Metropolitan, has been the event of the week. It was placed on the stage in a most thorough and creditable manner, and, apparently, regardless of expense. Some very fine scenic effects have been produced, which it would be almost impossible to describe in such a manner as to be understood by the reader. These spectacular pieces, like Fourth of July fire-works, the rainbow, and the aurora borealis, appeal directly to the sense of vision, and their beauties must be seen to be appreciated. We can only say that the *Mountain Sylph*, in stage effects, music, scenery, etc., excels all the other plays of a similar character that have of late become so familiar to the public. The principal part falls to the lot of the lady manager, Mrs. Sedley Brown, who enacts the difficult *role* of the "Sylph" very effectively. Thompson, as "Christie," a comic rustic swain, has again made his mark by giving a capital piece of acting. Signor Carmini Morley, Mr. S. W. Leach, Miss Julia Gould, and the quartette from "The Twelve," enliven the piece with some beautiful operatic gems. The houses have been very good, notwithstanding the unpropitious weather. The piece will be given for a *matinée* to-day, for this evening's bill, and every night next week.

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The circus swims on the top wave of public patronage, and is doing an excellent business, giving a good and varied performance, and pleasing everybody. Unless business falls off it will probably remain here indefinitely. The numerous feats of the wonderful Lee and Siegrist families and Messrs. Ryland, Frankliu, and others, the eccentric performances of the trained dogs, etc., etc., make a good programme. Performances this afternoon and evening and every evening next week.

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A visit to the Anatomical Museum will instruct those who wish to learn the mysteries of "the tenement which the soul inhabits," and impart much useful information which could be acquired in no other way.

FLORAL CALENDAR—CONTINUED.

May 6th. St. John Damascene, Gowans, *Trollius Europeaus.*
May 7th. St. John of Beverly, Globe Flower, *Trollius Asiaticus.*
May 8th. St. Selena, Lily of the Valley, *Convalaria Majalis.*
May 9th. St. Gregory, Solomon's Seal, *Convalaria Multiflora.*
May 10th. St. Comgall, Peony, *Pæoney Tennifolia.*
May 11th. St. Mammertus, Asphodel, *Asphodelus Luteus.*
May 12th. St. Germanus, German Fleur-de Lis, *Iris Germanica.*

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

As Amended March 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

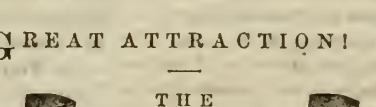
PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper..$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right..... 05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand..... 02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100..... 05
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S. 02
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place..... 10
Bill of. Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the considerationdoes not exceed $500..... 50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels..... 05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less..... 50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office..... 1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule..... 25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons.....10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for n sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50..... 10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part 25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such 25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100..... 05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y, 25
Certificates, other than specified..... 05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale..... 10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500.....1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse..... 50
Gauger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr. 25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons.....5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500..... 50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof.....1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries..... 10
To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1 00
For any other purpose..... 50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof..... 50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft, 25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property..... 02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000..... 10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs..... 25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid..... 50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record..... 50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100..... 50

GREAT ATTRACTION!



ARE ALL THE GO!

Lamott, - - - Hatter,

IS NOW THE MAN! HE IS READY WITH HIS BROADWAY STYLES FOR THE

Spring of 1866.

JUST SEE THE DIFFERENCE between his styles and the others in this city. There is style about his Hats that does not appear in others.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS!

LAMOTT, 227 Russ Block, is bound to be the LEADER of Fashions.

LAMOTT'S SPRING STYLES

show taste. It is a good thing that you have a man among you who is willing to take a stand outside of others, to introduce a style that is new, and not follow in the wake of others that are about one year behind the times.

GO TO HIS STORE FOR A HAT,

No. 220.....*Montgomery street,*

and get something that is new. mar22-3m

HEUSTON,

HASTINGS

& CO.

The Fashionable Clothiers

OF

SAN FRANCISCO,

Have established a TRUNK DEPOT in the basement of their Store equal to any in New York, and prices 20 per cent. lower than any other House in the city.

mar17-3m

BALD-HEADED GENTLEMEN,

Who frequent the Parquet of Theatres, exciting by their grotesque appearance the merriment of Ladies in the Dress Circle, would profit by using Little & Co.'s Chinese

Vegetable Hair Restorative.

The proprietors of this astonishing remedy for Baldness, confident of its infallibility, agree to refund the purchase money in every instance where its use for three months, according to directions, is unattended with success. Price per jar, $2.50.

Manufactured by Little & Co.; sold by

CHAS. E. HINCKLEY & CO.,

Chemists and Druggists,

Southeast corner of Clay and Kearny streets,

ap21-1m San Francisco.

VINCENT'S COLD PREVENTIVE.

A Sure Cure

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS DYSPEPSIA,

CONSUMPTION,

NIGHT SWEATS, AND PULMONARY DISEASES.

Read the following:

REMARKABLE CURE.

San Francisco, September 5th, 1865.

I desire to make known the fact that I was afflicted with a very bad cough for fifteen years, and, during this time, used everything which I could hear of without getting the better of my disease, until I tried Dr. D. B. Vincent's Cold Preventative or Cough Mixture, which cured me sound and well.

NEWTON MOORE.

This is to certify that my wife has been troubled with indigestion for nearly eighteen months, and, by using one bottle of Dr. Vincent's medicine, has been completely cured.

San Francisco, April 6th, 1866.

JOHNSON J. THOMAS.

San Francisco, July 17th, 1865.

I hereby certify that, having had a Cough some five months since, which had troubled me for two years, and I was so bad that I was able to do but little labor of any kind, and could not walk fast without putting myself out of breath. I was so far gone that I had chills over me and night sweats, and had what other physicians called disease of the lungs. I had been doctoring a part of the time for the last year, when I saw Dr. D. B. Vincent, and he gave me a small vial of medicine, which relieved me of the chills and night sweats, and the cough entirely went away, and I do not take cold so easy, and my health is much better in every respect. My appetite is much better; and I heartily recommend all others who are afflicted with similar complaints to him.

JOHN O'NEILL, National Hotel.

The above named diseases nearly all originate from the same or similar causes, and

THE COLD PREVENTIVE

will cure all of them. It is a sure cure for Dyspepsia. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

D. B. VINCENT, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND OCULIST,

Treats all diseases successfully on the Electric system. Particular attention paid to treating all Diseases of the Eyes, Rheumatism, Paralysis, etc. Cures guaranteed, or all moneys refunded—in most cases even where others fail.

☞ OFFICE—No. 103 Kearny street, first floor, where he can be consulted at all hours, unless professionally engaged. All orders from the country promptly attended to. ap7

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

Pacific Business College,

751 MARKET STREET,

(BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH,)

SAN FRANCISCO.

An Institution designed to prepare Young and Middle aged men for an active and successful BUSINESS LIFE.

This is the largest, most complete, and thorough Institution of the kind on the coast, and

THE ONLY

Commercial College which is conducted on Actual Business Principles. Its great system of Business Training is endorsed by the Most Eminent Financiers and Business Men of the Nation.

REGULAR BANKS AND BUSINESS OFFICES have been introduced, by which we are enabled to fit our Students in the best possible manner, and shortest possible time, for active Business Life.

Those in pursuit of a

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION

should examine the merits of this College. Send for the *COLLEGE REVIEW*, giving full particulars of the College, besides containing other Important and Interesting matter. Sent free to all desiring it.

Further particulars can be had by calling at the College, or addressing M. K. LAUDENSLAGER, President

fc17 3m Business College, San Francisco.

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,

Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

STYLE!

ALL OUR FINE FRENCH STATIONERY stamped to order, with initials, monograms, designs, coats of arms, crests, mottoes, chiffres, armoiries, etc. Stamping finished IN COLORS or plain, in the latest and most elegant style.

HENRY PAYOT, Foreign Book House,

640 Washington street, six doors below Kearny.

ap7.

RHEUMATISM.

The Greatest Remedy

IN THE WORLD!

THE CALIFORNIA RHEUMATIC REMEDY.

This Splendid preparation has never been known to fail in effecting a complete and perfect cure, no matter how long the patient had been afflicted with the disease. The Remedy is used both internally and externally. Hundreds of persons have used it during the past two years, all of whom are prepared to testify to its efficacy.

THE CALIFORNIA RHEUMATIC REMEDY

will be carefully packed and sent to any part of the Pacific coast, per Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express upon receipt of $10 in gold coin, or its equivalent; and in all cases where the Remedy fails to effect a perfect cure, the

MONEY WILL BE PROMPTLY REFUNDED.

For sale at Retail only, by

SAMUEL ADAMS, Druggist,

Corner of Bush and Powell streets,

fc17-3m San Francisco, Cal.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner

From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,

423 Front street,

fc11-6m San Francisco

CALIFORNIA

Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *AJAX*, *PACIFIC*, *ORIZABA*, *CALIFORNIA*, *ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Honolulu, Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

mar23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. fc24 3m

CHARLES F. RIEHN,

OF

Richn, Hemme & Co.,

ASSAYERS,

GIVES LESSONS IN ASSAYING—ALSO IN MINERalogy and Chemistry, as far as required to become a Practical Assayer.

Montgomery street, corner of Sacramento, under Donohoe, Kelly & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco. mar5-3m

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,

509 *CLAY STREET*, (*near Sansome,*)

SAN FRANCISCO,

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

ja1-tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

NATIONAL
Insurance Company,
OF
SAN FRANCISCO,

Capital.....One Million of Dollars,
Paid Up in Full.

LOSSES PAYABLE IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

This company is prepared to insure brick, frame, and other BUILDINGS, MERCHANDISE, FURNITURE, and other insurable property, on the most favorable terms. Losses will be adjusted promptly in GOLD coin.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Albert Dibblee, Chairman,	Joseph A. Donohoe,
John G. Bray,	Richard G. Sneath,
George W. Gibbs,	Henry Pierce.

OFFICE,
408 *Montgomery street,*
Adjoining London and San Francisco Bank, and opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

WILLIAM PIERCE, President.
D. W. C. THOMPSON, Vice President
W. W. WIGGINS, Secretary. fe10-3m

THE

AWARDED THE *HIGHEST PREMIUM*
AT THE
State Fair of California,
The only Fair on the Pacific coast at which any two double-thread Machines were exhibited in competition in
1865.

If there is a FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE within one thousand miles of this office that is not working well, it will be attended to if I am informed of it, without expense to the owner. SAMUEL HILL,
General Agent,
111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

THE
FLORENCE
SEWING MACHINE
RECEIVED THE *FIRST PREMIUM*, A GOLD MEDAL, at the Great Exhibition of the
AMERICAN INSTUTE, - - - New York,
1865.
fe10-3m

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary. mh25-tf

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO
OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.
ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - -	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,
No. 422 California street, - - - San Francisco

Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.
Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.
Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.
LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.
WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
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BRITISH PERIODICALS.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative.)
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig.)
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Radical.)
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church.)
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory.)

The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our late Civil War, and though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability, and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and party.

TERMS FOR 1866.

For any one of the Reviews, per annum	$4
For any two of the Reviews, per annum	7
For any three of the Reviews, per annum	10
For all four of the Reviews, per annum	12
For Blackwood's Magazine, per annum	4
For Blackwood and one Review, per annum	7
Blackwood and any two of the Reviews, per an.	10
Blackwood and three of the Reviews, per annum.	13
Blackwood and the four Reviews, per annum	15

CLUBS.

A discount of *twenty per cent.* will be allowed to clubs of four or more persons. Thus, four copies of Blackwood, or of one Review, will be sent to *one address* for $12 80. Four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood, for $48, and so on.

POSTAGE.

When sent by mail, the Postage to any part of the Union will be but *Twenty-four Cents* a year for Blackwood, and but *Eight Cents* a year for each of the Reviews

REDUCED PRICES FOR PREVIOUS YEARS.

Subscribers may obtain the Reprints immediately preceding 1866, as follows, viz:

Blackwood from September, 1864, to December, 1865, inclusive, at the rate of $2 50 a year.

The North British from January, 1865, to December, 1865, inclusive; the Edinburgh and the Westminster from April, 1864, to December, 1865, inclusive, and the London Quarterly for the year 1865, at the rate of $1 50 a year for each or any Review.

A few copies yet remain of all the Four Reviews for 1863 at $1 a set, or $1 50 for any one.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., Publishers,
38 Walker street, New York.

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Business Opportunity!

WANTED TO SELL THE LEASE, FURNITURE, AND GOOD WILL, OF
One of the Best Localities on Montgomery-st.
House contains nearly 100 rooms, furnished in the best manner, and filled with paying and permanent lodgers.
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G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.
For sale by V. SQARZA,
a28 Liedesdorff street, San Francisco.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLE
SILK HAT,
1866,

INTRODUCED - - - - - - - MARCH 8
BY
McGANN & CO.,
FASHIONABLE HATTERS,
No. 654 Washington street,
Two doors below Kearny.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES.—Silk, Felt, Beaver, and other HATS for sale at the lowest prices.
CAPS of every description, suitable for all ages, made to order.
McGANN & CO., being experienced and skilled in all the branches of the manufacture of Hats, feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to their patrons. Every description of Hats and Caps made to order.
Remember, McGANN & CO., Practical Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.
☞ New Goods by every steamer. mar10

DRY GOODS.
S. MOSGROVE
Is now showing some of the choicest fabrics in
Spring and Summer Dress Goods,
IN MELANGES, POPLINS, CHALLIES, ALPACAS,
and a particularly rich and handsome fabric, the "SUN BURST," very suitable for LADIES' SPRING AND SUMMER SUITS. Also, the finest *FRENCH BRILLIANTS* and *PERCALES*, "*HOYLE'S*" GENUINE *ENGLISH CALICOES*, "*RICHARDSON'S*" *IRISH LINENS*, and a full assortment of *FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS*, at very low prices. He invites the attention of Ladies to his very select stock.
S. MOSGROVE,
222 Third street, Colton's Building.
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CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,
SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.
All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.
Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*
JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED,
mar10 3m SAMUEL WHITE.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING
Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.
THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES
NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY
And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:
I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.
CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!
W. D. FARRAND

MR. AND MRS. COGILL AND SONS,
Teachers of Dancing,
CONGRESS HALL,
On Bush-st., adjoining Russ House.

SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. ma5 3m

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MONEY TO LOAN!
MONEY TO LOAN,
On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,
California street, (one door from Sansome street.)
my5 3m THOMAS MOONEY, President.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
mar24-6m Main street, Petaluma.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ADVERTISING AGENCY.
J. J. Knowlton & Co., removed to 120 Montgomery.

BATHS.
Dr. Bourne's, (Medical,) 10 Post, near Montgomery

APOTHECARY.
George H. Clapp, corner Sixth and Howard.

BUSINESS AND PROPERTY AGENCY.
S. P. Whitman, 313 Montgomery st.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Sturké, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.
A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Fineb & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
I. M. Woutworth & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine st.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND TRIMMINGS.
E. Weill & Sons, removed to 616 Sacramento street.

COLLECTOR.
B. Pulvermun, 526 Montgomery—Office hours, 1 to 3 P.M.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets.
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Crannn & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.

COPPER CRUSHER AND SAMPLER.
S. W. Howland, 24 California street, (at Thomas' Mill.)

DRESS TRIMMINGS, WORSTEDS, ETC.
Mrs. Norcross, 5 Montgomery street (Masonic Temple.)

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meaghor, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mesgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammoad, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.

FURNITURE.
N. P. Cole & Co., 314 Pine, near Montgomery.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Peirce, 415, 417 and 419 California street.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ludd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
P. J. Flynn, corner Howard and Eighth streets.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets.

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street,

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.
Bigelow & Bro., N.W. cor. Montgomery and Sacramento.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

MAPS.
Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

MILLINERS.
Mrs. Wheeler, Pepper's building, Third, near Mission.

PAPER HANGINGS, WINDOW SHADES, ETC.
H. Ward, 132 Third street.

PIANO SCHOOL.
Mr. Gustave A. Scott, at Miel Instituto, 55 South Park.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE.
Fifteen-dollar lots for sale by H. S. Brown, S.E. corner of Battery and Commercial streets.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreca, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgomery
Market, by Felix and Gustavo Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Jolnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 606 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N.E. cor Third and Howard.
Gbio's 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
Hunter & Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 334 Montgomery street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, J. W. J. Pearson, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldhush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

AN AWKWARD MEETING.

HERE is a Parisian story whose hero is an artist. A few weeks since the Marchioness de ——, a stately lady of ancient family in Faubourg St. Germain, asked one of her old friends to get a drawing-master for her two daughters. Great stress was properly laid on the habits and manners of the drawing-master; it was necessary he should be talented, respectable and very sedate and grave. Her friend obtained for her the services of an able artist who possessed all the desired qualities, and gave the artist a letter of introduction to her. When the artist called at the old family mansion in Faubourg St. Germain he was told the Marchioness was absent, but was momentarily expected and had given orders to show him into the drawing-room if he came while she was away. He was shown into the grand old room which looked so like one of the saloons of Versailles, the artist could scarcely refrain from thinking he must be in Louis XIV.'s palace. To pass away the time, the artist examined the articles placed on a stand with shelves on one side of the fire-place. They were objects of art collected in Italy and Germany. While examining one of the articles whose nature and use defied his acuteness, a portion of it fell down his sleeve, and, in his effort to recover it, the portion fell down his drawers. He was greatly embarrassed. Were he to undress to get it, there was danger the mistress of the house would return at a most critical moment of the preeess—so that was not to be thought of. He shook himself almost to pieces, with no result but to drive the object into his boots. To pull off boots and stockings in a drawing-room of the Faubourg St. Germain was as heinous an offence against good manners as to undress. At last he remembered his skill in walking on his hands, and he argued that as the reversal of a bottle brought to the orifice the objects at the bottom, so if a man placed his heels over his head, the heels would surrender all unattached objects which might be at them. Time pressed, and he at once turned a half-somerset and stood on his hands, his feet in the air. He walked about the room in this position, kicking his heels together to accelerate the fall of the object in his boots. The noise he made by kicking his heels together prevented him from hearing the door open, and as his face was directed to the floor, he could not see that several persons had entered the room. The new-comers were the Marchioness and her daughters. I cannot pretend to express their surprise at seeing a gentleman promenading about the drawing-room on his hands. You may easier conceive it. They stood for some minutes in silent confusion. A turn in his course brought the artist's face in their direction, he looked up, and, before I can describe it, was on his feet and as silent and confused as they had been. He fully expected to be shown the door. A smile on the Marchioness's face reassured him. He confessed to her what had occurred. She laughed heartily over it, gave him her hand, and became at once his warm friend.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM—RICHELIEU.

SCENE—Stalls in Drury Lane Theatre. Time—after seven.

Newly-married Wife (to Newly-married Husband, who, she supposes, knows everything)—John, who wrote this "Richelieu?"

Newly-married Husband (rather startled by this sudden search after knowledge)—Who wrote "Richelieu?" (Feels that if he hasn't an answer ready, his authority is in danger.) Who— (Wife is about to repeat the question, when her husband takes advantage of a movement on the stage to check her inquiries by saying, in a whisper) Sssssh! I'll tell you presently.

[Young Wife's attention is hereby directed to the stage, and newly-married gentleman obtains a respite.]

Young Lady (of High Church tendencies, to her sister)—He was a Cardinal (alluding to Mr. Phelps.) I wish the Bishop of Oxford was dressed like that. Wouldn't it be grand?

Sister (argumentative young lady)—But Richelieu wasn't a bishop.

First Young Lady—O yes, he was. (To Uncle George, who in another two minutes would have been asleep)—Wasn't he uncle?

Uncle George—Eh, my dear? What? Eh?

[Inclines his ear to his niece, trying to keep his eyes fixed on the stage at the same time, in case she may ask him about what's going on.]

First Young Lady—Richelieu *was* a bishop, wasn't he?

Uncle George (who up to this moment has not considered the subject)—O yes, he was a—at least he wasn't exactly what *we* call a bishop—he was a (pulls himself together with a strong effort, and calls to mind a history of England, with pictures, that he used to read when a boy)—a Prime Minister.

First Young Lady (surprised, but glad to exhibit her knowledge of these subjects)—O like Lord John Russell?

Uncle George (finds that he really has quite forgotten his history)—No—no—(taking refuge under the show of promoting instruction, with good humored severity.) You ought to read it.

First Young Lady—What, uncle?

Uncle George (who would like to answer "*books*" generally, replies hurriedly)—The history of—

[Shakes his head at the two girls, as much as to say, "You're interrupting the performance;" frowns at the stage, smiles, and says, "Ssssh!" The nieces determine to have it out afterwards.]

Critical Young Gentleman ("reading law" in the Temple)—I enjoy seeing Shakspeare.

Charles, his friend (a drawing-room amateur)—Yes, but this isn't Shakspeare.

Critical Young Gentleman (apparently amused at his own ignorance)—That's funny. I always thought it was Shakspeare's.

[Refers to his bill, and finds that he has been looking at a prospective advertisement of "Shylock."]

Charles, his friend (who has no bill to refer to)—Did you? (Thinks it, on the whole, as well to change the subject)—Have you seen the pantomime here?

Critical Young Gentleman—No. But that's very odd about Shakspeare. I wonder how I got that into my head. Of course, it's by—by——

Thinks of Sheridan Knowles, but his friend gives him no assistance.

Man in the pit, close behind—Sssssh!

[Charles, his friend, blesses Man in Pit. Critical Young Gentleman looks round defiantly at Man in the Pit; Man in the Pit cracks a nut, and the piece proceeds.]

Theatrical person with an order, and a stout lady in Dress Circle—Phelps is very good in this.

Stout Lady—He looks exactly like—Lor,' what's his name?—Beldemonio——

Theatrical Person—O, Fechter, not a bit——

Stout Lady (annoyed)—Not Fechter—Lor' no. The old Cardinal in that. He's the same, isn't he?

Theatrical Person—No (puzzled)—yes—at least it's the same time. But his name was—dear me—(thinks)——

Stout Lady—Fiftus something—Fiftus the Sixth.

Theatrical Person (right at last)—No, no, you mean Sixtus the Fifth. (Loudly, for the information of the audience)—Yes, Sixty-six. I mean Sixtus the Sixth—no, Fifth—same time as Richelieu.

Audience, (to Theatrical Person—Sssssssh!

[Theatrical Person pities them, and holds his tongue.]

[At the end of Act I., the Newly-married Gentleman has discovered, from his bill, that Richelieu lived in the time of Louis the Thirteenth. This, in a weak moment, he communicates to his wife:]

Newly-Married Young Lady—O, yes, dear, I see. But I always confused him with Mazarin. (Newly-married Gentleman smiles feebly, and wishes he hadn't spoken)—Was Mazarin after or before Richelieu?

Newly-Married Young Gentleman—Oh, he was—er—(Looks at nothing through his opera glasses)—he was—(stands up in the stalls to give himself time)—oh (boldly)—he was after—yes, *after* Richelieu. (Uses opera-glasses vaguely.)

First Swell (who has come in during the first Act, to his friend)—Doosid handsome dressing-gown the old boy (meaning Mr. Phelps) had on. Eh?

Second Swell—Yaas; turned up with fur. Think I shall have one made like it.

First Swell (languidly)—What's the story of this thing, eh?

Second Swell (not to be outdone)—Oh, I don't know. Can't say much for the gals in it, eh? [Looks about.]

Elderly Gentleman from the Country (in the Pit, with a last week's bill of the *Merchant of Venice* bought outside the theatre)—Capital! First-rate! (At supper he tells his friends how delighted he's been with Mr. Phelps as "Shylock.")—*Punch.*

HOMESTEADS.—Those beautiful Homestead Lots located in the best portion of the Encinal, at Alameda, opposite the new hotel at the Alameda Railroad Station, will be sold at auction by Maurice Dore & Co. on Wednesday next. They are covered with large evergreen oaks, possess a rich alluvial soil, and are almost free from the searching visits of those summer winds that intrude so roughly in every nook and corner of the San Francisco peninsula. The ferry and railcar make the trip to and from in thirty minutes. These lots in a few years will probably quadruple their present value, and must prove profitable as investments solely. *

MEAGHER, TAAFFE, & Co. announce elsewhere in our paper a catalogue of dress and family dry goods which they have recently purchased at auction sales, and are prepared to sell at prices greatly under the usual rates. The immense capital and resources of this firm enable them to purchase their goods in New York at invoice sales, or import direct from manufacturer for their wholesale and retail houses in this city at the lowest prices, and sell them here over their counters proportionally low. See their advertisement. *

SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY.—Tyler Brothers have just opened a branch store in the "Nucleus" Building, corner of Market and Third streets, thoroughly stocked with school books, stationery, juvenile books and fancy articles, making this line of business a speciality of the "branch." Ladies and scholars will find every description of school and fancy stationery at Tyler's new Branch, and can have their stationery stamped to order with colored initials, etc., in the most tasty manner. *

THE SNOW.

OH! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along—
Beautiful snow! It can do no wrong!
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, and fickle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights up the face, and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow
To welcome the coming of the beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges like meteors pass by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow!
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by;
To be tracked and trampled by thousands of feet,
Till it blends in the filth of the horrible street!

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell;
Fell, like the snow-flakes from heaven—to hell!
Fell to be trampled as filth of the street;
Fell, to be scoffed at, to be spit on, and beat!
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die;
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread;
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charm of my face.
Father,
Mother,
Sister, all,
God, and myself, I have lost by my fall!
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh;
For of all that is on or about me, I know
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow!

How strange it should be that the beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it would be when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain;
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone!
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in their joy at the snow's coming down;
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!

FACTS VS. THEORIES.—"Give me a place to rest my lever on," says Archimedes, "and I will move the world." "Give me pure and unadulterated drugs," says Medicus, of the olden time, "and I will cure disease."

In one sense, both of these learned pundits were the veriest charlatans. They knew there was no place to rest their lever on, either to move the world or cure disease. Mechanism was in a backward state, and the medical profession was but another name for sorcery, and all the adjuncts of magic filters and charms of the "evil eye," etc.

But these latter days have borne unto us something more than even superstition and its crew ever dreamt of in their maddest philosophy. In these days of practical science, what was theory of yesterday is fact to-day, and all the old time notions become as bubbles in the sun, and burst and break with every breath we draw.

Let Archimedes shoulder his lever and we will find a resting place for it to move the world. Let mine ancient Medicus pant and toil no more for the drugs he so sorely needs, for we have them at our hand, ever ready to serve them at his beck.

Refined in the laboratory of Dr. Maggiel, the finest materials known in the medical profession are obtainable by any one. His Bilious, Dyspeptic, and Diarrhea Pills stand unrivalled, and his Salve operates with magical effect upon burns, scalds, and all sores and ulcers of the skin.

In fact, we think MAGGIEL'S Pills and Salve are the wonder of this century, and we are happy in the thought that many others of our brethren of the craft agree with us. We would earnestly counsel that all families provide themselves with Dr. Maggiel's Preparations at once, and keep them ready at hand, so as to use them at the most opportune time and as occasion serves.—*Valley Sentinel.* *

DAVIDSON'S CIRCASSIAN BLOOM, for the beauty, delicacy, and fragrance of its application to the complexion and skin, defies imitation, and is the most perfect preparation of the age. Sold by all druggists. *

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne. used to bnthe the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to nllay inflammation, to perfume elothing, for headache, etc. It is manufactnred from the rich Southern Magnolia, and is obtaining a patrouage qnite unprecedented. It is a favorite with nctresses and opera singers. It is sold hy all dealers, at $1.00 in large hottles, and by DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York, Wholesale Agents.

Lyon's Magnetic Insect Powder will exterminate Fleas, Ticks, Roaches and all insects almost instantly. Its reputation is well known, and hence has been counterfeited. Inqure for and take none but LYON'S, bearing the stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., and the signature of E. LYON.

"OUT OF SORTS" expresses the feelings of many that cannot he otherwise described. Languor, weakness, enervntion, listlessness, sleepiness, melancholy, wnnt of appetite, etc., compose a class of nilments greater than all others combiued. It is exactly for these indescribable complaints that PLANTATION BITTERS nre prepared. It is for the relief of these same complaints they have become so famous. Hence it is that they are so extensively used by elergymen, merchants, ladies, and persons of sedentary habits. They are as pleasant to the taste as they are beneficial to the Stomach. Tho extent of their sale is almost iucrodible.

Intrinsic virtue alone could ever insure the success met hy the Mexican Mustang Liniment. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Swellings, etc., upon man, or Spavin, Ringhone, Poll Evil, Scratches, Strains, etc., upon beasts, its effects are instantuneous, soothing and wonderful. It saves time, suffering und expense to have it always in the house. Noue genuiue unless in a steel plate label, with siguature of G. W. Westbrook, and having stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., over top. Sold by all dealers.

Lyon's Kathairon is a most delightful article as a Hair Dressing—to eradicate scurf and dandruff, to keep it clean, soft and silky, and the head cool. It also prevents the hnir from falling off and turning gray, and promotes its growth upon prematurely bald heads. It is sold by all dealers.

E. THOMAS LYON, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nunsea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, Flatulency, etc., where a warming stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and relinble article for culinnry purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. Ask for "LYON'S" Pure Extract. Take no other.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.—In regard to this company the "Wall Street Underwriter" says: "Figures are potent argumeuts to employ in dealing with the affairs of any Insurance Company. The Twenty-Third Annual Report of 'The Mutnal,' made up to the first of February instant, is published in this paper, and the results manifested upon it nre well worthy of consideration. In the first instance, as the prime result of the past year's work, the gross assets of 'The Mutual' show an

Increase of.....$2,549,871 02
Total increase in premium account is...1,083,565 34
The total income of $3,853,065 80 is an increase of.....1,003,199 24
The full disbursements for 1860, were..1,540,130 63
Number of policies issued Feb. 1865 to Feb. 1866, were 8,600—insuring over double the number of 1864, and over double the amouut, viz.....31,394,407 00

All approving comment seems hald in the presence of the truly eloquent figures presented by the 'Mutual Life.' No record of success can he more complete for any financial iustitntion in the world. Wherever Life Insurauce has been heard of on the American Continent, the name and prestige of the great 'Mutnal' of New York, stand out pre-eminent. Many successful modern companies have grown up to prosperity through the example and influence of the 'Mutual Life.' Its great success, its wealth, and its manifest advantages have been constantly referred to as incontrovertible arguments in favor of Life Insurance." "The Mutual Life" has paid losses on this coast (including dividends,) during the last four years, to the nmount of $101,-819 02, and amoug the recent losses to he paid are policies for $5,000 each, of Francis E. Webster and W. L. Haven, who were hoth killed by the nitro-glycerine explosion at the office of Wells, Fargo & Co., in addition to which amounts, there is to he paid ahout $1,200 for accrued dividends. *S. F. Examiner.*

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving n *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies nre *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid.* The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southenst corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means thnt promised relief, hut without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not hy defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruiu of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute iu a manuer that must be gratifyiug to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasnre. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is ahle to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons ufflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; nt all events, it can do no harm, as for counsltation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on ohedience to his advice uuless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.—If you want a trim neat, light, and yet durable style of buggy or car ringe, go to Nos. 37 and 39 Webb street, between Sacramento and California, where you will find just such a vehicle ns will suit your taste. POLLARD & CARVILL not only deal in these articles, hut manufacture them to order, und do repairing, painting, trimming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neatness. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

WAGONS.—Every species of wagons that any one can need, made of the best material, well fitted and finished, can he found at the Depot of MILLS & EVANS, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lead Bars, are kept constantly on hand.—*California Leader.*

FOR the best finished, fashionable hats, go to McGann & Co.'s, Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking nhout the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it hy three stout men, and was hy them lifted into the hath, yet, on coming out of the hath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the hath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, JOSEPH SPARROW.

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

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Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

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sp7-3m N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial-streets.

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Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 16th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

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When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

STEAMERS FOR MAY:

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

MAY 19th, - - - - - - GOLDEN CITY
Captain Watkins.
(Connecting with the *NEW YORK*, Captain Hornor.)

MAY 30th, - - - - - SACRAMENTO,
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"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

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Drugs, Chemicals, Herbs,

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We have a splendid stock, which we offer at extremely low prices.

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We have received, direct from the Shakers, all kinds of fresh Herbs, and intend to keep every article used of this description.

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We have on hand, and shall keep a full assortment of the above celebrated preparations, which we offer to the trade at such prices as will defy competition.

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A great variety, not to be equalled in the market as to quality and price.

Parties about purchasing would do well to give us a call and examine prices and goods before purchasing elsewhere.

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We have the largest assortment of any house on the Pacific coast.

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We are manufacturing Foil which we can recommend to the profession as being a superior article. We also have on hand a full assortment, of all the various makers.

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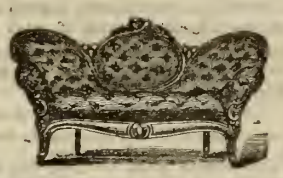

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The Best Workmanship,

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A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF *FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.*

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

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THE PATENT

RUSSIAN

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MANUFACTURED BY

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DR. JOHN HEALD, DENTIST,

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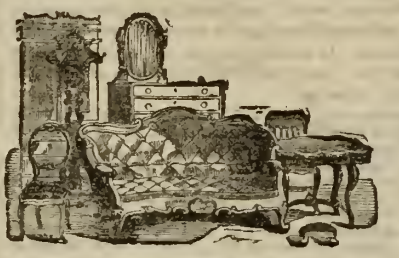

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The stock of Case Goods is larger than ever before.

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M. Howard's Hair Restorative,

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THE ABOVE PREPARATION, which has been recently discovered and patented, is purely a Vegetable Extract.

The undersigned are fully aware of the many unsatisfactory and useless preparations for restoring hair that have been introduced to the public, and how little confidence is to be placed in any pretensions to restoring the hair to bald heads, but,

HAVING TRIED MR. HOWARD'S PREPARATION, we are able to state that it not only prevents the Hair from falling out, but absolutely reproduces it, and that we now have good suits of Hair growing where we were entirely bald. Therefore, as a matter of justice to Mr. Howard, and of consolation to bald heads, we tender him this testimonial. Mr H. keeps the article for sale in bottles, with directions for its use, or applies it himself, as may be desired.

San Francisco, April 6, 1866.

Frank M. Thayer,	R. A. Redman,
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Liquid Slating for Blackboard;

ARITHMETICAL FRAME;

Babbitoaian System of Writing—the Best System known.

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THIS LADY BUYS TEA FROM THE *"Corner Grocery"* AND THE CHINESE PEDLARS.

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FRONTS ON 514 *MARKET-ST., AND* 15 *SUTTER-ST.,*

Two doors below the Market House.

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THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

DR. MAGGIEL'S

Pills and Salve.

These Life-giving remedies are now, for the first time, given publicly to the world. For over a quarter of a century of private practice the ingredients in these

LIFE-GIVING PILLS!

Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, but to cure. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be

A VERY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,

For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever

AN ETERNAL SPRING!

It was left for this day and hour to realize the dream, and show in one glorious fact, the magic that made it fair.

THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES

Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

FOR BILLIOUS DISORDERS

Nothing can be more productive of cure than these Pills. Their almost magic influence is felt at once; and the usual concomitants of this most distressing disease are removed. These remedies are made from the purest

VEGETABLE COMPOUNDS.

They will not harm the most delicate female, and can be given with good effect in prescribed doses to the youngest babe.

FOR CUTANEOUS DISORDERS

And all eruptions of the skin, the SALVE is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil!

Dr. Maggiel's Pills

Invariably cure the following diseases:

Asthma,
Bowel Complaints,
Coughs,
Colds,
Chest Diseases,
Costiveness,
Dyspepsia,
Diarrhœa,
Dropsy,
Debility,
Female Complaints,
Fever and Ague
Headache,
Indigestion,
Influenza,
Inflammation,
Inward Weakness,
Liver Complaint,
Lowness of Spirits,
Ringworm,
Rheumatism,
Salt Rheum,
Scalds,
Skin Diseases.

NOTICE.—None genuine without the engraved trade-mark around each pot or box, signed by Dr. J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton st., New York, to counterfeit which is felony.

☞ Sold by all respectable Dealers in Medicines throughout the United States—at 25 cents per box or pot. ap14-1y

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TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

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Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,

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To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House 8.
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Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
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Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
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1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

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It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge.

JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
fe6-3m Proprietor.

THE PACIFIC

INSURANCE COMPANY,

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TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

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ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

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ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M.

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PARTIES desirous of getting into OLD-ESTABLISHED BUSINESS CONCERNS, either as Partners or Sole Proprietors in Mercantile, Manufacturing, Trading, or any kind of business in city or country, can do so by applying at my office.

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LUNG BALSAM!

A CERTAIN CURE FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, NIGHT SWEATS, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH,

CONSUMPTION,

And all Diseases of the

CHEST AND LUNGS!

This celebrated Cough Remedy effects a speedy cure by producing a free and easy expectoration, heals abscesses of the lungs, prevents unhealthy secretion of the bronchial tubes, and removes from them those accumulations of morbid matter which cause oppression of the breast, difficulty of breathing, etc, soothes irritation of the respiratory organs which produces cough.

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists.

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DR. HUMPHREYS'
Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
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" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis.....	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach.....	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods..	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains...	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding.....	50
" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing.....	50
" 22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swell-	
	ings.....	50
" 24	cures *General Debility*, Physical Weak-	
	ness.....	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions....	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel.....	50
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker.....	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life.....$1.00	
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FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book.....$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book..... 8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book..... 6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

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Secret of Beauty!

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BLOOM OF YOUTH,

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LIQUID PEARL!

See that the name,

GEO. W. LAIRD,

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ON THE BOTTLE.

No other is Genuine.

The best article in the world for Preserving and Beautifying the Complexion and Skin.

This magnificent Toilet Article is prepared only by GEO. W. LAIRD, 74 Fulton street, New York, formerly 483 Broadway.

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OR,
RENNET WINE!

A NEW AND EFFICACIOUS REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA, Gastralgia, etc. Prepared from fresh rennets according to the formula of Dr. GEORGE ELLIS, and presenting this valuable digestive aid in an attractive form both as regards taste and appearance.

For the past few years this medicine has been used with great success by the most enlightened physicians of Europe and America in Dyspepsia, Gastralgia, in slow and difficult digestion following Fevers, and also in Consumption and other Chronic Diseases. Price $1 50 per bottle.

WM. H. KEITH & CO.'S
GLUCOLEIN,
A NEW AND VALUABLE COMPOUND OF
COD LIVER OIL.

GLUCOLEIN combines all the therapeutic properties of the crude oil, and does not become rancid on exposure, and is prepared from the BEST French Brown Cod Liver Oil.

Glucolein dissolves readily in the stomach and is easily assimilated, very pleasant to take and does not leave any bad taste in the mouth, nor produce eructations or any unpleasant effects, and is easily borne by the most delicate stomach.

Glucolein contains a large per cent. of oil, and, from the facts above stated, one teaspoonful is more efficacious than one tablespoonful of crude oil.

Put up in glass jars—price, $1 50 each. fe3

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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

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PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

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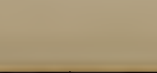
Carriage Manufacturers,



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We have always on hand a large assortment of Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Thoroughbrace Wagons, Express, Grocery, Soda and Butcher Wagons and Lumber Gears.

CARRIAGES AND WAGONS

Of every description made to order and at shortest notice. Particular attention paid to the building of Wide Track Buggies and Wagons with Brakes, for mountain use. Orders from the country promptly attended to.

N. B.—Kimball's Patent Goose Neck Trucks on hand. mar2 3m

BEER AND WINE SALOON.

Faust Cellar.

Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets.

A. L. THIELE.....Proprietor

WESTPHALIA HAMS, RUSSIAN CAVIAR, SARDINES, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, etc.; the finest Brands of Liquors, Wines, Cigars, and Seltzer Water, Wholesale and Retail.

☞ Fishing and Hunting Parties fitted out at the shortest notice. fe24-3m

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NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
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THE CALIFORNIAN.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, Editor.

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DEVOTED TO LIVE TOPICS,

THE DISSEMINATION OF A PURE LITERATURE, DEVELOPMENT OF HOME TALENT,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

Published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

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532 MERCHANT STREET,

BY THE CALIFORNIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

A. A. STICKNEY, J. P. BOGARDUS, W. J. BINGHAM, C. H. WEBB

No effort will be spared to enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

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VOLUME IV., No. 25.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 19, 1866.

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COULD HE REFUSE?

THE text of the letter which the Mayor of Wareham addressed to the Prince of Wales when he wanted a five-pound note from his royal highness to repair the cupola of his town-hall has been published. It runs thus:

"North-street, parish of St. Martin, old corporate borough of Wareham, Dorset. To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K. S.I. and K.G. From the mayor of the above-named borough. May it please your royal highness—Application has several times been made to me, as the mayor of this borough, touching the dangerous condition of the cupola of the town hall, including the tower in which the bell is which summons the members of the corporation to their public meetings, and I have this day been officially to the top of it to inspect the state in which it really is. It requires immediate repair, and I have given instructions accordingly. The estimated cost is from £7 to £8. There is no corporate fund for the purpose. As an old servant of your much lamented, noble, royal, and most useful (to his fellow-creatures) deceased father, I humbly crave leave to name the subject to yourself, though not having the smallest right to take such a liberty, for the purpose of affording your royal highness an opportunity of directing that a donation should be given in your name towards the object, if it should seem meet to you to do so; and though it would scarcely add to the popularity and thorough good-will which attaches to the name of the eldest son of Queen Victoria, and those near to him and her, still it would be thoroughly appreciated and widely made known to the intense satisfaction of all who hear it, and appreciate the town of Wareham as it deserves, both as regards old and new associaciations. The present mayor does not deserve ill of those whom he now addresses, and it is more for the sake of the name of his royal highness than of the money. There are those who possibly might help to contribute to the funds, but could not give the name of weight. At any rate, the mayor would, sincerely and earnestly, as well as humbly, congratulate his royal highness upon the possession of two such fine promising little sons—the growing hope of the nation, as well as of their royal parents and relatives. The mayor feels that in thus placing Wareham before the Prince of Wales he has done what is right, and waits for a reply (through some one of the courteous and really sensible gentlemen who will send it,) in the confidence that, whatever the tenor, it will be treasured up as a pleasant memorial with others. Your royal highness's obedient, humble, and faithful servant, Freeland Filliter, Mayor of Wareham, Dorsetshire."

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.—"My dear friends, there are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw stones, clubs, and brickbats up into fruit trees, to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other; if let alone, they would die themselves. And the third and last thing that I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them."

RED NOSES are light-houses to warn voyagers on the sea of life off the coast of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz, and Holland.

[For the Californian.]

A REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN ACTOR.

THE arrival of Edwin Forrest on our shores is an epoch in the histrionic page of the Pacific coast.

Independent of the absorbing desire to witness the varied representations of human life, by this wonderful delineator, we feel a national pride in welcoming one who, perhaps more than any living artist, is the very embodiment of the American character. Mr. Forrest is eminently and distinctively American. Born in the city of Philadelphia, within sound of that bell which proclaimed aloud the inscription on its periphery, "Liberty to all the world;" reared and taught, or rather self-taught, amid free institutions, struggling in early years with adverse fortune, his American perseveranee carved out the road to distinction; and once fairly on the track, his career has been onward and upward.

"*Poeta nascitur non fit;*" and the same may be said of the actor. Mr. Forrest is an exemplification of the adage, for he felt the powers within him and commenced his career at the early age of fifteen, and for many years grappled with adverse fate—deeming at one time five dollars a week a coveted income. We remember many years ago hearing him say, in New York, that when it was proposed to raise his pay to the princely sum of $25 a week, he deemed it fortunate that he lived in the city which boasted of a John Jacob Astor, for no less than a millionaire could command that sum weekly and regularly in gold. But during this period of his professional career, though but a boy in years he was silently but perseveringly and surely accumulating a power which was soon not only to astonish himself and his own countrymen, but to finally extort the reluctant tribute of praise from trans-Atlantic rivals. All this by the simple magic of unswerving self-reliance, indomitable perseverance, and a lofty genius, he has accomplished; and he now reposes in the undisputed possession of the histrionic sceptre.

The occasion of his first great triumph was at the old Park Theatre in New York, where at the earnest request of the favorite actor, Woodhull, he ventured on the part of "Othello," for that gentleman's benefit; and it was when he uttered the sentence,

> "I'd rather be a toad
> And live upon the vapors of a dungeon,
> Than keep a corner in the thing I love
> For others' uses,"

that thunders of applause shook the dome of that temple, such as it had seldom if ever heard before, and such as he himself has seldom heard since. From that moment the star of his destiny rose and carecred rapidly to the meridian.

Of the particulars of his personation, in San Francisco, of "Richelieu," during the current week, it is scarcely necessary to speak. Most of our readers have probably seen it for themselves, and we believe as appreciative an audience as our Eastern, or even trans-Atlantic cities, can boast, have unhesitatingly endorsed his performance as a triumph. His great achievement is not so much in representing, as in actually being, the hero. In his personations, we forget the actor, and see the character represented as actually before us. In the insight he gives us of other eras and other actors in life's grand drama, we imbibe volumes of history in a single evening. The great events and mighty geniuses of the past, the illustrated history of bygone ages, pass in living review before us, as a panorama from which we derive both pleasure and profit, and we devour a considerable portion of a small library at a single sitting.

But, in abstractly eulogizing the drama, we are digressing from the main object with which we commenced this article, which was not so much to criticise Mr. Forrest's specific style and personation of his subjects, as to speak of him as a true and sterling representative of America, our country, our people, our national traits, and even our institutions; of American self-reliance, energy, enterprise, perseverance, and ultimate sure success. It is that same American spirit or self-reliant greatness, which has produced a race of giants; which elevates the intellect, expands the mind, enlarges the heart, and ennobles the soul; which has drawn from poverty and obscurity the statesmanship of a Webster and a Clay; which has ennobled the name of Lincoln and a host of others; which has produced the steamboat of Fulton, the nail machine of Perkins, the printing press of Hoe, the sewing machine of Howe, and the lightning telegraph of Morse; which has consecrated such names, and hosts of others of our countrymen, as public benefactors, and as the true nobility of nature; and the elevating and expanding influence of whose light and warmth are even now irradiating distant nations, and will eventually spread itself over the whole earth.

We welcome, therefore, to our western homes our fellow-countryman, and trust that his success in his chosen vocation may stimulate our youth to new exertion; may bring to light many a hidden pearl, and successfully evoke the genius and latent talent of the statesman, the orator, the poet, the artizan, the mechanic, and the great minds of America in every department of science, manufactures, mechanics, and everything which may conduce to the welfare and happiness of man.

Z.

PITHY RESPONSES.—The *Round Table* says: "The misery of being called upon suddenly to make an extempore speech was once got over by a noted English mathematician, who delivered himself in this pithy and sensible fashion: 'Gentlemen, a morbid desire for originality prevents me from saying, *This is the proudest moment of my life*, and it does not occur to me to say anything else.' And a story is told of an Australian proprietor who resolutely refused to open his lips at a public dinner given in his honor, and designed as a tribute to endeavor and perseverance, as exemplified in his own rise from a humble rank: 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'what you have said is doubtless true, and certainly agreeable, but I never made but one speech in my life before any large number of people, and, short as it was, the result was so unfortunate, that I made up my mind never to make another.' Upon cross examination, it turned out that he alluded to his own trial at the Old Bailey about half a century ago, and that the speech he had made was: 'Not guilty, my lord;' in spite of which he had been transported for life."

IN EXTREMIS.—The following story is told of Fauntleroy, the famous forger: "An incident is related of his last moments which does not redound to the credit of all his friends. Among the delicacies he was in the habit of giving at his table was some remarkably fine Lunel, imported by himself, and kept to himself so far that he would never put any of his friends on the scent of it. The day before his execution some of his oldest friends came to take leave of him, and one outstayed the rest. 'Fauntleroy,' said this last visitor, with due solemnity, 'we have tried all means to save you; we have done everything in our power, but all is in vain, and we have only to take leave of you forever. Consider the position in which you stand. The dread vail of life is about to be withdrawn. You are on the brink of that chasm which separates time from eternity. If there is anything you leave unsaid in this world you will have no chance of saying it then. Is there nothing more you have to say to us? Do you not think you owe us some return for our exertions? It will soon be too late. Tell us where you get that Lunel.' But Fauntleroy was resolute. He died and made no sign."

EMBROIDERY.—There are two kinds of needlework called Russian embroidery; one is worked with canvas over the material, the threads of the canvas being pulled away when the work is completed; the other is worked on the material with fine black silk. Mexican embroidery is likewise worked with fine black silk. It is a button-hole stitch worked very far apart.

A PUNCTUAL MAN is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts neglected ruin credit, and, when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he can not ascend.

INCIDENTS OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON—1665

"I HAD," says Defoe, "taken my friend the physician's advice, and locked myself and my family up, and resolved to suffer the hardship of living a few mouths without flesh-meat, rather than to purchase it at the hazard of our lives.

"But though I confined my family, I could not prevail upon my unsatified curiosity to stay within entirely myself; and though I generally came frightened and terrified home, yet I could not restrain; only that, indeed, I did not it so frequently as at first.

"In these walks I had many dismal scenes before my eyes, as, particularly, of persons falling dead in the streets, terrible shrieks and screechings of women, who, in their agonies, would throw open their chamber windows, and describe the variety of postures in which the passions of the poor people would express themselves.

"Passing through Token Honse-yard, in Lothbury, of a sudden a casement violently opened just over my head, and a woman gave three frightful screeches, and then cried, 'Oh, death, death, death!' in a most inimitable tone, and which struck me with horror, and a chilliness in my very blood. There was nobody to be seen in the whole street, neither did any other window open, for people had no curiosity now in any case, nor could anybody help one another; so I went on to pass into Bell-alley.

"Just in Bell-alley, on the right hand of the passage, there was a more terrible cry than that, though it was not so directed out at the window; but the whole family were in a terrible fright, and I could hear women and children run screaming about the rooms like distracted, when a garret-window opened, and somebody from a window on the other side the alley called and asked 'What is the matter?' Upon which, from the first window, it was answered, 'My old master has hanged himself!'

"It is scarcely credible what dreadful cases happened in particular families every day. People, in the rage of the distemper, or in the torment of their swellings, which was indeed intolerable, running out of their own government, raving and distracted, and oftentimes laying violent hands upon themselves, throwing themselves out at their windows, shooting themselves, etc. Mothers murdering their own children in their lunacy; some dying of mere grief, as a passion; some of mere fright and surprise, without any infection at all; others frightened into idiotism and foolish distractions; some into despair and lunacy; others into melancholy madness.

"The pain of the swelling was in particular very violent, and to some intolerable; the physicians and surgeons may be said to have tortured many poor creatures even to death. The swellings in some grew hard, and they applied violent drawing-plasters or poultices to break them; and if these did not do, they cut and scarified them in a terrible manner. In some, those swellings were made hard, partly by the force of the distemper, and partly by their being too violently drawn; and were so hard that no instrument could cut them; and then they burnt them with caustics, so that many died raving mad with the torment, and some in the very operation. In these distresses, some, for want of help to hold them down in their beds, or to look to them, laid hands upon themselves, as already stated; some broke out into the streets, perhaps naked, and would run directly down to the river, if they were not stopped by the watchmen, or other officers, and plunge themselves into the water wherever they found it.

"We had at this time a great many frightful stories told us of nurses and watchmen who looked after the dying people; that is to say, hired nurses, who attended infected people, using them barbarously, starving them, smothering them, or by other wicked means hastening their end; that is to say, murdering of them. And watchmen being set to guard houses that were shut up, when there has been but one person left, and perhaps that one lying sick, that they have broken in and murdered that body, and immediately throwing it out into the dead-cart; and so it has gone, scarcely cold, to the grave.

"I cannot say but that some such murders were committed, and I think two were sent to prison for it, but died before they could be tried: and I have heard that three others, at various times, were executed for murders of that kind But I must say I believe nothing of its being so common a crime as some have since been pleased to say.

"The robberies extended chiefly to wearing-clothes, linen, and what rings or money they could come at, when the person died who was under their care, but not to a general plunder of the houses; and I could give you an account of one of these nurses, who, several years after, being on her deathbed, confessed, with the utmost horror, the robberies she had committed at the time of her being a nurse, and by which she had enriched herself to a great degree; but as for murders, I do not find that there was ever any proof of the facts, in the manner as it has been reported, except as above.

"A neighbor and acquaintance of mine having some money owing to him from a shopkeeper in Whitecross street, or thereabouts, sent his apprentice, a youth about eighteen years of age, to endeavor to get the money. He came to the door, and finding it shut, knocked pretty hard, and, as he thought, heard somebody answer within, but was not sure, so he waited; and after some stay knocked again; and then a third time, when he heard somebody coming down stairs. At length the man of the house came to the door; he had on his breeches or drawers, and a yellow flannel waistcoat, no stockings, a pair of slipt shoes, a white cap on his head, and, as the young man said, death in his face. When he opened the door, says he, 'What do you disturb me thus for?' The boy, though a little surprised, replied, 'I come from such-a-one, and my master sent me for the money which he says you know of.' 'Very well, child,' returns the living ghost; 'call as you go by at Cripplegate church, and bid them ring the bell;' and with these words shut the door again, and went up and died the same day, nay, perhaps the same hour.

"This puts me in mind of John Hayward, who was at that time under-sexton of the parish of St. Stephen, Coleman street; by under-sexton was understood at that time grave-digger and bearer of the dead. This man carried, or assisted to carry, all the dead to their graves which were buried in that large parish, and who were carried in form; and after that form of burying was stopped, went with the dead-cart and the bell to fetch the dead bodies from the houses where they lay, and fetched many of them out of the chambers and houses; for the parish was, and is still remarkable, particularly above all the parishes in London, for a great number of alleys and thoroughfares, very long, into which no carts could come, and where they were obliged to go and fetch the bodies a very long way, which alleys now remain to witness it; such as White's-alley, Cross-Key-court, Swan-alley, Bell-alley, White Horse-alley, and many more. Here they went with a kind of handbarrow, and laid the dead bodies on, and carried them out to the carts; which work he performed, and never had the distemper at-all, but lived about twenty years after it, and was sexton of the parish to the time of his death. His wife, at the same time, was a nurse to infected people, and tended many that died in the parish, being for her honesty recommended by the parish officers; yet she was never infected. He never used any preservative against the infection other than holding garlic and rue in his mouth, and smoking tobacco; this I also had from his own mouth; and his wife's remedy was washing her head in vinegar, and sprinkling her head-clothes so with vinegar as to keep them always moist; and if the smell of any of those she waited on was more than ordinarily offensive, she snuffed vinegar up her nose, and sprinkled vinegar upon her head-clothes, and held a handkerchief, wetted with vinegar, to her mouth.

"It was under this John Hayward's care, and within his bounds, that the story of the piper, with which people have made themselves so merry, happened, and he assured me that it was true. It is said that it was a blind piper; but, as John told me, the fellow was not blind, but an ignorant weak poor man, and usually went his rounds about ten o'clock at night, and went piping along from door to door; and people usually took him in at public-houses where they knew him, and would give him drink and victuals, and sometimes farthings; and he in return would pipe and sing, and talk simply, which diverted people; and thus he lived. It was but a very bad time for this diversion while things were as I have told; yet the poor fellow went about as usual, but was almost starved; and when anybody would ask him how he did, he would answer, 'The dead-cart had not taken him yet, but that they had promised to call for him next week.'

"It happened one night that this poor fellow, whether somebody had given him too much drink or not, John Hayward said he had not drank in his house, but that they had given him a little more victuals than ordinary at a public-house in Coleman street; and the poor fellow having not usually had a bellyful, or perhaps not for a good while, was laid all along upon the top of a bulk or stall, and fast asleep, at a door in the street near London Wall, towards Cripplegate, and that upon the same bulk or stall, the people of some house, in the alley of which the house was a corner, hearing a bell, which they always rung before the cart came, had laid a body really dead of the plague just by him, thinking too that this poor fellow had been a dead body as the other was, and laid there by some of the neighbors.

"Accordingly, when John Hayward with his bell and the cart came along, finding two dead bodies upon the stall, they took them up with the instrument they used, and threw them into the cart; and all this while the piper slept soundly. From hence they passed along, and took in other dead bodies, till, as honest John Hayward told me, they almost buried him alive in the cart; yet all this while he slept soundly. At length the cart came to the place where the bodies were to be thrown into the ground, which, as I do remember, was at Mountmill; and as the cart usually stopped some time before they were ready to shoot out the melancholy load they had in it, as soon as the cart stopped, the fellow awaked, and struggled a little to get his head out from among the dead bodies, when, raising himself up in the cart, he called out, 'Hey, where am I?' This frightened the fellow that attended about the work; but, after some pause, John Hayward, recovering himself, said, 'Lord bless us, there's somebody in the cart not quite dead!' So another called him and said, 'Who are you?' The fellow answered, 'I am the poor piper: where am I?' 'Where are you?' says Hayward. 'Why, you are in the dead-cart, and we are going to bury you.' 'But I aint dead though, am I?' says the piper; which made them laugh a little, though, as John said, they were heartily frightened at first: so they helped the poor fellow down, and he went about his business.

The mortality reached its height in the month of September. In the beginning of that month the citizens were in a frenzy; they thought God had resolved to make an end of the city. Whole families, and indeed whole streets of families, were swept away together; insomuch that it was frequent for neighbors to call to the bell-man to go to such and such houses and carry out the people, for that they were all dead.

"As the desolation was greater during those terrible times, so the amazement of the people increased, and a thousand unaccountable things they would do in the violence of their fright, as others did the same in the agonies of their distemper; and this part was very affecting. Some went roaring, and crying, and wringing their hands along the streets; some would go praying and lifting up their hands to heaven, calling upon God for mercy. I cannot say, indeed, whether this was not in their distraction; but, be it so, it was still an indication of a more serious mind, when they had the use of their senses, and was much better, even as it was, than the frightful yellings and cryings that every day, and especially in the evenings, were heard in some streets. I suppose the world has heard of the famous Solomon Eagle, an enthusiast; he, though not infected at all, but in his head, went about denouncing of judgment upon the city in a frightful manner, sometimes quite naked, and with a pan of burning charcoal on his head. What he said or pretended, indeed, I could not learn.

"There were some people, however, who, notwithstanding the danger, did not omit publicly to attend the worship of God, even in the most dangerous times. And though it is true that a great many of the clergy did shut up their churches, and fled, as other people did, for the safety of their lives, yet all did not do so; some ventured to officiate, and to keep up the assemblies of the people by constant prayers, and sometimes sermons or brief exhortations to repentance and reformation; and this as long as they would hear them. And dissenters did the like also, and even in the very churches where the parish ministers were either dead or fled; nor was there any room for making any difference at such a time as this was.

"It pleased God that I was still spared, and very hearty and sound in health, but very impatient of being pent up within doors without air, as I had been for fourteen days or thereabouts; and I could not restrain myself, but I would go and carry a letter for my brother to the post-house; then it was, indeed, that I observed a profound silence in the streets. When I came to the post-house, as I went to put in my letter, I saw a man stand in one corner of the yard, and talking to another at a window, and a third had opened a door belonging to the office. In the middle of the yard lay a small leathern purse, with two keys hanging at it, with money in it, but nobody would meddle with it. I asked how long it had lain there; the man at the window said it had lain almost an hour, but they had not meddled with it, because they did not know but the person who dropped it might come back to look for it. I had no such need of money, nor was the sum so big that I had any inclination to meddle with it, or to get the money at the hazard it might be attended with; so I seemed to go away, when the man who had opened the door said he would take it up, but so, that if the right owner came for it, he should be sure to have it. So he went in, and fetched a pail of water, and set it down hard by the purse, then went again and fetched some gunpowder, and cast a good deal of powder upon the purse, and then made a train from that which he had thrown loose upon the purse—the train reached about two yards—after this he goes in a third time, and fetches out a pair of tongs, red-hot, and which he had prepared, I suppose, on purpose, and first setting fire to the train of powder, which singed the purse, and also smoked the air sufficiently. But he was not content with that; but he then takes up the purse with the tongs, holding it so long till the tongs burned through the purse, and then he shook the money out into the pail of water; so he carried it in. The money, as I remember, was about thirteen shillings, and some smooth groats and brass farthings."

When Voltaire was ordered by the senators of Geneva to quit the dominions of the little republic in twenty-four hours, that incorrigible scoffer at all things venerable and sacred replied, "Magnificent sirs, it requires only three minutes!"

ECHO SONG.

"Canary birds!"—the peddler cried,
But scarce had said the words,
Ere Snooks, the joker, prompt replied,
In echo—"Nary birds!"

A TIPPERARY FAIR.

THE day of the fair was cold, wet, and raw, in spite of which the street and market-place were crowded and jammed with men in swallow-tailed coats and corduroy small-clothes, every one with his fine long blackthorn under his arm, with cattle, or pigs, or hay under their charge, and women with their skirts pinned in a roll behind and the hoods of their cloaks drawn over their heads. with little donkey-carts containing a buuch of poultry, or a basket of eggs, or crocks of butter. The bustle and argument of buying and selling went on through the day, every bargain being conducted with an earnestness of voice and gesture that would make you think that the parties would instantly come to blows, whereas they might be the best friends in the world, and the odd shilling that made the "differ" necessarily going for two quarts of beer and "screebing" hot punch. The public-houses were blocked with the throng pouring in and out; the stall-women, who sat under their umbrellas along the curb-stones of the streets, with stands of apples, and cakes, and crockery, and religious prints, and cheap ironmongery, drove thriving trades; a grand conclave was assembled in the old-clothes mart, where a group of a dozen of his or her friends and relatives would be examining and criticizing and chaffering about some tattered old coat or greasy corduroys, with which some shock-headed gossoon was going to adorn himself for the coming Shrovetide; or some flannel petticoat, or stained calico dress, for which some fine fresh colleen, whose blooming cheeks and shining hair would be the envy of a duchess, and whose pink ankles and feet would support a hod-carrier, was looking with longing eyes likewise to be prepared "agin Shroft," which is the general courting time among the peasantry, and amid all this crowd, here and there, and everywhere, the dark brown uniforms of the constabulary.

Towards evening the noises began to grow louder; some drunken man would stagger along singing a verse of a street ballad in that doleful Irish howl, which must be heard to be appreciated, or another would whirl his "kippen" around his head and shout forth a note of defiance. The police were more active than ever in jerking angry disputants from each other, or dragging away the hopelessly drunk to the barracks.

The business of the day was mostly over, the more prudent, which is to say sober, were already urging on their hungry dapples towards their lonesome cabins, under the shadow of the neighboring Galtees, or, in surrounding country-side, the dudeen courting their happy noses with its incense, and their hearts warmed not only with the least taste in life of whiskey, but with the thought of the white shillings in the pockets in the petticoat and the fine wheat loaf for the children by their sides and pennorth of tea for themselves, as the gossips sat as comfortable as you please on the straw spread on the bottom of the cart, discussing the market, and the gossoon, with his legs dangling over the front of the cart, welting into the donkey with a stick. Those that remained were in a different plight; the men were staggering about the streets, with women hanging to their arms trying to persuade them home, or were whacking the tables in the public-houses with pewter pints, calling for more beer, vowing everlasting friendship, or vociferously applauding some singer, whose high soaring voice was celebrating the late Papal Brigade, or the noble Fox Hunt of Tullamore, or the Execution of John McMurrough for the cruel murder of Ann his wife, or any other similar theme of the Irish ballad muse.

All at once shouts were heard, and the first that was to be seen was a knot of men struggling with shillelahs twinkling above their heads, the dull heavy sound of the weapon on the human skull being distinctly perceptible. "Whoo, yer sow!" —the crowd poured out of the public-houses like a swarm of crazy bees. By some magnetic instinct they felt the row. In an instant the original nucleus was lost, and a general engagement going on with the utmost fury. It was whack, whack, and whack again. Stones flew, and men were down and up like nine-pins. Women screamed and fled, or were trampled on by the press as they endeavored to drag out of the crowd a husband, son, or brother, who had got his gruel and was lying on the ground. The doors were all instantly closed, and the sound of the window-glass smashed by stray missiles was frequent. The stalls were upset and the women likewise, that is those who had not escaped by an early retreat. Not all, however. One glorious exception redeemed their fame. A virago of Amazonian aspect and frame, who had a stall for the sale of rusty keys and packets of nails beneath the hotel window, from whence I view the battle, scorned inglorious flight. She was apparently about fifty years of age, near six feet high, thin and gaunt, with iron-gray hair, high cheek bones, small, fierce eyes, and a tongue that had done her angry service to the discomfiture and scaith of withdrawing chafferers during the day. She wore a rusty brown cloak, and was smoking a comforting pipe when the row commenced. In a twinkling the stall was upset, and she sprang up like a Pythoness, with a gesture of despair and rage. She at first made an attempt to gather up her treasures, but being upset in the attempt, revenge drove all thought of mammon from her soul, and kicking off her heavy shoe, she —excuse me—stripped down her stocking, and dropping a packet of her own nails into the toe, she swung the fearful weapon around her head, and delivered it with an emphasis under the ear of the nearest man, that sent him down like a shot. Then stepping over his prostrate form in the thick of the fight, many was the crown that will long be sore after her compliments.

All this took much less time in the doing than it has in the telling. In five minutes the battle was at its height, and in ten the combatants were swept away like the "mist of the morning." The police were utterly impotent to arrest the tide at first. and were swept away or knocked down in an instant, and many a sound thwack, kick or pelt of a stone in payment for old scores they received before they were able to extricate themselves. It was evident, however, from the promptitude with which they acted, that they were not unused to an emeute of this kind and its remedy. A reserve of a dozen men, under charge of a sergeant, instantly filed out of the police barracks and were formed across the street; others who had been on duty with only their swords in the streets, darted in and reappeared with their muskets. In a minute's time a very respectable company front extended across the street, and it felt like old times not so long gone to hear the sharp order "fix bayonets, charge," when the mob took to flight.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HAUNTED.

BY OUR DEPRESSED CONTRIBUTOR.

HAUNTED? Aye, in a social way
By a body of ghosts in a dread array,
But no conventional spectres they—
Appalling, grim, and tricky:
I quail at mine as I'd never quail
At a fine traditional spectre pale,
With a turnip head and a ghostly wail,
And a splash of blood on the dicky!

Mine are horrible social ghosts,
Speeches and women and guests and hosts,
Weddings and morning calls and toasts,
In every bad variety:
Ghosts that hover about the grave
Of all that is manly, free, and brave:
You'll find their names on the architrave
Of that charuel-house, Society.

Black Monday—black as its school-room ink—
With its dismal boys that snivel and think
Of its nauseous messes to eat and drink,
And its frozen tank to wash in.
That was the first that brought me grief
And made me weep, till I sought relief
In an emblematical handkerchief,
To choke such baby bosh in.

First and worst in the grim array—
Ghosts of ghosts that have gone their way,
Which I wouldn't revive for a single day
For all the wealth of PLUTUS—
Are the horrible ghosts that school-days scared:
If the classical ghost that BRUTUS dared
Was the ghost of his "Cæsar" unprepared,
I'm sure I pity BRUTUS!

I pass to critical seventeen:
The ghost of that terrible wedding scene,
When an elderly colonel stole my queen,
And woke my dream of heaven!
No school-girl decked in her nurse-room curls
Was my gushing innocent queen of pearls,
If she wasn't a girl of a thousand girls,
She was one of forty-seven!

I see the ghost of my first cigar—
Of the thence-arising family jar—
Of my maiden brief (I was at the bar,)
When I called the judge "your worship!"
Of reckless days and reckless nights,
When I wrenched off knockers, extinguished lights
And finished it up with unholy fights,
Which I strove in vain to hush up!

Ghosts of fraudulent joint-stock banks,
Ghosts of "copy, declined with thanks,"
Of novels returned in endless ranks,
And a thousand more, I suffer:
The only line that'll fitly grace
My humble tomb, when I've run my race,
Is "Reader, this is the resting place
Of an unsuccessful duffer!"

I've fought them all, these ghosts of mine,
But the weapons I've used are sighs and brine,
And now that I'm nearly forty-nine,
Old age is my only bogy;
For my hair is thinning away at the crown,
And the silver fights with the worn-out brown;
And a general verdict sets me down
As an irreclaimable fogy! [*Fun.*

AN old Yorkshire clergyman, who had a strong-lunged curate, inquired of a woman why her husband was so seldom at church. "Oh," she replied, "that young man you've got roars sae loud that John canna sleep sae comfortable as he did when preaching yourself sae peaceably."

A NARROW ESCAPE—"SAVING HIS BACON."

AT the period when Murat was about to invade Sicily, the Chevalier R——, paymaster-general of the Neapolitan forces, was travelling through Calabria, for the purpose of joining the army, having been to Naples to make arrangements for the transmission of a quantity of specie. He had sent on his servant before him. to prepare his quarters at the town of—— expecting to arrive there himself at nightfall; but the day being very sultry, he had loitered on the road, and at nine o'clock in the evening found he was still a considerable distance from the proposed end of his journey. He was so much harassed and fatigued, that he determined to put up for the night at the first convenient house. He at length entered an old, romantic building on the roadside, inhabited by a man and his wife, the former a stout, muscular figure, with a swarthy countenance, almost wholly shrouded in a mask of bushy whiskers and moustaches. The traveller was received with civility, and, after partaking of a hearty supper, was conducted up an old crazy staircase to his apartment for the night. Not much fancying the appearance of the place and finding no lock on the door, he fixed a chair against it; and after priming his pistols, put them carefully under his pillow. He had not been long in bed when he heard a noise below, as of persons entering the house; and, some time afterwards, was alarmed by the sound of a man's footstep on the staircase. He then perceived a light through the crevice of the door, against which the man gently pressed for admittance, but finding some resistance, he thrust it open sufficiently to admit his hand, with extreme caution removed the chair, and entered the apartment. The chevalier then saw his host, with a lamp in one hand and a huge knife in the other, approaching the bed on tiptoe. The chevalier cocked his pistols beneath the bed-clothes, that the noise of the spring might not be heard. When the man reached the side of the bed, he held the light to the chevalier's face, who pretended to be in a profound sleep, but contrived, nevertheless, to steal an occasional glance at his fearful host. The man soon turned from him, and, after hanging the lamp on the bed-post, went to the other end of the room and brought to the bedside a chair, on which he immediately mounted, with the tremendous knife still in hand. At the very moment that the chevalier was about to start up from the bed and shoot him, the man in a hurried manner cut several enormous slices from a piece of bacon that was hanging over his bedstead, though it had been wholly unnoticed before by the agitated traveller. The host then passed the light before his eyes again, and left the room in the same curious way in which he had entered it, and, unconscious of the danger he had escaped, returned to a crowd of new and hungry guests below stairs, who were, of course, not very sorry to perceive that he had *saved his bacon.*

A STRANGE STORY.—The following strange story is given as authentic in a letter from Paris: "M. Raimondet, a rich old miser, who died lately, left a will, couched in these terms: 'I give and bequeath all my fortune, amounting now to 673,553f. in railway shares, to the young girl, who, having lost the left eye and the right leg, should please and get married to a young man of her own age, handsome, honest, and well educated. If at the death of my friend Durand, whom I appoint as the executor of my will, the peculiarity I mention should not have been met with, I wish all my property to be shared between the various bureaux of benevolence in our good city of Paris.' In order to carry this will into execution, Durand, who is also very rich, sought for some time a young girl who should be in the condition required by it. A few days ago, however, while passing along the Rue St. Honore, he perceived in a small linen-cap shop a young girl who was trying on a cap for a customer, and who had not the use of the right eye. He went into the shop and asked for some handkerchiefs, and was delighted to find, from the noise of the mechanism, that the girl had a wooden leg. In the evening he returned to the shop and followed her home to the Rue Montmartre. He afterwards made some inquiries, and found that the girl was engaged to be married to a young man named Adrien D——, a clerk. A week afterwards, when the young couple with their friends were about to terminate their nuptial evening by a modest repast, to the astonishment of all present, M Durand entered and seated himself without ceremony at the table, and made known the dispositions of the will. It is almost unnecessary to say that some additions and improvements were made in the bill of fare, and the first toast was to the memory of the testator. The newly-married pair have just left Paris with the intention of spending the honeymoon at Nice."

SOFT SOAP FOR ALL. — For a lieutenant call him captain; for a middle-aged lady, kiss her, and say that you mistook her for her daughter; for a young gentleman rising fifteen, ask his opinion respecting the comparative merits of a razor; for young ladies, if you know their color to be natural, accuse them of painting.

A GENTLEMAN who had been rather a hard master, being on his death-bed said to a servant: "Ah, Tom, I am going a long journey; worse than ever you drove me." "Be easy," replied Tom, "Don't be at all discouraged; the journey is all down-hill."

COUNTERFEIT CONUNDRUMS.

IT frequently surprises the student of nature to discover how universally the disposition to over-reach and take undue advantage exists among his fellow-men. It is not only in ordinary business circles that we meet with this roguery, for it penetrates even to the regions of science and art. To prove this assertion, it is only necessary for me to give a few instances of deception practiced, or attempted to be practiced, upon myself, by unprincipled persons who have offered to me, at various times, more or less skilfully executed, yet spurious conundrums. It was not more than a month ago that there entered my office an individual of the class called "Freedmen." He was badly dressed and of uncouth manner. His forlorn apology for a hat hung from one hand, while in the other he clutched a dirty slip of paper. His story ran thus:

When Sherman's army passed through South Carolina, his master's house, the negro quarters, barns, granaries, and buildings of every kind, were burnt to the ground. Everything—furniture, clothing, and provisions—were utterly consumed, and the owner of the plantation, his family and servants, were obliged to seek food and shelter as best they could. "Nobody saved nothin', sah, but this yere boy, and all I got, sah, was dis yere riddle. I knowd it was wuth a lot of money, for old massa was allus mighty keerful ov it, and only brought it out when there was company up to de house, and so I fotched it along all de way to dis yere town, and dey tell me yere, sah, dat yon was de man to buy it, sah."

"Are you sure it was originally your master's; and why didn't you return it to him?"

"Oh, sah, old massa he went Souf and I come Norf, and I nebber see him no more, sah; and it was his'n, sure, and I lebe it to all de oder cullud people down dare, sah, if it wasn't his'n, and to old massa hisself, if you ebber see him, sah."

"Well, what is it? Let me hear it, and then we will talk more about your right to it."

"But how much will you gib me for it, sah?"

"I can say nothing about that until I know what it is. Read it, if you know how."

"Oh, I can't do dat, sah, but I remember it, and if you buys it, sah, you can read for yourself. Yere it is, sah: 'Why are perch from Bangor (up in Maine) like the Waberly Nobbels? Kaze dey come from de Pen-ob-scot.' Now, what'll you gib me, sah, for dat?"

I mildly rose from my chair, opened the door, and motioned the Freedman once more into the free air of the North. "Never again," said I, as he shuffled away, "do you attempt to pass off that thing as a white man's conundrum."

I frequently receive by letter conundrums of so evidently spurious character, that the senders would never have dared to present them to me in proper person. I will give a few specimens. The following was sent to me by a lady of no doubt a highly romantic turn of mind:

"Why is a young sailor, whose birthplace was in the tempest-shaken maintop, like a lamb in the talons of the fierce Lammergeyer of the Alps? Because he was born aloft."

I wrote to the young lady, thanking her for the pleasure of perusing her manuscript, and offering to return it by mail, on receipt of the requisite stamps; but the stamps never came.

This is from a little girl:

"Why is a boy, sticking on the horns of a wild bull, like a fashionable dress? Because he is gored."

I sent her sixpence.

The following came signed "A Boot-Black Boy:"

"What's the difference between most of the people at the street fruit-stands and the burning of the buildings on Broadway and Fulton street the other night? The first are fig-buyers, and the others big fires."

A young fellow came to me, the other day, for medical treatment, and after I had written him his prescription he made me the offer of a conundrum in lieu of the usual fee. I told him that if it was of sufficient value it would suit me as well as money, and he thereupon asked me if I knew Thomas Nast, the artist of the Opera Ball cartoons.

"Certainly I do," I replied.

"Well, what is the difference between his brother, up at the circus in Fourteenth street, and—"

"He has no brother in the circus," said I.

"Yes, he has," said he; "don't you know him—Jim Nast?"

"Never mind the conundrum," I cried; "I'll take the money, if you please."

Walking up Broadway, a short time since, I was touched on the shoulder, from behind, by a man who asked me if I had lost a conundrum.

"No," said I, feeling in my pockets, "I have not. Why do you ask?"

"This fellow here, behind us, has just found one—I saw him pick it up, and I thought it might be yours."

"Not at all," I said, and prepared to pass on.

"But, sir," said the man, seemingly quite anxious about the matter, "it won't do to let this man walk off with so valuable an article. I have no time to attend to the matter. I am going to Philadelphia by the cars, in about twenty minutes, and must either leave it to you, sir, or let the fellow off with his booty. Come, step aside here, and we will consider the matter as quickly as we can;" and so saying, he led the other man (of whom he had taken hold as he spoke to me) and myself to the shelter of some steps, and there we held our consultation.

"Now," said the man who had spoken before, "If this is not yours, the best thing that can be done is for you to take charge of it, give this fellow a little something as a reward, and take the conundrum to the police station, where the owner will soon claim it and return to you the trifling sum you may have advanced for it. I would pay him myself, but I am going away, and, as you look like an honest man, I am content to leave the matter in your hands."

"No doubt," said I, "just let me have a look at that conundrum," addressing the fellow in whose possession it was. He reached it out for me to glance at it, but before he could withdraw his hand I snatched the paper on which the conundrum was written and shouted, "*Police!*" In an instant the rascals had decamped, running down Dey street like frightened rabbits. Incensed as I was at this barefaced attempt to practice the drop-game on so old a New Yorker as myself, I could not refrain from examining the precious treasure, about which so much solicitude had been displayed. Of course it was worthless—but part of a conundrum, and of no use to any one. It ran thus:

"What is the difference between a dyer of lamb's wool and a person who denies that the *Saturday Press* is the liveliest of the weeklies? *Ans.* One is a lamb-dyer and the other a—"

That was all there was of it."

Thinking that I have now said enough to put the public upon its guard against the deceptive attempts of conundrum counterfeiters, I will conclude this paper.

—*Saturday Press.*] ANDREW SCOGGIN, M. D.

[For the Californian.]

THE DOMINIE'S DISCOMFITURE.

SOME thirty years ago, as nearly as I can recollect, I was living with my widowed mother, in the quiet little New England town of Stoneborough. Our very modest cottage was but a stone's throw from the large, thrifty-looking house and barns of our landlord, Squire Tilden, and the attractive force at the Farm was too great even for the duty of obedience to counteract.

The Squire's youngest son, Tom, was about as mischievous a specimen of the species *puer* as it would be possible to find, and my good mother was in a continual state of anxiety on account of the influence he possessed over me. And, in truth, it must be confessed that there was an air of authority about the lad, combined with a dash and a vivacious sparkle, that I found quite impossible to resist.

Wherever boyish mischief was found afoot, it was quite safe to impeach Tom Tilden, leader; and when he led—what could I do but follow? If all the blows which I received on that young man's account could be collected into one resonant *whack*, (for my mother's government inculcated a wholesome fear of the rod,) I doubt not that the sound thereof might circumvent the globe, and return with yet sufficient force to knock down the perpetrator. At least such was my firm conviction in the imaginative period of boyhood, and my ideal revenge upon the Dominie was that he might be obliged to bestow such a blow upon some inanimate object, in penance for the injustice and cruelty we suffered at his hands.

As surely as Tom was indicted for all minor offenses, his brother Levi was referred to for all cruel, hard-hearted and unheard-of tricks. When mean, pompous Captain Morris' old house was burned at night, while being moved up street to make room for a new mansion, built, they said, out of the pockets of his poor, hard-working creditors, the question "Who did it?" no sooner arose than it was answered by natural surmise—"Lee Tilden."

The rusty old swivel, planted in the little triangular common in the centre of the town was fired off in the dead of a still May night—crammed to the muzzle with grass for wadding—breaking many a pane of glass, and frightening people out of their wits. There is no doubt that in every window-broken house, was spoken the name, "Lee Tilden."

The cross old fisherman by the Long Pond refused to lend his boat—the only one there—to Levi, one evening, to take some girls out lily-gathering: the next morning it was found anchored last in the middle of the pond, where none but the most expert swimmer could reach it. The oars were not to be found for several days, but were at last spied by a sharp-eyed youngster, lashed to the top of the tall pine on the bank.

All his tricks, while unequalled in audacity, were original in construction, endless in variety, and so carefully carried out that it was but seldom that any direct evidence could be obtained against him.

He was now nearly twenty-one. A few weeks would leave him free to act for himself, and what would become of him, when there was no longer any restraining power, who could tell? He was a youth of unusually quick perceptions, with but little reasoning power. His principal—indeed I may almost say his only good quality, was a rough, peculiarly developed sense of justice; and where the Fates failed to arrange matters to his satisfaction in that respect, he was prone to take them into his own hands for settlement. Perhaps one reason why his father had so little authority over him, was from the fact that he always meted out punishments on the first representation or impression of ill-behavior, and would never allow the slightest explanation in self-defence. As he seemed to be quite destitute of all the finer feelings—indeed, of all affectionate instincts—gentle, mild, little Mrs. Tilden, although seeking always to be just, had no influence, from her lack of strength and authority of manner.

The only thing that saved him from actually going to the dogs, even at this early age, and with the best of instruction and care, was the strange influence of his brother James, who was a year or two younger than he. I am afraid I can give you but a faint idea of the wonderful beauty and strength of his character. I felt it as a boy, and I admire and reverence it now, as a man. It has been a source of never-satisfied wonder to all who ever knew them, that there could be so vivid a contrast between two members of the same family, brought up under the same influences.

Although at this time James was hardly nineteen, his quiet, dignified, and rather reserved manner, gave him the air of a full-grown man. He was tall and well-made, with a noble cast of features, light hair and brilliant gray eyes. There was in his temperament, no lack of spirit, no dearth of originality; his perceptions were keen, his wit fine; yet there was, withal, an indescribable sweetness and gentleness of countenance and manner that touched all hearts with a very strange emotion of love. He appreciated Levi's sense of justice, and with infinite tact converted it into a lever, by means of which he exercised a power over him possessed by no other person. His patience with his poor brother Ben. was incredible. Benjamin was as superlatively dull, as his brothers were unusually intelligent.

But to come to our story. One bright morning I stopped as usual, on my way to school, for Tom. He was sitting outside the kitchen-porch, busy with the Squire's ponderous old powder-horn. As I came up he whispered, "Look here, Joe! You just keep dark, and we'll have some jolly fun. Been a waitin' for you. Marm's a makin' pies there in the kitchen, meek ez a Quaker. You jist wait a minute and see if she don't hop!"

Boylike, I was always ready for fun, so I stepped behind the door and Tom went into the kitchen, the horn tucked under his jacket end down, and the opening controlled by his finger. Unobserved by his mother, he laid a train through the kitchen, dining-room, and wherever there was no carpet, back again to the door.

Mrs. Tilden started to cross the room with a couple of pies for the oven and Tom touched it off, whispering, "Look alive, Joe!"

Hiss-s-s-s! streamed the powder, like a fiery serpent through the rooms, directly under the good woman's feet. The pies fell from her hands; she threw her apron over her head and, screaming "Goodness sakes alive! It is the Devil himself," she fell fainting to the floor. Tom and I made good our escape, passing James on his way to the house.

"Didn't mean to scare her *quite* so bad, I declare," said Tom, "but didn't it 'streak her!'" We ran across lots and were soon at the school house door, but the Squire put a rod in pickle for Tom, and he received the full benefit of it when he got home.

The school-house, at that time, was a small red building with an immense sunken slab of granite for a doorstone, before which two large Lombardy poplars stood sentinel. The well, with a squeaky old sweep, stood some five rods away, and a scraggy, close-pruned birch grew conveniently near. Dominie Gibson, however, eschewed the birch and patronized a broad and flexible leather strap. He was a pompous, domineering, middle-aged man, blind of one eye and already quite bald, and rejoicing in an immense Roman nose and a pair of number thirteen feet. He had a voice like the roar of a lion, and a temper so volatile that he completely lost it on the slightest provocation. His particular hobby was the social question—the Abolition of Slavery.

As was usual then, pupils of all ages attended the same school, and Levi, James, Ben, and Tom were all there.

Poor Tom, who was rather undersized and not over-attentive to his studies, sat behind the first form, and I am sorry to say that, though I ought to have done better, I was always next him.

Our principal occupation during school hours was eating chestnuts and apples on the blind side of the Dominie, and firing paper balls over to the girls. The Dominie was well aware of it, but we were so active in our motions, that he seldom caught us. If, however, we were so unlucky as to be detected, upon Tom's devoted back was visited the heaviest portion of retribution, for the mischief continually brewing in his mind showed itself in every feature of his speaking face. Whenever the Dominie grew particularly angry at our general stupidity—at the cold, the heat, or, mayhap, the flies which would promenade over his bald head and great nose—he would reach over the first form, seize Tom by the coat collar, drag

him half way over the desk, and, after the administration of two or three resonant blows from the strap, would energetically reseat him with an explosive "There, sir!" As this little performance took place several times a day, it naturally caused much inquiry among the rest of the boys as to how he managed to take it so well. The only enlightenment he vouchsafed, however, was a mysterious shake of the head and the monosyllable, "Grit!" He could not make us believe it, however, and one evening—when we were on a quiet nocturnal visit to Deacon Flint's watermelon patch—he explained the phenomenon in this wise: As he had noticed a tendency on the part of Gibson to make him a sort of atoning sacrifice for the sins and shortcomings of others, and for all annoyances, both great and small, he determined to fortify himself.

Accordingly, he robbed the cat's basket of its old, worn-out shawl, got a big darning needle, some twine, a pair of scissors, and some sawdust, and, safely hidden on the high beams in the barn, proceeded to manufacture a very original kind of armor. With much pains and patience, and with sorely pricked fingers, he succeeded after a long time in quilting a goodly layer of sawdust between two thicknesses of the woolen material. This he fastened into the back of his jacket and trousers, and, thus shielded, was able to defy the Dominie's old strap, and won bright laurels for unbounded pluck. The secret was too good to keep, however, and, as we had been sorely disappointed that night in lugging half a dozen great green squashes half way home, in lieu of the watermelons, he told us the story by way of consolation. Levi was not in the secret, and his ire at Tom's many beatings daily increased. It did not seem to arise from any brotherly affection, but from the assertion of his one commendable quality. At last his anger reached a climax, and he paid the poor Dominie in a most effectual manner.

On this very morning of which I have been speaking, the Dominie brought the leather strap down on the desk with tremendous emphasis—which was the signal for the whole school to come to order. He arose in rage—his face as lowering as a thunder cloud. He glared around the room for a full minute, and the smaller of the boys began to slip down into their seats, and to tremble at the wrath which they all knew was about to be visited upon them. All except Tom. The darker the Dominie's face grew, and the more frightened the other boys became, the harder it was for him to keep becomingly solemn. He rubbed his coatsleeve vigorously across his face two or three times, and hollowed in his cheeks, to no avail, and, as a last resort, went to chewing desperately at the forbidden quid of spruce gum. The Dominie slowly drew from his desk a large sheet of paper, and, with great deliberation, elevated it to a height whence it might be seen by every scholar.

"Who has done this?" he roared in angry tones.

To my dying day I shall never forget the sketch thereon depicted. In a rough, awkward manner, was drawn a tree, very like our Forlorn birch, except that from every branch sprouted a vigorous crop of leather straps—the exact counterpart of the Dominie's. Beneath the fruitful branches, close locked in each other's arms, stood the Dominie, in the full glory of Roman nose, bald head, and No. 13 boots, and a huge negro of the thickest-lipped, woolliest-headed type. A small blubbering urchin stood gazing disconsolately over a fence on the one side, and an overseer, having cast aside his whip, apparently as an unscientific instrument of torture, had seized the Dominie's strap in delight, and raised it over the Dominie's broad shoulders—"in act to strike." Underneath was written in straggling schoolboy hand, "Justitia."

Tom's quick eye took in the situation at once. A glance at the ludicrous scene filled his measure of mirth. Out flew the spruce gum, and he burst into a perfect roar of laughter, in which the whole school joined, but not for long.

In an instant the irate Dominie had him by the collar, hauled him over the form, and then and there rained thick and fast the most concentrated and spiteful blows that ever fell from the old strap. Tom yelled, and the Dominie whacked. The whole school looked on—and the girls cried. Presently the Dominie deposited Tom very audibly in his seat. At that moment Lee Tilden left the back form where he sat, and stalked down the aisle. Before he left the room, he turned and looked well into the Dominie's face. His black eyes seemed absolutely to burn with leaping flames. A moment, and the door shut with a clang, and we had seen his face for the last time in that school room.

After school there was, of course, a great indignation meeting among the boys, at which Tom might be said to have informally presided; for he swelled around in an injured manner, with his hands in his pockets, very much of a hero. Many fists were doubled demonstratively in the supposed direction of the Dominie, and much impotent rage expressed. There were even several attempts at the concoction of a plan for revenge, but it was not long before it was whispered about, "Lee Tilden didn't look so at the Dominie for nothing! You just let him alone now! He'll fix him! See if he don't!" And we went home with much confidence in Lee's ability in that direction, and little doubt as to his inclination.

Tom ventured to make a statement of his grievances and the injustice of his treatment to his father, but all the satisfaction he obtained, was, "Well, well! 'Twont do ye a bit of harm. You've got off clear many a time when you deserved a good basting."

A little while after this, hardly long enough for the boys' indignation to have subsided, the Dominie announced to the townsfolk that he would deliver a lecture in the church on the Abolition of Slavery. It was at this time a comparatively new subject of discussion with the people at large, and one not generally favored. It was about the time that a mob entered Garrison's printing office, on Washington street, Boston, and let him down by a rope from the third story back window, into Wilson's Lane, on account of offensive articles in the *Liberator*. As might be supposed, therefore, the announcement created quite a stir among the usually quiet citizens of our little town. On the appointed evening a fair sized audience met to hear what the Dominie had to say upon the matter, and when they had well assembled he made his appearance. He stalked up the aisle in an exceedingly pompous manner, and ascended the pulpit stairs. He seated himself on the sofa and blew his resonant nose as with much authority. When the people had become quiet, he arose. He fumbled over his manuscript for the first page; he found it, spread it out smooth, and cleared his throat with a mighty *Ahem!*

Meanwhile, Lee Tilden attired in his best clothes, hat in hand, walked quietly up the aisle. Straightway he continued up the pulpit stairs, coolly gathered the notes from under the lecturer's nose, walked down stairs, and was out of the church, leaving the lecturer and people so completely stupefied at the wonderful audacity, that not a voice was raised nor a hand moved to arrest him until he was beyond reach.

The Dominie for several minutes was speechless with rage; then he informed the audience that he was not to be thwarted in such a manner, and promised that—notes or no notes—he would address them upon the same subject that day week in the Town House; and his edified audience left the church.

The next Thursday the Hall was crowded. Everybody seemed possessed to go—half of them no doubt, to see if Lee Tilden was "up to the scratch"—and never did curiosity pay a more woful price. That very day, Lee was twenty-one. The next morning he was to leave home for a long sea-voyage; but he had sworn, loud and deep, to first pay the Dominie all his dues. Very quietly, he and his cronies—all sworn to secresy, and all well disguised—had routed from some forgotten corner an old tub of a fire-engine, and had attached a hose. It was silently filled at a neighboring mud-puddle and hauled up under the north windows of the Hall. Seizing the end of the hose, Lee sprang upon the engine. The moment the Dominie opened his mouth to speak, he smashed in a pane of glass with the nozzle, and shouting, "Play away, boys! let's douse the Dominie!" he poured a stream of the muddy water full into the lecturer's face—then over the lights, (extinguishing them,) and then over the entire congregation. An indescribable scene ensued—and while the half-drowned men and women were endeavoring to find their way out of the building, the young rascals left their old tub and fled; and until years after, the perpetrators, beyond Lee Tilden, were not known—Lee left that night for his long cruise. Had the affair happened in these days, I suppose the Dominie would have considered himself, in street-parlance, "played out." As it was, he left town the next day, and never showed himself there again, and we boys had the grandest holiday that ever was known, and burnt him in effigy down by the end of the Little Bridge.

A word as to the destiny of the Tilden boys. James is now a highly respected Judge, and, if the time ever comes when we put our best man in the Presidential chair, that man will be he. Ben is a practicing physician. Levi, after cruising about for four or five years, wrote home to his parents in a disguised hand, stating that Levi Tilden of ship ——, died at ——, at such a time, and signed the captain's name. The family went into mourning, and shortly after Lee walked into church and took his place with the family, frightening his mother into convulsions. A few years later, he was lost at sea in some wild expedition. Squire Tilden thought to leave the farm, and the care of himself and wife in their old age, to Tom, but he had no taste for a quiet country life. His restless spirit prompted him to enlist in our army for Mexico, in 1845, and, although very young, he soon won a high rank for his courage and valor. He fell bravely in the Battle of Cherubusco, and when last seen alive, was fighting, Richard-like, wounded and on his knees—seven Mexicans, whom for some time he kept at bay.

"Holden Gray."

An Irish girl was ordered to hang the wash-clothes on the horse in the kitchen to dry. Her mistress shortly after found a very gentle family horse standing in the kitchen completely covered with the articles that had been washed that day. Upon interrogating the girl the reply was "Och, to be sure, ye told me to hang the clothes upon the horse in the kitchen, and the baste is the kindest I ever saw, sure."

The gravest beast is an ass; tho gravest bird is an owl; the gravest fish is an oyster; and the gravest man is a fool.

ROBESPIERRE.

I HAVE so often heard my father describe Robespierre that I feel as I had myself seen that mean-looking, little man, with his ruffles, and his hair elaborately dressed. As it was considered, in those days, that to be well dressed was anti-republican, his elaborate toilet was the more remarkable. My father narrowly escaped with his life, after an interview with this worst of tyrants. He was deputed by the American merchants of Dunkirk, who were suffering under an act of embargo, to take up a petition for its removal from vessels belonging to so friendly a power as the United States. He was to read the petition at the bar of the National Convention; a body of men who were supposed to represent the will of the people, but were, at that time, entirely subservient to the will of one man, and that man Robespierre. He allowed the House to appoint only one committee, called the Committee of Public Safety; to that all important cases were referred, and there Robespierre ruled every decision. Over the door of the committee-room was written, "Engrossed by the affairs of the nation, we have no time to consider private claims."

My father was told that he must read his petition to Robespierre, before he attempted to read it in the National Convention; so he sought an interview with that dangerous man at his own residence. He was shown through a suite of shabby rooms, where the family were employed in household work, to a long unfurnished hall, where he found half a dozen gentlemen waiting to see the despot. There was not a seat in the room, until a door opened and Robespierre entered, in his dressing-gown, followed by his hair-dresser, who carried a chair in his hand for his master to sit on whilst he was powdered. When powder was generally worn, it was the custom to put it on, in some small room or closet devoted to the purpose, and to powder in the presence of another person was considered an insult. That Robespierre should come into his audience-chamber to perform that part of his toilet was a piece of arrogance and rudeness never to be forgotten. The hair-dresser applied the powder-puff until there was a cloud of powder all around him, and of course the dark coats, in waiting, were none the better for it. When the hair-dresser retired, he carried off the chair with him, and Robespierre went up to a mirror and adjusted every hair around his face. He then exchanged his dressing-gown for a coat which his valet brought, and assisted him to put on. That done, he turned to the knot of gentlemen who were standing at one end of the room, and said he was ready to hear what they had to say. Those who spoke before my father did were very summarily disposed of with negative answers. Then he produced his petition, and asked Robespierre to read it. He did so, and returned it, saying, "That petition cannot be presented to the National Convention, for it contains *views to change* the government." Such words from such a man were equivalent to a sentence of death. My father knew it, and perceived at once what was the objectionable part. The merchants asked for a committee to be appointed to examine the claims of American ship-owners, and Robespierre had abolished all committees but the one of which he was the moving power. With wonderful presence of mind my father took out his pencil, struck out that request and showed the paper to Robespierre, who, on seeing the alteration, said *that* might be read the next day at the bar of the National Convention. As my father left the hall, a friend who had accompanied him there, said, "We are a head shorter for this." "Never mind," was the reply, "we shall go in good company."

While my father was reading the petition, Robespierre entered one of the galleries, and as soon as it was ended, he moved that it should be referred to the Committee of Public Safety. This quashed it at once, but the reader's life was saved.—*Mrs. Farrar's Recollections of Seventy Years.*

A Hint about Basques.—Spring basquines are in many instances tight or demi-tight behind, and loose and sack-like in front. This requires much skill in cutting; it requires the eye of an *artiste* to make harmony out of these two rather discordant essentials—and how few *artistes* are at command may be judged from the fact that most of these basquines look like the double dominos so often seen at masquerades—one half red, the other half blue.

The large buttons worn at the back on the waist, in imitation of those on a gentleman's coat, should not be worn with the loose front, as they serve to increase the coat-like effect of the back and confirm it in its want of harmony with the loose front.—*Boudoir.*

Buttons.—The rage in buttons seems to be dogs' heads. Of these there are quite a variety; so that everybody's taste may be suited. The Newfoundland dog is the favorite with dowager-looking dames, who probably imagine some resemblance between themselves and the noble animal. Bright young girls affect the rat terrier's head, and graceful queens of society assume the head of the greyhound. These heads are in all colors. Those in black and brown look most natural; those in green are considered most *recherché;* but those in pink are certainly most popular. The most expensive of these are painted on ivory and set in gold, but the greater part of those sported on the promenades are photographed on porcelain, and set in mother-of pearl, vuleanite, etc.

[For the Californian.]

EVENING.

OUT of his den, a dark and hosky copse,
A lynx crept, moved by some impatience. Down
The slope, following a scar of last year's storms,
He stole toward the glen, with circumspection.
The dainty vermin, with his roguish ears
Thrown back, and fair and wicked eyes alert,
Soil'd not a lily on his tawny loins,
Nor smirch'd the velvet of his paws, but trod
So deftly that the linnet overhead
Stirr'd not, nor knew the dapper villain
Had been nigh that day.
'T was a wild water
That had plough'd the zigzag channel; for anon
It sped beneath the darkness of a fir,
And from a cliff leap'd sheer into the chasm.
Here the lynx crouch'd, lick'd himself, listen'd,
Then swiftly spied all things within his view.

There was a brook below, splint'ring itself
Amongst the rocks; two chocolate bluffs beyond,
Swarthy in shadow; then an oread queen
That tower'd up and left the meaner trees
A thousand moons ago, and hardly felt
The stripling at her side—elsewhere a giant—
Chafe with his plumy head her flank, what time
The west wind came ill-temper'd from the sea;
And for the rest, a caravan of dwarfs
Slow journeying to a far-off land of gold,
Invading silence with a noise of wheels,
Gruff oxen-talk, and wailing of a babe.

Close by the trail they found a grassy spot,
Shelter'd by pines, wall'd round with wilderness:
Hereon they kindled fires, swung the pot;
And, while the others rested from their work.
The father search'd for healing herbs he knew.

The sun went down, and, high above the ridge,
The white shafts of the Zodiac's light
Piercing the purple twilight, rose and lean'd
Toward the stars, who with their satellites,
Pass'd, one by one, and gazed upon the scene.
And Sirius, he that watch'd the Nile,
And saw the little ark among the reeds,
And saw the Shepherd Kings come up and fight
Against the builders of the Pyramids,—
Great Sirius, through the leaflets of an oak
Play'd with the babe.
A monstrous shadow grew
Upon one rounded surface of the world,
And half the nations laid them down and slept.

OAKLAND, CAL. E. J. B.

MEDICAL ALMANACS.

I AM an invalid. My complaint is chronic, and I am rather glad of it, because the doctors usually give up their chronic patients. They gave me up long ago—or I gave them up—no matter which way it was. It is sufficient that I still live. Yes, I still live, though I have been down under every system from Allopathy to Hunger cure. I have patronized them all, and survived them all.

And I will here confess for the first time that on one occasion when the streets appeared to be clear of my acquaintances, I sneaked into the office of a spiritualist doctor and asked him what was the matter. He went into fits, or a trance, or something of the sort, and proceeded to diagnose me. Now, he said he could "see through my whole system just as easy as I could see through his winder." I was forced to acknowledge the beauty of his illustration notwithstanding his window was so dirty. I could not see through it at all. He proceeded to inform me that he could also see through my grandfather and grandmother and the whole line of my ancestry back to William the Conqueror, and they had all been afflicted with information on the lungs. That, he said, was the matter with me.

(I began to understand why my family had never arrived at distinction—the "information" had always settled on the lungs. With some people it flies into the head.) My complaint, he continued, was chronic and incurable, but he could cure me for ten dollars. He then waked himself up and charged me a dollar.

I gave him up.

Next the old ladies took me in hand. God bless the old ladies! They mean well. I never knew one of them that had not an excellent remedy of her own. They gave me roots and barks and herbs, charms and advice—all of which I took with religious fidelity. One humane matron, I remember, instructed me to steal a piece of meat and bury it in the new moon. While endeavoring to do so, just as I was breaking into my neighbor's kitchen one night he fired at me from his bed-room window—and I fled without the meat.

I consoled myself with the reflection that I had endeavored to do my duty, and if the inhabitants of the moon were reduced to a short crop of meat that season the fault was not mine.

And so the old ladies gave me up.

Many unreflecting people, doubtless, entertain the delusive notion that it is a misfortune to have a chronic complaint, and to be given up. But it is not. It is the beginning of happiness. The human mind rejoices that it is free. The intellect brushes away the cobwebs of prejudice, and the invalid, scorning the ordinary uses of money, sends for a bottle of Patent Medicine. The humane druggist furnishes it, and sends along a dozen reliable "medical almanacs" free. The invalid is almost overcome with gratitude, and his gratitude increases as he reads, for he soon learns that thousands like himself who have been given up, have been at last snatched from the verge of the grave by a single bottle!

It was in this way that I commenced. A single bottle, or rather the almanac, opened my eyes. I began to see things. Here was an abundance of healthy and reliable reading furnished free, and here was a bottle of the precious fluid itself. Here was indeed richness at last.

And wishing to be impartial, I have felt it my duty to patronize at different times nearly all of the invaluable popular remedies of the day. To be sure, my chronic complaint remains: and I am no better in a physical point of view than when I was first given up. But the fault is evidently with me—not with the medicines. It is sufficient that they have cured thousands, as the affidavits and certificates in the almanacs abundantly show. Among them I recognize the name of John Smith, a neighbor of mine—an honest man. Now, when Smith certifies over his own name that a single bottle cured him of a distressing case of chronic cholera of over twenty years standing, I feel bound to believe him. I believe him, notwithstanding I never heard of his severe indisposition at all—for if John Smith is not to be believed, the useful Science of Statistics becomes unreliable, and human virtue is placed under suspicion. I believe him.

But my benefit has been chiefly from the "Almanacs." I have accumulated a large and valuable library of them—a perfect Cyclopedia of Statistics; and I need scarcely remark that the exact science of Statistics lies at the bottom of all philosophy and social reform. In the course of my statistical investigations I have been struck with many remarkable coincidences.

In the first place, I was astonished to discover that any one of the remedies is a perfect panacea for every evil that flesh is heir to. I was next astonished at the large number of persons who are annually given up by the physicians and afterwards cured by Patent Medicines! Such candor on the part of the physicians reflects great credit on the profession; and it explodes the popular error that the doctors are in the habit of holding out unreasonable hopes to their patients after their cases have become absolutely dangerous. But they don't. They frankly give them up—and the patients recover. The concurrent testimony of the Almanacs on these points is perfectly overwhelming.

I might perhaps add to the interest of this article by quoting several columns of the reliable certificates themselves, but the reader can satisfy himself when he comes to read the Almanacs. Enough has been said, I trust, to open the eyes of the public, and start it in the right direction for the field of Truth.

I might drop the subject here; but my duty would be but half performed if I were to withhold from my fellow-beings the benefit of a little valuable advice. There is your new Board of Health, for instance, with their fingers in their mouths, not knowing what to do because they have never read the Almanacs, and because the doctors have not given them up. Let them go to reading Statistics. Let them send a single bottle and an almanac into every house, to be taken according to directions, at bed time, and, my word for it, the people of New York will be proof against all personal attacks of Cholera, the Turkish Bath, the Trichinæ, and other terrible remedies. Thus may the Rinderpest be kept out of Wall street, and thus may New York become prosperous and happy.

Another suggestion: It is well known that our glorious fabric of free institutions is at this time in imminent danger of being torn asunder by an unfortunate breach between the President and Congress about Bureaus. It is all about Bureaus. Congress got up a beautiful new bureau for the Freedmen. The President held that the old one was good enough, and objected to the new one because it had too many money drawers about it, and was moreover an article of furniture not mentioned among the sacred provisions of the Constitution. He, therefore, smashed it with a Veto.

This enraged Congress, and set the enemies of agriculture in that body against the Bureau of Agriculture, because it was understood to be a favorite department with the President. Because the honored head of that Department cannot exactly distinguish between beans and pumpkin seed, they threaten to abolish his bureau. They assert that a man is not fit to preside over a bureau that does not know beans.

The President, it is understood, denounces the movement as revolutionary. It is an unreasonable test, and is intended to deprive the government of the heads of its principal departments. He sees in it an insidious attempt to effect by indirection what Congress has not the moral courage to accomplish by assassination.

And so the gulf widens, and our glorious edifice threatens to totter to its final fall.

And is there no remedy, no Panacea, for our national woes? Is there not something that will bring about a feeling of brotherly love between the President and Congress? I know the physicians prescribe whiskey for everything now-a-days; it has been tried, but it will not answer in this case, perhaps because the physicians have given up the parties. But there is a remedy, and it is the easiest thing in the world.

Let them abolish both of the troublesome bureaus, and in place of them establish a Bureau of Patent Medicines and Medical Almanacs—or, if you please, call it the Bureau of Sanitary Affairs.

Then, instead of able agricultural reports, send out Almanacs, and people will find them equally entertaining and reliable. Instead of seed beans and pumpkin seeds, send to each family a bottle of the valuable remedies. It will cost much less than the reports and seeds, and, if taken according to directions, there will be but little use for beans and pumpkins in a short time.

This ought to satisfy the friends of agriculture. Send an almanac to each of the Freedmen, and by the time he learns to read it, he will be prepared to vote.

At the same time send to each of the late Rebels a bottle of reliable Strengthening Bitters—they will not refuse; none of them was ever known to refuse anything put up in a bottle—and under the extraordinary effects of these truly loyal bitters, the so-called Rebels will soon become incapable of oppressing their African brothers or anybody else.

This ought to satisfy the friends of human freedom. In this way harmony may be restored, and in the course of a few years the Southern States which have never been out of the Union may be safely allowed to come back into the Union, and assist in absorbing the appropriations of Congress.

Here let me remark, the Sanitary Bureau might also keep for domestic use, for the benefit of the Executive branch and Congress, a supply of that useful remedy for a depraved appetite for drink.

I am tempted to close this article with a patriotic peroration, by planting the Stars and Stripes over the new bureau, and leaving its affairs with the Goddess of Liberty. As I cannot see any better way out of it, I will do so—with just one parting word of advice to the reader: Send for an Almanac; ask for a reliable Medical Almanac—and take no other.—*O. L. C., in the N. Y. Saturday Press.*

THE Paris correspondent of the New York *Publisher's Circular* gives the following particulars in reference to M. Julien Daniels, lately deceased in Paris: "He was Chateaubriand's private secretary and devoted friend. Chateaubriand, dying, said to him: 'You must come and see me on the Grand Bé, and be faithful to my memory.' The Grand Be is the name of the storm-beaten, ocean-lashed rock at St. Malo, in which Chateaubriand is buried. Since this author's death M. Daniels has lived a hermit's life in this great city. He discovered in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, not far from the Observatory, and near Chateaubriand's mansion, a hovel, at the back of a stonemason's yard. The stones were disjointed, the window panes broken, the tiles fallen—it suited him. He moved the little he owned into it, and here he lived, without a servant or a visitor. He cooked his meals himself, and never quitted his kennel, except to go to market, or to some circulating library. He studied and wrote. His favorite authors were the Fathers. He was surrounded by pigeons, who perched everywhere, and had covered everything with their dirt. The Lower Bretons are noted in France for their filth, and he was no exception to the characteristics of his race. He never used a broom; spiders had spun their webs in every cranny and crevice of the hovel; add the pigeon guano, accumulated during twenty years, and you may conceive the squalor in which he lived. It was not poverty which drove him to this misanthropic life, but disappointments of various sorts. He died at the hospital in the common ward. He published last year *M. de Chateaubriand and his Detractors*, but the book was so violent as to be unreadable. He has left a manuscript monography of pigeons, which is said to be interesting."

THE GREAT AND SMALL.—From the cottage to the palace, from the castle to the hovel, through all the imperceptible shades and grades of life and station that intervene between greatness and littleness; from the sage to the idiot, from the conqueror to the worm, fate, in darkness and in silence, with movements that men seldom see and never appreciate, is spinning that small, fine, but binding thread, which weaves their common destiny into one inextricable web. It is not alone that the mouse disentangles the lion from the toils; it is not alone that the stronger saves or destroys the weaker; but it is that every being, at every step, affects the destinies of millions of others, present and to come, and carries on the train of cause and event that is going on from eternity. The dependence of the great upon the small, and the continual reference of our fate to petty circumstances, is a consideration full of weighty moral, and is never to be forgotten.

MR. JONES denies that his employees are on a "strike." He says "they have not struck a stroke for a week."

A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

THE following description of a bull-fight is communicated by Mr. T. Sopwith, M. A., F. R. S., to the Hexham (England) *Courant:*

Before taking my seat I walked round to see the stables, and there saw the men who were to perform, as also their horses. Judge of my astonishment on seeing a small chapel lighted up with candles, where the whole of the men are confessed before they begin their perilous avocation, and where, in the event of their being mortally wounded in the course of the combat, the sacrament of extreme unction is administered. There was no laughing nor joking either among the performers or the lookers-on; the former had quite the air of men who knew the risk they were about to run. The arena is about 100 paces in diameter, and surrounded by a double barrier.

After a flourish of trumpets the arena was cleared of spectators, several soldiers on horseback assisting to expedite their departure. A procession then entered, consisting of two masters of the ceremonies, five picadors on horseback, fourteen banderilleros, including three matadors, all dressed in red or blue silk, richly embroidered with gold, silver or black silk, and two teams of mules, three in each, with nine or ten assistants, to draw the dead carcasses from the ring.

The whole procession crossed the arena and advanced to the front of the royal box, which on this occasion was empty, but from an adjoining box a bunch of keys was thrown to liberate the bulls from their dungeons. The procession retired with the keys, and none but the banderilleros remained. A door in the barrier was then thrown open, and No. 1 bull trotted into the ring. He stopped when he got about twenty paces, and gazed right and left in evident bewilderment. Then, seeing the banderilleros, he quickly trotted after them. They evaded him, and engaged his attention by waving flying cloaks of different bright colors about his head. The bull soon stopped and stood steadily looking at the banderilleros, who advanced close to him and cleverly evaded the several charges made by the animal. The latter was very undecided, and seemed afraid of his opponents. The spectators now began to express disapproval of his cowardice, and there was a general hissing when the bull, on being bravely confronted by Cuchares, turned away. The trumpets now sounded as the signal for another act of the performance to commence. Darts were given to the banderilleros, who stuck them into the shoulders of the bull; they were stuck in, not thrown. The art of so doing requires a very active movement which, by its dexterity, is graceful. It is done when the bull is charging, and the darts—about thirty inches long—are thrust in two at a time. This must be done deliberately, and the place of insertion is a fleshy part of the fore shoulder. No wound during the whole of the performances is inflicted on any other part of the shoulders.

The bull being a coward, the spectators called *fuego*, and the darts, instead of being plain, were provided with squibs and crackers, which ignited as they entered the flesh, and were seen blazing about the bewildered and now infuriated animal. Six darts were thrust in, and although the wretched animal was wild with pain and rage, he was not thought sufficiently brave; a flourish of trumpets announced the last act, the picadors not having been put into requisition at all.

Cuchares, the principal performer, now appeared upon the scene with a red cloth and a long, thin sword. The bull was completely frightened of him, and it was only after being followed for some time that he showed any disposition to turn upon and attack his persecutor. Cuchares allowed him to charge two or three times, just stepping a foot or two aside, and then, gazing steadily at him, plunged his sword nearly to the hilt in the shoulder of the bull, which immediately fell on his knees, and received a final wound with a poignard.

A second bull now galloped into the ring and at once began to chase the banderilleros, who ran before him with great coolness, and at times waved their long mantles about his horns. As the bull ran faster than the men, the latter must either turn aside or try to baffle him with their bright red mantles, and this they generally succeed in doing. This requires very great adroitness, as well as activity and presence of mind, for if the mantle was not properly thrown the performer would probably step upon it and be thrown down, at the risk of almost certain death.

Picadors were now introduced, and the bull in pursuing the banderilleros suddenly caught sight of a horse close to him; he seemed thunderstruck, pawed the ground, lowered his head, and rushed upon the horse. The picador thrust at him with his lance, but the bull broke right through this defence, and, with a tremendous gore, killed the horse. He then rushed at another horse, was twice repulsed by the lance, but succeeded a third time and unhorsed the picador. A third horse suffered a similar fate, and his rider received a heavy fall, which disabled him during the rest of the day—indeed, the only chance for his life was in the immediate rescue by the banderilleros. This bull was very clumsily treated by the second matador, who failed no less than five times in the attempt to inflict a death-blow, and for which he was hissed by the people.

The third bull made what was called the "best" fight of the day. During his career he charged three horses in the middle of the arena, one after the other, lifting them completely off the ground. The picador was thrown from one of them six paces forward, and lay extended on the ground. The bull was going up to him mad with rage, when Cuchares actually seized him by the horns, and thus saved the life of the fallen man. This act of daring was greeted with tremendous applause. I may say the merit of a bull is judged by the Spanish *aficiondo* (connoisseur) by the number of times he enters to the lancing charges of the picador, without turning back or appearing to dread the prick of the lance. If a bull does not enter at all, the people have a right to demand *fuego*, as was the case with the first bull this day, and the president in such a case gives consent for darts to be used with crackers on them.

Of the remaining three bulls a similar recital might be made. The banderilleros, who began with caution and with the air of men who knew what they were combating with, grew bolder and bolder, and it would be useless to describe the several varieties of skill and courage they displayed.

A REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

MY grandfather, a revolutionary soldier, was accustomed to relate the following among the incidents of his experience during "the war:"

It was during the famous Jersey campaign, 1777-8. Attached to the company to which he belonged was a private soldier, an inveterate fault-finder, sour, crabbed, perpetually "disgruntled" about something; but who, nevertheless, was never suspected of a leaning toward the enemy, and had always done his duty as a good soldier of the continental army. On one occasion, a lieutenant and part of his company, including the subject of our story, were sent out on a scouting excursion, instructed to watch the movements of a body of the enemy who were prowling in the vicinity. It was a very warm day, and the party, after a three hours' tramp, came in sight of the foe who, being in greater numbers than was anticipated, compelled the lieutenant and his men to use "the better part of valor," and prepare for a retreat. On this "old Grouty," as he was called, lowered his musket, broke forth into a tirade against military duty in general and scouting parties in particular, and finished by declaring that he had done enough for one day and was determined to remain where he was for the remainder of it. To the representations of his comrades that he would be captured by the enemy, he replied, that such an event would be preferable to any farther exertion, and stay he would and abide the result. After exhausting argument and entreaty, the lieutenant informed him that rather than suffer him to be taken by the British and give them the information they would seek concerning our forces, if he persisted in his determination to remain, he must shoot him in order to secure the general safety. The reply was: "Shoot and be hanged; I shall stay where I am."

On this a hurried consultation was held by the officer with his men, and it was resolved to experiment with him, and avoid, if possible, the sacrifice of his life. He was told to take a seat upon a log in the woods where they then were, and, to avoid alarming the enemy by a general volley, a single soldier from behind was to send a bullet through his heart. The announcement was received with a dogged resignation and an unaltered purpose. All being ready, the soldier detailed as executioner, at the word of command, fired a blank cartridge, while, by pre-arrangement, a second simultaneously threw a small pebble smartly at the spot intended to be hit. The man fell and groaned, and the lieutenant approached, expressed his opinion that the wound was mortal, and his sorrow that his duty compelled him to the measure, bade him adieu, and then led his party to the rear, where they concealed themselves to watch the result.

The martyr to stubborness lay for some time, uttering an occasional groan, varied with maledictions upon the service, his fate, the red-coats and his comrades. His wrath toward the latter seemed to be kindled by the bungling manner in which they had performed their duty, leaving him to a lingering death, instead of dispatching him at once. At length, with a dolorous exertion, he raised himself on his elbow and looked over and beneath his shoulder, as though to determine the nearness of his exit by the quantity of blood that had issued from his wound. Apparently astonished at finding none, he next with slow, but seemingly less painful movements, commenced feeling behind his back for traces of the bullet-hole. Unsatisfied with this, he raised himself to a sitting posture and with much exertion took off his coat, and, finding no perforation, the truth and the trick flashed upon him at once, when, seeing some stragglers of the enemy in the distance, he started up, seized his musket, and ran, as none had ever seen him do before, toward the American lines. He arrived long in advance of the lieutenant and his party, who had never occasion thereafter to censure the baffled subordinate.—*Correspondence Springfield Republican.*

A CERTAIN old woman came to Gratia, the emperor, and with much clamor complained to him of her husband, to whom the emperor mildly said: "Woman, what are these things to me?" "But," said she, "he has also spoken many things against your majesty." To which his majesty replied: "Woman, what is that to you?"

LIFE IN PARIS.—A letter from Paris says: "The musical mass of Abbé Liszt was executed yesterday at the church of St. Eustache. The crowd was tremendous, although the price of each chair was twenty francs. At nine o'clock every spot was covered by a dense multitude, among which the fair sex decidedly prevailed, each vying with the other in the costly magnificence of her toilet. The 'Kyrie Eleison' produced a great sensation; the choruses wanted strength to throw out the effect of the exquisite delicacy of this great artist's execution, which, in consequence of the great size of the church, was somewhat lost in the distance. Regret was expressed that the soprano solos had not been given to women's voices. The abbé's execution of Mendelssohn's 'March,' on the organ, was splendid, and was in fact the event of the day. While this musical ceremony was taking place at St. Eustache, another of a different kind occurred at St. Roche. The eloquent and popular preacher, Père Mingeard, inveighed in strong language against 'those women of the world—wives and mothers—who strive to compete with courtesans.' The Marquis D—— exclaimed, on quitting the church, 'he expresses himself well, but he does not raise his voice sufficiently; doubtless, he was afraid of being heard outside the church.'

"A most touching scene took place yesterday at Père-la-Chaise. Gravediggers were seen to be at work around a vault, and finally to disinter a coffin. A young widow literally bathed in tears of real sorrow, watched the proceedings, accompanied by two old friends. A few strangers stood silent and respectfully at a little distance, not attempting to intrude their curiosity on the little group. The coffin was raised at last. It was pouring rain. The young widow suddenly unclasped a brooch, and, throwing a shawl over it, closely followed the bearers, as they carried the remains of the once brilliant and popular De Morny out of the cemetery, whence they have been conveyed to the resting place prepared under the Duchess' directions at Chateau de Nardes for their reception."

WEIGHT OF PEOPLE.—We read in *All the Year Round* what is the average weight of man? At what age does he attain his greatest weight? How much heavier are men than women? What would be the weight of fat people, and what of very fat people? M. Quetelet, of Brussels, some years ago, deemed such questions quite within the scope of his extensive series of researches on man. He got hold of everybody he could everywhere, and weighed them all. He weighed the babies, he weighed the boys and girls, he weighed the youths and maidens, he weighed men and women, he weighed collegians, soldiers, factory people, pensioners—and, as he had no particular theory to disturb his facts, he honestly set down such results as he met with. All the infants in the Foundling Hospital at Brussels for a considerable period were weighed, and the results were compared with others obtained in similar establishments in Paris and Moscow. The average returns show that a citizen of this world, on the first day of his appearance in public, weighs about six pounds and a half—a boy baby a little more, a girl baby a little less. Some very modest babies hardly turn the scale with two pounds and a half, while other pretentious youngsters boast of ten or eleven pounds. M. Quetelet grouped his thousands of people according to ages, and found that the young men of twenty averaged 143 pounds each, while the young women of twenty have an average of 129 pounds. His men reached their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five; but the women slowly fattened on until fifty, when their average was 129 pounds. Men and women together, the weight at full growth, averaged almost exactly 140 pounds.

TO CLEAN SILK.—White silk is best cleaned by dissolving curd soap in water as hot as the hand can bear, and passing the silk through and through, handling it gently, and rubbing any spots till they disappear. The silk should then be rinsed in lukewarm water, and stretched by pins to dry. Flowered white silk is best cleaned by bread crumbs rubbed on by the hands. Black silk is best cleaned by some ox gall, put into boiling water. The silk should be laid out on a table, and both sides sponged with the gall liquor, then rinsed with clear water. A very little gum arabic or gelatine may be dissolved in water, and passed over the wrong side of the silk, which should then be stretched out on pins to dry. Colored silks are cleaned with so much risk, that it is better to send them to a scourer.

M. EMMANUEL GONZALES is a Parisian writer, who must enjoy some favor, for his works sell, and *Le Siecle* publishes them as fast as he writes. They are said to amuse petty tradesmen and their families. His evil genius prompted him to read a short story in public. He was frightened out of his wits; he read wretchedly. The audience sneezed, coughed, moved their chairs. Ten minutes after he appeared it was impossible to catch a word he said. Some joker at last bawled "Louder!" his tone evidently signified: We have had enough! The reader took the hint, closed his book, rose, bowed, and retreated from the stand.—*American Literary Gazette.*

NOTICE.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

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GEORGE PEABODY.

THE tendencies and habits of this age are opposed to the growth and extension of individual influence, and a great reputation is, now-a-days, a rare and arduous attainment. The extension of civilization, education, and the progress of free government, have, by the advancement of the people, produced such an uniformity of intelligence, as to render personal pre-eminence more difficult than when rank and station were more powerful than they are now, and the masses more dependent and degraded. In these modern days, very few people acquire a pure and honorably-deserved fame. Notoriety is very common, and easily acquired. It can be attained by bluster and charlatanism, but that eminence which is the reward of philanthropy, which follows the distribution of some great public happiness, and which is attained by elevating humanity—by bestowing some good in which a whole community shares, and the influence of which is as wide as civilization itself—such eminence is infrequent, too much so for the honor of human nature. If, then, true distinction is to be measured by this standard of "the greatest good to the greatest number"—if benefactions to our race constitute true nobility—we know no name of this present day more deserving of honor and preservation than that of George Peabody. A short biographical reference to this gentleman, which we glean from the new *American Cyclopædia* may not be without its lesson and influence.

Mr. Peabody was born in Danvers, Mass., in 1795. His parents being poor, he had no other education than that conferred by a public school system which, in completeness and educational opportunities, was immeasurably inferior to that of to-day. From his eleventh to his fifteenth year, he was a clerk in a grocery; and then he held a similar situation in his brother's dry goods store until he removed to Georgetown, D. C., where he went into business in his own name, although still a minor. In 1814, he formed a partnership with Mr. E. Riggs in the wholesale dry goods business—he having the management—the capital being furnished by his partner. The next year the house was removed to Baltimore, and, seven years later, such was its success that branch houses were established in New York and Philadelphia. Mr. Peabody, in 1827, went to Europe for the first time to purchase goods; and, in several of his subsequent visits there for the same purpose, he had intrusted to him, by the State of Maryland, important negotiations, which were prosecuted with success. In 1837, he took up his residence in England, and six years later he withdrew from the firm of Peabody, Riggs & Co., and established himself in London as a banker. During the disastrous financial crisis of 1837, it was through his personal influence and exertions that confidence in American responsibility was maintained. To the State of Maryland he rendered repeated and important services for which he refused all compensation. In 1852, at the bi-centennial anniversary of his native town, Danvers, he sent a toast in a sealed envelope which was not to be opened until the day of the anniversary. The toast was, "Education a debt from the present to future generations." And in order to pay his proportion of that debt, he sent a check for $20,000, which, with subsequent gifts, increased the amount to about $70,000 for the foundation of an institute and lyceum. To the first Grinnell expedition he contributed $10,000; to the city of Baltimore he has given $500,000 to found an institute for the promotion of science, literature, and the fine arts, and to the city of London, for the education of its poor, he has contributed a fund of more than a million and a quarter of dollars.

We challenge the charities of the world to show such judicious, appropriate, and generous gifts, and in the bestowal of which has been displayed such an absence of all pretension, vanity, and self-glory. These contributions have been made from his strong sympathy with the sons of toil, and his constant recognition of the claims of labor and poverty on wealth and affluent ease; impressed as he is with the belief that in the education of the masses is not simply the source of national greatness and prosperity, but national honor and stability. In recognition of such influences as the legitimate and inevitable results of such charities, and in acknowledgment of the great and good heart which bestowed them, did the Queen address Peabody the letter which has recently been published, and which is as honorable to her feelings as a woman as it is creditable to her enlightened and liberal policy as a sovereign. He had refused the official distinction she sought to confer by an Order,

> "Where Britain's foremost names are found
> In peace belov'd, in war renown'd;"

and he had declined also that most alluring temptation—a baronetcy. Of all the offers she made, he accepts nothing but her miniature—an honor which carries with it something of a personal character—something of that true heart which, although under the ermine and purple of royalty, beats not the less tenderly and womanly. Such a recognition of the eminent services Peabody has rendered to the poor of London is a matter of national concern and pride, and it will go a great way in softening the asperities which grew out of the late war.

So long as benevolence, philanthropy, and the elevation and advancement of the human race are recognized as the highest qualities of genuine greatness, and so long as we venerate the true image of *man*, just so long must gentlemen everywhere offer homage to the unmatched goodness and nobility of George Peabody.

VICTOR HUGO'S LAST NOVEL.*

THE incautious reader who takes up this work as he would take up the latest novel of Miss Braddon or Mrs. Henry Wood, with no loftier aim than that of being interested in the story, would show himself unworthy of the didactic teachings of the talented author. For, under the thin disguise of romance, M. Victor Hugo really furnishes the perfect culmination of that truly remarkable system of philosophy which he has been thirty years in evolving:

"Religion, society, and nature," he says in his preface, "such are the three struggles of man. . . . Man deals with difficulty under the form superstition, under the form prejudice, and under the form element. A triple *ananké* weighs upon us: the *ananké* of dogmas, the *ananké* of laws, the *ananké* of things. In *Notre Dame de Paris* the author has denounced the first; in *Les Misérables* he has pointed out the second; in the present work he indicates the third."

This explanation, which exhibits not only the pleasing proportions, but the ingenious obscurity of the charade—the answer to which might be the Philosophy of Victor Hugo—is kind, if not clear. Other novelists have contented themselves with sequels; fired by the success of the *Three Guardsmen*, M. Dumas gave us *Three* and *Thirty Years After*; but we believe M. Victor Hugo is the first writer who creates in three consistent, though disconnected, romances, what might be called a Pessimistic Trinity. Undoubtedly, Charles Dickens, in *Bleak House*, intended to show the *ananké* of Chancery litigation, Thackeray the *ananké* of snobbism in *Pendennis*, but, alas, they lacked the insight to construct a perfect system of Fatalism in three volumes.

The show which follows, however, falls somewhat short of the preliminary flourish of trumpets before the booth. There is but one "Toiler of the Sea," Gilliatt, but he, by the extraordinary magnitude of his own labors, makes up for the deficiencies of the rest. It is evident from the first that he is the consecrated hero who is to fight against the "*ananké* of things." He is a kind of amphibious Bayard—in all but the graces—a sagacious longshoreman, whose practical information, not in itself very remarkable, leads the superstitious islanders of Guernsey to believe him to be a sorcerer. In the opening chapter his destiny is forecast by a "charming young girl," Deruchette, who writes his name in a freak of maiden fancy on the snow. There is, doubtless, something prophetic in this meeting, for we are told that the snow rarely falls in Guernsey, and the record is, of course, soon obliterated. Gilliatt falls bashfully in love with this maiden, to whom he has never addressed a word, and who is the adopted daughter of "Mess Lethierry," a retired sailor, whose love is divided between *The Durande*, the first steamboat built at Guernsey, which he owns, and Deruchette, who holds his affection through the charm of a "small white hand." Gilliatt's bashful passion at last finds vent in a singular manner. He procures an instrument which M. Victor Hugo persists in calling "a bugpipe" *(le bugpipe)* and learns to play Deruchette's favorite air, "Bonnie Dundee." When we reflect that a bagpipe is not usually considered successful as an instrument for serenading, and when we remember that M. Gilliatt was a new beginner, and probably had neither this extraordinary instrument nor the foreign air entirely under control, we do not wonder that Miss Deruchette did not immediately reciprocate. But the *ananké* of things commenced here. The *ananké* of the "bugpipe" had to be overcome by Gilliatt—and from the serene heights of philosophy, the triple *ananké* of dogma, of laws, of things, as severally expressed in three volumes, looked down upon his terrible struggle with this Scottish instrument.

The captain of Lethierrry's steamer is the Sieur Clubin, noted for his piety, honesty and general integrity. As an evidence of his marvellous probity, we are told how, some years previous, he detected the deceit and dishonesty of Mess Lethierry's former partner Rantaine, and forewarned his master that one day Rantaine would decamp with the partnership funds, which he did. On the last trip of the *Durande*, the Sieur Clubin recognizes the rascal Rantaine at St. Malo. The pious Clubin then procures a revolver—which is described by M. Hugo with all the adornment of poetry and rhetoric—surprises Raintaine just after that gentleman has pushed a coast-guard from the cliff, and coming upon him with the revolver, demands the restitution of fifty thousand francs, the amount stolen from his old employer. The villain succumbs to this civilizing weapon, and hands over the money to Clubin, who pockets it and proceeds on his trip. A thick fog comes on; the pilot is drunk; the captain takes the helm; the steamer strikes, and is driven by the waves between two high rocky pillars of a dreadful shoal. The passengers and crew are hurried into the boat—all except the lofty Clubin, who heroically announces his determination to stay with the shattered and sinking craft. In vain they implore him to desist—he is adamant. Solemnly and respectfully they leave him—and his *fifty thousand francs*—alone in the ocean. The pious, courageous and devoted Clubin bursts into a fiendish laugh! Why does the incomparable Clubin laugh fiendishly? Why—you wretched and deluded Anglo-Saxon—why, because he's a hypocrite; because he has carefully plotted this shipwreck to avail himself of this fifty thousand francs, and wipe out all record of his crime! He will escape by swimming—he is an excellent swimmer. They will think he has perished. Ha! ha! He folds his arms. "He ventilates his soul!" A life of studied hypocrisy culminates thus grandly.

With all respect to M. Hugo, this wholesale destruction of ship and cargo, this studied but reckless sacrifice, is totally incommensurate with the result obtained. We are painfully reminded of Charles Lamb's episode of the origin of roast pig and the sagacious mandarin who burned down his dwelling regularly for culinary purposes. The Sieur Clubin's plan for making way with fifty thousand francs is stupid and clumsy. It fails, too—for he has blundered. He has wrecked his vessel further away from shore than he intended, and he can only escape by a miracle. He dives, and, as some unseen power catches him by the heel, the chapter closes.

Meanwhile, the shipwrecked passengers arrive safely at the Port of St. Sampson with the tidings of the loss of the steamer. Mess Lethierry is completely overcome. Some one suggests that the vital part—the machinery—may yet be saved. Miss Deruchette impulsively offers to marry the man who shall accomplish this difficult feat. Gilliatt, who has in the meantime mastered his "bugpipe," and saved—observe the fatality of the incident—a young Anglican clergyman from drowning on a peculiarly treacherous rock, silently accepts the challenge. The Second Book is entirely devoted to this herculean labor. On a desolate wreck, without machinery, save that extemporized on the spot, warring with cold, fever, hunger, and the elements, Gilliatt accomplishes impossibilities. He is a giant—a demi-god; he is a "kind of Job of the Ocean, but a Job militant, a Job conquerer, a Job Prometheus." In short, there is nothing in the range of sacred or profane illustration which can compare with this illustrious and remarkable stevedore. If the system of mechanical appliances by which he finally achieves the redemption of the machinery is not entirely clear to the reader, it is the reader's fault, for M. Hugo is painfully explicit. Perhaps for ordinary occasions the ordinary contrivances of civilization would be much safer. We have a description of a storm, which only a landsman could paint. The elements, earth, air, fire, and water, make a personal issue with the indomitable Gilliatt. Even zoology, in the shape of an enormous jelly fish, called the *pieuvre*, (?) comes to the support of M. Hugo's philosophy, and the oppression of Gilliatt. This remarkable creature is described at length in magnificent hyperbole—in the language of M. Hugo, and not Cuvier. "Compared with the *pieuvre*," he says, "the old hydras provoke a smile. Homer and Hesiod could only make the Chimeræ. God has made the *pieuvre*. When God wishes, he excels in the execrable."

But the God who made the *pieuvre* also made the man who can describe it. The *pieuvre* is "a sucker." "It is, in appearance, a mere rag floating under water. When at rest it is dust-colored. But enraged it grows violent. Then it throws itself upon you. Fearful sensation! it is soft." Its tentacular thongs garrote you; its contact paralyses. "It looks scorbutic, gangrenescent. It is disease arranged into a monstrosity."—"*Une viscosité qui a une volonté, quoi de plus effrayable? De la glu pétrie de haine.*" The manner in which this sprightly animal devours you is peculiar. From what we can gather from M. Hugo, it must resemble the swallowing of an oyster; it is "the ineffable" of deglutition. But here our author finely philosophizes: we swallow, or take in each other—"*Pourriture c'est nourriture. . . .* Carniverous man is an entomber; and life is made of death. We are sepulchres." This is something certainly to think when we take our regular victual.

But Gilliatt overcomes this *ananké* of natural laws, and kills the *pieuvre*. He discovers in a marvellous submarine cavern,

lit up by the blue lights of M Hugo's rhetoric, the skeleton of Sieur Clubin and the fifty thousand francs in a box. He returns home with the rescued machinery and the money. On his arrival, he stumbles upon his intended and the young Anglican divine in a sentimental *tete-a-tete* in the garden. He gathers enough to know that she is not above her sex's prevailing weakness for young curates, and instantly relinquishes his claim. Not only that, he personally superintends the nuptials and nobly pays the expenses thereof; nay, more, he presents to the bride a trunk of clothes left hy his mother for "Your bride, when you marry." Miss Déruchette accepts with great good taste the clothes, and considering that they were somewhat out of fashion, we are glad to record this solitary act of self-sacrifice on her part. The young couple sail away on an ocean of happiness. But the good sense and philosophy which Gilliatt exhibits in this sad catastrophe, and which should win for him even greater respect than that awakened hy his struggle with the elements, is undone by an act of sublime inconsistency. As the vessel, bearing the happy bride and groom moves slowly out of the harbor, Gilliatt seats himself on the treacherous rock from whence he had once rescued the lucky parson. The tide rises slowly about him—the vessel slowly glides away. The water comes higher—he moves not. The vessel gradually retreats—the ocean gradually approaches: Beautiful contrast of natural forces. He gazes at the sloop. "His eye," M. Hugo pathetically remarks, "resembled nothing that can be seen on this earth. That calm and tragic pupil contained the inexpressible." Perhaps it exhibited that vitreous quality which is popularly associated with great courage and fine social attributes. Doubtless, in its hidden depths, it reflected none of the emerald tint of the ocean. As the sloop disappears, the water closes over the head of the premeditated suicide.

To say that this complete and artistic erasure and wiping out of the principal character is not a beautiful and convincing proof of the *ananké* of things, is to deny all philosophy. Thoughtless people, who see in this story only the moral that a man may triumph over the elements, and yet fail in subduing a woman's heart, are not those on whom the genius of M. Victor Hugo is dependent for recognition. The story is dedicated to the people of Guernsey, where the author characteristically and affectingly tells us he intends to lay his bones, and by means of which he is enabled to reap a present return of his complimentary *post obits*. It is at once fascinating and amusing. It is less objectionable in sentiment, hut not as powerful in interest, as *Les Miserables*. It has all the attitude, but little of the execution, of a great poet. It is unnatural. As M. Hugo would himself say, "* * * its ideas are swollen, rather than expansive. With the exaltation, it possesses the congestion of fever.

* *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*. Par Victor Hugo. A. Lacroix, Verboeckhoven et Cie., Bruxelles; F. W. Christern, N. Y.
The Toilers of the Sea. By Victor Hugo. New York: Harper & Brothers. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER TO MR. PEABODY.—The Queen of England has written the following letter to Mr. Peabody, the American banker, on the occasion of his return to the United States:

WINDSOR CASTLE, March 28, 1866.

The Queen hears that Mr. Peabody intends shortly to return to America, and she would be sorry that he should leave England without being assured hy herself how deeply she appreciates the noble act of more than princely munificence by which he has sought to relieve the wants of the poor class of her subjects residing in London.

It is an act, as the Queen believes, wholly without parallel, and which will carry its best reward in the consciousness of having contributed so largely to the assistance of those who can little help themselves.

The Queen would not, however, have been satisfied without giving Mr. Peabody some public mark of her sense of his munificence, and she would gladly have conferred upon him either a baronetcy or the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, but that she understands Mr. Peabody to feel himself debarred from accepting such distinctions.

It only remains, therefore, for the Queen to give Mr. Peabody this assurance of her personal feelings, which she would further wish to mark by asking him to accept a miniature portrait of herself, which she will desire to have painted for him, and which, when finished, can either be sent to him to America or given to him on the return which, she rejoices to hear, he meditates to the country that owes him so much.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Charles Spencer, an old resident of this city, while out hunting near Healdsburg, received a sunstroke, from the effects of which he died on the 15th instant. On the first of the month, Mr. Spencer took out a policy of insurance for $10,000 on his life, in the Universal Life Insurance Company of New York, making a single payment of $104.

A COSTLY AUTOGRAPH.—It is stated that an autograph letter of Marie Antoinette was recently knocked down at a sale at Berlin for 7,365 francs. It consists of four pages, holograph, addressed to Count de la Marck; and not even an extract from it is found in any published collection. The sum of $1,473 for a single letter is unusually large, particularly as autographs of Marie Antoinette are not scarce.

MR. G. H. BOKER, of Philadelphia, has just completed an elaborate poem, called "The Story of the Hound."

AMUSEMENTS.

DURING the past week, Edwin Forrest has been playing at Maguire's Opera Houses. The excitement of an auction sale of seats, and the enthusiasm of an opening night, have given way to quietly-attentive audiences and calm and critical appreciation of the actor, more flattering to his genius than demonstrative and ostentatious ovation. It was the same quality noticeable in the audiences which the Keans for many weeks drew to the Opera House, and which is perhaps the highest compliment that could be wrested from mercurial and inconstant San Franciscans.

In another column a correspondent has called attention to the representative-American character of the genius of Edwin Forrest. Good acting has no nationality, but there is much in the physical power, capacity and resources of Mr. Forrest to justify this distinction, and to distinguish him from those actors whose successes have been mainly dependent upon the careful culture which older civilization and more refined communities have been able to extend. In the respect of original and inherent genius, Mr. Forrest is American—with a breadth of physique, volume of voice, and capacity of power truly continental. His very defects have been the national ones of exaggeration and extravagance—defects which Time has remedied in the man as in the nation. Years have mellowed his genius, and curbed the exuberance of youth. Study and culture have done the rest. Between the Forrest of 1840 and the Forrest of 1866 there is almost as much difference as between "Metamora" and "Richelieu."

Nevertheless, in the performance of the latter character last week, Mr. Forrest was occasionally haunted by the Metamora of his youth. His immense physical force asserted itself in spite of the intellect; he did, at times, modulate his voice so as to "roar you as gently as any sucking dove," but it was unmistakably the lion for all that. Yet the *fortissimo* of a rich and musical voice is much more agreeable than the softest *piano* of a harsh or strident utterance; and in quality Mr. Forrest's voice is incomparable. Edwin Booth equals him enunciation and inflexion—excels him in quiet emphasis, but falls below him in the natural quality of that organ.

Richelieu, written for and produced by Macready at Covent Garden, London, we think in 1839, is Bulwer's most dramatic play, as it is his most poetical literary production. The strongly-marked character of "Richelieu" became a study for the best intellects of the stage. Macready achieved a great success in it. Forrest introduced it to an American audience at Wallack's old National Theatre, New York, on the following season with a result no less brilliant. The elder and latterly the younger Booth, both won high reputation in the character: and now at the lapse of a quarter of a century Edwin Forrest makes his *début* as the "Cardinal" in a city that had neither name nor existence when the play was first brought out—to an audience that represented in round numbers the sum of $3,213.

The character of "Richelieu" demands both the simulation of physical weakness and feebleness, and, in the impassioned scenes a vigor of diction and action almost inconsistent with the quieter sentiment of the play. To steer safely between this dramatic Scylla and Charybdis has been the study of the best actors.

In the more impassioned scenes, Mr. Forrest seemed really inspired by "the indomitable heart of 'Richelieu!'" but in homelier and more subdued passages and in depicting the physical weakness of the character, his acting appeared more artificial. In the simulation of the physical phenomena of old age he was inferior to Edwin Booth—as also in depicting the sudden restoration of the enervated powers of the "Cardinal" in the last scene. These defects—spots on the sun's surface, and visible, perhaps, only to the critic's magnifier—are offset by his interview with "Francois," in the second act, and the hackneyed though glorious

> "Fail! In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves
> For a bright manhood, there is no such word
> As—*fail!*"

or, in the third act where he confronts the would-be assassin, "De Mauprat," with

> "To thy knees, and crawl for pardon!"

both passages were splendidly delivered; so, too, was the threatened launching of the curse of Rome. All the purely rhetorical passages were excellently given; the attitudes carefully and naturally assumed, and even such smaller studies as the answering of a messenger without lifting the head from the abstraction of other duties betrayed the finished actor. Mr. McCullough as "De Mauprat," gave evidence of force and ability in the part; but we prefer to defer criticism until he appears in some more prominent character. Miss Lillie is very young, and lacked force and power in the character of "Julie," but there was a certain charm of freshness and *naivette* in her reading and personation that won favor and gave promise of better results in the future.

Virginius was produced on Thursday evening. We can believe that in the opinion of many, Mr. Forrest appears more advantageously in the character of the Roman Father than in that of the Cardinal. In physique, voice, and action, the part requires but little dissimulation. Nature and age fit the actor for the character, and culture and study have perfected that fitness to a point beyond the reach of all living competitors. The piece was excellently played throughout. McCullough, Thorne and Leman were equally good in the leading parts; and Miss Lillie appeared to better advantage in the character of "Virginia," most ably seconded by Mrs. Jackson as "Servia." The attendance has improved as the week progressed, and the dress circle now presents a nightly display of opera cloaks and opera audiences.

Court Favor and the farce of *Trying it On* will be the bill for to-day's *matinée*. To-night Mr. McCullough will enact the character of "Charles de Moor," in the *Robbers*, and give us a test of his quality in a leading part. On Monday that grand old play, *King Lear*, will be produced. The "King Lear" of Mr. Forrest is said to be one of his greatest personations.

At the Metropolitan, the *Mountain Sylph* has been withdrawn, to make room for *Arrah-na-Pogue*, which was reproduced on Wednesday night, with Mrs. Sedley Brown, Messrs. Thompson, Leach, and others, in their original parts. The excellencies of the "Arrah" of Mrs. Brown and the "Michael Feeny" of Thompson are well known; but we must commend Mrs. Brown for giving us so little of stage "arrah!" and throwing into the character so much of womanly grace and feeling. Harry Wall filled the part of "Shaun" very ably. Miss Frances Gass, as "Beamish McCoul," and Mattie Field, as "Fanny Power," were both improvements upon the original cast. Mrs. Brown holds, by purchase, the exclusive right to the performance of the piece in California, and the present is probably the last opportunity the public will have to see the most popular and interesting play of modern production as fully and effectively represented as when it achieved its unprecedented run of fifty nights, several months since. It will be played to-night, and for the *matinée* to-day.

To-night is the last night of the Circus, and Dave Long, the clown, gives an extra performance for his benefit, with a silver goblet and one of Lamott's best hats as prizes for the foot race. The troupe go to the interior.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE Boston correspondent of the New York *Weekly Review* says:

"It is rumored that we are to have a biography of Hawthorne, from the pen of his widow. She is a lady of fine culture, though her tastes incline her, I believe, rather to the pursuit of art than literature. Many years ago Hawthorne wrote a book called *The Gentle Boy*, now out of print and generally forgotten. This was illustrated from drawings by Mrs. Hawthorne, which were pronounced very beautiful. Despite the fact that none of our New England writers was so little known personally as Hawthorne—except, perhaps, Thoreau—he is remembered with a feeling of singular tenderness, and his biography will receive a hearty welcome. Mrs. Hawthorne comes from a talented family — the Peabodys of Salem. One of her sisters was the wife of Horace Mann, and another, remaining single, has devoted herself sedulously to literary labor, through a long life. She is universally known in connection with the Kindergarten schools, that are so popular here. Her attainments in literature and science are remarkable; and, although her published works have gained no great reputation, she is esteemed, by those who know her well, a woman of rare powers. In 1849 appeared a magazine bearing this title: '*Æsthetic Papers:* edited by Elizabeth P. Peabody. Boston: the Editor, 13 West street. Price one dollar.' Only one number ever saw the light, and I think it would be no easy matter at this day to discover a dozen copies in the city; but this single issue was full of weighty material. In it first appeared Hawthorne's famous article on Main Street; an essay on war by Ralph Waldo Emerson; and a paper by Henry Thoreau, describing his prison experience. He was incarcerated once, you know, for not paying his taxes—seized by the officers of the law while on his way to the cobbler's with a pair of dilapidated boots in his hand. In his narrative of prison-life he congratulates himself on the fact that he got his board and lodging for nothing, and especially that by staying in durance he effected a great saving of shoe-leather. This paper, of which the public, outside of the few who read *Æsthetic Papers*, have little or no knowledge, will be included in the collection of the author's papers about to be published under the title of *A Yankee in Canada*."

THE publisher of the New York *Round Table* announces a volume of piscatorial and epicurean sketches by Mr. Joseph Barber. The book will be called *Crumbs from the Round Table*, and will be ready early this summer. Mr. Barber is well-known as a journalist and a poet, and as the author of the humorous "Disbanded Volunteer" papers, in several of the weekly journals.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL, the famous London *Times* correspondent, is about to publish a novel, entitled *The Adventures of Dr. Brady;* or, *the City and the Camp*.

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San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
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Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
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San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

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Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, but to cure. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be

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For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle-aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever

AN ETERNAL SPRING!

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Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

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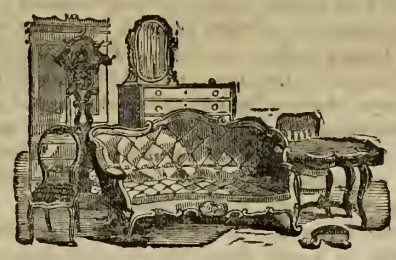

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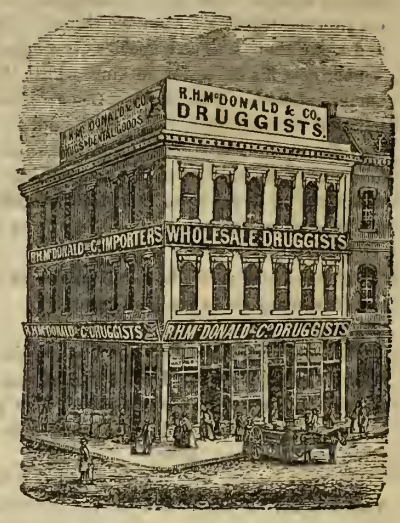

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We have received, direct from the Shakers, all kinds of fresh Herbs, and intend to keep every article used of this description.

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A great variety, not to be equalled in the market as to quality and price.

Parties about purchasing would do well to give us a call and examine prices and goods before purchasing elsewhere.

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We have the largest assortment of any house on the Pacific coast.

GOLD FOIL.

We are manufacturing Foil which we can recommend to the profession as being a superior article. We also have on hand a full assortment, of all the various makers

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PARIS GOSSIP.

Paris, March 20, 1866.

A SINGULAR event took place not long ago which is creating considerable sensation in our fashionable circles. However improbable the story may seem, I am assured of its authenticity, and give you here the true version of it. Near the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées is the stall of a woman who deals in maccaroons. This stall is the centre of attraction for nurse-girls and school-boys, who come and stake their *sous* at a species of *rouge-et noir* table. The winner gets his cakes for nothing, whilst the loser forfeits the amount staked. Not long ago two gentlemen on horseback, followed by their grooms, stopped opposite this stall, where they dismounted and, going up to the small table, began the following conversation in French, although with an accent which left no doubt as to their transatlantic origin :

"It is understood then, J——, that you take the black?"

"Perfectly."

"For my own part I have a predilection for red."

"How many times shall we throw?"

"Ten."

"Madam," said Mr. J——, "I will begin. You hear that I have chosen the red. Have the kindness to keep account and tell us the result of the game." The game commenced. Mr. J—— won twice and lost eight times. The other won seven times and lost three.

The poor woman was at first terrified at her great loss ; but what was her surprise when the two gentlemen threw each a five-franc piece upon the table and, without waiting either for change or cakes, left the spot!

This scene was renewed nine successive days with the same result as to the game. On the tenth day our two Americans again appeared at about the same hour.

"I presume," said Mr. J——, "that you have kept an account of the result of our nine days' meeting?"

"Certainly," replied his antagonist.

"How do we stand?"

"Strange to say, we have both won and lost the same number of times. Does your account tally with mine?

"Perfectly."

"Then to-day's play decides the question?"

"Exactly. Will you begin?"

"You are very kind ; I will follow you."

In spite of the courtesy of this dialogue, the bystanders who had been attracted to the spot by the singular scene fancied they noticed a bitterness in the tone in which the words were uttered. The two players were as pale as death, and, although the weather was cold, drops of perspiration stood upon their foreheads.

Mr. J—— played, and lost seven times. His companion won twice and lost eight times.

"I have lost," said the latter, "and you shall be satisfied."

They then paid the woman as liberally as before, and, bowing politely to each other, left the spot.

Four days after this the following paragraph appeared in the daily papers :

"A suicide committed under the most inexplicable circumstances has just thrown an air of sadness over one of the most aristocratic quarters of Paris. A young foreigner, Mr. ——, endowed with every gift of fortune, was found dead in his bedroom yesterday morning, a bullet having passed through his brain. All enquiries as to the cause of this unhappy suicide have proved fruitless, and it is supposed that the young gentleman committed the act whilst in a state of mental aberration."

This was all the light that was thrown upon the circumstance at the time, but since the following details have transpired. These young gentlemen, Americans, came into joint possession of an immense fortune by the death of a distant relative. They agreed to come to Paris together and enjoy life. On arriving here they put up at the same hotel and lived for some time together. After a while, however, a coldness sprang up between them and they eventually quarrelled. The quarrel led to the singular scene described above, and the sad catastrophe which followed it.

A very curious and somewhat mysterious marriage took place in one of our *mairies* a few days back. A most elegantly dressed and highly aristocratic English lady, aged twenty-two, was married before one of our mayors to a French gentleman the other side of sixty. After the ceremony the English lady stepped into a magnificent carriage drawn by four *alezans* and, with her *femme de chambre*, drove off to the station of the Northern Railway. The gentleman returned to his modest lodging on a fifth floor, carrying in his pocket an *inscription de rente* in the French funds for £50 a year. This extraordinary event has given rise to a great many surmises as to the lady's name and her motive for contracting such a singular marriage. As you may suppose, the lady has been the object of many uncharitable remarks.

One of the celebrities of the day, General Jusuf, knight of the Legion of Honor, has died at Cannes. The early life of this remarkable personage belongs rather to fable than to history. It is said that he was born in the Isle of Elba. He entered the French army when only twenty-two years of age, at which time he was a great favorite of the Bey. As in the story in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, the humble slave raised his eyes to the Princess Kabousah, daughter of Bey Hussein, and Kabousah, like the princess in the same story, deigned to look upon him with favor. Unfortunately, there were many obstacles to their union. One day the lovers were betrayed by a slave, who, however, paid dearly for his imprudence. Passing Jusuf's door, on his way from the Bey, Jusuf dragged him into his room. Two hours afterwards the princess received a basket of flowers, and on removing the flowers found underneath them a human hand, a tongue, and an eye, with a note containing the words, "I send you the eye that watched us, the tongue that betrayed us, and the hand that denounced us." Jusuf had to flee while waiting for the princess's reply. Since that time he has distinguished himself in many remarkable engagements, and, by his bravery and intelligence, attained the rank of general, together with numerous other distinctions. His death is deeply regretted by all who knew him.

An incident occurred night before last at the opera, which brought the performance of *La Juive* to a somewhat stormy close. It appears that M. Villaret had sent word to say that, owing to sudden indisposition, he would be unable to take his part in the opera that evening. M. Perrin replaced Villaret by M. Mathieu, who had long solicited an engagement. M. Mathieu had already appeared as *primo tenore* upon many of our provincial stages, but it appeared that he was unequal to the boards of the grand opera ; above all, he had to labor under the great disadvantage of not having gone through a rehearsal or tried his voice in the orchestra. It is difficult to say whether M. Mathieu is deficient in talent or not ; but this much is certain, he is not deficient in courage. Laboring under the disadvantages already mentioned and the emotion naturally felt at appearing before a Parisian audience, M. Mathieu broke down in the fourth act, and the curtain fell amid a storm of hisses and other expressions of disapproval. The curtain rose for the fifth act, but the uproar was so great that the performance could not go on. At shouts of "*A la porte les claqueurs*, the claqueurs left the house, and the director appeared and was received with shouts of "Return the money!" The money, however, was not returned, and Halévy's immortal *chef d'œuvre* was wound up with the "Femme a barbe," sung in chorus by the more turbulent of the spectators.

Speaking of *chefs d'œuvre* reminds me of an anecdote I heard to-day. Rossini was at his piano, evidently engaged in deciphering the "Tannhanser." A visitor arrived and seated himself behind the composer.

"Maestro!" exclaims the visitor, "you have got the work upside down."

"Yes," good-humoredly replied the author of "Guillaume Tell," "I tried it the other way, but that wouldn't do."—*The Nation*.

A BRIGAND STORY.

WE hear constant stories of the outrages perpetrated by the brigands of southern Italy ; all our friends returning from Naples whom we have met here being full of excitement over the perils they have successfully braved, or the misadventures of their less fortunate acquaintances. Dr. W. told us a good story the other day, which has the additional interest of being a true one. An Englishman engaged in the superintendence of some mines belonging to the late Duke of Parma, was informed one morning by his servant that a man wished to see him, who declined mentioning his business to any one but himself. Being much engaged at the moment, he felt half unwilling to admit him, but at last concluded to do so. The Italian stated that he was in possession of information that would probably save him from being robbed, if not murdered, but that, before disclosing it, he required to be paid a certain sum, which he named. This proposition was at once declined, but Mr. M. told him he would give him some trifling gratuity, and if in the end his suspicions turned out to be well founded, and his story proved to be correct, he should be rewarded liberally. To this the man assented, adding, "You are an Englishman, and I can trust your word ; and now listen, and judge whether I speak truly. You propose to visit the mines at ——, on the 8th of this month. You have engaged Beppo Quattrini's vettura and horses, and he himself is to drive you, and you will carry with you so many hundred scudi, for payment of wages now in arrears." "It is true," replied Mr. M., "that I go to the mines on the day you name, and also that I have engaged Beppo Quattrini and his carriage, and that I may possibly have some money with me, though what interest all this may have for you I cannot imagine." "Listen, Signor! On reaching a stone bridge, some distance from Parma, three men will attack the carriage, and Beppo *will offer no resistance*. You will be robbed, and probably murdered, for dead men tell no tales. And now, does the Signor think my story worthy of credit?" "Not in the least ;" the Signor was not to be moved by such a *papera ;* with an Englishman's cool disbelief in danger, and dislike to be forced into a ludicrous position, and swindled by an adventurer working on his fears through a clever story, he pooh-pooh'd the whole affair, and dismissed his informant. That night he dined with the Grand Duke, and mentioned casually his visitor of the morning. The Prefect of Police was at the table, and when dinner was over, he drew him aside, and assured him that such a warning was not to be lightly disregarded. "You may be satisfied every word the rascal said was true ; but you need not trouble yourself about the matter. Continue your preparations as before ; keep a silent tongue in your head ; and leave everything to me." The morning arrived, and Beppo drew up his horses at Mr. M.'s, where the Prefect had previously called and given his instructions. "You will take a *gens d'arme*, whom I shall send you, as your valet, and he will ride beside the coachman ; at the nearest village two more will be in waiting, who will enter the carriage and accompany you to the mines." The start was made. Beppo dared not object to the companionship of the servant, who, as they approached the village indicated, drew a pistol, and placed it to his ear. "Listen, *briccone!* you are sold ; you are a dead man! if you wink so much as an eyelid, I will blow your brains out, *maladetto!*" As they approached the fatal bridge, three men, armed to the teeth rushed from their ambush ; one of them seized the horses, but was fired at by the man on the box, and mortally wounded, though at the moment he succeeded in making good his escape. The two other miscreants made a dash at the doors of the carriage, and were instantly shot dead by the men inside. The coachman got off in the end more easily than he deserved ; and it is to be hoped, for the good credit of Englishmen, that Mr. M. discovered and rewarded the man who had given the warning, and undoubtedly saved him from certain death.—*English Traveller*.

Life in Java.—A traveller writes from Batavia, island of Java : "The Hotel des Indes, at which I am stopping—the main building two stories high, with an immense piazza in front—is connected on each side by buildings like railroad depots, 300 or 400 feet long. Each suite of rooms contains room enough to make two, three, and even half a dozen ordinary rooms, such as we get at the hotels in the United States. In front and back are bath-houses, fountains, flowers, gardens, and outhouses, for cooking and for servants, marble floor, tiled roofs, ceiling from 20 to 25 feet high, no carpets, and but very few curtains. Meals are served up in about the same style as at first-class hotels in New York. The habits of living are different. At daylight, coffee and tea are taken to your room ; at eight, light refreshments ; at twelve, breakfast, and at seven, dinner. Coffee and tea are always ready, day and night, same as baths. No extra charge—take them or not, as you may choose. The hotel is situated in the new or upper town, some half a dozen miles from the water. It is a fair specimen of five or six others, within half a mile of each other. My hotel and ground cover ten acres. The whole ground, like the rest of the city, is one immense forest of trees and canals."

Scenery of Madagascar.—Here, in a humid atmosphere, and under a tropical sun, the spontaneous growth and decay of vegetation has proceeded without interruption for centuries, presenting scenes unsurpassed in the world. The scenery, indeed, is never to be forgotten, especially one part of the road, that wound round the edge of a rapid torrent, which, flowing under a gigantic table of granite, fell in a foaming broad cascade into a caldron hollowed out of the massive rock beneath. The ravine formed by this torrent was superb, and the cascade, swollen by the rains which had now ceased, was seen to its best advantage. The granite table formed a Titanic bridge over the torrent, and holes worn in it by eddies during past centuries showed the hissing waters beneath The magnificent foliage met overhead, entwined with wonderful creepers, shutting out the rays of the tropical sun, and throwing a sublime gloom on the scene, lighted here and there by the bright color and delicate young fronds of the tree-fern.—*Lieut. Oliver's "Madagascar and Malagary."*

Aunt Emma was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sundown : "You see, my dear, how the little chickens go to roost at that time." "Yes, aunty," replied Eddy, "but the old hen always goes with them"

Choice Property at Auction.—John Middleton & Son will sell, on Monday next, that beautiful block of property, which has been subdivided into building lots, belonging to the estate of the late Dr. H. M. Gray, and lying between Mission, Howard, Eleventh and Lafayette streets. This property is beautifully sheltered by live oak shade trees, and it was designed at one time to convert it into a suburban resort, on account of its beauty of location and surroundings. The sale will be peremptory, to settle up the affairs of the estate. For terms see advertisement.

The Occidental Homestead Association was recently organized for the purpose of enabling its members to purchase homesteads on easy terms. It consists of 102 shares, and the tariff for a share is only $11 per month, which will entitle the shareholder at the end of thirty months to a lot 27 by 120 feet. The property of the association lies within three blocks of the Turk street railroad ; the office is at 305 Montgomery street. J. S. Luty, Secretary. For particulars see advertisement in our columns.

The dews of heaven are not more innocent or reviving to nature's beauty than is Davidson's Circassian Bloom for the complexion and skin. Ladies, use Davidson's Circassian Bloom. Sold by all druggists.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne. used to buthe the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to allay inflammatiou, to perfume clotbing, for headaebe, etc. It is manufactured from the rieb Southern Magnolia, and is obtaining a patronage quite unpreeedented. It is a favorite with actresses and opera siugers. It is sold by all dealers, at $1.00 in large bottles, and by DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York, Wholesale Agents.

Lyon's Magnetic Insect Powder will exterminate Fleas, Ticks, Roaches and all iasects almost instantly. Its reputation is well known, and hence has been counterfeited. Inquire for and take none but LYON'S, bearing the stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., and the signature of E. LYON.

"OUT OF SORTS" expresses the feelings of many that canuot be otherwise described. Languor, weakness, enervation, listlessuess, sleepiuess, melaucholy, want of appetite, etc., compose a class of ailmeuts greater than all others combiued. It is exactly for these indescribable complaints that PLANTATION BITTERS are prepared. It is for the relief of these same complaints they have become so famous. Heuce it is that they are so extensively used by clergymen, merchants, ladies, aud persons of sedentary habits. They are ua pleasant to the taste as they are beneficial to the Stomaeh. The extent of their sale is almost iucredible.

Intrinsic virtue alone could ever insure the success met by the Mexican Mustang Liniment. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Swellings, etc., upon muu, or Spavin, Ringboue, Poll Evil, Scratches, Strains, etc., upon beasts, its effects ure instantaneous, soothing aud wonderful. It saves time, suffering and expense to have it always in the house. None genuine unless iu a steel plute label, with signuture of G. W. Westbrook, and having stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., over top. Sold by all dealers.

Lyon's Kathairon is a most delightful article as a Hair Dressing—to eradicate scurf and dandruff, to keep it cleun, soft and silky. and the head cool. It also prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray, and promotes its growth upon pre maturely bald heads. It is sold by all dealers.

E. THOMAS LYON, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, Flatulency, etc., where a warming stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity muke it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywbere, at 50 cents per bottle. **Ask for "LYON'S" Pure Extract. Take no other.**

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.—In regard to this company the "Wall Street Underwriter" says: "Figures are potent argumeuts to employ in dealing with the affairs of uny Iasuruuce Company. The Twenty-Third Auuual Report of 'The Mutual,' made up to the first of February instant, is published in this paper, and the resnlts manifested upon it are well worthy of cousideration. In the first instance, as the prime result of the past year's work, the gross assets of 'The Mutual' show un

Increase of	$2,549,871 02
Total increase in premium account is	1,083,565 34
The total income of $3,853,065 80 is an increase of	1,003,199 24
The full disbursemeuts for 1860, were	1,540,130 63
Number of policies issned Feb. 1865 to Feb. 1866, were 8,600—insuring over double the number of 1864, and over double the amount, viz	31,394,407 00

All approving comment seems bald in the presence of the truly eloquent figures presented by the 'Mutnal Life.' No record of success can be more complete for uny financial institution in the world. Wherever Life Insurunce has been heard of on the American Coutinent, the name and prestige of the great 'Mutnal' of New York, staud out preeminent. Muuy successful modern companies have grown up to prosperity through the example aud influence of the 'Mutual Life.' Its great success, its wealth, and its manifest advantages have been constantly referred to as incontrovertible argumeuts in favor of Life Insurance." "The Mntual Life" has paid losses on this coast (including dividends,) dnring the last four years, to the amouat of $101,819 02, and among the recent losses to be paid are policies for $5,000 euch, of Fraucis E. Webster and W. L. Haven, who were both killed by the nitro-glycerine explosion at the office of Wells, Fargo & Co., in addition to whieb amounts, there is to be paid about $1,200 for accrued dividends. *S. F. Examiner.*

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, aud could not raise the sum of mouey required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BAOOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled aunually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to iasurers than at tbe eud of three or five years, as in other compauies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace iu the puymeut of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid.* The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Eudowment Insurunce. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Moutgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; aud his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamatiou of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experieace has given, aad no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either ucute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, us for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.—If you wunt a trim neat, light, and yet durable style of buggy or car riuge, go to Nos. 37 und 39 Webb street, between Sacramento and California, where you will find just such a vehicle as will suit your taste. POLLARD & CARVILL not only deal in these articles, but manufacture them to order, and do repairing, paiutiug, trimming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neatucss. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

WAGONS.—Every species of wagons that any one can ueed, made of the best material, well fitted and finished, can be found at the Depot of MILLS & EVANS, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lead Bars, are kept coustuntly on hand.—*California Leader.*

FOR tbe best finished, fashiouable hats, go to McGann & Co.'s, Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even mouths of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical iuefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, aud is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masouic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of iuflammatory rheumatisu. I suffered the most excruciating paius for about five weeks, without uuy hope of relief, wheu a frieud, hearing of my illuess, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," aud go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets iu three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, aud carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, aud without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth duy, I discharged my carriage and walked with a frieud's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) aud home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all paiu and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its owu work among such of my frieuds and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your frieud, JOSEPH SPARROW.

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases knowu to the buman race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate theso facts.

Theu guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skiu is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* uud *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, aud all abrasious of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 ceuts per box.

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Geuerals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Saered Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all ugree in prououucing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, Sau Francisco, California

CONCORD WAGONS AND HARNESS.—The Pacific Concord Carriage Mauufactory is prepared to supply the Pacific Coast with Concord wagous and harness made to order. The members comprisiug this firm have loug beeu in the employ of the celebrated manufacturing house of L. Dowuing & Son, Concord, New Hampshire; so that parties wishing Concord wagons or harness can obtain just the same quality of article bere aud save 25 per cent. on their purchase money. We have seen some of their workmuaship, and can recommend it to tbe public Address Belduke & Co., 820 Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth.—*San Francisco Leader.*

DAINTY WORK.—About the daintiest work we ever suw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, aud various other kinds of ornameuts—from human hair. We wit nessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and iugenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

BREWSTER & CO.'S

Carriage Manufactory,

372 *Broome steet, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends tbat we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE

WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city aud country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to

BREWSTER & CO.,
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The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

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Of No. 372, Broome street,

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A. Roman & Co.'s.

Ænone—A Tale of Slave Life in Rome.
The Queen Mother and Rosamoud. By Swinburne.
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Leighton Court. By Charles Kingsley.
Only a Woman's Heart. By Ada Clare.
The Toilers of the Sea. By Victor Hugo.
The Adveutures of Reubeu Davidger.
Citoyenne Jucqueline — A Woman's Lot in the French Revolution. By Sarah Tytler. 12mo.
The Story of Kenneth. By Bayard Taylor.
St. Martin's Summer. By Anne H. M. Brewster.
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FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now runniug daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby prodncing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, und is less liable to get out of order than any of the paus.

Trials made with this machine iu tbe presence of experts, during the last six months, bave been prouounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machiue is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motiou given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechauical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionully increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained.

The peculiar construction of this superior machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quick ilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself.

W. D. FARRAND

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SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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Dr. Bourne's, (Medical,) 10 Post, near Montgomory

APOTHECARY.

George H. Clapp, corner Sixth and Howard.

BUSINESS AND PROPERTY AGENCY.

S. P. Whitman, 313 Montgomery st.

BOWLING ALLEYS.

Wholers & Starke, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.

A. Geasoul, 511 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
I. M. Wentworth & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine st.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND TRIMMINGS.

E. Weill & Sons, removed to 616 Sacramento street.

COLLECTOR.

B. Pulverman, 526 Montgomery—Office hours, 1 to 3 P.M.

CLOTHING.

H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.

Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

COPPER CRUSHER AND SAMPLER.

S. W. Howland, 24 California street, (at Thomas' Mill.)

DRESS TRIMMINGS, WORSTEDS, ETC.

Mrs. Norcross, 5 Montgomery street (Masonic Temple.)

DENTISTS.

Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.

Cogbill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.

DRUGGISTS.

R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.

FURNITURE.

N. P. Cole & Co., 314 Pine, near Montgomery.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Peirce, 415, 417 and 419 California street.

GROCERS.

Stosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
P. J. Flynn, corner Howard and Eighth streets.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets.

HATTER.

Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street,

HOTELS.

Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimhurg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.

Bigelow & Bro., N.W. cor. Montgomery and Sacramento.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.

Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

MAPS.

Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

MILLINERS.

Mrs. Wheeler, Popper's building, Third, near Mission.

PAPER HANGINGS, WINDOW SHADES, ETC.

H. Ward, 132 Third street.

PIANO SCHOOL.

Mr. Gustave A. Scott, at Miel Institute, 55 South Park.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.

M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.

Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

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Fifteen-dollar lots for sale by H. S. Brown, S.E. corner of Battery and Commercial streets.

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Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 624 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.

Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Ghio's 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
Hunter & Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

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Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 334 Montgomery street.

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Grover & Baker, J. W. J. Pearson, 116 Montgomery.
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SILK HAT,

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SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES.—Silk, Felt, Beaver, and other HATS for sale at the lowest prices.

CAPS of every description, suitable for all ages, made to order.

McGANN & CO., being experienced and skilled in all the branches of the manufacture of Hats, feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to their patrons. Every description of Hats and Caps made to order.

Remember, McGANN & CO., Practical Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

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Capital, - - - - - -	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

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Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

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WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
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Is now showing some of the choicest fabrics in

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IN MELANGES, POPLINS, CHALLIES, ALPACAS,

and a particularly rich and handsome fabric, the "SUN BURST," very suitable for LADIES' SPRING AND SUMMER SUITS Also, the finest *FRENCH BRILLIANTS* and *PERCALES*, "*HOYLE'S*" GENUINE *ENGLISH CALICOES*, "*RICHARDSON'S*" *IRISH LINENS*, and a full assortment of *FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS*, at very low prices. He invites the attention of Ladies to his very select stock.

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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED,
mar10 3m SAMUEL WHITE.

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On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,

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Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,

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THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

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NOW IS THE TIME!

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Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

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Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

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PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

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GEORGE P. KIMBALL.....W. H. KNIGHT.

We have always on hand a large assortment of Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Thoroughbrace Wagons, Express, Grocery, Soda and Butcher Wagons and Lumber Gears.

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Of every description made to order and at shortest notice. Particular attention paid to the building of Wide Track Buggies and Wagons with Brakes, for mountain use. Orders from the country promptly attended to.

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Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets.

A. L. THIELE.....Proprietor

WESTPHALIA HAMS, RUSSIAN CAVIAR, SARDINES, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, etc.; the finest Brands of Liquors, Wines, Cigars, and Seltzer Water, Wholesale and Retail.

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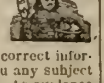

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AS AMENDED MARCH 3, 1865.

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Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

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Every additional $100, or fractional part	05
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If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S.	02
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Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule	25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons	10 00
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Exceeding $50 and not $1,000	25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part	25
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Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100	05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y,	25
Certificates, other than specified	05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of land, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale	10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500	1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse	50
Ganger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr.	25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.	1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fractiou.	50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered ton nage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons	5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels	25
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Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the originul.	
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less	01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1e.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1	02
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Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof	1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon	25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries	10
To receive or collect rents	25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate	1 00
For any other purpose	50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof	50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft,	25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.	
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For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for	25
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Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid	50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record	50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100	50

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THE FASHIONS ARE ALL THE GO!

Lamott, - - - Hatter,

IS NOW THE MAN! HE IS READY WITH HIS BROADWAY STYLES FOR THE

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JUST SEE THE DIFFERENCE between his styles and the others in this city. There is style about his Hats that does not appear in others.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS!

LAMOTT, 227 Russ Block, is bound to be the LEADER of Fashions.

LAMOTT'S SPRING STYLES

show taste. It is a good thing that you have a man among you who is willing to take a stand outside of others, to introduce a style that is new, and not follow in the wake of others that are about one year behind the times.

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The proprietors of this astonishing remedy for Baldness, confident of its infallibility, agree to refund the purchase money in every instance where its use for three months, according to directions, is unattended with success. Price per jar, $2.50.

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And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner

From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from

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Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

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Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - - - - $1 00
Parquet, - - - - - - - - - - 50
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Mr. John McCullough,

SUPPORTED BY THE LEGITIMATE COMPANY,
WILL APPEAR AS
CHARLES DE MOOR,
In Schiller's play,
THE ROBBERS!

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COURT FAVOR,
AND
TRYING IT ON.

NEXT WEEK:
EDWIN FORREST
WILL PLAY
KING LEAR, - - MONDAY AND TUESDAY
OTHELLO, - - - - - - - WEDNESDAY
DAMON, - - - - - - - - THURSDAY
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Reserved Seats.....$1 50
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AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
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WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
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AWARDED THE *HIGHEST PREMIUM*
AT THE
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The only Fair on the Pacific coast at which any two double-thread Machines were exhibited in competition in
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FLORENCE
SEWING MACHINE
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METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
Montgomery street.

MRS. SEDLEY BROWN, LESSEE & MANAGERESS
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MATINEE, THIS AFTERNOON,
Arrah-na-Pogue.

ON SATURDAY EVENING.....MAY 19.

will be performed the
SUCCESSFUL PATRIOTIC PLAY
ENTITLED
ARRAH-NA-POGUE!
WITH
MRS. SEDLEY BROWN,
THE QUARTETTE from THE TWELVE,
AND A TALENTED DRAMATIC COMPANY;
Produced with APPROPRIATE SCENERY, MUSIC, ETC.
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Dress Circle and Orchestra seats, $1; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Private Boxes, $10 and $5.

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CAPITAL STOCK, $33,660.

102 SHARES.....$330 EACH.

THIS ASSOCIATION was formed to enable its members to obtain desirable homestead lots in this city at a cheap and easy rate, paying for the same by regular monthly instalments.

For this purpose they have purchased Blocks 469, 500, and 501, in the Western Addition to this city, bounded by Devisadero, Pine, Broderick and Clay streets.

Subscribers will pay an initiation fee of $5 on each share taken, to form a fund for defraying current expenses, and $11 per month for thirty months, commencing in April, 1866.

The property is within three blocks of the
TURK STREET RAILROAD,
IS NEARLY ALL ON THE GRADE,
and is most desirably located for Homestead purposes.

It is directly east from the lands of the California Association.

The property has been purchased on very reasonable terms, and offers a rare opportunity for investment.

A number of fine houses are in process of erection, and streets are being graded near this property, which will greatly increase its value.

When twelve monthly payments have been made, the property will be divided among the members in the usual manner, and each shareholder will receive a contract for a deed to the lot or lots to which he may be entitled, and have the privilege of taking immediate possession of the same.

The lots average 27 feet in front by 120 feet in depth. The whole amount due upon any lot may be paid at any time, and discount at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month will be deducted therefrom.

Persons wishing to visit the lands of this Association will take the Turk street cars to Devisadero street, and thence go northerly along Devisadero to Pine street.

Twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock is taken, and the books are open for subscription to the balance at the office of the Secretary, where the Official Map of the Association can be seen, and full particulars obtained.

The Title to this Property is Perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary,
Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,
my19-3m Rooms 2 and 6.

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PURIFY THE BLOOD!

AND

Constitution,

WITH

LE DOYEN'S

SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK,

IODINE ALTERATIVE.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
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CHOICE DRY GOODS.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.

INVITE THE PARTICULAR ATTENTION OF
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HOTEL KEEPERS, AND
OUT OF TOWN BUYERS,
To the following large line of
Superior Fancy and Staple
DRY GOODS!
Purchased at the
Late Auction Sales,
Which will be opened
ON MONDAY, - - - - MAY 21, 1866,
At their Retail Store,
AT PRICES VARYING FROM 20 TO 40 PER CENT.
Less than Usual Rates:

SILKS—
100 pieces Bischoff's super black silk;
150 do Bonnet's do do
200 do Ponson's do do
300 do Taffeta, super col'd do
400 Dresses Moire Antique silk for evening.

POPLINS—
500 pieces Plain and Chine French Poplins;
200 do striped and plain do
500 do Changeable do
50 do Real Cashmere, for walking suits.

LAWNS—
600 pieces in all colors and new designs;
600 do striped do do
400 do Organdies do do

MOURNING GOODS—
300 pieces super Black Alpacas;
200 do do do Mohair;
100 do Reps, Cashmeres and Bombazines;
200 do Check Poplins, Winseys, etc.

HOSIERY—
1000 dozen Ladies' Cotton and Merino Hose;
1500 do Children's do do
1200 do Gentlemen's do do

UNDERGARMENTS—
1000 dozen Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Undergarments.

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100 pieces Scotch, Barnesley and French sheetings in 8-4, 9-4, 10-4, 11-4 and 12-4;
300 pieces 4-4 shirting Lines;
200 do Barnesley and Scotch table damask;
1000 dozen do do Napkins;
2000 do do do Towels;
500 do Ladies' linen cambric Hand'chiefs;
600 do Gentlemen's do do
300 do Children's do do

ALSO, 1200 DOZEN
Alexander's Best Kid Gloves.

ALSO,

Cloaks, Basques, Talmas,
Real Lace and Embroideries
Of Every Description.
Chantilly, Lama and Mohair Shawls,
India and Cashmere
Long and Square Shawls,
Plaid and Plain Long and
Square Wool Shawls.
Lace and Muslin and
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RETAIL HOUSE,
9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Lick House Block.
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Removal! Removal!

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HAVE REMOVED TO

BUSH STREET,

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Store lately occupied by the Franco-American Commercial Company.

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HOMESTEAD LOTS
AT AUCTION.

MONDAY, MAY 28, 1866, AT 12 O'CLOCK,
Mission Block No. Eleven,
BELONGING TO THE ESTATE OF THE LATE DR. H. M. GRAY.

Positive and Peremptory Sale of one of the most beautiful blocks of land in the city, fronting on
MISSION,
HOWARD,
ELEVENTH,
NATOMA,
MINNA, AND
LAFAYETTE STS.,
SUBDIVIDED INTO 67 BUILDING LOTS.

On the above date, at our Salesroom, we will sell, on easy terms, the lot of land known as Mission Block, Number Eleven, and fronting on Mission, Howard, and Eleventh streets, and Lafayette Avenue, and intersected by Minna and Natoma streets. The Block is subdivided into sixty-seven Building Lots.

The Property is covered with large and handsome native Oak Trees, and presents rare inducements to purchasers desirous of purchasing large Lots for Homestead purposes.

Each Lot will be graded; also Layfayette street and Eleventh street, thus saving all expense to purchasers.

The Howard Street Cars pass the Lots every few minutes, and the Market Street Cars pass within one block of it

Mission street is graded, macadamized and side walked to Eleventh street.

Diagrams, showing the Subdivision of the Property, will be found on the Lots, and small diagrams for distribution are ready at the Office of the Auctioneers.

TERMS—*One-half Cash; one-half in One or Two Years, at one per cent. per month interest. Deferred Payments secured by Mortgages on the Premises.*

JOHN MIDDLETON & SONS,
my19-td AUCTIONEERS.

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,
509 *CLAY STREET,* (*near Sansome,*)
SAN FRANCISCO,

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."
ja1-tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.